



Original 1803

18 4 5 1806

Robert Southey

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OXFORD EDITION

Poems of ROBERT SOUTHEY

CONTAINING

THIALABA, THE CURSE OF KEHAMA
RODERICK, MADOC, A TALE OF PARAGUAY
AND SELECTED MINOR POEMS

EDITED BY

MAURICE H. FITZGERALD, M.A.



LONDON : HENRY FROWDE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, AMEN CORNER, E.C.
NEW YORK : 29-35 WEST 32ND STREET
TORONTO : 25-27 RICHMOND STREET WEST
MELBOURNE : CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS

1909

OXFORD : HORACE HART
PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

EDITOR'S PREFACE

'Few people,' it has been said, 'have written so much and so well as Southey, and have been so little read.' The remark refers to his work as a whole—in prose as well as in verse—but it is singularly applicable to his poetry. As a poet Southey is now scarcely known, save as the author of the lines beginning: 'My days among the Dead are past,' and of a few ballads such as *The Battle of Blenheim* and *The Inchcape Rock*, which are learnt by children in the nursery. The general estimation in which he is held may be illustrated by the *obiter dictum* in a recent review, that 'it is impossible to take Southey as a poet seriously'; and he is usually condemned as unreadable without a trial. But it is surely impossible to accept so summary a verdict—a verdict, be it remarked, which is in direct contradiction to that pronounced upon Southey's poetry by the most competent judges of his own day. No one, indeed, would pretend that Southey was one of the greatest of English poets. His position in our poetical hierarchy is far more modest. But a man may attain to an honourable place on the roll of Parnassus, although he fall considerably short of the highest rank, and in his lifetime Southey had no cause to fear the judgement of his peers. The praise bestowed upon his poetry by S. T. Coleridge, and by W. S. Landor, might perhaps be discounted on the ground that each of these two critics was influenced by close personal friendship for its author. But we may cite the opinions of other men free from any suspicion of such bias and equally well qualified to speak. In 1813 Sir Walter Scott declined the laureateship which had been offered him, (though without the Regent's knowledge or approval), by Lord Liverpool; and in declining he suggested to Croker that the post should be offered to Southey. On September 4 of that year he writes to Southey to explain what he has done, and to make it clear, as he expresses it, that he has not himself refused the laurel 'from any foolish prejudice against the situation: otherwise, how durst I mention it to you, my elder brother in the muse?—but from a sort of internal hope that they would give it to you, upon whom it would be so much

more worthily conferred. For I am not such an ass as not to know that you are my better in poetry, though I have had, probably but for a time, the tide of popularity in my favour' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, chap. xxvi). Now, no doubt in this letter Scott was anxious to say pleasant things in a pleasant manner. But he was no humbug. He would never have gone out of his way to coin a false and empty compliment, and he could not have written as he did, unless he had felt a sincere admiration for Southey's poetical powers. Byron, again, whose principles were as opposed to those of Southey in poetry as they were in politics, morality, and religion, was yet constrained to admit the Laureate's claims to admiration as a poet. 'Of his poetry,' he wrote in his journal for November 22, 1813, 'there are various opinions: there is, perhaps, too much of it for the present generation;—posterity will probably select. He has *passages* equal to anything' (Moore's *Life of Byron*, chap. xviii). And at a later date he spoke of *Roderick* as 'the first poem of the time'. To this testimony we may add the witness of another political adversary of Southey, in the person of Macaulay. The young champion of the *Edinburgh Review* was not the man to deal tenderly with the leading writer of the opposing party. He must have felt towards Southey something of that desire to 'dust the varlet's jacket for him in the next number of the Blue and Yellow', which, a year later, animated his notorious attack upon John Wilson Croker. And in his review of Southey's *Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society* he criticizes his opponent's writings both in prose and verse with unsparing severity. Yet in the midst of his censure he makes the following remarkable admission: 'His poems, taken in the mass, stand far higher than his prose works. His official Odes, indeed, among which the *Vision of Judgement* must be classed, are, for the most part, worse than Pye's and as bad as Cibber's; nor do we think him generally happy in short pieces. But his longer poems, though full of faults, are nevertheless very extraordinary productions. We doubt greatly whether they will be read fifty years hence; but that, if they are read, they will be admired, we have no doubt whatever.' And, to come down to more recent times, we may cite in conclusion the favourable judgements pronounced upon Southey as a poet by men so eminent and so different from one another, as Cardinal Newman and Thomas Carlyle. The influence exercised upon the former by *Thalaba* is well known. '*Thalaba*', he wrote in 1850, 'has ever been to my feelings the most sublime of English poems—(I don't know Spenser)—I mean morally sublime. The versification of *Thalaba* is most melodious too—many persons will not perceive they are reading blank verse.' (Quoted in *Lord Acton and his Circle*, ed. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B., p. xix.) Carlyle, though far from being unqualified in

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his praise, tells us in his *Reminiscences* how his early prejudice against Southey, derived from the *Edinburgh Review*, was overcome by the reading of his chief poems. 'It must have been a year or two later,' he says, 'when his *Thalaba*, *Curse of Kehama*, *Joan of Arc*, &c., came into my hands, or some one of them came, which awakened new effort for the others. I recollect the much kindlier and more respectful feeling these awoke in me, which has continued ever since. I much recognize the piety, the gentle deep affection, the reverence for God and man, which reigned in these pieces: full of soft pity, like the wailings of a mother, and yet with a clang of chivalrous valour finely audible too.' (T. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii, Appendix, p. 311 [1881].)

Each of us ought doubtless to form his own opinions on literary questions, as on others, without a slavish deference to authority, however great. But the criticisms quoted above from men so well qualified to judge may at least give us pause before we decide to condemn Southey to oblivion as no better than a laborious poetaster.

Meanwhile there can be little doubt that it is more difficult for us than it was for his contemporaries adequately to appreciate such a writer as Southey. We are under the influence of greater and very different minds. We shall not find in Southey the creative imagination, the philosophic insight, of Browning or of Tennyson. We shall miss in him the dramatic power of the one, and the mastery of diction, the *curiosa felicitas*, of the other. Southey plumbs no depths of thought. He soars to no heights of lyric rapture. The sensuous element is almost wholly absent from his writings. It is not his to stir the deepest feelings of our nature; and many of his poems may justly be charged with a lack of human interest. Again, his imagination is not always completely master of the materials with which it works. He can construct rather than create. His exuberant fancy leads him at times unconsciously to cross the borderland which separates what is strange and striking from what is merely strange and grotesque. His diction is wanting in those 'inevitable' touches which mark the work of all really great poets. His style is apt to be diffuse; and he has a tendency to preach too obviously. But, when full allowance has been made for all defects, there remains in Southey's poetry much that is wholly admirable. He may utter no very profound message to the world; he may not see very far into the mystery of human life. But he has seen enough to inspire him to high and unflinching action. The spirit of Christian Stoicism which animated his whole life breathes through all his writings. In them Southey has given noble expression to the power of the human will, based on religious faith, to resist evil and to rise superior to all untoward circumstance. His

poetry, as all else that he wrote, reveals a firm trust in the ultimate triumph of good, a cheerful courage to endure suffering, a passion to resist all tyranny and oppression, an unshakable resolve to cleave to all that is fair and pure and true. Such a spirit is far removed from certain tendencies of modern thought. But, while it is content to leave much unexplained, it will seem to many to have laid hold upon the larger portion of the truth.

But other qualifications go to make a poet besides nobility of thought and aim ; and in such qualifications Southey is not wanting. He commands a flexible and ample diction, a style which can rise and fall in accordance with its subject. His imagination is rich and powerful, if at times somewhat undisciplined. Many of his characters are finely conceived and clearly presented to the reader's mind. This is more especially true of *Roderick*. Indeed, there are few scenes in English poetry of a more intense dramatic feeling than that in which Florinda confesses to the guilty king, changed beyond recognition in his hermit's garb, the story of their common fall. Add to this that Southey is a master of spirited narrative ; that his hoards of curious learning furnish him with a wealth of exotic and picturesque ornament and illustration ; that he possesses great metrical dexterity, and a vein of real, if somewhat simple, humour ; and it will easily be understood that he commands a great variety of range. Nor, in trying to form a just estimate of Southey's poetry, must we forget to take into consideration his historical importance as a factor in the development of our literature. This is perhaps generally underrated. Southey did far more than is usually recognized in breaking the fetters which had been riveted upon our poetry by the genius and authority of Pope. Cowper, Crabbe, and, still more, Burns, had already begun to teach men to admire what is simple and natural instead of worshipping exclusively a glittering and artificial perfection of form ; but Southey was almost the first to strike out an entirely new line. *Jean of Arc* is not a good poem, but it heralded the dawn of the romantic school. *Thalaba* was published four years before *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. At that time Southey's verse was far more widely read than that of Wordsworth or Coleridge, and he did much to make smooth the way for greater poets than himself. His English Eclogues, again, and his Monodramas—crude and uninspired as in themselves they are—furnished the rough models for some of the most striking work of Browning and of Tennyson. And in some of his Ballads his humorous treatment of mediæval fables and his mastery of rhyme and metre are a distinct anticipation of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. It would be most misleading to judge of Southey's historical importance as a poet by looking solely at his reputation to-day.

One further caution must be added. All poets—even the greatest—have written a quantity of verse that is comparatively worthless. Southey himself frankly admitted that many of his shorter pieces were fit for little but the flames. But he could at least plead in excuse that he had written them under pressure of sheer necessity, in order to earn money wherewith to maintain his own family and others dependent upon his generosity. For several years he wrote verses for the *Morning Post* at a guinea a week; and these and other like pieces of task-work could not be expected to reach a very high level of merit. The necessity for doing such task-work to some extent spoilt Southey as a poet. But those who have learnt to know and to love him can hardly wish that it had been otherwise. For the noble self-denial, the ceaseless industry, the unfailing cheerfulness with which he bore this burden, are among the most attractive features in his character. If Southey missed greatness as a poet, he attained it as a man: and to know him as a man is to gain immensely in appreciation of his poetry, for his character is stamped upon everything that he wrote. In this connexion let us listen to the witness of Sir Henry Taylor, himself a poet and a man of a keen critical faculty. He had been the intimate friend of Southey's later years and had known him as he was; and this is how he writes of him:—

‘If he expected for himself a larger measure of attention from posterity than may now seem likely to be accorded him, it should be remembered that, though as long as his mind lasted he “lived laborious days” for the sake of his family and of others whom, in the generosity of his heart, he helped to support, yet all the labours of all the days did not enable him to do more than make preparations for the three great works which it was the object and ambition of his life to accomplish.

‘Of what he did accomplish a portion will not soon be forgotten. There were greater poets in his generation, and there were men of a deeper and more far-reaching philosophic faculty; but take him for all in all—his ardent and genial piety, his moral strength, the magnitude and variety of his powers, the field which he covered in literature, and the beauty of his life—it may be said of him, justly and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest MAN.’ (*The English Poets*, ed. T. H. Ward, iv, p. 164.)

It does not fall within the scope of this series to give critical estimates of the authors whose works are published in it. But it seemed worth while to say so much in order to justify the inclusion of Southey among the ‘Oxford Poets’. The nature of the present volume may now be briefly explained.

In 1837-8 Southey published his collected Poetical Works in ten volumes. That edition included a few pieces not previously printed, and all those poems already published which Southey thought, for any reason, worthy of preservation. It was originally intended to reprint in the present volume all the poems published in 1837-8 together with the following additions :—

1. *'Oliver Newman : a New-England Tale (unfinished) : With Other Poetical Remains.'* A volume under this title was published in 1845, after Southey's death, by Herbert Hill, his cousin and son-in-law ; and the poems contained in it were subsequently included in a one-volume reprint of the collected edition of 1837-8.

2. *Robin Hood, Part I ; The Three Spaniards ; and March ;* all of which appeared in 1847 in a small volume published by Mrs. Southey, entitled *'Robin Hood : . . . A Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R.S. and C.S.'*

3. *The Inscription for a Coffee-Pot* and the *Lines to Charles Lamb* (see pp. 378 and 402).

It was discovered, however, that such an edition would demand a volume of no less than 1,100 pages. It therefore became clear that some system of selection must be adopted. The loss involved in this change of plan was the less important since, as has been noticed above, Southey was impelled by the stern necessity of winning his daily bread to write for the newspapers great quantities of verse admittedly of very little merit. Such productions of uninspired drudgery may safely be disregarded in forming an estimate of a poet's true worth. Again, while in the case of a Shakespeare or a Milton there may be some justification for gathering together every line of verse that the author ever wrote, the same argument does not apply to the works of lesser men. The office of a literary Resurrection Man has little to recommend it. And a poet may fairly claim that the reputation due to the best that he has given us should not be buried beneath a mass of writings which he would himself wish forgotten. Further, it should be remembered in the present instance that Southey himself set the example of making a selection from his own poems : for there were many of his early pieces which he deliberately did not republish in 1837-8.

The necessity of selection once admitted, it was clear that the only rational principle on which that selection could be based was the literary merit of each particular poem. Upon that principle I have tried to act in preparing the present volume. I have, indeed, retained a few pieces which have no great claim to survival except as they serve to illustrate Southey's own personality or the development of his art. And no poem here printed appears in a mutilated form. But I believe that I have omitted nothing of

permanent value as literature. Indeed, I doubt whether Southey himself would have fought very strenuously for the retention of any of the poems excluded, apart from the *Vision of Judgement*. In that particular instance, it must be admitted, we should probably have failed to convince him: and we should have been reduced to retort upon him his own reply to certain critics of the *Vision*, that 'de gustibus non est disputandum'. A word, however, should perhaps be said as to the omission of *Joan of Arc*. On grounds of historical interest I wish it had been possible to retain the poem by which Southey first made his name. But considerations of space demanded its sacrifice, and no serious plea could be advanced in support of its literary excellence. Even the historical interest of *Joan of Arc*, as it appeared in 1837, is comparatively small. The poem was practically re-written no less than three times after its first publication, and in its final form it presents but a pale reflexion of the sentimental ardours which mark the original version of 1796. Of Southey's longer poems, as it is the earliest, so it is from a literary standpoint the least worthy of preservation. And it may therefore be the more readily omitted from an edition intended for lovers of poetry in general rather than for the professional student. Two pieces only will be found in the present volume which have not previously appeared in any collected edition of Southey's Poems—the *Lines to Charles Lamb* and the *Inscription for a Coffee-Pot*. The reasons for reprinting these verses are given in the Notes.

For the convenience of any students of our literature who may wish to gain an acquaintance with the whole extent of Southey's verse I have added in the Appendix the chief sources in which poems not reprinted in this volume may be found. But, as stated above, none of those pieces can be regarded as making any serious contribution towards Southey's poetical reputation.

The poems have been arranged in the present edition upon the following plan. In the first 378 pages will be found grouped together *Thalaba*, *The Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick*, the three finest of Southey's long poems, and also a small selection of the best of his minor pieces. It is hoped that this arrangement may be a help to the reader, who will find most of Southey's best work brought together in a convenient form, instead of having to hunt it out for himself from the entire mass of the poetry. It was inevitable that such a selection should produce a certain effect of incongruity; and this is more especially the case, since one or two lighter pieces have been included in it, rather as being characteristic of the writer than as making any claim to poetical merit. But the end may in this case justify the means; and the very variety of style and subject serves to illustrate the extent

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of Southey's range. After the Selected Minor Poems the arrangement is that adopted by Southey in 1837-8—with the addition, as mentioned above, of the *Lines to Charles Lamb*.

The editor of Southey's poems finds himself free from one great difficulty common to editors: he is called upon to decide no question of variant readings. The text of the poems as revised by Southey himself in 1837-8 is clearly final. In reprinting that text I have made no change, apart from the correction of one or two plain misprints, and of certain obvious inadvertencies in punctuation. I have not thought it worth while to alter a few archaisms of spelling. Such forms as 'chuse', 'controul', or 'gulph', can confuse no one; and, as Southey preferred to use these forms, there seems no good reason why we should revise them for him.

It may here be noted in passing that, while Southey spared no pains in correcting his earlier poems, when once he had mastered his craft, he wrote little which he afterwards saw cause to alter. Thus *Joan of Arc* was practically rewritten at least three times; the second edition of *Thalaba* is an immense improvement on the first, and is in its turn far inferior in symmetry and polish to the final version of the poem as it appeared in 1838; and many of the early minor pieces were recast after their first publication in almost every line. On the other hand, the variations between the first and later editions of *Madoc* are comparatively few and unimportant, and the latest text of *The Curse of Kehama* and of *Roderick* differs scarcely at all from that originally published. In such cases as *Joan of Arc* and *Thalaba* it is not without interest to trace the alterations introduced by Southey into successive editions of the poems; but to have cumbered the present volume with an Apparatus Criticus would have been only to annoy the general reader in order to gratify the literary pedant. I have, however, reprinted Southey's Prefaces to the first nine volumes of the ten-volume edition of 1837-8, both on account of the light which they throw upon the composition of many of the poems and for their great personal interest. But the Preface to the tenth volume has been omitted, as it is wholly concerned with a discussion of criticisms directed against the *Vision of Judgement*—a poem which is not included in the present edition.

Southey usually printed at the beginning of his shorter pieces full quotations from the sources whence the subjects of the different poems had been drawn. In a few instances I have preserved these quotations *in extenso*, but for the most part, in order to save space, I have contented myself with giving the reference. I have been able in many cases to give the date and place of the first publication of particular poems, but I have

not attempted to do so in all. Probably it would not be possible to attain completeness in this respect; nor would any important object be served by doing so. But I have endeavoured to trace the first publication of all the more notable of the shorter pieces; and I regret that in one or two such instances my search has not met with success. For all those notes which are enclosed in square brackets at the beginning of particular poems I am responsible. The date appended at the foot of any poem is that of its original composition, as printed by Southey in 1837-8.

Southey published with his poems an immense mass of illustrative notes, consisting for the most part of extracts from different authors collected in the course of his wide and varied reading. These notes are full of curious information, but are not always particularly relevant to the poems to which they are attached. From considerations of space they have been almost entirely omitted in the present edition. Some of them, however, will be found quoted—in whole or in part—in the Notes at the end of this volume; the substance of a few others is given in an abridged paraphrase. The letter (S.) after any Note shows that either its actual words or its substance may be found in Southey's note on the passage in question; and in the case of actual quotation the words quoted are marked by inverted commas.

For those Notes which are not followed by the letter (S.) I am responsible. As has been explained above, no textual questions can arise in connexion with Southey's poetry. I have therefore confined myself to inserting a few Notes in order to explain various allusions, to give information as to the composition and publication of certain poems, or to add a touch of personal or critical interest connected with them. In so doing I can hardly hope to escape the charge of having on occasion either inserted or omitted too much. But I trust that, in spite of mistakes, my object has been in *great measure attained*.

The Chronological Table of Southey's life on pp. xxi-xxviii may perhaps be found useful. In preparing it I have been much indebted to a similar Table in Mr. T. Hutchinson's edition of Wordsworth in the present series.

Of the imperfections of this edition of Southey's Poems I am very sensible. They may be explained in part by the fact that I have been obliged to prepare it at a distance from libraries and in the occasional intervals of other and very different work. Under these circumstances I am the more grateful to those friends without whose help my task could hardly have been completed. In particular my thanks are due to the Reverend Canon Rawnsley for kindly allowing me to see his Southey MSS.; to Miss Geraldine Fitz-Gerald for the work that she has done on my behalf at the British Museum,

and also for her help in reading through some of the proofs ; and to Mr. E. H. Coleridge for his great kindness in answering my requests for information on various points and in making many useful suggestions. But above all I desire to express my gratitude to Professor Dowden. In preparing this edition I have received from him most generous help in counsel and encouragement. But I owe him a debt of far longer standing ; for it was he who, by his delightful volume in the ' English Men of Letters ' series, first taught me to know and to love Robert Southey.

M. H. F. G.

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LIST OF AUTHORITIES

THE list of books given below makes no pretence to being a complete bibliography. It is intended to refer the reader to (a) the principal authorities for Southey's life: and (b) a few books and essays which are of special interest from their bearing upon Southey's character and writings.

(a) AUTHORITIES

1. *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey*. Edited by his son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, 6 vols., 1849-50.
2. *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey*. Edited by J. W. Warton, 4 vols., 1856.
3. *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*. Edited by E. Dowden, 1881.
4. *Letters from the Lake Poets*—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey—to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post* and *The Courier*, 1800-38. Printed for private circulation, 1889.
5. *The Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited by E. H. Coleridge, 2 vols., 1895.
6. *Reminiscences of S. T. Coleridge and R. Southey*. By Joseph Cottle, 1847. [A recast of Cottle's *Early Recollections* (1837) with additions.]
7. *The Life and Writings of William Taylor of Norwich*. By J. W. Robberds, 2 vols., 1843.
8. *The Life of W. S. Landor*. By John Forster, 2 vols., 1869 (reprinted in vol. i of *Landor's Works and Life*, 1876).
9. *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*. Edited by E. V. Lucas, 1903-5, vols. vi and vii, (containing C. Lamb's Correspondence).

(b) MISCELLANEOUS

1. *Southey*. By E. Dowden ('English Men of Letters' series), 1879.
2. *The Literary Associations of the English Lakes*. By the Rev. Canon H. D. Rawnsley, vol. i, 1894.
3. De Quincey's *Recollections of the Lake Poets, and Autobiography*.
4. Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*.
5. *The Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of H. Crabb Robinson*. Edited by T. Sadler, 3 vols., 1869.
6. T. Carlyle's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii, Appendix, pp. 309-29, 1881.
7. *Robert Southey: an essay by Sir Henry Taylor in The English Poets* (ed. T. H. Ward), vol. iv, pp. 155-64, 1880.
8. *Poems by Robert Southey*. Edited, with an Introduction, by E. Dowden ('Golden Treasury' series), 1895.
9. *Selections from the Poems of Robert Southey*. Edited with a biographical and critical Introduction, by Sidney R. Thompson ('Canterbury Poets'), 1888.

BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

CONTAINING THE CHIEF EVENTS OF SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND SOME
IMPORTANT DATES IN THE LIVES OF CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

S. = Robert Southey, the Poet.
Thomas, &c. S. = Thomas, &c. Southey.
S. T. C. = Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

A.D.	ÆT.	
1735	—	About this year Thomas Southey, son of a yeoman farmer of Wellington in Somerset, settles on a farm at Holford, a village in the Quantock Hills.
1754	—	[George Crabbe born.]
1762	—	[William Lisle Bowles born.]
1763	—	[Samuel Rogers born.]
1764	—	[<i>The Traveller</i> (O. Goldsmith).]
1765	—	[Percy's <i>Reliques</i> .]
1770	—	[William Wordsworth born. James Hogg born. Chatterton died. <i>The Deserted Village</i> (Goldsmith).]
1771	—	[Gray died. Scott born. <i>The Minstrel</i> (Beattie).]
1772	—	Robert Southey, a linen-draper at Bristol, (born 1745, second son of Thomas S.), married Margaret Hill. To them were born nine children, five of whom died young. The surviving children were Robert, Thomas, Henry Herbert, and Edward. [S. T. Coleridge born.]
1774	—	ROBERT SOUTHEY born at Bristol, August 12, his parents' second and eldest surviving child.
1775	1	[Charles Lamb born. W. Savage Landor born.]
1776	2	During 1776-80 S. spends most of his time with his mother's half-sister, Miss Tyler, at Bath.
1777	3	Thomas S. born. [H. Hallam born. Thomas Campbell born.]
1778	4	[W. Hazlitt born.]
1779	5	[Thomas Moore born.]
1780	6	S. sent as a day-boy to a school kept by a Mr. Foot at Bristol.
1781	7	S. removed to a school at Corston, nine miles from Bristol. [<i>The Library</i> (Crabbe).]
1782	8	(Or Jan. 1783) S. placed as a day-boarder at a school at Bristol kept by a Mr. Williams, spending his holidays in general with Miss Tyler. From 1778 onwards Miss Tyler regularly takes him to the theatre. He reads Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher before he is eight years old. He also reads <i>The Faerie Queene</i> about this time. [Cowper's first volume of <i>Poems</i> .]
1783	9	Henry Herbert Southey born (d. 1865). S. begins to write verses, Epics on the Trojan Brutus, Egbert, &c. [<i>The Village</i> (Crabbe).]
1784	10	[Dr. Johnson died. Leigh Hunt born.]
1785	11	[De Quincey born. Thomas Love Peacock born. Henry Kirke White born. <i>The Task</i> (Cowper).]

A.D.

1805

Madoc and *Metrical Tales and Other Poems* published. S. visits Scotland, and stays with Sir W. Scott at Ashestiel (Oct.). Plans to go to Lisbon for two years in the following spring.

[*Lay of the Last Minstrel* (Scott). *The Prelude* finished (Wordsworth).]

1806

32

Curse of Kehama resumed. S. visits William Taylor at Norwich (April). Hopes to be given the Secretaryship of the Legation at Lisbon. S. T. C. returns to England (Aug.). *Chronicle of the Cid* and *Palmerin of England* begun. Herbert S. born (Oct. 11). S. undertakes to edit Henry Kirke White's *Remains* gratuitously for the White family.

[*Simonidea* (Lander). *Odes and Epistles* (T. Moore). Elizabeth Barrett born.]

1807

33

Wynn obtains for S. a pension from Government of £144 net per annum, and S. therefore resigns the annuity of £160 paid him by Wynn since 1797. S. declines Scott's suggestion that he should contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*, on the ground of his complete disagreement with its principles. Decides to settle permanently at Greta Hall. *Palmerin of England*, *Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella*, *Remains of Henry Kirke White*, and *Specimens of the later English Poets* (edited in conjunction with G. C. Bedford) published. *Madoc*, 2nd ed. S. begins to write the *History of Brazil* as the first part of his projected *History of Portugal*. Plans an edition of the *Morte d'Arthur*.

[*Poems in Two Volumes* (Wordsworth). *The Parish Register* (Crabbe). *Hours of Idleness* (Byron).]

1808

34

Emma S. born (Feb.). S. meets W. S. Lander for the first time at Bristol. Lander urges him to continue his mythological poems, and offers to pay for the printing. Stung by this generous offer, S. resumes *The Curse of Kehama*, though without thought of accepting Lander's proposal. Prophecies that Spain will eventually prove Buonaparte's destruction. Plans a poem on Pelayo. S. T. C. domesticated with Wordsworth at Allan Bank, Grasmere (Sept.). *The Quarterly Review* planned. S. writes an article on the Baptist Mission in India for the first number, published Feb. 1809. *Chronicle of the Cid* published. [*Marmion* (Scott).]

1809

35

Bertha S. born (March 27), Emma S. died (May). S. T. C. publishes first number of *The Friend* at Penrith (June 1). S. takes a lease of Greta Hall for twenty-one years. Continues *History of Brazil*. Corresponds with Ebenezer Elliott, who asks him to criticize his poems. Undertakes to write the historical part of Ballantyne's new *Edinburgh Annual Register* at a salary of £400 a year. Finishes *Curse of Kehama*. Plans a poem on Robin Hood. *Roderick* begun (Dec. 2). *Thalaba*, 2nd ed.

[Tract on the Convention of Cintra (Wordsworth). *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (Byron). *Gertrude of Wyoming* (Campbell). A. Tennyson, Charles Darwin, and W. E. Gladstone born.]

1810

36

Curse of Kehama and first vol. of *History of Brazil* published. Katharine S. born. S. T. C. spends four or five months at Greta Hall before leaving in October for London with Basil Montagu. Breach between S. T. C. and Wordsworth.

[*The Borough* (Crabbe). *The Lady of the Lake* (Scott).]

BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

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A.D.

- 1811 S. plans *Oliver Newman* and *The Book of the Church*. At work on *Life of Nelson*, an expansion of an article in the fifth number of the *Quarterly Review*. Visits Landor at Llanthony (July?). Shelley at Keswick, winter of 1811-12. S. writes an article in the *Quarterly* (Oct.) on the Bell and Lancaster system of Education, advocating the establishment in every parish of a national school. This article subsequently enlarged and published separately. *Curse of Kehama*, 2nd ed. [Thackeray born. *Don Roderick* (Scott).]
- 1812 38 S. T. C. at Greta Hall, Feb. 23-March 26,—his last visit to the Lake Country. Isabel S. born (Nov.). Dr. Bell at Keswick. *Omniana* published.
[Charles Dickens and Robert Browning born. *Tales in Verse* (Crabbe). *Count Julian* (Landor). *Childe Harold*, Cantos i and ii (Byron). *Rejected Addresses* (J. and H. Smith).]
- 1813 39 S. ceases to write for the *Edinburgh Annual Register* owing to irregularity of payment. Visits Streatham and London (Sept.). Meets Lord Byron at Holland House. Appointed Poet Laureate (partly on Scott's recommendation) on Scott declining the office (Oct.). *Life of Nelson* published. *The Doctor* begun. *Ode Written during Negotiations with Buonaparte*.
[*Rokeby*; *The Bridal of Triermain* (Scott). *Remorse* (S. T. C.) performed at Drury Lane (Jan.).]
- 1814 40 S. endeavours, through Cottle, to induce S. T. C. to return to Greta Hall (April). Failing even to get an answer from S. T. C. to his letters, he gets up a subscription among friends and relations to pay Hartley C.'s college expenses (autumn). Begins correspondence with Bernard Barton. *Roderick* published. S. appointed Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid. *A Tale of Paraguay* begun.
[*The Excursion* (Wordsworth). *The Feast of the Poets* (Leigh Hunt).]
- 1815 41 *Oliver Newman* begun. *Minor Poems* (rearranged, &c.) published 3 vols. *Roderick*, 2nd ed. Tour in Holland and Belgium with Mrs. and Edith S. and Edward Nash, the artist (Sept.-Oct.).
[First collective ed. of Wordsworth's poems published. *The White Doe of Rylstone* (Wordsworth). *The Lord of the Isles* (Scott).]
- 1816 42 Death of Herbert S. (April 17),—a blow from which S. never recovers. *The Poet's Pilgrimage* and *The Lay of the Laureate* published. An endeavour made by the Ministry to induce S. to conduct a political journal in London in opposition to revolutionary principles. This proposal S. declines. At this time S. advocates as palliatives of social distress the establishment of savings banks and a national system of education, the colonization of waste lands in the British Isles, and the encouragement of emigration.
[*Alastor* (Shelley). *Christabel* (S. T. C.). *The Story of Rimini* (Leigh Hunt). *Childe Harold*, Canto iii (Byron).]
- 1817 43 *Wat Tyler* surreptitiously published (spring). S., in consequence, attacked by William Smith, member for Norwich, in House of Commons as 'a renegade' (March 14). Replies in a letter to *The Courier* (reprinted in his *Essays*), and is defended in that paper by S. T. C. Declines a proposal that he should write chief leading article in *The Times*, (and, apparently, act in some measure as editor), at a salary of £2,000 a year, together with a share in the profits. Tour through

- | A.D. | ÆT. | |
|------|-----|--|
| | | Switzerland to Italian Lakes and back through Black Forest, Cologne, and Brussels (May-Aug.). <i>Life of Wesley</i> begun. <i>Morte d'Arthur</i> and <i>History of Brazil</i> , vol. ii, published.
[<i>Sibylline Leaves</i> ; <i>Biographia Literaria</i> (S. T. C.). <i>Poems</i> (Keats). <i>Lalla Rookh</i> (Moore). <i>Harold the Dauntless</i> (Scott). <i>The Whistlecraft Poem</i> (J. H. Frere).] |
| 1818 | 44 | S. refuses the offer of the post of Librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. Caroline Bowles writes to him (April 25) to ask his opinion of a MS. poem, the beginning a correspondence continued without interruption until their marriage in 1839.
[<i>Childe Harold</i> , Canto iv (Byron). <i>Revolt of Islam</i> (Shelley). <i>Poems</i> (C. Lamb, in his collected Works). <i>Foliage</i> (Leigh Hunt). <i>Endymion</i> (Keats).] |
| 1819 | 45 | Cuthbert S. born (Feb.). Tour in Scotland with Rickman and Telford (autumn). <i>History of Brazil</i> , vol. iii, published. S. learns from Wynn of the existence of the Dedication of <i>Don Juan</i> .
[<i>Peter Bell and The Waggoner</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Don Juan</i> , Canto i. &c. (Byron). <i>Tales of the Hall</i> (Crabbe). <i>Dramatic Scenes</i> (Procter). <i>Poems</i> , <i>Rosalind and Helen</i> , <i>The Euganean Hills</i> , <i>Hymn to Intellectual Beauty</i> , <i>The Cenci</i> (Shelley). J. Ruskin, A. H. Clough, and Charles Kingsley born.] |
| 1820 | 46 | <i>Colloquies on the Prospects of Society and Book of the Church</i> begun. In Wales and London (April, May, and June). Meets Caroline Bowles for the first time at Chelsea. D.C.L., Oxford Univ. (June 14). <i>Life of Wesley</i> published.
[<i>The River Duddon</i> ; <i>A Series of Sonnets</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Lamia</i> , <i>Isabella</i> , <i>Hyperion</i> , &c. (Keats). <i>Prometheus Bound</i> (Shelley). <i>Ellen Fitzarthur</i> (Caroline Bowles).] |
| 1821 | 47 | <i>Vision of Judgement</i> published. Its Preface involves S. in a public controversy with Byron. Hearing that his friend John May has lost his fortune, S. makes over to him his entire savings, amounting to £625. <i>Expedition of Orsua</i> published.
[Keats died. <i>Adonais</i> (Shelley). <i>Cain</i> , &c. (Byron).] |
| 1822 | 48 | <i>History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. i, published.
[<i>Ecclesiastical Sketches</i> (Wordsworth). <i>Hellas</i> (Shelley). <i>The Widow's Tale</i> (Caroline Bowles). Shelley drowned.] |
| 1823 | 49 | Caroline Bowles at Greta Hall (Sept.). S. writes to her (Nov. 4) to suggest that they should collaborate in a poem on <i>Robin Hood</i> . Visits London (Nov.). Renews his friendship with C. Lamb, which had been momentarily interrupted through the latter misunderstanding a reference by S. in the <i>Quarterly</i> to the <i>Essays of Elia</i> .
[<i>The Loves of the Angels</i> (T. Moore). <i>Essays of Elia</i> (Lamb).] |
| 1824 | 50 | <i>Robin Hood</i> begun. <i>The Book of the Church and History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. ii, published.
[Byron died. <i>Imaginary Conversations</i> , vols. i and ii (Landon).] |
| 1825 | 51 | <i>Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ</i> begun,—an answer to C. Butler's reply to <i>The Book of the Church</i> . S. now, as always, strongly opposed to Catholic Emancipation. Tour in Belgium and Holland with Henry Taylor and two other friends (June and July). S. is laid up with an injured foot at Leyden, and stays there for a fortnight with the poet Bilderdijk, whose wife had translated <i>Roderick</i> into Dutch verse. <i>A Tale of Paraguay</i> published. |

BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

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A.D.	ÆT.	
1826	52	S. visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland, near Lymington. Tours in Holland (June) with H. Taylor and Rickman. During his absence is returned to Parliament for the borough of Downton, through the influence of Lord Radnor; but refuses to accept the honour. Death of Isabel S. (July 16). From this last blow Mrs. S. never really recovers. <i>Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ</i> published. [<i>Solitary Hours</i> (Caroline Bowles).]
1827	53	S. undertakes to edit the poems of John Jones, a servant in a Yorkshire family, for Jones's benefit, and to prefix a sketch of the lives of uneducated poets. Mrs. S. plainly failing in health. [<i>Poems</i> (T. Hood). <i>The Christian Year</i> (Keble). <i>Poems by Two Brothers</i> (A. and C. Tennyson).]
1828	54	In London in order to undergo an operation (May). His portrait painted by Sir T. Lawrence for Sir R. Peel. Visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland. Death of his uncle, Mr. Hill (Sept.). Is paid £150 by Murray for a paper in the <i>Quarterly</i> on the Roman Catholic Question and Ireland, strongly opposing Catholic Emancipation. [<i>History of Peninsular War</i> , vol. i (Sir W. Napier).]
1829	55	<i>Lives of Uneducated Poets—Prefixed to Verses by John Jones</i> published. <i>All for Love</i> and <i>The Legend of a Cock and a Hen</i> (1 vol.), and <i>Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society</i> published. Mrs. Coleridge and Sara C. leave Greta Hall on the marriage of the latter to H. N. Coleridge, Mrs. C. subsequently taking up her residence with her daughter and son-in-law. S. continues to advocate the establishment of Co-operative Societies. [<i>Chapters on Churchyards</i> (Caroline Bowles). <i>Imaginary Conversations</i> , second series (Landor).]
1830	56	S. engaged in writing <i>Life of Bunyan and Naval History of England. Life of Bunyan</i> published, prefixed to an edition of <i>Pilgrim's Progress</i> . [Hazlitt died. <i>Poems, Chiefly Lyrical</i> (A. Tennyson).]
1831	57	S. visits Caroline Bowles at Buckland (Jan.). Visits Dr. Bell at Cheltenham (June). <i>Select Works of British Poets from Chaucer to Jonson</i> published. S. continues (as, like Wordsworth, he had done from the first) strongly to oppose Parliamentary Reform. [<i>Corn Law Rhymes</i> (Ebenezer Elliott).]
1832	58	<i>Essays, Moral and Political</i> published (Jan. or ? Dec. 1831). <i>History of the Peninsular War</i> , vol. iii, published. Death of Dr. Bell, who leaves S. £1000, with a request that he should write his Life. S. refuses offer of a Professorship of History at Durham University. Landor visits S. at Keswick (June). [Sir W. Scott died. Crabbe died. Bentham died. Dr. Arnold buys Fox How.]
1833	59	Correspondence with Lord Ashley on Factory Legislation. S. begins to work at Dr. Bell's <i>Life and Correspondence. Naval History of England</i> , vols. i and ii, published. [<i>Pauline</i> (R. Browning). <i>Poems</i> (Hartley Coleridge).]
1834	60	<i>The Doctor</i> , &c., vols. i and ii, published. Edith May S. marries the Rev. J. W. Warter (Jan.). <i>Naval History</i> , vol. iii, published. <i>Life of Cowper</i> begun. Mrs. S. loses her reason (Sept.) and is removed to the asylum at York. [S. T. C. died (July 25). C. Lamb died (Dec. 27). <i>Philip van Artevelde</i> (H. Taylor).]

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- 1835 | 61 S. declines the offer of a baronetcy from Sir R. Peel, who then obtains for him an additional pension of £300 a year. Mrs. S., though without regaining her reason, so far recovers as to be allowed to return to Keswick (March). Publication of *Life and Works of Cowper* (15 vols., 1835-37) begun.
[*Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* (Wordsworth). Mrs. Hemans died. James Hogg died. *Paracelsus* (R. Browning).]
- 1836 | 62 Tour in West of England with Cuthbert S. (Oct.-Feb. 1837). Meets Landor at Clifton and stays at Bremhill with W. L. Bowles.
[*Pericles and Aspasia* (Landor). *The Birthday* (Caroline Bowles). William Taylor of Norwich died.]
- 1837 | 63 S. corresponds with Charlotte Brontë in answer to a request for his criticism of her poems. 'Mr. Southey's letter was kind and admirable, a little stringent, but it did me good' (C. Brontë). Publication of collected edition of S.'s poems in 10 vols. begun. Cuthbert S. matriculates at Oxford. Mrs. S. died (Nov. 16).
[*Strafford* (R. Browning). *The French Revolution* (T. Carlyle).]
- 1838 | 64 Tour in Normandy, Brittany, and Touraine with Cuthbert S., H. C. Robinson, and three other friends (Aug., Sept.). S. now first begins to show signs of failing powers. At Buckland with Caroline Bowles (Oct.-Dec.).
- 1839 | 65 Bertha S. marries her cousin Herbert Hill. S. marries Caroline Bowles (June 5). Soon afterwards his mind fails rapidly, until its powers are completely lost. In this condition he lives at Keswick until his death.
- 1843 | 69 Robert Southey died (March 21). Buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard.

PREFACES

TO THE COLLECTED EDITION OF TEN VOLUMES,
PUBLISHED IN 1837, 1838.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST VOLUME

AT the age of sixty-three I have undertaken to collect and edit my Poetical Works, with the last corrections that I can expect to bestow upon them. They have obtained a reputation equal to my wishes; and I have this ground for hoping it may not be deemed hereafter more than commensurate with their deserts, that it has been gained without ever accommodating myself to the taste or fashion of the times. Thus to collect and revise them is a duty which I owe to that part of the Public by whom they have been auspiciously received, and to those who will take a lively concern in my good name when I shall have departed.

The arrangement was the first thing to be considered. In this the order wherein the respective poems were written has been observed, so far as was compatible with a convenient classification. Such order is useful to those who read critically, and desire to trace the progress of an author's mind in his writings; and by affixing dates to the minor pieces, under whatever head they are disposed, the object is sufficiently attained.

Next came the question of correction. There was no difficulty with those poems which were composed after the author had acquired his art (so far as he has acquired it), and after his opinions were matured. It was only necessary to bear in mind the risk there must ever be of injuring a poem by verbal alterations made long after it was written; inas-

much as it must be impossible to recall the precise train of thought in which any passage was conceived, and the considerations upon which not the single verse alone, but the whole sentence, or paragraph, had been constructed: but with regard to more important changes, there could be no danger of introducing any discrepance in style. With juvenile pieces the case is different. From these the faults of diction have been weeded wherever it could be done without more trouble than the composition originally cost, and than the piece itself was worth. But inherent faults of conception and structure are incurable; and it would have been mere waste of time to recompose what it was impossible otherwise to amend.

If these poems had been now for the first time to be made public, there are some among them which, instead of being committed to the press, would have been consigned to the flames; not for any disgrace which could be reflected upon me by the crude compositions of my youth, nor for any harm which they could possibly do the reader, but merely that they might not cumber the collection. But '*nescit vox missa reverti*'. Pirated editions would hold out as a recommendation, that they contained what I had chosen to suppress, and thus it becomes prudent, and therefore proper, that such pieces should be retained.

It has ever been a rule with me when I have imitated a passage, or borrowed an expression, to acknowledge the specific

PREFACE

obligation. Upon the present occasion it behoves me to state the more general and therefore more important obligations which I am conscious of owing either to my predecessors, or my contemporaries.

My first attempts in verse were much too early to be imitative, but I was fortunate enough to find my way, when very young, into the right path. I read the *Jerusalem Delivered* and the *Orlando Furioso* again and again, in Hoole's translations: it was for the sake of their stories that I perused and re-perused these poems with ever new delight; and by bringing them thus within my reach in boyhood, the translator rendered me a service which, when I look back upon my intellectual life, I cannot estimate too highly. I owe him much also for his notes, not only for the information concerning other Italian romances which they imparted, but also for introducing me to Spenser;—how early, an incident which I well remember may show. Going with a relation into Bull's circulating library at Bath (an excellent one for those days), and asking whether they had the *Faery Queen*, the person who managed the shop said 'yes, they had it, but it was in obsolete language, and the young gentleman would not understand it'. But I, who had learned all I then knew of the history of England from Shakespear, and who had moreover read Beaumont and Fletcher, found no difficulty in Spenser's English, and felt in the beauty of his versification a charm in poetry of which I had never been fully sensible before. From that time I took Spenser for my master. I drank also betimes of Chaucer's well. The taste which had been acquired in that school was confirmed by Percy's *Reliques* and Warton's *History of English Poetry*; and a little later by Homer and the Bible. It was not likely to be corrupted afterwards.

My school-boy verses savoured of Gray, Mason, and my predecessor Warton; and in the best of my juvenile pieces it may be seen how much the writer's mind had been imbued by

Akenside. I am conscious also of having derived much benefit at one time from Cowper, and more from Bowles; for which, and for the delight which his poems gave me at an age when we are most susceptible of such delight, my good friend at Bremhill, to whom I was then and long afterwards personally unknown, will allow me to make this grateful and cordial acknowledgment.

My obligation to Dr. Sayers is of a different kind. Every one who has an ear for metre and a heart for poetry, must have felt how perfectly the metre of Collins's *Ode to Evening* is in accordance with the imagery and the feeling. None of the experiments which were made of other unrhymed stanzas proved successful. They were either in strongly marked and well-known measures which unavoidably led the reader to expect rhyme, and consequently baulked him when he looked for it; or they were in stanzas as cumbrous as they were ill constructed. Dr. Sayers went upon a different principle, and succeeded admirably. I read his *Dramatic Sketches of Northern Mythology* when they were first published, and convinced myself when I had acquired some skill in versification, that the kind of verse in which his choruses were composed was not less applicable to narration than to lyrical poetry. Soon after I had begun the Arabian romance, for which this measure seemed the most appropriate vehicle, *Gebir* fell into my hands, and my verse was greatly improved by it, both in vividness and strength. Several years elapsed before I knew that Walter Landor was the author, and more before I had the good fortune to meet the person to whom I felt myself thus beholden. The days which I have passed with him in the Vale of Ewias, at Como, and lastly in the neighbourhood of Bristol, are some of those which have left with me 'a joy for memory'.

I have thus acknowledged all the specific obligations to my elders or contemporaries in the art, of which I am distinctly conscious. The advantages

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arising from intimate intercourse with those who were engaged in similar pursuits cannot be in like manner specified, because in their nature they are imperceptible; but of such advantages no man has ever possessed more or greater, than at different times it has been my lot to enjoy. Personal attachment first, and family circumstances afterwards, connected me long and closely with Mr. Coleridge; and three-and-thirty years have ratified a friendship with Mr. Wordsworth, which we believe will not terminate with this life, and which it is a pleasure for us to know will be continued and cherished as an heirloom by those who are dearest to us both.

When I add what has been the greatest of all advantages, that I have passed more than half my life in retirement, conversing with books rather than men, constantly and unweariably engaged in literary pursuits, communing with my own heart, and taking that course which upon mature consideration seemed best to myself, I have said every thing necessary to account for the characteristics of my poetry, whatever they may be.

It was in a mood resembling in no slight degree that wherewith a person

in sound health, both of body and mind, makes his will and sets his worldly affairs in order, that I entered upon the serious task of arranging and revising the whole of my poetical works. What, indeed, was it but to bring in review before me the dreams and aspirations of my youth, and the feelings whereto I had given that free utterance which by the usages of this world is permitted to us in poetry, and in poetry alone? Of the smaller pieces in this collection there is scarcely one concerning which I cannot vividly call to mind when and where it was composed. I have perfect recollection of the spots where many, not of the scenes only, but of the images which I have described from nature, were observed and noted. And how would it be possible for me to forget the interest taken in these poems, especially the longer and more ambitious works, by those persons nearest and dearest to me then, who witnessed their growth and completion? Well may it be called a serious task thus to resuscitate the past! But serious though it be, it is not painful to one who knows that the end of his journey cannot be far distant, and, by the blessing of God, looks on to its termination with sure and certain hope.

Keswick, May 10, 1837.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND VOLUME,

BEING THE FIRST OF TWO VOLUMES ENTITLED 'JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS', BEGINNING WITH 'THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN', AND ENDING WITH 'HYMN TO THE PENATES'

THE earliest pieces in these Juvenile and Minor Poems were written before the writer had left school; between the date of these and of the latest there is an interval of six-and-forty years: as much difference, therefore, may be perceived in them, as in the different stages of life from boyhood to old age.

Some of the earliest appeared in a little volume published at Bath in the

autumn of 1794, with this title:—
'*Poems, containing the Retrospect, &c.*
by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey,
1795;' and with this motto—

'Minuentur atrae
Carmine curae.' *Horace.*

At the end of that volume, *Joan of Arc* was announced as to be published by subscription.

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Others were published at Bristol, 1797, in a single volume, with this motto from Akenside:—

‘ Goddess of the Lyre,—
Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to
Her sister Liberty will not be far.’

A second volume followed at Bristol in 1799, after the second edition of *Joan of Arc*, and commencing with the *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*. The motto to this was from the Epilogue to Spenser's *Calendar* :—

‘The better, please; the worse, displease:
I ask no more.’

In the third edition of *Joan of Arc*, the *Vision* was printed separately, at the end; and its place was supplied in the second edition of the Poems by miscellaneous pieces.

A separate volume, entitled *Metrical Tales and other Poems*, was published in 1805, with this advertisement:— 'These Poems were published some years ago in the *Annual Anthology*. (Bristol, 1799, 1800.) They have now been revised and printed in this collected form, because they have pleased those readers whom the Author was most desirous of pleasing. Let them be considered as the desultory productions of a man sedulously employed upon better things.'

These various pieces were re-arranged in three volumes, under the title of *Minor Poems*, in 1815, with this motto,

‘Nos haec novimus esse nihil:’

and they were published a second time in the same form, 1823.

The Ballads and Metrical Tales contained in those volumes, belong to a different part of this collection; their other contents are comprised here; and the present volume consists, with very few exceptions, of pieces written in youth or early manhood. One of these written in my twentieth year, not having been published at the time, would never have been made public by my own act and deed; but as *Walter Tyler* obtained considerable notoriety

upon its surreptitious publication, it seemed proper that a production which will be specially noticed whenever the author shall be delivered over to the biographers, should be included here. They who may desire to know more than is stated in the advertisement now prefixed to it, are referred to a Letter addressed to William Smith, Esq. M.P., 1817, reprinted in the second volume of my *Essays Moral and Political*, 1832.

The second volume of this part of the Collection contains one juvenile piece, and many which were written in early manhood. The remainder were composed in middle or later life, and comprise (with one exception, that will more conveniently be arranged elsewhere,) all the odes which as Poet Laureat I have written upon national occasions. Of these the *Carmen Triumphale*, and the *Carmina Aulica*, were separately published in quarto in 1814, and reprinted together in a little volume in 1821.

The Juvenile and Minor Poems in this Collection bear an inconsiderable proportion to those of substantive length: for a small part only of my youthful effusions were spared from those autos-da-fé in which from time to time piles upon piles have been consumed. In middle life works of greater extent, or of a different kind, left me little leisure for occasional poetry; the impulse ceased, and latterly the inclination was so seldom felt, that it required an effort to call it forth.

Sir William Davenant, in the Preface to *Gondibert*, 'took occasion to accuse and condemn all those hasty digestions of thought which were published in his youth; a sentence, said he, not pronounced out of melancholy rigour, but from a cheerful obedience to the just authority of experience. For that grave mistress of the world, experience, (in whose profitable school those before the Flood stayed long, but we, like wanton children, come thither late, yet too soon are called out of it, and fetched home by death,) hath taught me that the engenderings of unripe age become

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abortive and deformed; and that 'tis a high presumption to entertain a nation (who are a poet's standing guest, and require monarchical respect,) with hasty provisions; as if a poet might imitate the familiar despatch of falconers, mount his Pegasus, unhood his Muse, and, with a few flights, boast he hath provided a feast for a prince. Such posting upon Pegasus I have long since foreborne.' Yet this eminently thoughtful poet was so far from seeking to suppress the crude compositions which he thus condemned, that he often expressed a great desire to see all his pieces collected in one volume; and, conformably to his wish, they were so collected, after his decease, by his widow and his friend Herringman the bookseller.

Agreeing with Davenant in condemning the greater part of my juvenile pieces, it is only as crudities that I condemn them; for in all that I have written, whether in prose or verse, there has never been a line which for any compunctious reason, living or dying, I could wish to blot.

Davenant had not changed his opinion of his own youthful productions so as to overlook in his age the defects which he had once clearly perceived; but he knew that pieces which it would indeed have been presumptuous to reproduce on the score of their merit, might yet be deemed worthy of preservation on other grounds; that to his family and friends, and to those who might take any interest in English poetry hereafter, they would possess peculiar value, as characteristic memorials of one who had held no inconsiderable place in the literature of his own times; feeling, too, that he was not likely to be forgotten by posterity, he thought that after the specimen which he had produced in his *Gondibert* of a great and elaborate poem, his early attempts would be regarded with curiosity by such of his successors as should, like him, study poetry as an art,—for as an art it must be studied by those who would excel in it, though excellence in it is not attainable by art alone.

The cases are very few in which any thing more can be inferred from juvenile poetry, than that the aspirant possesses imitative talent, and the power of versifying, for which, as for music, there must be a certain natural aptitude. It is not merely because 'they have lacked culture and the inspiring aid of books',¹ that so many poets who have been 'sown by Nature', have 'wanted the accomplishment of verse', and brought forth no fruit after their kind. Men of the highest culture, of whose poetical temperament no doubt can be entertained, and who had 'taken to the height the measure of themselves', have yet failed in their endeavour to become poets, for want of that accomplishment. It is frequently possessed without any other qualification, or any capacity for improvement; but then the innate and incurable defect that renders it abortive, is at once apparent.

The state of literature in this kingdom during the last fifty years has produced the same effect upon poetry that academies produce upon painting; in both arts every possible assistance is afforded to imitative talents, and in both they are carried as far as the talent of imitation can reach. But there is one respect in which poetry differs widely from the sister arts. Its fairest promise frequently proves deceitful, whereas both in painting and music the early indications of genius are unequivocal. The children who were called musical prodigies, have become great musicians; and great painters, as far as their history is known, have displayed in childhood that accuracy of eye, and dexterity of hand, and shaping faculty, which are the prime requisites for their calling. But it is often found that young poets of whom great expectations were formed, have made no progress, and have even fallen short of their first performances. It may be said that this is because men apply themselves to music and to painting as their professions, but that no one makes poetry the business of his

¹ Wordsworth.

life. This, however, is not the only reason: the indications, as has already been observed, are far less certain; and the circumstances of society are far less favourable for the moral and intellectual culture which is required for all the higher branches of poetry, . . . all indeed that deserves the name.

My advice as to publishing, has often been asked by young poets, who suppose that experience has qualified me to give it, and who have not yet learnt how seldom advice is taken, and how little therefore it is worth. As a general rule, it may be said that one who is not deceived in the estimate which he has

formed of his own powers, can neither write too much in his youth, nor publish too little. It cannot, however, be needful to caution the present race of poetical adventurers against hurrying with their productions to the press, for there are obstacles enough in the way of publication. Looking back upon my own career, and acknowledging my imprudence in this respect, I have nevertheless no cause to wish that I had pursued a different course. In this, as in other circumstances of my life, I have reason to be thankful to that merciful Providence which shaped the ends that I had roughly hewn for myself.

Keswick, Sept. 30, 1837.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD VOLUME,

BEING THE SECOND OF 'JUVENILE AND MINOR POEMS

In a former Preface my obligations to Akenside were acknowledged, with especial reference to the *Hymn to Pegasus*, the earliest of

the pleasure with which I have perused those of this favourite Others of a later date bear a nearer resemblance to the general character of Chiabrera's epitaphs. Those which relate to the Peninsular War are part of a series which I once hoped to have completed. The epitaph for Bishop Butler was originally composed in the lapidary style, to suit the monument in Bristol Cathedral: it has been remodelled here, that I might express myself more at length, and in a style more accordant with my own judgement.

One thing remains to be explained, and I shall then have said all that it becomes me to say concerning these Minor Poems.

It was stated in some of the newspapers that Walter Scott and myself became competitors for the Poet-Laureateship upon the death of Mr. Pye; that we met accidentally at the Prince Regent's levee, each in pursuit of his pretensions, and that some words which

were not over-courteous on either side passed between us on the occasion;—to such impudent fabrications will those persons resort who make it their business to pander for public curiosity. The circumstances relating to that appointment have been made known in Mr. Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter*. His conduct was, as it always was, characteristically generous, and in the highest degree friendly. Indeed, it was neither in his nature nor in mine to place ourselves in competition with any one, or ever to regard a contemporary as a rival. The world was wide enough for us all.

Upon his declining the office, and using his influence, without my knowledge, to obtain it for me, his biographer says,¹ 'Mr. Southey was invited to accept the vacant laurel; and to the honour of the Prince Regent, when he signified that his acceptance must depend on the office being thenceforth so modified as to demand none of the old formal odes, leaving it to the Poet-Laureate to choose his own time for celebrating any great public event that

¹ Vol. iii, p. 88.

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might occur, his Royal Highness had the good sense and good taste at once to acquiesce in the propriety of this alteration. The office was thus relieved from the burden of ridicule which had, in spite of so many illustrious names, adhered to it.' The alteration, however, was not brought about exactly in this manner.

I was on the way to London when the correspondence upon this subject between Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Croker took place. A letter from Scott followed me thither, and on my arrival in town I was informed of what had been done. No wish for the Laureateship had passed across my mind, nor had I ever dreamt that it would be proposed to me. My first impulse was to decline it; not from any fear of ridicule, still less of obloquy, but because I had ceased for several years to write occasional verses: the inclination had departed; and though willing as a bee to work from morn till night in collecting honey, I had a great dislike to spinning like a spider. Other considerations overcame this reluctance, and made it my duty to accept the appointment. I then expressed a wish to Mr. Croker that it might be placed upon a footing which would exact from the holder nothing like a schoolboy's task, but leave him at liberty to write when, and in what manner, he thought best, and thus render the office as honourable as it was originally designed to be. Upon this, Mr. Croker, whose friendliness to me upon every occasion I gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging, observed that it was not for us to make terms with the Prince Regent. 'Go you', said he, 'and write your Ode for the New Year. You can never have a better subject than the present state of the war affords you.' He added that some fit time might be found for representing the matter to the Prince in its proper light.

My appointment had no sooner been made known, than I received a note

with Sir William Parsons's compliments, requesting that I would let him have the Ode as soon as possible, Mr. Pye having always provided him with it six weeks before the New Year's Day. I was not wanting in punctuality; nevertheless, it was a great trouble to Sir William that the office should have been conferred upon a poet who did not walk in the ways of his predecessor, and do according to all things that he had done; for Mr. Pye had written his odes always in regular stanzas and in rhyme. Poor Sir William, though he had not fallen upon evil tongues and evil times, thought he had fallen upon evil ears when he was to set verses like mine to music.

But the labour which the Chief Musician bestowed upon the verses of the Chief Poet was so much labour lost. The performance of the Annual Odes had been suspended from the time of the King's illness, in 1810. Under the circumstances of his malady, any festal celebration of the birth-day would have been a violation of natural feeling and public propriety. On those occasions it was certain that nothing would be expected from me during the life of George III. But the New Year's performance might perhaps be called for, and for that, therefore, I always prepared. Upon the accession of George IV, I made ready an Ode for St. George's Day, which Mr. Shield, who was much better satisfied with his yoke-fellow than Sir William had been, thought happily suited for his purpose. It was indeed well suited for us both. All my other Odes related to the circumstances of the passing times, and could have been appropriately performed only when they were composed; but this was a standing subject, and, till this should be called for, it was needless to provide any thing else. The annual performance had, however, by this time fallen completely into disuse; and thus terminated a custom which may truly be said to have been more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

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PREFACE TO THE FOURTH VOLUME,

CONTAINING 'THALABA THE DESTROYER'

It was said, in the original Preface to *Joan of Arc*, that the Author would not be in England to witness its reception, but that he would attend to liberal criticism, and hope to profit by it in the composition of a poem upon the discovery of America by the Welsh prince Madoc.

That subject I had fixed upon when a schoolboy, and had often conversed upon the probabilities of the story with the schoolfellow to whom, sixteen years afterwards, I had the satisfaction of inscribing the poem. It was commenced at Bath in the autumn of 1794, but, upon putting *Joan of Arc* to the press, its progress was necessarily suspended, and it was not resumed till the second edition of that work had been completed. Then it became my chief occupation during twelve months that I resided in the village of Westbury, near Bristol. This was one of the happiest portions of my life. I never before or since produced so much poetry in the same space of time. The smaller pieces were communicated by letter to Charles Lamb, and had the advantage of his animadversions. I was then also in habits of the most frequent and intimate intercourse with Davy,—then in the flower and freshness of his youth. We were within an easy walk of each other, over some of the most beautiful ground in that beautiful part of England. When I went to the Pneumatic Institution, he had to tell me of some new experiment or discovery, and of the views which it opened for him; and when he came to Westbury there was a fresh portion of *Madoc* for his hearing. Davy encouraged me with his hearty approbation during its progress; and the bag of nitrous oxyde with which he generally regaled me upon my visits to him, was not required for raising my

spirits to the degree of settled fair, and keeping them at that elevation.

In November, 1836, I walked to that village with my son, wishing to show him a house endeared to me by so many recollections; but not a vestige of it remained, and local alterations rendered it impossible even to ascertain its site,—which is now included within the grounds of a Nunnery! The bosom friends with whom I associated there have all departed before me; and of the domestic circle in which my happiness was then centered, I am the sole survivor.

When we removed from Westbury at Midsummer, 1799, I had reached the penultimate book of *Madoc*. That poem was finished on the 12th of July following, at Kingsdown, Bristol, in the house of an old lady, whose portrait hangs, with that of my own mother, in the room wherein I am now writing. The son who lived with her was one of my dearest friends, and one of the best men I ever knew or heard of. In those days I was an early riser: the time so gained was usually employed in carrying on the poem which I had in hand; and when Charles Danvers came down to breakfast on the morning after *Madoc* was completed, I had the first hundred lines of *Thalaba* to show him, fresh from the mint.

But this poem was neither crudely conceived nor hastily undertaken. I had fixed upon the ground, four years before, for a Mahomedan tale; and in the course of that time the plan had been formed and the materials collected. It was pursued with unabating ardour at Exeter, in the village of Burton, near Christ Church, and afterwards at Kingsdown, till the ensuing spring, when Dr. Beddoes advised me to go to the south of Europe, on account of my health. For Lisbon, therefore, we set off; and,

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hastening to Falmouth, found the packet, in which we wished to sail, detained in harbour by westerly winds. 'Six days we watched the weathercock, and sighed for north-easters. I walked on the beach, caught soldier-crabs, admired the sea-anemonies in their ever-varying shapes of beauty, read *Gebir*, and wrote half a book of *Thalaba*.' This sentence is from a letter written on our arrival at Lisbon; and it is here inserted because the sea-anemonies (which I have never had any other opportunity of observing) were introduced in *Thalaba* soon afterwards; and because, as already stated, I am sensible of having derived great improvement from the frequent perusal of *Gebir* at that time.

Change of circumstances and of climate effected an immediate cure of what proved to be not an organic disease. A week after our landing at Lisbon I resumed my favourite work, and I completed it at Cintra, a year and six days after the day of its commencement.

A fair transcript was sent to England. Mr. Rickman, with whom I had fallen in at Christ Church in 1797, and whose friendship from that time I have ever accounted among the singular advantages and happinesses of my life, negotiated for its publication with Messrs. Longman and Rees. It was printed at Bristol by Biggs and Cottle, and the task of correcting the press was undertaken for me by Davy and our common friend Danvers, under whose roof it had been begun.

The copy which was made from the original draught, regularly as the poem proceeded, is still in my possession. The first corrections were made as they occurred in the process of transcribing, at which time the verses were tried upon

my own ear, and had the advantage of being seen in a fair and remarkably legible handwriting. In this transcript the dates of time and place were noted, and things which would otherwise have been forgotten have thus been brought to my recollection. Herein also the alterations were inserted which the poem underwent before it was printed. They were very numerous. Much was pruned off, and more was ingrafted. I was not satisfied with the first part of the concluding book; it was therefore crossed out, and something substituted altogether different in design; but this substitution was so far from being fortunate, that it neither pleased my friends in England nor myself. I then made a third attempt, which succeeded to my own satisfaction and to theirs.

I was in Portugal when *Thalaba* was published. Its reception was very different from that with which *Joan of Arc* had been welcomed: in proportion as the poem deserved better it was treated worse. Upon this occasion my name was first coupled with Mr. Wordsworth's. We were then, and for some time afterwards, all but strangers to each other; and certainly there were no two poets in whose productions, the difference not being that between good and bad, less resemblance could be found. But I happened to be residing at Keswick when Mr. Wordsworth and I began to be acquainted; Mr. Coleridge also had resided there; and this was reason enough for classing us together as a school of poets. Accordingly, for more than twenty years from that time, every tyro in criticism who could smatter and sneer, tried his 'prentice hand' upon the Lake Poets; and every young sportsman who carried a popgun in the field of satire, considered them as fair game.

Keswick, Nov. 8, 1837.

PREFACE TO THE FIFTH VOLUME,
CONTAINING 'MADOC'

WHEN *Madoc* was brought to a close in the summer of 1799, Mr. Coleridge advised me to publish it at once, and to defer making any material alterations, if any should suggest themselves, till a second edition. But four years had passed over my head since *Joan of Arc* was sent to the press, and I was not disposed to commit a second imprudence. If the reputation obtained by that poem had confirmed the confidence which I felt in myself, it had also the effect of making me perceive my own deficiencies, and endeavour with all diligence to supply them. I pleased myself with the hope that it would one day belikened to Tasso's *Rinaldo*, and that as the *Jerusalem* had fulfilled the promise of better things whereof that poem was the pledge, so might *Madoc* be regarded in relation to the juvenile work which had preceded it. Thinking that this would probably be the greatest poem I should ever produce, my intention was to bestow upon it all possible care, as indeed I had determined never again to undertake any subject without due preparation. With this view it was my wish, before *Madoc* could be considered as completed, to see more of Wales than I had yet seen. This I had some opportunity of doing in the autumn of 1801, with my old friends and schoolfellows Charles Wynn and Peter Elmsley. And so much was I bent upon making myself better acquainted with Welsh scenery, manners, and traditions, than could be done by books alone, that if I had succeeded in obtaining a house in the Vale of Neath, for which I was in treaty the year following, it would never have been my fortune to be classed among the Lake Poets.

Little had been done in revising the poem till the first year of my abode at Keswick: there, in the latter end of

1803, it was resumed, and twelve months were diligently employed in reconstructing it. The alterations were more material than those which had been made in *Joan of Arc*, and much more extensive. In its original form the poem consisted of fifteen books, containing about six thousand lines. It was now divided into two parts, and enlarged in the proportion of a full third. Shorter divisions than the usual one of books, or cantos, were found more convenient; the six books therefore, which the first part comprised, were distributed in seventeen sections, and the other nine in twenty-seven. These changes in the form of the work were neither capriciously made, nor for the sake of novelty. The story consisted of two parts, almost as distinct as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and the subdivisions were in like manner indicated by the subject. The alterations in the conduct of the piece occasioned its increase of length.

When Matthew Lewis published the *Castle Spectre*, he gave as his reason for introducing negro guards in a drama which was laid in feudal times, that he thought their appearance would produce a good effect; and if the effect would have been better by making them blue instead of black, blue, said he, they should have been. He was not more bent upon pleasing the public by stage effect, (which no dramatist ever studied more successfully,) than I was upon following my own sense of propriety, and thereby obtaining the approbation of that fit audience, which, being contented that it should be few, I was sure to find. Mr. Sotheby, whose *Saul* was published about the same time as *Madoc*, said to me a year or two afterwards, 'You and I, Sir, find that blank verse will not do in these days; we must stand upon another tack.' Mr. Sotheby

considered the decision of the Pie-Poudre Court as final. But my suit was in that Court of Record which sooner or later pronounces unerringly upon the merits of the case.

Madoc was immediately reprinted in America in numbers, making two octavo volumes. About nine years afterwards there appeared a paper in the *Quarterly Review*, which gave great offence to the Americans; if I am not mistaken in my recollections, it was the first in that journal which had any such tendency. An American author, whose name I heard, but had no wish to remember, supposed it to have been written by me; and upon this gratuitous supposition, (in which, moreover, he happened to be totally mistaken,) he attacked me in a pamphlet, which he had the courtesy to send me, and which I have preserved among my Curiosities of Literature. It is noticed in this place, because, among other vituperative accusations, the pamphleteer denounced the author of *Madoc* as having 'mediated a most serious injury against the reputation of the New World, by attributing its discovery and colonization to a little vagabond Welsh Prince'. This, he said, 'being a most insidious attempt against the honour of America and the reputation of Columbus.'¹

This poem was the means of making me personally acquainted with Miss Seward. Her encomiastic opinion of it was communicated to me through Charles Lloyd, in a way which required some courteous acknowledgement; this led to an interchange of letters, and an invitation to Lichfield, where, accordingly, I paid her a visit, when next on my way to London, in 1807. She resided in the Bishop's palace. I was ushered up the broad brown stair-case

by her cousin, the Reverend Henry White, then one of the minor canons of that cathedral, a remarkable person, who introduced me into the presence with jubilant but appalling solemnity. Miss Seward was seated at her desk. She had just finished some verses to be 'inscribed on the blank leaves of the poem *Madoc*', and the first greeting was no sooner past, than she requested that I would permit her to read them to me. It was a mercy that she did not ask me to read them aloud. But she read admirably herself. The situation, however, in which I found myself, was so ridiculous, and I was so apprehensive of catching the eye of one person in the room, who was equally afraid of meeting mine, that I never felt it more difficult to control my emotions, than while listening, or seeming to listen, to my own praise and glory. But, bending my head as if in a posture of attentiveness, and screening my face with my hand, and occasionally using some force to compress the risible muscles, I got through the scene without any misbehaviour, and expressed my thanks, if not in terms of such glowing admiration as she was accustomed to receive from others, and had bestowed upon my unworthy self, yet as well as I could. I passed two days under her roof, and corresponded with her from that time till her death.

Miss Seward had been crippled by having repeatedly injured one of her knee-pans. Time had taken away her bloom and her beauty, but her fine countenance retained its animation, and her eyes could not have been brighter nor more expressive in her youth. Sir Walter Scott says of them, 'they were auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair. In reciting, or in speaking with animation, they appeared to become darker, and as it were to flash fire. I should have hesitated,' he adds, 'to state the impression which this peculiarity made upon me at the time, had not my observation been confirmed by that of the first actress on this or any other stage, with whom I lately hap-

¹ The title of this notable pamphlet is, 'The United States and England; being a Reply to the Criticism on Inchiquin's Letters, contained in the *Quarterly Review* for January 1814. New York: published by A. H. Inskip; and Bradford and Inskip, Philadelphia. Van Winkle and Wiley, Printers, 1815.'

pened to converse on our deceased friend's expressive powers of countenance.' ¹ Sir Walter has not observed that this peculiarity was hereditary. Describing, in one of her earlier letters, a scene with her mother, she says, 'I grew so saucy to her, that she looked grave, and took her pinch of snuff, first at one nostril, and then at the other, with swift and angry energy, and her eyes began to grow dark and to flash.' 'Tis an odd peculiarity: but the balls of my mother's eyes change from brown into black, when she feels either indignation or bodily pain.' ²

Miss Seward was not so much overrated at one time, as she has since been unduly depreciated. She was so considerable a person when her reputation was at its height, that Washington said no circumstance in his life had been so mortifying to him as that of having been made the subject of her invective in her Monody on Major André. After peace had been concluded between Great Britain and the United States, he commissioned an American officer, who was about to sail for England, to call upon her at Lichfield, and explain to her, that instead of having caused André's death, he had endeavoured to save him; and she was requested to peruse the papers in proof of this, which he sent for her perusal. 'They filled me with contrition', says Miss Seward, 'for the rash injustice of my censure.' ³

An officer of her name served as lieutenant in the garrison at Gibraltar during the siege. To his great surprise, . . . for he had no introduction which could lead him to expect the honour of

such notice, . . . he received an invitation to dine with General Elliot. The General asked him if he were related to the author of the Monody on Major André. The Lieutenant replied that he had the honour of being very distantly related to her, but he had not the happiness of her acquaintance. 'It is sufficient, Mr. Seward,' said the General, 'that you bear her name, and a fair reputation, to entitle you to the notice of every soldier who has it in his power to serve and oblige a military brother. You will always find a cover for you at my table, and a sincere welcome; and whenever it may be in my power to serve you essentially, I shall not want the inclination.' ⁴

These anecdotes show the estimation in which she was, not undeservedly, held. Her epistolary style was distorted and disfigured by her admiration of Johnson; and in her poetry she set, rather than followed, the brocade fashion of Dr. Darwin. Still there are unquestionable proofs of extraordinary talents and great ability both in her letters and her poems. She was an exemplary daughter, a most affectionate and faithful friend. Sir Walter has estimated, with characteristic skill, her powers of criticism, and her strong prepossessions upon literary points. And believing that the more she was known, the more she would have been esteemed and admired, I bear a willing testimony to her accomplishments and her genius, to her generous disposition, her frankness, and her sincerity and warmth of heart.

Keswick, Feb. 19, 1836.

¹ Biographical Preface to the *Poetical Works of Anna Seward*, p. xxiii.

² *Literary Correspondence*. *Ib.*, p. cxxi.

³ *Letters of Anna Seward*, vol. v, p. 143.

⁴ *Letters of Anna Seward*, vol. i, p. 298.

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH VOLUME, BEING THE FIRST OF 'BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES'

MOST of the pieces in this volume were written in early life, a few are comparatively of recent date, and there are some of them which lay unfinished for nearly thirty years.

Upon reading, on their first appearance, certain of these Ballads, and of the lighter pieces now comprised in the third volume of this collective edition, Mr. Edgeworth said to me, 'Take my word for it, Sir, the bent of your genius is for comedy.' I was as little displeased with the intended compliment as one of the most distinguished poets of this age was with Mr. Sheridan, who, upon returning a play which he had offered for acceptance at Drury Lane, told him it was a comical tragedy.

My late friend, Mr. William Taylor of Norwich, whom none who knew him intimately can ever call to mind without affection and regret, has this passage in his *Life of Dr. Sayers*:—'Not long after this (the year 1800), Mr. Robert Southey visited Norwich, was introduced to Dr. Sayers, and partook those feelings of complacent admiration which his presence was adapted to inspire.—Dr. Sayers pointed out to us in conversation, as adapted for the theme of a ballad, a story related by Olaus Magnus of a witch, whose coffin was confined by three chains, sprinkled with holy water; but who was, nevertheless, carried off by demons. Already, I believe, Dr. Sayers had made a ballad on the subject, so did I, and so did Mr. Southey; but after seeing the *Old Woman of Berkeley*, we agreed in awarding to it the preference. Still, the very different manner in which each had employed the same basis of narration might render welcome the opportunity of comparison; but I have not found among the papers of Dr. Sayers a copy of his poem.'

There is a mistake here as to the date. This, my first visit to Norwich, was in the spring of 1798; and I had so much to interest me there in the society of my kind host and friend, Mr. William Taylor, that the mention at Dr. Sayers's table of the story in Olaus Magnus made no impression on me at the time, and was presently forgotten. Indeed, if I had known that either he or his friend had written or intended to write a ballad upon the subject, that knowledge, however much the story might have pleased me, would have withheld me from all thought of versifying it. In the autumn of the same year, I passed some days at Hereford with Mr. William Bowyer Thomas, one of the friends with whom, in 1796, I had visited the Arrabida Convent near Setubal. By his means I obtained permission to make use of the books in the Cathedral Library, and accordingly I was locked up for several mornings in that part of the Cathedral where the books were kept in chains. So little were these books used at that time, that in placing them upon the shelves, no regard had been had to the length of the chains; and when the volume which I wished to consult was fastened to one of the upper shelves by a short chain, the only means by which it was possible to make use of it was, by piling upon the reading desk as many volumes with longer chains as would reach up to the length of its tether; then, by standing on a chair, I was able to effect my purpose. There, and thus, I first read the story of the *Old Woman of Berkeley*, in Matthew of Westminster, and transcribed it into a pocket-book. I had no recollection of what had passed at Dr. Sayers's; but the circumstantial details in the monkish Chronicle impressed me so strongly, that I began to versify them that very evening. It was the

last day of our pleasant visit at Hereford; and on the following morning the remainder of the Ballad was pencilled in a post-chaise on our way to Abberley.

Mr. Wathen, a singular and obliging person, who afterwards made a voyage to the East Indies, and published an account of what he saw there, traced for me a facsimile of a wooden cut in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* (which was among the prisoners in the Cathedral). It represents the Old Woman's forcible abduction from her intended place of burial. This was put into the hands of a Bristol artist; and the engraving in wood which he made from it was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, in the second volume of my poems, 1799. The Devil alludes to it in his Walk, when he complains of a certain poet as having 'put him in ugly ballads with libellous pictures for sale'.

The passage from Matthew of Westminster was prefixed to the Ballad when first published, and it has continued to be so in every subsequent edition of my minor poems from that time to the present: for whenever I have founded either a poem, or part of one, upon any legend, or portion of history, I have either extracted the passage to which I was indebted, if its length allowed, or have referred to it. Mr. Payne Collier, however, after the Ballad, with its parentage affixed, had been twenty years before the public, discovered that I had copied the story from Heywood's *Nine Books of various History concerning Women*, and that I had not thought proper to acknowledge the obligation. The discovery is thus stated in that

gentleman's *Poetical Decameron* (vol. i, p. 323). Speaking of the book, one of his Interlocutors says, 'It is not of such rarity or singularity as to deserve particular notice now; only if you refer to p. 443, you will find the story on which Mr. Southey founded his mock-ballad of the *Old Woman of Berkeley*. You will see, too, that the mode in which it is told is extremely similar.'

'MORTON. Had Mr. Southey seen Heywood's book ?

'BOURNE. It is not improbable; or some quotation from it, the resemblance is so exact: you may judge from the few following sentences.'

Part of Heywood's narration is then given; upon which one of the speakers observes, 'The resemblance is exact, and it is not unlikely that Heywood and Southey copied from the same original.'

'BOURNE. Perhaps so: Heywood quotes Guillerimus, in *Special. Histor. lib. xxvi. c. 26*. He afterwards relates, as Southey, that the Devil placed the Old Woman of Berkeley before him on a black horse, and that her screams were heard four miles off.'

It cannot, however, be disputed, that Mr. Payne Collier has made one discovery relating to this subject; for he has discovered that the *Old Woman of Berkeley* is a mock-ballad. Certainly this was never suspected by the Author, or any of his friends. It obtained a very different character in Russia, where having been translated and published, it was prohibited for this singular reason, that children were said to be frightened by it. This I was told by a Russian traveller who called upon me at Keswick.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME, OR SECOND OF 'BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES'

THE two volumes of this collection which consist of Ballads and Metrical Tales contain the Author's earliest and latest productions of that kind: those which were written with most facility and most glee, and those upon which most time and pains were bestowed, according to the subject and the mode of treating it.

The *Tale of Paraguay* was published separately in 1825, having been so long in hand that the Dedication was written many years before the Poem was completed.

All for Love, and *The Legend of a Cock and a Hen*, were published together in a little volume in 1829.

PREFACE TO THE EIGHTH VOLUME, CONTAINING 'THE CURSE OF KEHAMA'

SEVERAL years ago, in the Introduction of my 'Letters to Mr. Charles Butler, vindicating the Book of the Church', I had occasion to state that, while a school-boy at Westminster, I had formed an intention of exhibiting the most remarkable forms of Mythology which have at any time obtained among mankind, by making each the ground-work of a narrative poem. The performance, as might be expected, fell far short of the design, and yet it proved something more than a dream of juvenile ambition.

I began with the Mahommedan religion, as being that with which I was then best acquainted myself, and of which every one who had read the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* possessed all the knowledge necessary for readily understanding and entering into the intent and spirit of the poem. Mr. Wilberforce thought that I had conveyed in it a very false impression of that religion, and that the moral sublimity which he admired in it was owing to this flattering misrepresentation. But *Thalaba the Destroyer* was professedly an Arabian Tale. The design required that I should bring into view the best features of that system of

belief and worship which had been developed under the Covenant with Ishmael, placing in the most favourable light the morality of the Koran, and what the least corrupted of the Mahommedans retain of the patriarchal faith. It would have been altogether incongruous to have touched upon the abominations engrafted upon it; first by the false Prophet himself, who appears to have been far more remarkable for audacious profligacy than for any intellectual endowments, and afterwards by the spirit of Oriental despotism which accompanied Mahommedanism wherever it was established.

Heathen Mythologies have generally been represented by Christian poets as the work of the Devil and his Angels; and the machinery derived from them was thus rendered credible, according to what was during many ages a received opinion. The plan upon which I proceeded in *Madoc* was to produce the effect of machinery as far as was consistent with the character of the poem, by representing the most remarkable religion of the New World such as it was, a system of atrocious priestcraft. It was not here as in *Thalaba* the foundation of the poem, but, as usual in what

are called epic poems, only incidentally connected with it.

When I took up, for my next subject, that mythology which Sir William Jones had been the first to introduce into English poetry, I soon perceived that the best mode of treating it would be to construct a story altogether mythological. In what form to compose it was then to be determined. No such question had arisen concerning any of my former poems. I should never for a moment have thought of any other measure than blank verse for *Joan of Arc*, and for *Madoc*, and afterwards for *Roderick*. The reason why the irregular rhymeless lyrics of Dr. Sayers were preferred for *Thalaba* was, that the freedom and variety of such verse were suited to the story. Indeed, of all the laudatory criticisms with which I have been favoured during a long literary life, none ever gratified me more than that of Henry Kirke White upon this occasion, when he observed, that if any other known measure had been adopted, the poem would have been deprived of half its beauty, and all its propriety. And when he added, that the author never seemed to inquire how other men would treat a subject, or what might be the fashion of the times, but took that course which his own sense of fitness pointed out, I could not have desired more appropriate commendation.

The same sense of fitness which made me choose for an Arabian tale the simplest and easiest form of verse, induced me to take a different course in an Indian poem. It appeared to me, that here neither the tone of morals, nor the strain of poetry, could be pitched too high; that nothing but moral sublimity could compensate for the extravagance of the fictions, and that all the skill I might possess in the art of poetry was required to counterbalance the disadvantage of a mythology with which few readers were likely to be well acquainted, and which would appear monstrous if its deformities were not kept out of sight. I endeavoured, therefore, to combine the utmost rich-

ness of versification with the greatest freedom. The spirit of the poem was Indian, but there was nothing Oriental in the style. I had learnt the language of poetry from our own great masters and the great poets of antiquity.

No poem could have been more deliberately planned, nor more carefully composed. It was commenced at Lisbon on the first of May, 1801, and recommenced in the summer of the same year at Kingsdown, in the same house (endeared to me by many once delightful but now mournful recollections) in which *Madoc* had been finished, and *Thalaba* begun. A little was added during the winter of that year in London. It was resumed at Kingsdown in the summer of 1802, and then laid aside till 1806, during which interval *Madoc* was reconstructed and published. Resuming it then once more, all that had been written was recast at Keswick: there I proceeded with it leisurely, and finished it on the 25th of November, 1809. It is the only one of my long poems of which detached parts were written to be afterwards inserted in their proper places. Were I to name the persons to whom it was communicated during its progress, it would be admitted now that I might well be encouraged by their approbation; and indeed, when it was published, I must have been very unreasonable if I had not been satisfied with its reception.

It was not till the present edition of these Poems was in the press, that, eight-and-twenty years after *Kehama* had been published, I first saw the article upon it in the *Monthly Review*, parts of which cannot be more appropriately preserved any where than here; it shows the determination with which the Reviewer entered upon his task, and the importance which he attached to it.

‘Throughout our literary career we cannot recollect a more favourable opportunity than the present for a full discharge of our critical duty. We are indeed bound now to make a firm stand for the purity of our poetic taste against

this last and most desperate assault, conducted as it is by a writer of considerable reputation, and unquestionably of considerable abilities. If this poem were to be tolerated, all things after it may demand impunity, and it will be in vain to contend hereafter for any one established rule of poetry as to design and subject, as to character and incident, as to language and versification. We may return at once to the rude hymn in honour of Bacchus, and indite strains adapted to the recitation of rustics in the season of vintage :—

“ Quae canerent agerentque peruncti faecibus ora.”

It shall be our plan to establish these points, we hope, beyond reasonable controversy, by a complete analysis of the twenty-four sections (as they may truly be called) of the portentous work, and by ample quotations interspersed with remarks, in which we shall endeavour to withhold no praise that can fairly be claimed, and no censure that is obviously deserved.’

The reviewer fulfilled his promises, however much he failed in his object. He was not more liberal of censure than of praise, and he was not sparing of quotations. The analysis was sufficiently complete for the purposes of criticism, except that the critic did not always give himself the trouble to understand what he was determined to ridicule. ‘It is necessary for us,’ he said, ‘according to our purpose of deterring future writers from the choice of such a story, or from such a management of that story, to detail the gross follies of the work in question; and tedious as the operation may be, we trust that in the judgement of all those lovers of literature who duly value the preservation of sound principles of composition among us, the end will excuse the means.’ The means were ridicule and reprobation, and the end at

which he aimed was thus stated in the Reviewer’s peroration.

‘We know not that Mr. Southey’s most devoted admirers can complain of our having omitted a single incident essential to the display of his character or the development of his plot. To other readers we should apologize for our prolixity, were we not desirous, as we hinted before, of giving a death-blow to the gross extravagancies of the author’s school of poetry, if we cannot hope to reform so great an offender as himself. In general, all that nature and all that art has lavished on him is rendered useless by his obstinate adherence to his own system of fancied originality, in which every thing that is good is old, and every thing that is new is good for nothing. Convinced as we are that many of the author’s faults proceed from mere idleness, deserving even less indulgence than the erroneous principles of his poetical system, we shall conclude by a general exhortation to all critics to condemn, and to all writers to avoid the example of combined carelessness and perversity which is here afforded by Mr. Southey; and we shall mark this last and worst eccentricity of his Muse with the following character :—Here is the composition of a poet not more distinguished by his genius and knowledge, than by his contempt for public opinion, and the utter depravity of his taste,—a depravity which is incorrigible, and, we are sorry to add, most unblushingly rejoicing in its own hopelessness of amendment.’

The *Monthly Review* has, I believe, been for some years defunct. I never knew to whom I was beholden for the good service rendered me in that Journal, when such assistance was of most value; nor by whom I was subsequently, during several years, favoured in the same Journal with such flagrant civilities as those of which the reader has here seen a sample.

Keswick, May 19, 1838.

PREFACE TO THE NINTH VOLUME,

CONTAINING 'RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs'.

THIS poem was commenced at Keswick, Dec. 2, 1809, and finished there July 14, 1814.

A French translation, by M. B. de S., in three volumes 12mo., was published in 1820, and another by M. le Chevalier * * *, in one volume 8vo, 1821. Both are in prose.

When the latest of these versions was nearly ready for publication, the publisher, who was also the printer, insisted upon having a life of the author prefixed. The French public, he said, knew nothing of M. Southey, and in order to make the book sell, it must be managed to interest them for the writer. The Chevalier represented as a conclusive reason for not attempting any thing of the kind, that he was not acquainted with M. Southey's private history. 'Would you believe it?' says a friend of the translator's, from whose letter I transcribe what follows; 'this was his answer verbatim: *N'importe, écrivez toujours; brodez, brodez-la un peu; que ce soit vrai ou non ce ne fait rien; qui prendra la peine de s'informer?*' Accordingly a *Notice sur M. Southey* was composed, not exactly in conformity with the publisher's notions of biography, but from such materials as could be collected from magazines and other equally unauthentic sources.

In one of these versions a notable mistake occurs, occasioned by the French pronunciation of an English word. The whole passage indeed, in both versions, may be regarded as curiously exemplifying the difference between French and English poetry.

'The lamps and tapers now grew pale,
And through the eastern windows slant-
ing fell

The roseate ray of morn. Within those
walls

Returning day restored no cheerful
sounds

Or joyous motions of awakening life;
But in the stream of light the speckled
motes,

As if in mimicry of insect play,
Floated with mazy movement. Sloping
down

Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,
And rested on the sinful woman's grave
As if it enter'd there, a light from
Heaven.

So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!

As in a momentary interval,

When thought expelling thought, had
left his mind

Open and passive to the influxes
Of outward sense, his vacant eye was
there, . .

So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!

Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
Forgiveness there; for let not thou the
groans

Of dying penitence, nor my bitter
prayers

Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
And thou, poor soul, who from the
dolorous house

Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
To shorten and assuage thy penal term,
Pardon me that these hours in other
thoughts

And other duties than this garb, this
night

Enjoin, should thus have pass'd! Our
mother-land

Exacted of my heart the sacrifice;
And many a vigil must thy son perform
Henceforth in woods and mountain
fastnesses,

And tented fields, outwatching for her
sake

The starry host, and ready for the work
Of day, before the sun begins his course.' ¹

¹ See *Roderick*, VIII, lines 101-33.

Il se livrait à toutes ces réflexions quand la lumière des lampes et des cierges commença à pâlir, et que les premières teintes de l'aurore se montrèrent à travers les hautes croisées tournées vers l'orient. Le retour du jour ne ramena point dans ces murs des sons joyeux ni les mouvemens de la vie qui se réveille ; les seuls papillons de nuit, agitant leurs ailes pesantes, bourdonnaient encore sous les voûtes ténébreuses. Bientôt le premier rayon du soleil, glissant obliquement par-dessus l'autel, vint s'arrêter sur la tombe de la femme pécheresse, et la lumière du ciel sembla y pénétrer. 'Que ce présage s'accomplisse,' s'écria Pelage, qui, absorbé dans ses méditations, fixait en ce moment ses yeux sur le tombeau de sa mère ; 'Dieu de miséricorde, qu'il en soit ainsi ! Puisse ta bonté vivifiante y verser de même le pardon ! Que les sanglots de la pénitence expirante, et que mes prières amères ne montent point en vain devant le trône éternel. Et toi, pauvre âme, qui de ton séjour douloureux de souffrances et de larmes espères en moi pour abrégier et adoucir ton supplice temporaire, pardonne-moi d'avoir, sous ces habits et dans cette nuit, détourné mes pensées sur d'autres devoirs. Notre patrie commune a exigé de moi ce sacrifice, et ton fils doit dorénavant accomplir plus d'une veille dans la profondeur des forêts, sur la cime des monts, dans les plaines couvertes de tentes, observant, pour l'amour de l'Espagne, la marche des astres de la nuit, et préparant l'ouvrage de sa journée avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.'—T. i, pp. 175-177.

In the other translation the *motes* are not converted into moths,—but the image is omitted.

Consumées dans des soins pareils les rapides heures s'écouloient, les lampes et les torches commençoient à pâlir, et l'oblique rayon du matin dorait déjà les vitraux élevés qui regardoient vers l'Orient : le retour du jour ne ramenoit point, dans cette sombre enceinte, les sons joyeux, ni le tableau mouvant de la vie qui se réveille ; mais, tombant d'en haut, le céleste rayon, passant au-dessus de l'autel, vint frapper le tombeau de la femme pécheresse.

'Ainsi soit-il,' s'écria Pelage, 'ainsi soit-il, ô divin Créateur ! Puisse ta vivifiante bonté verser ainsi le pardon en ce lieu ! Que les gémissemens d'une mort pénitente, que mes amères prières ne soient pas arrivées en vain devant le trône de miséricorde ! Et toi, qui, de ton séjour de souffrances et de larmes, regardes vers ton fils, pour abrégier et soulager tes peines, pardonne, si d'autres devoirs ont rempli les heures que cette nuit et cet habit m'enjoignoient de te consacrer ! Notre patrie exigeoit ce sacrifice ; d'autres vigiles m'attendent dans les bois et les défilés de nos montagnes ; et bientôt sous la tente, il me faudra veiller, le soir, avant que le ciel ne se couvre d'étoiles, être prêt pour le travail du jour, avant que le soleil ne commence sa course.'—pp. 92, 93.

A very good translation in Dutch verse was published in two volumes, 8vo. 1823-4, with this title :—'Rodrigo de Goth, Koning van Spanje. Naar het Engelsch van Southey gevolgd, door Vrouwe Katharina Wilhelmina Bilderdijk. Te's Gravenhage.' It was sent to me with the following epistle from her husband Mr. Willem Bilderdijk.

'Roberto Southey, viro spectatissimo, Gulielmus Bilderdijk, S. P. D.

'Etsi ea nunc temporis passim invaluerit opinio, poetarum genus quam maxima gloriae cupiditate flagrare, mihi tamen contraria semper insedit persuasio, qui divinae Poëseos altitudinem veramque laudem non nisi ab iis cognosci putavi quorum prae caeteris e meliori luto finxerit praecordia Titan, neque aut verè aut justè judicari vatem nisi ab iis qui eodem afflatu moveantur. Sexagesimus autem jam agitur annus ex quo et ipse meos inter aequales poeta salutor, eumque locum quem ineunte adolescentia occupare contigit, in hunc usque diem tenuisse video, popularis aurae nunquam captator, quin immo perpetuus contemptor ; pareus ipse laudator, censor gravis et nonnunquam molestus. Tuum vero nomen, Vir celeberrime ac spectatissime, jam antea veneratus, perlecto tuo de Roderico rege poemate, non potui non summis extollere laudibus,

quo doctissimo simul ac venustissimo opere, si minus *divinam Aeneida*, saltem immortalem Tassonis *Epopeiam tentasse*, quin et certo respectu ita superasse videris, ut majorum perpaucos, aequalium neminem, cum vera fide ac pietate in Deum, tum ingenio omnique poetica dote tibi comparandum existimem. Ne mireris itaque, carminis tui gravitate ac dulcedine captam, meoque judicio fultam non illaudatam in nostratibus Musam tuum illud nobile poema foeminea manu sed insueto labore attrectasse, Belgicoque sermone reddidisse. Hanc certe, per quadrantem seculi et quod excurrit felicissimo connubio mihi junctam, meamque in Divina arte alumnam ac sociam, nimium in eo sibi sumpsisse nemofacile arbitrabitur cui vel minimum Poëseos nostrae sensum usurpare contigerit; nec ego hos ejus conatus quos illustri tuo nomini dicandos putavit, tibi mea manu offerre dubitabam. Haec itaque utriusque nostrum in te observantiae specimina accipe, Vir illustrissime, ac si quod communium studiorum, si quod verae pietatis est vinculum, nos tibi ex animo habe addictissimos. Vale.

‘Dabam Lugduni in Batavis. Ipsis idib. Februar. C1910CCCXXIV.’

I went to Leyden, in 1825, for the purpose of seeing the writer of this epistle and the lady who had translated my poem, and addressed it to me in some very affecting stanzas. It so happened, that on my arrival in that city, I was laid up under a surgeon's care; they took me into their house, and made the days of my confinement as pleasurable as they were memorable. I have never been acquainted with a man of higher intellectual power, nor of greater learning, nor of more various and extensive knowledge than Bilderdijk, confessedly the most distinguished man of letters in his own country. His wife was worthy of him. I paid them another visit the following year. They are now both gone to their rest, and I shall not look upon their like again.

Soon after the publication of *Roderick*, I received the following curious letter from the Ettrick Shepherd, (who had passed a few days with me in the preceding autumn,) giving me an account of his endeavours to procure a favourable notice of the poem in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Edinburgh, Dec. 15, 1811.

‘MY DEAR SIR,

‘I was very happy at seeing the postmark of Keswick, and quite proud of the pleasure you make me believe my *Wake* has given to the beauteous and happy group at Greta Hall. Indeed few things could give me more pleasure, for I left my heart a sojourner among them. I have had a higher opinion of matrimony since that period than ever I had before, and I desire that you will positively give my kindest respects to each of them individually.

‘The *Pilgrim of the Sun* is published, as you will see by the Papers, and if I may believe some communications that I have got, the public opinion of it is high; but these communications to an author are not to be depended on.

‘I have read *Roderick* over and over again, and am the more and more convinced that it is the noblest epic poem of the age. I have had some correspondence and a good deal of conversation with Mr. Jeffrey about it, though he does not agree with me in every particular. He says it is too long, and wants *elasticity*, and will not, he fears, be generally read, though much may be said in its favour. I had even teased him to let me review it for him, on account, as I said, that he could not appreciate its merits. I copy one sentence out of the letter he sent in answer to me:—

“For Southey I have, as well as you, great respect, and when he will let me, great admiration; but he is a most provoking fellow, and at least as conceited as his neighbour Wordsworth. I cannot just trust you with his *Roderick*; but I shall be extremely happy to talk over

that and other kindred subjects with you, for I am every way disposed to give Southey a lavish allowance of praise, and few things would give me greater pleasure than to find he had afforded me a fair opportunity. But I must do my duty according to my own apprehensions of it."

"I supped with him last night, but there was so many people that I got but little conversation with him, but what we had was solely about you and Wordsworth. I suppose you have heard what a crushing review he has given the latter. I still found him persisting in his first asseveration, that it was heavy; but what was my pleasure to find that he had only got to the seventeenth division. I assured him he had the marrow of the thing to come at as yet, and in that I was joined by Mr. Alison. There was at the same time a Lady M—— joined us at the instant; short as her remark was, it seemed to make more impression on Jeffrey than all our arguments:—"Oh, I do love Southey!" that was all.

Keswick, June 15, 1838.

"I have no room to tell you more. But I beg that you will not do anything, nor publish any thing that will nettle Jeffrey for the present, knowing as you do how omnipotent he is with the fashionable world, and seemingly so well disposed toward you.

"I am ever your's most truly,
JAMES HOGG.

"I wish the Notes may be safe enough. I never looked at them. I wish these large quartos were all in hell burning."

The reader will be as much amused as I was with poor Hogg's earnest desire that I would not say any thing which might tend to frustrate his friendly intentions.

But what success the Shepherd met
Is to the world a secret yet.

There can be no reason, however, for withholding what was said in my reply of the *crushing* review which had been given to Mr. Wordsworth's poem:—"He crush the *Excursion*!! Tell him he might as easily crush Skiddaw!"

THALABA THE DESTROYER

Ποιημάτων ἀκρατῆς ἢ ἐλευθερία, καὶ νόμος εἰς, τὸ δόξαν τῷ ποιητῇ.
LUCIAN, *Quomodo Hist. Scribenda.*

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

IN the continuation of the *Arabian Tales*, the Domdaniel is mentioned; a seminary for evil magicians, under the roots of the sea. From this seed the present romance has grown. Let me not be supposed to prefer the rhythm in which it is written, abstractedly considered, to the regular blank verse; the noblest measure, in my judgement, of which our admirable language is capable. For the following Poem I have preferred it, because it suits the varied subject: it is the *Arabesque* ornament of an Arabian tale.

The dramatic sketches of Dr. Sayers, a volume which no lover of poetry will recollect without pleasure, induced me, when a young versifier, to practise in this rhythm. I felt that while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. It were easy to make a parade of learning, by

enumerating the various feet which it admits: it is only needful to observe that no two lines are employed in *sequence* which can be read into one. Two six-syllable lines, it will perhaps be answered, compose an Alexandrine: the truth is, that the Alexandrine, when harmonious, is composed of two six-syllable lines.

One advantage this metre assuredly possesses,—the dullest reader cannot distort it into discord: he may read it prosaically, but its flow and fall will still be perceptible. Verse is not enough favoured by the English reader: perhaps this is owing to the obtrusiveness, the regular Jew's harp *twing-twang*, of what has been foolishly called heroic measure. I do not wish the *improvisatore* tune;—but something that denotes the sense of harmony, something like the accent of feeling,—like the tone which every poet necessarily gives to poetry.

Contra, October, 1800.

THALABA THE DESTROYER

THE FIRST BOOK

... Worse and worse, young Orphane, be thy
payne,
If thou due vengeance doe forbear,
Till guiltie blood her guerdon do obtayne.
Fairy Queen, B. ii. Can. i.

1

How beautiful is night!

A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck,
nor stain,

Breaks the serene of heaven;
In full-orb'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.

Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! 10

Who at this untimely hour
Wanders o'er the desert sands?

No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove, islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child, [boy,
The widow'd mother and the fatherless
They at this untimely hour
Wander o'er the desert sands.

3

Alas ! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss, 20
Hodeirah's wife beloved.
Alas ! the wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia
named,
They wish'd their lot like hers,
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now ;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness. 30

4

No tear relieved the burthen of her heart ;
Stunn'd with the heavy woe, she felt
like one [blood.
Half-waken'd from a midnight dream of
But sometimes when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fix'd countenance,
Sob out the name of Mother ! then
she groan'd. [eyes
At length collecting, Zeinab turn'd her
To heaven, and praised the Lord ;
' He gave, he takes away ! ' 40
The pious sufferer cried,
' The Lord our God is good ! '

5

' Good is He ! ' quoth the boy :
' Why are my brethren and my sisters
slain ?

Why is my father kill'd ?
Did ever we neglect our prayers,
Or ever lift a hand unclean to Heaven ?
Did ever stranger from our tent
Unwelcomed turn away ?
Mother, He is not good ! ' 50

6

Then Zeinab beat her breast in agony,
' O God, forgive the child !
He knows not what he says ;

Thou know'st I did not teach him
thoughts like these ;
O Prophet, pardon him ! '

7

She had not wept till that assuaging
prayer, . . [then,
The fountains of her grief were open'd
And tears relieved her heart.
She raised her swimming eyes to Heaven,
' Allah, thy will be done ! ' 60
Beneath the dispensations of that will
I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come, when all things that
are dark
Will be made clear ; . . then shall I know,
O Lord !
Why in thy mercy thou hast stricken me ;
Then see and understand what now
My heart believes and feels. '

8

Young Thalaba in silence heard reproof ;
His brow in manly frowns was knit,
With manly thoughts his heart was full.
' Tell me who slew my father ? ' cried
the boy. 71
Zeinab replied and said, [foe.
' I knew not that there lived thy father's
The blessings of the poor for him
Went daily up to Heaven ;
In distant lands the traveller told his
praise ; . .

I did not think there lived
Hodeirah's enemy. '

9

' But I will hunt him through the world ! '
Young Thalaba exclaim'd. 80
' Already I can bend my father's bow ;
Soon will my arm have strength
To drive the arrow-feathers to his heart. '

10

Zeinab replied, ' O Thalaba, my child,
Thou lookest on to distant days,
And we are in the desert, far from men !

11

Not till that moment her afflicted heart

Had leisure for the thought.

She cast her eyes around,

Alas ! no tents were there 90

Beside the bending sands,

No palm-tree rose to spot the wilderness ;

The dark blue sky closed round,

And rested like a dome

Upon the circling waste.

She cast her eyes around,

Famine and Thirst were there ;

And then the wretched Mother bow'd

her head,

And wept upon her child.

12

A sudden cry of wonder 100

From Thalaba aroused her ;

She raised her head, and saw

Where high in air a stately palace rose.

Amid a grove embower'd

Stood the prodigious pile ;

Trees of such ancient majesty

Tower'd not on Yemen's happy hills,

Nor crown'd the lofty brow of Lebanon :

Fabric so vast, so lavishly enrich'd,

For Idol, or for Tyrant, never yet 110

Raised the slave race of man,

In Rome, nor in the elder Babylon,

Nor old Persepolis,

Nor where the family of Greece

Hymn'd Eleutherian Jove.

13

Here studding azure tablatures

And ray'd with feeble light,

Star-like the ruby and the diamond

shone :

Here on the golden towers

The yellow moon-beam lay, 120

Here with white splendour floods the

silver wall.

Less wondrous pile and less magnificent

Sennamar built at Hirah, though his art

Seal'd with one stone the ample edifice,

And made its colours, like the serpent's
skin, [Lord,

Play with a changeful beauty : him, its

Jealous lest after effort might surpass

The then unequal'd palace, from its
height

Dash'd on the pavement down.

14

They enter'd, and through aromatic
paths 130

Wondering they went along.

At length, upon a mossy bank,

Beneath a tall mimosa's shade,

Which o'er him bent its living canopy,

They saw a man reclined.

Young he appear'd, for on his cheek
there shone

The morning glow of health,

And the brown beard curl'd close around
his chin.

He slept, but at the sound

Of coming feet awaking, fix'd his eyes
In wonder, on the wanderer and her
child. 141

' Forgive us,' Zeinab cried,

' Distress hath made us bold.

Relieve the widow and the fatherless !

Blessed are they who succour the
distress ;

For them hath God appointed Paradise.'

15

He heard, and he look'd up to heaven,

And tears ran down his cheeks :

' It is a human voice !

I thank thee, O my God ! . . 150

How many an age hath pass'd

Since the sweet sounds have visited my
ear !

I thank thee, O my God,

It is a human voice !'

16

To Zeinab turning then, he said,

' O mortal, who art thou,

Whose gifted eyes have pierced
The shadow of concealment that hath
 wrapt

These bowers, so many an age,
 From eye of mortal man ? 160
For countless years have pass'd,
 And never foot of man

The bowers of Irem trod, . .
Save only I, a miserable wretch
From Heaven and Earth shut out !'

17

Fearless, and scarce surprised,
 For grief in Zeinab's soul
All other feeble feelings overpower'd,
 She answer'd, ' Yesterday

 I was a wife beloved, 170
The fruitful mother of a numerous race.

 I am a widow now,
Of all my offspring this alone is left.
Praise to the Lord our God,
 He gave, He takes away !'

18

Then said the stranger, ' Not by Heaven
 unseen, [reach'd

Nor in unguided wanderings, hast thou
 This secret place, be sure !

Nor for light purpose is the veil,
That from the Universe has long shut
 out 180

These ancient bowers, withdrawn.
Hear thou my words, O mortal, in thine
 heart

Treasure what I shall tell ;
And when amid the world
Thou shalt emerge again,
Repeat the warning tale. [make
Why have the fathers suffer'd, but to
 The children wisely safe ?

19

' The Paradise of Irem this, 189
And this that wonder of the world,
The Palace built by Shedad in his pride.
Alas ! in the days of my youth,
 The hum of mankind

Was heard in yon wilderness waste ;
O'er all the winding sands
The tents of Ad were pitch'd ;
 Happy Al-Ahkâf then,
For many and brave were her sons,
Her daughters were many and fair.

20

' My name was Aswad then . . 200
Alas ! alas ! how strange
The sound so long unheard !

Of noble race I came,
One of the wealthy of the earth my sire.
An hundred horses in my father's stall,
 Stood ready for his will ;
Numerous his robes of silk ;

The number of his camels was not known.
These were my heritage,

O God ! thy gifts were these ; 210
But better had it been for Aswad's soul
Had he ask'd alms on earth
And begg'd the crumbs which from his
 table fell,

So he had known thy Word.

21

' Boy, who hast reach'd my solitude,
Fear the Lord in the days of thy youth !

My knee was never taught
To bend before my God ;
My voice was never taught
To shape one holy prayer. 220

We worshipp'd Idols, wood and stone,
The work of our own foolish hands,
We worshipp'd in our foolishness.
Vainly the Prophet's voice
Its frequent warning raised,

" REPENT AND BE FORGIVEN ! " . .
We mock'd the messenger of God,
We mock'd the Lord, long-suffering,
 slow to wrath.

22

A mighty work the pride of Shedad
 plann'd,
Here in the wilderness to form 230
A Garden more surpassing fair

Than that before whose gate
The lightning of the Cherub's fiery sword
Waves wide to bar access,
Since Adam, the transgressor, thence
was driven.

Here, too, would Shedad build
A kingly pile sublime,
The palace of his pride.
For this exhausted mines
Supplied their golden store; 240
For this the central caverns gave their
gems;

For this the woodman's axe
Open'd the cedar forest to the sun :
The silkworm of the East
Spun her sepulchral egg ;
The hunter Afri [rage ;
Provok'd the danger of the Elephant's
The Ethiop, keen of scent,
Detects the ebony, 249
That deep-inearth'd, and hating light,
A leafless tree and barren of all fruit,
With darkness feeds its boughs of raven
grain. [pile ;
Such were the treasures lavish'd in yon
Ages have pass'd away,
And never mortal eye
Gazed on their vanity.

23

' The Garden, . . copious springs
Blest that delightful spot,
And every flower was planted there
That makes the gale of evening sweet.
He spake, and bade the full-grown forest
rise, 261

His own creation ; should the King
Wait for slow Nature's work ?
All trees that bend with luscious fruit,
Or wave with feathery boughs,
Or point their spiring heads to heaven,
Or spreading wide their shadowy
arms, [noon, . .

Invite the traveller to repose at
Hither, uprooted with their native soil,

The labour and the pain of multitudes, . .
Mature in beauty, bore them. 271
Here, frequent in the walks
The marble statue stood
Of heroes and of chiefs.
The trees and flowers remain,
By Nature's care perpetuate and self-
sown. [trace
The marble statues long have lost all
Of heroes and of chiefs ;
Huge shapeless stones they lie,
O'ergrown with many a flower. 280

24

' The work of pride went on ;
Often the Prophet's voice
Denounced impending woe :
We mock'd at the words of the Seer,
We mock'd at the wrath of the Lord.
A long-continued drought first troubled
us ;
Three years no cloud had form'd,
Three years no rain had fallen ;
The wholesome herb was dry,
The corn matured not for the food of
man, 290
The wells and fountains fail'd.
O hard of heart, in whom the punishment
Awoke no sense of guilt !
Headstrong to ruin, obstinately blind,
We to our Idols still applied for aid ;
Sakia we invoked for rain,
We called on Razeka for food ;
They did not hear our prayers, they
could not hear !
No cloud appear'd in Heaven,
No nightly dews came down. 300

' Then to the Place of Concourse mes-
sengers [came,
Were sent, to Mecca, where the nations
Round the Red Hillock kneeling, to
implore
God in his favour'd place.

We sent to call on God ; [earth
Ah fools ! unthinking that from all the
The soul ascends to him.

We sent to call on God ;
Ah fools ! to think the Lord
Would hear their prayers abroad, 310
Who made no prayers at home !

26

' Meantime the work of pride went on,
And still before our Idols, wood and
stone,

We bow'd the impious knee.
" Turn, men of Ad, and call upon the
Lord,"

The Prophet Houd exclaim'd ;
" Turn men of Ad, and look to Heaven,
And fly the wrath to come."—

We mock'd the Prophet's words ; . .
" Now dost thou dream, old man, 320
Or art thou drunk with wine ?

Future woe and wrath to come,
Still thy prudent voice forebodes ; '

When it comes will we believe,
Till it comes will we go on

In the way our fathers went.
Now are thy words from God ?
Or dost thou dream, old man,
Or art thou drunk with wine ? "

27

' So spake the stubborn race, 330
The unbelieving ones.
I too, of stubborn unbelieving heart,
Heard him, and heeded not.

It chanced, my father went the way of
man,

He perish'd in his sins.
The funeral rites were duly paid,
We bound a Camel to his grave,

And left it there to die,
So if the resurrection came

Together they might rise. 340
I pass'd my father's grave,
I heard the Camel moan.
She was his favourite beast,

One who had carried me in infancy,
The first that by myself I learn'd to
mount. [her eyes

Her limbs were lean with famine, and
Ghastly and sunk and dim.
She knew me as I pass'd,
She stared me in the face ;

My heart was touch'd, . . had it been
human else ? 350

I thought that none was near, and cut
her bonds,

And drove her forth to liberty and life.
The Prophet Houd had seen ;

He lifted up his voice,
" Blessed art thou, young man,
Blessed art thou, O Aswad, for the deed !
In the Day of Visitation,
In the fearful hour of Judgement,
God will remember thee ! "

28

' The Day of Visitation was at hand, 360
The fearful hour of Judgement hastened
on.

Lo ! Shedad's mighty pile complete,
The Palace of his pride.
Would ye behold its wonders, enter in !
I have no heart to visit it.

Time hath not harm'd the eternal monu-
ment ;

Time is not here, nor days, nor months,
nor years,

An everlasting now of solitude ! .

29

' Ye must have heard their fame ;
Or likely ye have seen 370

The mighty Pyramids, . . [lived
For sure those awful piles have over-
The feeble generations of mankind.
What though unmoved they bore the
deluge weight,

Survivors of the ruined world ?
What though their founder fill'd with
miracles [vaults ?
and wealth miraculous their spacious

Compared with yonder fabric, and they
shrink
The baby wonders of a woman's work.

30

' Here emerald columns o'er the marble
courts 380
Shed their green rays, as when amid a
shower [corn.

The sun shines loveliest on the vernal
Here Shedad bade the sapphire floor be
laid,

As though with feet divine

To tread on azure light, [ment.

Like the blue pavement of the firma-

Here self-suspended hangs in air,

As its pure substance loathed material
touch,

The living carbuncle ;

Sun of the lofty dome, 390

Darkness hath no dominion o'er its
beams ;

Intense it glows, an ever-flowing spring
Of radiance, like the day-flood in its
source.

31

' Impious! the Trees of vegetable gold
Such as in Eden's groves

Yet innocent it grew ;

Impious! he made his boast, though
Heaven had hid

So deep the baneful ore, [him,
That they should branch and bud for
That art should force their blossoms
and their fruit, 400

And re-create for him whate'er
Was lost in Paradise.

Therefore at Shedad's voice

Here tower'd the palm, a silver trunk,

The fine gold net-work growing out

Loose from its rugged boughs.

Tall as the cedar of the mountain, here
Rose the gold branches, hung with
emerald leaves,

Blossom'd with pearls, and rich with
ruby fruit.

32

' O Ad! my country! evil was the day

That thy unhappy sons 411

Crouch'd at this Nimrod's throne,

And placed him on the pedestal of power,

And laid their liberties beneath his feet,

Robbing their children of the heritage

Their fathers handed down.

What was to him the squander'd wealth?

What was to him the burthen of the land,

The lavish'd misery ?

He did but speak his will, 420

And, like the blasting Siroc of the sands,

The ruin of the royal voice

Found its way every-where.

I marvel not that he, whose power

No earthly law, no human feeling curb'd,

Mock'd at the living God !

33

' And now the King's command went
forth [young,

Among the people, bidding old and
Husband and wife, the master and the
slave,

All the collected multitudes of Ad, 430

Here to repair, and hold high festival,

That he might see his people, they behold

Their King's magnificence and power.

The day of festival arrived ;

Hither they came, the old man and the
boy,

Husband and wife, the master and
the slave,

Hither they came. From yonder high
tower top,

The loftiest of the Palace, Shedad look'd

Down on his tribe: their tents on
yonder sands

Rose like the countless billows of
the sea ; 440

Their tread and voices like the ocean
roar,

One deep confusion of tumultuous
sounds.

They saw their King's magnificence
beheld [dome

His palace sparkling like the Angel
Of Paradise, his Garden like the bower
Of early Eden, and they shouted out,
"Great is the King! a God upon
the earth!"

34

'Intoxicate with joy and pride,
He heard their blasphemies;
And in his wantonness of heart he bad
The Prophet Houd be brought; 45
And o'er the marble courts,
And o'er the gorgeous rooms
Glittering with gems and gold,
He led the Man of God.
"Is not this a stately pile?"
Cried the monarch in his joy.
"Hath ever eye beheld,
Hath ever thought conceived,
Place more magnificent? 46
Houd, they say that Heaven imparteth
Words of wisdom to thy lips;
Look at the riches round,
And value them aright,
If so thy wisdom can."

35

'The Prophet heard his vaunt,
And, with an awful smile, he answer'd
him,
"O Shedad! only in the hour of death
We learn to value things like these
aright."

36

"Hast thou a fault to find 47
In all thine eyes have seen?"
With unadmonished pride, the King ex-
claim'd.
"Yea!" said the Man of God;
"The walls are weak, the building ill
secure."

Azrael can enter in!
The Sarsar can pierce through,
The icy Wind of Death."

37

I was beside the Monarch when he
spake;
Gentle the Prophet spake,
But in his eye there dwelt 48
A sorrow that disturb'd me while I gazed.
The countenance of Shedad fell,
And anger sat upon his paler lips.
He to the high tower-top the Prophet led,
And pointed to the multitude,
And as again they shouted out,
"Great is the King! a God upon the
Earth!"
With dark and threatful smile to Houd
he turn'd,
"Say they aright, O Prophet? is the
King
Great upon earth, a God among man-
kind?" 49
The Prophet answer'd not;
Over that infinite multitude
He roll'd his ominous eyes,
And tears which could not be suppress
gush'd forth.

38

'Sudden an uproar rose,
A cry of joy below;
"The messenger is come!
Kail from Mecca comes,
He brings the boon obtain'd!"

39

Forth as we went we saw where over-
head 500
There hung a deep black cloud,
To which the multitude
With joyful eyes look'd up,
And blest the coming rain.
The Messenger address the King
And told his tale of joy.

40

" 'To Mecca I repair'd,
 By the Red Hillock knelt,
 And call'd on God for rain.
 My prayer ascended, and was heard ;
 Three clouds appear'd in heaven, 511
 One white, and like the flying cloud of
 noon, [beams,
 One red, as it had drunk the evening
 One black and heavy with its load of rain.
 A voice went forth from Heaven,
 ' Choose, Kail, of the three !'
 I thank'd the gracious Power,
 And chose the black cloud, heavy with
 its wealth."
 " Right ! right ! " a thousand tongues
 exclaim'd,
 And all was merriment and joy. 520

41

' Then stood the Prophet up, and cried
 aloud,
 " Woe, woe to Irem ! woe to Ad !
 DEATH is gone up into her palaces !
 Woe ! woe ! a day of guilt and punish-
 ment ;
 A day of desolation ! "—As he spake,
 His large eye roll'd in horror, and so deep
 His tone, it seem'd some Spirit from
 within
 Breathed through his moveless lips the
 unearthly voice.

42

' All looks were turn'd to him. " O Ad ! "
 he cried,
 " Dear native land, by all remembrances
 Of childhood, by all joys of manhood
 dear ; 531
 O Vale of many Waters ; morn and
 night [grave
 My age must groan for you, and to the
 Go down in sorrow. Thou wilt give thy
 fruits, [will ripen,
 But who shall gather them ? thy grapes

But who shall tread the wine-press ? Fly
 the wrath, [alive !
 Ye who would live and save your souls
 For strong is his right hand that
 bends the Bow,
 The Arrows that he shoots are sharp,
 And err not from their aim ! " 540

43

' With that a faithful few
 Prest through the throng to join him.
 Then arose
 Mockery and mirth ; " Go, bald head ! "
 and they mix'd [once
 Curses with laughter. He set forth, yet
 Look'd back : . . his eye fell on me, and
 he call'd [fied ; . .
 " Aswad ! " . . it startled me . . it terri-
 " Aswad ! " again he call'd, . . and
 I almost [soon !
 Had follow'd him. . . O moment fled too
 O moment irrecoverably lost !
 The shouts of mockery made a coward
 of me ; 550
 He went, and I remain'd, in fear of MAN !

44

' He went, and darker grew
 The deepening cloud above.
 At length it open'd, and . . O God !
 O God !
 There were no waters there !
 There fell no kindly rain !
 The Sarsar from its womb went forth,
 The Icy Wind of Death.
 45
 ' They fell around me ; thousands fell
 around,
 The King and all his people fell ; 560
 All ! all ! they perish'd all !
 I . . only I . . was left.
 There came a Voice to me and said,
 " In the Day of Visitation,
 In the fearful hour of Judgement,
 God hath remember'd thee."

46

‘ When from an agony of prayer I rose,
And from the scene of death
Attempted to go forth,

The way was open, I could see 570
No barrier to my steps.

But round these bowers the Arm of God
Had drawn a mighty chain,
A barrier that no human force might
break.

Twice I essay’d to pass ;
With that a Voice was heard,
“ O Aswad, be content, and bless the
Lord !

One charitable deed hath saved
Thy soul from utter death.

O Aswad, sinful man ! 580

When by long penitence
Thou feel’st thy soul prepared
Breathe up the wish to die,
And Azrael comes in answer to thy
prayer.”

47

‘ A miserable man

From Earth and Heaven shut out,
I heard the dreadful Voice.

I look’d around my prison-place,
The bodies of the dead were there,
Where’er I look’d they lay, 590

They moulder’d, moulder’d here, . .
Their very bones have crumbled into
dust,

So many years have pass’d !

So many weary ages have gone by !

And still I linger here, [sins,
Still groaning with the burthen of my
Not yet have dared to breathe
The prayer to be released.

48

‘ Oh ! who can tell the unspeakable
misery

Of solitude like this ! 600

No sound hath ever reach’d my ear
Save of the passing wind,

The fountain’s everlasting flow,

The forest in the gale,

The pattering of the shower,

Sounds dead and mournful all.

No bird hath ever closed her wing

Upon these solitary bowers,

No insect sweetly buzz’d amid these
groves,

From all things that have life, 610

Save only me, conceal’d.

This Tree alone, that o’er my head

Hangs down its hospitable boughs,

And bends its whispering leaves

As though to welcome me,

Seems to partake of life ;

I love it as my friend, my only friend !

49

‘ I know not for what ages I have dragg’d

This miserable life ;

How often I have seen 620

These ancient trees renew’d ;

What countless generations of mankind

Have risen and fallen asleep,

And I remain the same !

My garment hath not waxen old,
And the sole of my shoe is not worn.

50

‘ Sinner that I have been,

I dare not offer up a prayer to die.

O merciful Lord (God ! . .

But when it is thy will, 630

But when I have atoned

For mine iniquities,

And sufferings have made pure

My soul with sin defiled,

Release me in thine own good time ; . .

I will not cease to praise thee, O my
God !’

51

Silence ensued awhile ;

Then Zeinab answer’d him ;

‘ Blessed art thou, O Aswad ! for the
Lord,

Who saved thy soul from Hell, 640

Will call thee to him in his own good
time.

And would that when my soul
Breathed up the wish to die,
Azrael might visit me !
Then would I follow where my babes
are gone,
And join Hodeirah now !

52

She ceased ; and the rushing of wings
Was heard in the stillness of night,
And Azrael, the Death-Angel, stood
before them.

His countenance was dark, 650
Solemn, but not severe,
It awed, but struck no terror to the heart.
' Zeinab, thy wish is heard !
Aswad, thine hour is come !'
They fell upon the ground and blest the
voice ;

And Azrael from his sword
Let fall the drops of bitterness and death.

53

' Me too ! me too !' young Thalaba
exclaim'd,
As wild with grief he kiss'd
His Mother's livid hand, 660
His Mother's livid lips ;
' O Angel ! take me too !'

54

' Son of Hodeirah !' the Death-Angel
said,

' It is not yet the hour.
Son of Hodeirah, thou art chosen forth
To do the will of Heaven ;
To avenge thy father's death,
The murder of thy race ;
To work the mightiest enterprize
That mortal man hath wrought. 670
Live ! and REMEMBER DESTINY
HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND !'

55

He ceased, and he was gone.
Young Thalaba look'd round, . .
The Palace and the groves were seen no
more,
He stood amid the Wilderness, alone.

THE SECOND BOOK

*Sint licet expertes vitae sensusque, capessunt
Jussa tamen superum venti.*

Mambruni Constantinus.

1

Not in the desert,
Son of Hodeirah,
Thou art abandon'd !
The co-existent fire, [for thee,
Which in the Dens of Darkness burnt
Burns yet, and yet shall burn.

2

In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean,
Met the Masters of the Spell.
Before them in the vault, 10
Blazing unfuel'd from its floor of rock,
Ten magic flames arose.
' Burn, mystic fires ;' Abdaldar cried ;
' Burn while Hodeirah's dreaded race
exist.

This is the appointed hour, [night.'
The hour that shall secure these dens of

' Dim they burn !' exclaim'd Lobaba ;
' Dim they burn, and now they waver !
Okba lifts the arm of death :
They waver, . . they go out !' 20

4

' Curse on his hasty hand !'
Khawla exclaim'd in wrath,
The woman-fiend exclaim'd, [fail'd !
' Curse on his hasty hand, the fool hath
Eight only are gone out.'

A Teraph stood against the cavern-side,
 A new-born infant's head,
 Which Khawla at its hour of birth had
 seized,
 And from the shoulders wrung.
 It stood upon a plate of gold, 30
 An unclean Spirit's name inscrib'd
 beneath.

The cheeks were deathly dark,
 Dark the dead skin upon the hairless
 skull;
 The lips were bluey pale;
 Only the eyes had life,
 They gleam'd with demon light.

6

'Tell me!' quoth Khawla, 'is the Fire
 gone out
 That threatens the Masters of the Spell?'
 The dead lips moved and spake,
 'The Fire still burns that threatens 40
 The Masters of the Spell.'

7

'Curse on thee, Okba!' Khawla cried,
 As to the den the Sorcerer came;
 He bore the dagger in his hand,
 Red from the murder of Hodeirah's race.
 'Behold those unextinguish'd flames!
 The Fire still burns that threatens
 The Masters of the Spell!

Okba, wert thou weak of heart?
 Okba, wert thou blind of eye? 50
 Thy fate and ours were on the lot,
 And we believ'd the lying Stars,
 That said thy hand might seize the
 auspicious hour!
 Thou hast let slip the reins of Destiny, . .
 Curse thee, curse thee, Okba!'

8

The Murderer, answering, said,
 'O versed in all enchanted lore,
 Thou better knowest Okba's soul!
 Eight blows I struck, eight home-driven
 blows,

Needed no second stroke 60
 From this envenom'd blade.
 Ye frown at me as if the will had fail'd;
 As if ye did not know
 My double danger from Hodeirah's race,
 The deeper hate I feel, [arm!
 The stronger motive that inspir'd my
 Ye frown as if my hasty fault,
 My ill-directed blow,
 Had spared the enemy;
 And not the Stars that would not give,
 And not your feeble spells 71
 That could not force, the sign
 Which of the whole was he.
 Did ye not bid me strike them all?
 Said ye not root and branch should be
 destroy'd?

I heard Hodeirah's dying groan,
 I heard his Children's shriek of death,
 And sought to consummate the work;
 But o'er the two remaining lives
 A cloud unpierceable had risen, 80
 A cloud that mock'd my searching eyes.
 I would have probed it with the
 dagger-point,
 The dagger was repell'd;
 A Voice came forth and said,
 "Son of Perdition, cease! Thou canst
 not change
 What in the Book of Destiny is written."

9

Khawla to the Teraph turn'd,
 'Tell me where the Prophet's hand
 Hides our destined enemy?'
 The dead lips spake again, 90
 'I view the seas, I view the land,
 I search the Ocean and the Earth!
 Not on Ocean is the Boy,
 Not on Earth his steps are seen.'

10

'A mightier power than we,' Lobaba cried
 'Protects our destined foe.
 Look! look! one Fire burns dim!
 It quivers! it goes out!'

11

It quiver'd, it was quench'd.
One Flame alone was left,
A pale blue Flame that trembled on the
 floor, [edge
A hovering light, upon whose shrinking
The darkness seem'd to press.
Stronger it grew, and spread
Its lucid swell around,
Extending now where all the ten had
 stood
With lustre more than all.

12

At that portentous sight
The Children of Evil trembled,
And terror smote their souls. 110
Over the den the Fire
Its fearful splendour cast,
The broad base rolling up in wavy
 streams, [spreads
Bright as the summer lightning when it
Its glory o'er the midnight heaven.
The Teraph's eyes were dimm'd,
Which like two twinkling stars
Shone in the darkness late.
The Sorcerers on each other gazed,
And every face, all pale with fear, 120
And ghastly, in that light was seen
Like a dead man's by the sepulchral
 lamp.

13

Even Khawla, fiercest of the enchanter
brood,
Not without effort drew
Her fear-suspended breath.
Anon a deeper rage
Inflamed her reddening eye.
'Mighty is thy power, Mahommed !'
Loud in blasphemy she cried ;
'But Eblis would not stoop to Man,
When Man, fair-statured as the stately
palm

131

From his Creator's hand
Was undefiled and pure.

Thou art mighty, O Son of Abdallah !

But who is he of woman born
That shall vie with the might of Eblis?
That shall rival the Prince of the
Merning ?'

14

She said, and raised her skinny hand
As in defiance to high Heaven,
And stretch'd her long lean finger forth,
And spake aloud the words of power.
The Spirits heard her call, 142
And lo ! before her stands
Her Demon Minister.

'Spirit!' the Enchantress cried,
 'Where lives the Boy, coeval with whose
 life
 Yon magic Fire must burn?'

15

DEMON

Mistress of the mighty Spell,
Not on Ocean, not on Earth,
Only eyes that view 150
Allah's glory-throne,
See his hiding-place. [learn.
From some believing Spirit, ask and

16

‘Bring the dead Hodeirah here,’
Khawla cried, ‘and he shall tell!’
The Demon heard her bidding, and was
gone.

A moment pass'd, and at her feet
Hodeirah's corpse was laid ;
His hand still held the sword he grasp'd
in death,
The blood not yet had clotted on his
wound. 160

17

The Sorceress look'd, and with a smile
That kindled to more fiendishness
Her hideous features, cried,
'Where art thou, Hodeirah, now?
Is thy soul in Zemzem-well?
Is it in the Eden groves?

Waits it for the judgement-blast
 In the trump of Israfil ?
 Is it, plumed with silver wings,
 Underneath the throne of God ? 170
 Even though beneath His throne,
 Hodeirah, thou shalt hear
 Thou shalt obey my voice !

18

She said, and mutter'd charms which
 Hell in fear,
 And Heaven in horror heard.
 Soon the stiff eye-balls roll'd,

The muscles with convulsive motion
 shook, [her soul
 The white lips quiver'd. Khawla saw,
 Exulted, and she cried,
 ' Prophet ! behold my power ! 180
 Not even death secures

Thy slaves from Khawla's spell !
 Where, Hodeirah, is thy child ?

19

Hodeirah groan'd and closed his eyes,
 As if in the night and the blindness of
 death

He would have hid himself.

20

' Speak to my question ! ' she exclaim'd.
 ' Or in that mangled body thou shalt live
 Ages of torture ! Answer me !
 Where can we find the boy ? ' 190

21

' God ! God ! ' Hodeirah cried,
 ' Release me from this life,
 From this intolerable agony ! '

22

' Speak ! ' cried the Sorceress, and she
 snatch'd

A Viper from the floor
 And with the living reptile lash'd his
 neck.

Wreath'd round him with the blow.

The reptile tighter drew her folds,

And raised her wrathful head,

And fix'd into his face 200

Her deadly teeth and shed

Poison in every wound. [prayer,
 In vain ! for Allah heard Hodeirah's
 And Khawla on a corpse
 Had wreak'd her baffled rage.
 The fated Fire moved on, [flames.
 And round the Body wrapt its funeral
 The flesh and bones in that portentous

pile

Consumed ; the Sword alone,

Circled with fire, was left. 210

23

Where is the Boy for whose hand it is
 destined ? [wield

Where the Destroyer who one day shall
 The Sword that is circled with fire ?
 Race accursed, try your charms !
 Masters of the mighty Spell,

Mutter o'er your words of power !
 Ye can shatter the dwellings of man ;
 Ye can open the womb of the rock ;
 Ye can shake the foundations of earth,
 But not the Word of God : 220

But not one letter can ye change
 Of what his Will hath written.

24

Who shall seek through Araby
 Hodeirah's dreaded son ?

They mingle the Arrows of Chance,
 The lot of Abdaldar is drawn.

Thirteen moons must wax and wane
 Ere the Sorcerer quit his quest.

He must visit every tribe
 That roam the desert wilderness, 230

Or dwell beside perennial streams ;
 Nor leave a solitary tent unsearch'd,

Till he hath found the Boy, . .
 The dreaded Boy, whose blood alone
 Can quench that fated Fire.

25

A crystal ring Abdaldar wore ;
 The powerful gem condensed
 Primeval dews, that upon Caucasus
 Felt the first winter's frost.

Ripening there it lay beneath 240
Rock above rock, and mountain ice up-
 piled [assumed,
On mountain, till the incumbent mass
So huge its bulk, the Ocean's azure hue.

26

With this he sought the inner den
Where burnt the Eternal Fire.
Like waters gushing from some chan-
nell'd rock [a chasm
Full through a narrow opening, from
The Eternal Fire stream'd up.

No eye beheld the spring
Of that up-flowing Flame, 250
Which blazed self-nurtured, and for ever,
 there.

It was no mortal element; the Abyss
Supplied it, from the fountains at the
first [and glows
Prepared. In the heart of earth it lives
Her vital heat, till, at the day decreed,
The voice of God shall let its billows loose,
To deluge o'er with no abating flood
Our consummated World :

Which must from that day in infinity
Through endless ages roll, 260
A penal orb of Fire.

27

Unturban'd and unsandal'd there,
Abdaldar stood before the Flame,
And held the Ring beside, and spake
The language that the Elements obey.
The obedient Flame detach'd a portion
 forth. [densed.

Which, in the crystal entering, was con-
Gem of the gem, its living Eye of fire.

When the hand that wears the spell
Shall touch the destined Boy, 270

Then shall that Eye be quench'd,

Fly to its sacred and remember'd Spring.

28

Now go thy way, Abdaldar !
 Servant of Eblis.

Over Arabia

Seek the Destroyer !

Over the sands of the scorching Tehama,
Over the waterless mountains of Naïd ;
In Arud pursue him, and Yemen the
happy, 280

And Hejaz, the country beloved by
believers,

Over Arabia,
 Servant of Eblis,
 Seek the Destroyer !

29

From tribe to tribe, from town to town,
From tent to tent, Abdaldar pass'd.
Him every morn the all-beholding Eye
Saw from his couch, unhallow'd by a
prayer.

Rise to the scent of blood :

And every night lie down, 290
That rankling hope within him, that by
 day [sleep,
Goaded his steps, still stinging him in
And startling him with vain accomplish-
 ment

From visions still the same.

Many a time his wary hand
To many a youth applied the Ring;
And still the imprison'd Fire
Within its crystal socket lay comprest,
Impatient to be free.

30

At length to the cords of a tent, 300
That were stretch'd by an Island of
Palms.

In the desolate sea of the sands,

The seemingly traveller came.

Under a shapely palm,
Herself as shapely, there a Damsel stood ;

She held her ready robe,

And look'd towards a Boy,

Who from the tree above,

With one hand clinging to its trunk,
Cast with the other down the cluster'd
 dates.

31

31

The Magician approach'd the Tree,
 He lean'd on his staff, like a way-faring
 man, [his brow.
 And the sweat of his travel was seen on
 He ask'd for food, and lo !
 The Damsel proffers him her lap of dates ;
 And the Stripling descends, and runs
 to the tent,
 And brings him forth water, the draught
 of delight.

32

Anon the Master of the tent,
 The Father of the family,
 Came forth, a man in years, of aspect
 mild. 320

To the stranger approaching he gave
 The friendly saluting of peace,
 And bade the skin be spread.
 Before the tent they spread the skin,
 Under a Tamarind's shade,
 That, bending forward, stretch'd
 Its boughs of beauty far.

33

They brought the Traveller rice,
 With no false colours tinged to tempt
 the eye,

But white as the new-fallen snow, 330

When never yet the sullyng Sun

Hath seen its purity,

Nor the warm zephyr touch'd and
 tainted it.

The dates of the grove before their guest

They laid, and the luscious fig,

And water from the well.

34

The Damsel from the Tamarind tree

Had pluck'd its acid fruit,

And steep'd it in water long ;

And whoso drank of the cooling draught,

He would not wish for wine. 341

This to their guest the Damsel brought,

And a modest pleasure kindled her
 cheek,

When raising from the cup his moisten'd
 lips, [drank again.

The stranger smiled, and praised, and

35

Whither is gone the Boy ?

He had pierced the Melon's pulp,

And closed with wax the wound,

And he had duly gone at morn

And watch'd its ripening rind, 350

And now all joyfully he brings

The treasure now matured ;

His dark eyes sparkling with a boy's
 delight,

As out he pours its liquid lusciousness,

And proffers to the guest.

36

Abdaldar ate, and he was satisfied :

And now his tongue discoursed

Of regions far remote, [long.

As one whose busy feet had travell'd

The father of the family, 360

With a calm eye and quiet smile,

Sate pleased to hearken him.

The Damsel who removed the meal,

She loiter'd on the way,

And listen'd with full hands

A moment motionless.

37

All eagerly the Boy

Watches the Traveller's lips ;

And still the wily man

With seemly kindness, to the eager Boy

Directs his winning tale. 371

Ah, cursed one ! if this be he,

If thou hast found the object of thy
 search,

Thy hate, thy bloody aim, . .

Into what deep damnation wilt thou
 plunge

Thy miserable soul ! . .

38

Look ! how his eye delighted watches
 thine ! . .

Look ! how his open lips

Gape at the winning tale ! . .
 And nearer now he comes, 380
 To lose no word of that delightful talk.
 Then, as in familiar mood,
 Upon the stripling's arm
 The Sorcerer laid his hand,
 And the Fire of the Crystal fled.

39

While the sudden shoot of joy
 Made pale Abdalдар's cheek,
 The Master's voice was heard ;
 ' It is the hour of prayer, . .
 My children, let us purify ourselves,
 And praise the Lord our God ! ' 391
 The Boy the water brought ;
 After the law they purified themselves,
 And bent their faces to the earth in
 prayer.

40

All, save Abdalдар ; over Thalaba
 He stands, and lifts the dagger to destroy.
 Before his lifted arm received
 Its impulse to descend,
 The Blast of the Desert came.
 Prostrate in prayer, the pious family
 Felt not the Simoom pass. 401
 They rose, and lo ! the Sorcerer lying
 dead,
 Holding the dagger in his blasted hand.

THE THIRD BOOK

Time will produce events of which thou
 canst have no idea ; and he to whom thou
 gavest no commission, will bring thee unex-
 pected news.—*MUALLAKAT, Poem of Tarafat*

1

THALABA

ONEIZA, look ! the dead man has a ring, . .
 Should it be buried with him ?

ONEIZA

Oh yes . . yes ! [needs
 A wicked man ! whate'er is his must
 Be wicked too !

THALABA

But see, . . the sparkling stone ?
 How it hath caught the glory of the Sun,
 And shoots it back again in lines of light !

ONEIZA

Why do you take it from him, Thalaba ?
 And look at it so close ? . . it may have
 charms 10

To blind, or poison ; . . throw it in the
 grave !
 I would not touch it !

THALABA

And around its rim
 Strange letters . .

ONEIZA

Bury it . . oh ! bury it !

THALABA

It is not written as the Koran is :
 Some other tongue perchance ; . . the
 accursed man
 Said he had been a traveller.

MOATH (*coming from the tent*)

Thalaba,

What hast thou there ? 20

THALABA

A ring the dead man wore ;
 Perhaps, my father, you can read its
 meaning.

MOATH

No, Boy ; . . the letters are not such as
 ours.

Heap the sand over it ! a wicked man
 Wears nothing holy.

THALABA

Nay ! not bury it !

It may be that some traveller, who shall
 enter

Our tent, may read it : or if we approach
 Cities where strangers dwell and learned
 men,

They may interpret. 30

MOATH

It were better hid
Under the desert sands. This wretched
man, [purpose
Whom God hath smitten in the very
And impulse of his unpermitted crime,
Belike was some magician, and these lines
Are of the language that the Demons use.

ONEIZA

Bury it ! bury it . . dear Thalaba !

MOATH

Such cursed men there are upon the
earth, [powers,
In league and treaty with the Evil
The covenanted enemies of God 40
And of all good ; dear purchase have
they made [sway,
Of rule and riches, and their life-long
Masters, yet slaves of Hell. Beneath the
roots
Of Ocean, the Domdaniel caverns lie,
Their impious meeting ; there they learn
the words
Unutterable by man who holds his
hope [and let
Of heaven ; there brood the pestilence,
The earthquake loose.

THALABA

And he who would have kill'd me
Was one of these ? 50

MOATH

I know not ; . . but it may be
That on the Table of Destiny, thy name
Is written their Destroyer, and for this
Thy life by yonder miserable man
So sought, so saved by interfering
Heaven.

THALABA

His ring has some strange power then ?

MOATH

Every gem, [science,
So sages say, hath virtue ; but the
Of difficult attainment : some grow pale,

Conscious of poison, or with sudden
change 60

Of darkness, warn the wearer ; some
preserve
From spells, or blunt the hostile
weapon's edge ;
Some open rocks and mountains, and
lay bare [sight
Their buried treasures ; others make the
Strong to perceive the presence of
those Beings [empty air
Through whose pure essence as through
The unaided eye would pass ;
And in yon stone I deem
Some such mysterious quality resides.

THALABA

My father, I will wear it. 70

MOATH

Thalaba !

THALABA

In God's name, and the Prophet's ! be
its power [evil,
Good, let it serve the righteous ; if for
God, and my trust in Him, shall hallow it.

So Thalaba drew on
The written ring of gold.
Then in the hollow grave
They laid Abdaldar's corpse,
And levell'd over him the desert dust.

3

The Sun arose, ascending from beneath
The horizon's circling line. 81
As Thalaba to his ablutions went,
Lo ! the grave open, and the corpse ex-
posed !

It was not that the winds of night
Had swept away the sands which
cover'd it ;

For heavy with the undried dew
The desert dust lay dark and close
around ; [still,

And the night air had been so calm and
It had not from the grove
Shaken a ripe date down. 90

Amazed to hear the tale,
Forth from the tent came Moath and his
child. [corpse

While he stood contemplating the
Silent and thoughtfully;
Then turning, spake to Thalaba, and
said, [the abode
'I have heard that there are places by
Of holy men, so holily possess'd,
That should a corpse be laid irreverently
Within their precincts, the insulted
ground,
Impatient of pollution, heaves and

The abomination out.
Have then in elder times the happy feet
Of Patriarch, or of Prophet bless'd
the place,
Ishmael, or Houd, or Saleah, or than all,
Mahommed, holier name? Or is the man
So foul with magic and all blasphemy,
That Earth, like Heaven, rejects him?
It is best [tent.
Forsake the station. Let us strike our
The place is tainted . . and behold
The Vulture hovers yonder, and his
scream 110
Chides us that still we scare him from
the prey.
So let the accursed one,
Torn by that beak obscene,
Find fitting sepulchre.'

5
Then from the pollution of death
With water they made themselves pure;
And Thalaba drew up
The fastening of the cords;
And Moath fur'd the tent; 119
And from the grove of palms Oneiza led
The Camels, ready to receive their load.

6
The dews had ceased to steam
Toward the climbing Sun,

When from the Isle of Palms they went
their way;

And when the Sun had reach'd his
southern height,
As back they turn'd their eyes,
The distant Palms arose
Like to the top-sails of some fleet far-off
Distinctly seen, where else
The Ocean bounds had blended with the
sky; 130

And when the eve came on,
The sight returning reach'd the grove no
more.
They planted the pole of their tent,
And they laid them down to repose.

7
At midnight Thalaba started up,
For he felt that the ring on his finger
was moved;
He call'd on Allah aloud,
And he call'd on the Prophet's name.
Moath arose in alarm;
'What ails thee, Thalaba?' he cried, 140
'Is the robber of night at hand?'
'Dost thou not see,' the youth ex-
claim'd,
'A Spirit in the tent?'
Moath look'd round and said,
'The moon-beam shines in the tent,
I see thee stand in the light,
And thy shadow is black on the ground.'

8
Thalaba answer'd not.
'Spirit!' he cried, 'what brings thee
here?

In the name of the Prophet, speak, 150
In the name of Allah, obey!'

9
He ceased, and there was silence in the
tent.
'Dost thou not hear?' quoth Thalaba;
The listening man replied,
'I hear the wind, that flaps
The curtain of the tent.'

10

'The Ring! the Ring!' the youth ex-
claim'd.

'For that the Spirit of Evil comes;

By that I see, by that I hear.

In the name of God, I ask thee, 160
Who was he that slew my Father?'

DEMON

Master of the powerful Ring!
Okba, the dread Magician, did the deed.

THALABA

Where does the Murderer dwell?

DEMON

In the Domdaniel caverns,
Under the Roots of the Ocean.

THALABA

Why were my Father and my brethren
slain?

DEMON

We knew from the race of Hodeirah
The destined Destroyer would come.

THALABA

Bring me my father's sword! 170

DEMON

A Fire surrounds the fatal sword;
No Spirit or Magician's hand
Can pierce that fated Flame.

THALABA

Bring me his bow and his arrows!

11

Distinctly Moath heard the youth, and
She [watch'd

Who, through the Veil of Separation,
The while in listening terror, and
suspense

All too intent for prayer.

They heard the voice of Thalaba;

But when the Spirit spake, the motion-
less air 180

Felt not the subtle sounds,
Too fine for mortal sense.

12

On a sudden the rattle of arrows was
heard,

And a quiver was laid at the feet of
the youth,

And in his hand they saw Hodeirah's
bow.

He eyed the bow, he twang'd the string,
And his heart bounded to the joyous
tone.

Anon he raised his voice and cried,

'Go thy way, and never more,
Evil spirit, haunt our tent! 190

By the virtue of the Ring,
By Mahommed's holier might,
By the holiest name of God,
Thee, and all the Powers of Hell,
I adjure and I command
Never more to trouble us!'

13

Nor ever from that hour
Did rebel Spirit on the tent intrude,
Such virtue had the Spell.

14

Thus peacefully the vernal years 200
Of Thalaba pass'd on,

Till now, without an effort, he could bend
Hodeirah's stubborn bow.

Black were his eyes and bright,
The sunny hue of health

Glow'd on his tawny cheek,
His lip was darken'd by maturing life;
Strong were his shapely limbs, his
stature tall;

Peerless among Arabian youths was he.

15

Compassion for the child 210
Had first old Moath's kindly heart pos-
sess'd,

An orphan, wailing in the wilderness;
But when he heard his tale, his wondrous
tale, [truth,

Told by the Boy, with such eye-speaking

Now with sudden burst of anger,
 Now in the agony of tears,
 And now with flashes of prophetic joy,
 What had been pity became reverence
 then,

And, like a sacred trust from Heaven,
 The Old Man cherish'd him. 220
 Now, with a father's love,
 Child of his choice, he loved the Boy,
 And, like a father, to the Boy was dear.
 Onceiza call'd him brother; and the youth
 More fondly than a brother loved
 the maid;
 The loveliest of Arabian maidens she.
 How happily the years
 Of Thalaba went by!

16

It was the wisdom and the will of
 Heaven,
 That in a lonely tent had cast 230
 The lot of Thalaba;
 There might his soul developo best
 Its strengthening energies;
 There might he from the world
 Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
 Till at the written hour he should be
 found
 Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

17

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
 In that beloved solitude!
 Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening
 breeze 240
 Flow with cool current o'er his cheek?
 Lo! underneath the broad-leaved
 sycamore
 With lids half-closed he lies,
 Dreaming of days to come.
 His dog beside him, in mute blandish-
 ment,
 Now licks his listless hand;
 Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
 Courting the wonted caress.

18

Or comes the Father of the Rains
 From his caves in the uttermost West,
 Comes he in darkness and storms? 250
 When the blast is loud;
 When the waters fill
 The traveller's tread in the sands;
 When the pouring shower
 Streams adown the roof;
 When the door-curtain hangs in heavier
 folds:
 When the out-strain'd tent flags loosely:
 Within there is the embers' cheerful
 glow,

The sound of the familiar voice, 260
 The song that lightens toil, . .
 Domestic Peace and Comfort are within.
 Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
 The quiet Camels ruminate their food;
 The lengthening cord from Moath falls,
 As patiently the Old Man
 Entwines the strong palm-fibres; by
 the hearth
 The Damsel shakes the coffee-grains,
 That with warm fragrance fill the tent;
 And while, with dexterous fingers,
 Thalaba 270
 Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet
 Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,
 Forgiven plunderer, for Onceiza's sake.

19

Or when the winter torrent rolls
 Down the deep-channel'd rain-course,
 foamingly,
 Dark with its mountain spoils,
 With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
 There wanders Thalaba,
 The rushing flow, the flowing roar,
 Filling his yielded faculties, 280
 A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.

20

Or lingers it a vernal brook
 Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
 Beneath the lofty bank reclined,

Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,
So motionless, with such an ardent
gaze. . .

Save when from her full eyes
She wipes away the swelling tears
That dim his image there.

25

She call'd him Brother; was it sister-
love

For which the silver rings
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny
arms, [eye

Shone daily brighten'd ? for a brother's
Were her long fingers tinged. 360

As when she trimm'd the lamp,
And through the veins and delicate skin
The light shone rosy ? that the darken'd
 lids

Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye ?
That with such pride she trick'd
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreathed the red flower-crown round

Their waves of glossy jet ?
How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by ! 370
Years of his youth how rapidly ye fled !

26

Yet was the heart of Thalaba
 Impatient of repose ;
 Restless he ponder'd still
 The task for him decreed,
 The mighty and mysterious work an-
 nounced.

Day by day, with youthful ardour,
He the call of Heaven awaits ;
And oft in visions, o'er the murderer's
head.

He lifts the avenging arm ! 380
And oft, in dreams, he sees
The Sword that is circled with fire.

27

One morn, as was their wont, in sportive
mood, [bow ;
The youth and damsel bent Hodeirah's

For with no feeble hand, nor erring aim,
Oneiza could let loose the obedient shaft.

With head back-bending, Thalaba
Shot up the aimless arrow high in air,
(Whose line in vain the aching sight
pursued.

Lost in the depth of Heaven. 390
'When will the hour arrive,' exclaim'd
the youth.

‘ That I shall aim these fated shafts
To vengeance long delay’d ?
Have I not strength, my father, for the
deed ?

Or can the will of Providence
Be mutable like man ?
Shall I never be call'd to the task ?

28

‘Impatient boy!’ quoth Moath, with
a smile :

'Impatient Thalaba !' Oneiza cried,
And she too smiled ; but in her smile 400
A mild reproachful melancholy mix'd.

29
Then Moath pointed where a cloud
Of locusts, from the desolated fields
Of Syria wing'd their way.

‘Lo! how created things
Obey the written doom!’

30
Onward they came, a dark continuous
cloud

Of congregated myriads numberless,
The rushing of whose wings was as the
sound

Of some broad river, headlong in its
course 410
Plunged from a mountain summit; or
the roar

Of a wild ocean in the autumnal storm,
Shattering its billows on a shore of rocks,
Onward they came, the winds impell'd
 them on.

Their work was done, their path of
 ruin past,
 Their graves were ready in the wilderness.

31

'Behold the mighty army!' Moath
cried,

'Blindly they move, impell'd

By the blind Element.

And yonder birds our welcome visitants,
See! where they soar above the em-
bodied host, 421

Pursue their way, and hang upon the
rear,

And thin the spreading flanks,
Rejoicing o'er their banquet! Deemest
thou [mosque

The scent of water on some Syrian
Placed with priest-mummery and fan-
tastic rites [here
Which fool the multitude, hath led them
From far Khorassan? Allah who
appoints

Yon swarms to be a punishment of man,
These also hath he doom'd to meet their
way: 430

Both passive instruments
Of his all-acting will,
Sole mover He, and only spring of all.'

32

While thus he spake, Oneiza's eye looks
up

Where one toward her flew,
Satiated, for so it seem'd, with sport and
food.

The Bird flew over her,
And as he pass'd above,
From his relaxing grasp a Locust fell; . .

It fell upon the Maiden's robe, 440
And feebly there it stood, recovering
slow.

33

The admiring girl survey'd
His out-spread sails of green;
His gauzy underwings, [furl'd,
One closely to the grass-green body
One ruffled in the fall, and half unclosed.
She view'd his jet-orb'd eyes,

His glossy gorget bright,
Green glittering in the sun;
His plummy pliant horns, 450

That, nearer as she gazed,
Bent tremblingly before her breath.
She mark'd his yellow-circled front
With lines mysterious vein'd;
And 'know'st thou what is here in-
scribed,

My father?' said the Maid.
'Look, Thalaba! perchance these lines
Are in the letters of the Ring,
Nature's own language written here.'

34

The youth bent down, and suddenly
He started, and his heart 461
Sprung, and his cheek grew red,
For these mysterious lines were legible, . .
WHEN THE SUN SHALL BE DARKENED AT
NOON,

SON OF HODERAIL, DEPART.
And Moath look'd, and read the lines
aloud;

The Locust shook his wings and fled,
And they were silent all.

35

Who then rejoiced but Thalaba?
Who then was troubled but the Arabian
Maid? 470

And Moath sad of heart,
Though with a grief suppress'd, beheld
the youth

Sharpen his arrows now,
And now new-plume their shafts,
Now, to beguile impatient hope,
Feel every sharpen'd point.

36

'Why is that anxious look,' Oneiza ask'd,
'Still upward cast at noon?

Is Thalaba weary of our tent?'
'I would be gone,' the youth replied, 480

'That I might do my task,
And full of glory to the tent return,
Whence I should part no more.'

37

But on the noontide sun,
 As anxious and as oft, Oneiza's eye
 Was upward glanced in fear.
 And now, as Thalaba replied, her cheek
 Lost its fresh and lively hue ;
 For in the Sun's bright edge
 She saw, or thought she saw, a little
 speck. 490

The sage Astronomer
 Who, with the love of science full,
 Trembled that day at every passing
 cloud, . . [small].
 He had not seen it, 'twas a speck so

38

Alas ! Oneiza sees the spot increase !
 And lo ! the ready youth
 Over his shoulder the full quiver slings,
 And grasps the slacken'd bow.
 It spreads, and spreads, and now
 Hath shadow'd half the sun, 500
 Whose crescent-pointed horns
 Now momentarily decrease.

39

The day grows dark, the birds retire to
 rest :

Forth from her shadowy haunt
 Flies the large-headed screamer of the
 night.

Far off the affrighted African,
 Deeming his God deceased,
 Falls on his knees in prayer,
 And trembles as he sees
 The fierce hyena's eyes 510
 Glare in the darkness of that dreadful
 noon.

40

Then Thalaba exclaim'd, ' Farewell,
 My father ! my Oneiza ! ' the Old Man
 Felt his throat swell with grief.
 ' Where wilt thou go, my child ? ' he
 cried,
 ' Wilt thou not wait a sign

To point thy destined way ? '
 ' God will conduct me ! ' said the faith-
 ful youth.

He said, and from the tent,
 In the depth of the darkness departed.
 They heard his parting steps, 521
 The quiver rattling as he pass'd away.

THE FOURTH BOOK

— *Fas est quoque brutae
 Telluri, docilem monitis coelestibus esse.
 Mambruni Constantinus.*

1

WHOSE is yon dawning form,
 That in the darkness meets
 The delegated youth ?
 Dim as the shadow of a fire at noon,
 Or pale reflection on the evening brook
 Of glow-worm on the bank,
 Kindled to guide her winged paramour.

2

A moment, and the brightening image
 shaped [she cried,
 His Mother's form and features. ' Go,'
 ' To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
 What talisman thy task requires.' 11

3

The Spirit hung toward him when she
 ceased,

As though with actual lips she would
 have given

A mother's kiss. His arms outstretch'd,
 His body bending on,

His mouth unclosed and trembling into
 speech, [wind

He prest to meet the blessing, . . but the
 Play'd on his cheek : he look'd, and

he beheld [he cried,
 The darkness close. ' Again ! again ! '
 ' Let me again behold thee ! ' from the

darkness 20
 His Mother's voice went forth ;
 ' Thou shalt behold me in the hour of
 death.'

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,
 The Sun comes forth, and like a god
 Rides through rejoicing heaven.
 Old Moath and his daughter, from their
 tent,

Beheld the adventurous youth,
 Dark-moving o'er the sands,
 A lessening image, trembling through
 their tears.

Visions of high emprise 30
 Beguiled his lonely road ;
 And if sometimes to Moath's tent
 The involuntary mind recurr'd,
 Fancy, impatient of all painful thoughts,
 Pictured the bliss should welcome his
 return.

In dreams like these he went,
 And still of every dream
 Oneiza form'd a part,
 And hope and memory made a mingled
 joy.

In the eve he arrived at a Well ; 40
 An Acacia bent over its side,
 Under whose long light-hanging boughs
 He chose his night's abode.
 There, due ablutions made, and prayers
 perform'd,

The youth his mantle spread,
 And silently produced
 His solitary meal.
 The silence and the solitude recall'd
 Dear recollections ; and with folded
 arms,

Thinking of other days, he sate, till
 thought 50
 Had left him, and the Acacia's moving
 shade

Upon the sunny sand,
 Had caught his idle eye ;
 And his awaken'd ear
 Heard the grey Lizard's chirp,
 The only sound of life.

6
 As thus in vacant quietness he sate,
 A Traveller on a Camel reached the Well,
 And courteous greeting gave.
 The mutual salutation past, 60
 He by the cistern too his garment spread
 And friendly converse cheer'd the social
 meal.

7
 The Stranger was an ancient man,
 Yet one whose green old age
 Bore the fair characters of temperate
 youth :
 So much of manhood's strength his
 limbs retain'd, [bore.
 It seem'd he needed not the staff he
 His beard was long, and grey, and crisp ;
 Lively his eyes and quick,
 And reaching over them 70
 The large broad eye-brow curl'd.
 His speech was copious, and his winning
 words [tive youth
 Enrich'd with knowledge, that the atten-
 Sate listening with a thirsty joy.

8
 So in the course of talk,
 The adventurer youth enquired
 Whither his course was bent ?
 The Old Man answered, ' To Bagdad I
 go.'
 At that so welcome sound, a flash of joy
 Kindled the eye of Thalaba ; 80
 ' And I too,' he replied,
 ' Am journeying thitherward ;
 Let me become companion of thy way ! '
 Courteous the Old Man smiled,
 And willing in assent.

9
 OLD MAN
 Son, thou art young for travel.
 THALABA
 Until now
 I never pass'd the desert boundary.

OLD MAN

It is a noble city that we seek.
 Thou wilt behold magnificent palaces,
 And lofty minarets, and high-domed
 Mosques, 90
 And rich Bazars, whither from all the
 world [ket there
 Industrious merchants meet, and mar-
 The World's collected wealth.

THALABA

Stands not Bagdad
 Near to the site of ancient Babylon
 And Nimrod's impious temple ?

OLD MAN

From the walls
 'Tis but a long day's distance.

THALABA

And the ruins ?

OLD MAN

A mighty mass remains ; enough to
 tell us 100
 How great our fathers were, how little
 we.

Men are not what they were ; their
 crimes and follies
 Have dwarf'd them down from the old
 hero race
 To such poor things as we !

THALABA

At Babylon
 I have heard the Angels expiate their
 guilt,
 Haruth and Maruth.

OLD MAN

'Tis a history
 Handed from ages down ; a nurse's
 tale . . 109
 Which children open-eyed and mouth'd
 devour ; [relates,

And thus as garrulous ignorance
 We learn it and believe . . But all things
 feel [and grass
 The power of Time and Change ; thistles

Usurp the desolate palace, and the
 weeds [Truth.
 Of falsehood root in the aged pile of
 How have you heard the tale ?

THALABA

Thus . . on a time
 The Angels at the wickedness of man
 Express'd indignant wonder ; that in
 vain

Tokens and signs were given, and
 Prophets sent, . . 120

Strange obstinacy this ! a stubbornness
 Of sin, they said, that should for ever
 bar [heard

The gates of mercy on them. Allah
 Their unforgiving pride, and bade that
 two

Of these untempted Spirits should
 descend,

Judges on Earth. Haruth and Maruth
 went, [heard
 The chosen Sentencers ; they fairly
 The appeals of men to their tribunal
 brought,

And rightfully decided. At the length
 A Woman came before them ; beautiful
 Zohara was, as yonder Evening Star, 131
 In the mild lustre of whose lovely light
 Even now her beauty shines. They gazed
 on her [sin.

With fleshly eyes, they tempted her to
 The wily woman listen'd, and required
 A previous price, the knowledge of the
 name [name,
 Of God. She learnt the wonder-working
 And gave it utterance, and its virtue
 bore her

Up to the glorious Presence, and she told
 Before the awful Judgement-Seat her
 tale. 140

OLD MAN

I know the rest. The accused Spirits
 were call'd ;
 Unable of defence, and penitent,

They own'd their crime, and heard the
doom deserved.

Then they besought the Lord, that
not for ever

His wrath might be upon them ; and
implored

That penal ages might at length restore
them [Babylon,

Clean from offence ; since then by
In the cavern of their punishment, they
dwell.

Runs the conclusion so ?

THALABA

So I am taught. 150

OLD MAN

The common tale ! And likely thou hast
heard

How that the bold and bad, with
impious rites

Intrude upon their penitence, and force,
Albeit from loathing and reluctant lips,
The sorcery-secret ?

THALABA

Is it not the truth ?

OLD MAN

Son, thou hast seen the Traveller in the
sands

Move through the dizzy light of hot
noon-day,

Huge as the giant race of elder times ;
And his Camel, than the monstrous
Elephant, 160

Seem of a vaster bulk.

THALABA

A frequent sight.

OLD MAN

And hast thou never, in the twilight,
fancied

Familiar object into some strange shape
And form uncouth ?

THALABA

Ay ! many a time.

OLD MAN

Even so

Things view'd at distance through the
mist of fear,

By their distortion terrify and shock
The abused sight. 170

THALABA

But of these Angels' fate
Thus in the uncreated book is written.

OLD MAN

Wisely from legendary fables, Heaven
Inculcates wisdom.

THALABA

How then is the truth ?
Is not the dungeon of their punishment
By ruin'd Babylon ?

OLD MAN

By Babylon
Haruth and Maruth may be found.

THALABA

And there 180
Magicians learn their impious sorcery ?

OLD MAN

Son, what thou say'st is true, and it is
false.

But night approaches fast ; I have
travell'd far,

And my old lids are heavy ; . . on our
way [us now

We shall have hours for converse ; . . let
Turn to our due repose. Son, peace

be with thee !

10

So in his loosen'd cloak
The Old Man wrapt himself,
And laid his limbs at length ;
And Thalaba in silence laid him down.
Awhile he lay, and watch'd the lovely
Moon, 191

O'er whose broad orb the boughs
A mazy fretting framed,
Or with a pale transparent green
Lighting the restless leaves,
The thin Acacia leaves that play'd above.

The murmuring wind, the moving
leaves,

Soothed him at length to sleep,
With mingled lullabies of sight and
sound.

11

Not so the dark Magician by his side, 200
Lobaba, who from the Domdaniel caves
Had sought the dreaded youth.

Silent he lay, and simulating sleep,
Till by the long and regular breath he
knew

The youth beside him slept.

Carefully then he rose,
And bending over him, survey'd him
near ;

And secretly he cursed

The dead Abdaldar's ring,

Arm'd by whose amulet 210
He slept from danger safe.

12

Wrapt in his mantle Thalaba reposed,
His loose right arm pillowing his easy
head.

The Moon was on the Ring,

Whose crystal gem return'd

A quiet, moveless light.

Vainly the Wizard vile put forth his
hand,

And strove to reach the gem ;

Charms, strong as hell could make them,
kept it safe.

He call'd his servant-fiends, 220
He bade the Genii rob the sleeping youth.

By the virtue of the Ring,

By Mahommed's holier power,

By the holiest name of God,

Had Thalaba disarm'd the evil race.

13

Baffled and weary, and convinced at
length, [him,

Anger, and fear, and rancour gnawing
The accursed Sorcerer ceased his vain
attempts,

Content perforce to wait

Temptation's likelier aid. 230

Restless he lay, and brooding many a
wife,

And tortured with impatient hope,
And envying with the bitterness of hate
The innocent youth, who slept so
sweetly by.

14

The ray of morning on his eye-lids fell,
And Thalaba awoke,

And folded his mantle around him,

And girded his loins for the day ;

Then the due rites of holiness observed.
His comrade too arose, 240

And with the outward forms

Of righteousness and prayer insulted
God.

They fill'd their water skin, they gave
The Camel his full draught.

Then on the road, while yet the morn
was young,

And the air was fresh with dew,

Forward the travellers went,

With various talk beguiling the long way.

But soon the youth, whose busy mind

Dwelt on Lobaba's wonder-stirring

words, 250

Renew'd the unfinish'd converse of the
night.

15

THALABA

Thou said'st that it is true, and yet is
false,

That men accurst attain at Babylon
Forbidden knowledge from the Angel
pair : . .

How mean you ?

LOBABA

All things have a double power,
Alike for good and evil. The same fire
That on the comfortable hearth at eve
Warm'd the good man, flames o'er the
house at night ;

Should we for this forego 260
 The needful element ?
 Because the scorching summer Sun
 Darts fever, would'st thou quench the
 orb of day ? [form'd
 Or deemest thou that Heaven in anger
 Iron to till the field, because when man
 Had tipt his arrows for the chase, he
 rush'd

A murderer to the war ?

THALABA

What follows hence ?

LOBABA

That nothing in itself is good or evil,
 But only in its use. Think you the man
 Praiseworthy, who by painful study
 learns 271
 The knowledge of all simples, and their
 power,

Healing or harmful ?

THALABA

All men hold in honour

The skilful Leech. From land to land
 he goes

Safe in his privilege ; the sword of war
 Spares him ; Kings welcome him with
 costly gifts ; [pain
 And he who late had from the couch of
 Lifted a languid look to him for aid,
 Beholds him with glad eyes, and blesses
 him 280

In his first thankful prayer.

LOBABA

Yet some there are

Who to the purposes of wickedness
 Apply this knowledge, and from herbs
 distil
 Poison, to mix it in the trusted draught.

THALABA

Allah shall cast them in the eternal fire
 Whose fuel is the cursed ! there shall
 they

Endure the ever-burning agony,

Consuming still in flames, and still
 renew'd.

LOBABA

But is their knowledge therefore in itself
 Unlawful ? 290

THALABA

That were foolishness to think.

LOBABA

O what a glorious animal were Man,
 Knew he but his own powers, and,
 knowing, gave them
 Room for their growth and spread ! The
 Horse obeys

His guiding will ; the patient Camel
 bears him [wafts
 Over these wastes of sand ; the Pigeon
 His bidding through the sky ; . . and
 with these triumphs

He rests contented ! . . with these
 ministers, . . .

When he might awe the Elements, and
 make

Myriads of Spirits serve him ! 300

THALABA

But as how ?

By a league with Hell, a covenant that
 binds

The soul to utter death !

LOBABA

Was Solomon

Accurst of God ? Yet to his talismans
 Obedient, o'er his throne the birds of
 Heaven,

Their waving wings his sun-shield, fann'd
 around him [to place,
 The motionless air of noon ; from place
 As his will rein'd the viewless Element,
 He rode the Wind ; the Genii rear'd
 his temple, 310

And ceaselessly in fear while his dread
 eye [their toil,
 O'erlook'd them, day and night pursued
 So dreadful was his power.

THALABA

But 'twas from Heaven
His wisdom came ; God's special gift, . .
the guerdon
Of early virtue.

LOBABA

Learn thou, O young man !
God hath appointed wisdom the reward
Of study ! 'Tis a well of living waters,
Whose inexhaustible bounties all might
drink, 320
But few dig deep enough. Son ! thou
art silent, . .

Perhaps I say too much, . . perhaps
offend thee.

THALABA

Nay, I am young, and willingly, as
becomes me,
Hear the wise words of age.

LOBABA

Is it a crime
To mount the Horse, because forsooth
thy feet [sin,
Can serve thee for the journey ? . . Is it
Because the Hern soars upward in
the sky [Falcon
Above the arrow's flight, to train the
Whose beak shall pierce him there ? The
powers which Allah 330
Granted to man, were granted for his
use ; [weakness
All knowledge that befits not human
Is placed beyond its reach. . . They who
repair
To Babylon, and from the Angels learn
Mysterious wisdom, sin not in the deed.

THALABA

Know you these secrets ?

LOBABA

I ? alas ! my Son,
My age just knows enough to understand
How little all its knowledge ! Later years
Sacred to study, teach me to regret 340

Youth's unforeseeing indolence, and
hours [I know
That cannot be recall'd ! Something
The properties of herbs, and have some-
times [relief
Brought to the afflicted comfort and
By the secrets of my art ; under His
blessing [Gems
Without whom all had fail'd ! Also of
I have some knowledge, and the
characters [set.
That tell beneath what aspect they were

THALABA

Belike you can interpret then the graving
Around this Ring ! 350

LOBABA

My sight is feeble, Son,
And I must view it closer ; let me try !

16

The unsuspecting Youth
Held forth his finger to draw off the spell.
Even whilst he held it forth,
There settled there a Wasp,
And just above the Gem infix'd its dart ;
All purple-swoln the hot and painful flesh
Rose round the tighten'd Ring.
The baffled Sorcerer knew the hand of
Heaven, 360
And inwardly blasphemed.

17

Ere long Lobaba's heart,
Fruitful in wiles, devised new stratagem.
A mist arose at noon,
Like the loose hanging skirts
Of some low cloud that, by the breeze
impell'd,
Sweeps o'er the mountain side.
With joy the thoughtless youth
That grateful shadowing hail'd ;
For grateful was the shade, 370
While through the silver-lighted haze,
Guiding their way, appear'd the beam-
less Sun.

But soon that beacon fail'd ;
 A heavier mass of cloud,
 Impenetrably deep,
 Hung o'er the wilderness.
 ' Knowest thou the track ? ' quoth
 Thalaba,
 ' Or should we pause, and wait the wind
 To scatter this bewildering fog ? '
 The Sorcerer answer'd him, 380
 ' Now let us hold right on, . . for if we
 stray, [course.'
 The Sun to-morrow will direct our
 So saying, he toward the desert depths
 Misleads the youth deceived.

18

Earlier the night came on,
 Nor moon, nor stars, were visible in
 heaven ; [his eyes,
 And when at morn the youth unclosed
 He knew not where to turn his face in
 prayer.
 ' What shall we do ? ' Lobaba cried,
 ' The lights of heaven have ceased
 To guide us on our way. 391
 Should we remain and wait
 More favourable skies,
 Soon would our food and water fail us
 here :
 And if we venture on,
 There are the dangers of the wilderness ! '

19

' Sure it were best proceed ! '
 The chosen youth replies ;
 ' So haply we may reach some tent, or
 grove
 Of dates, or station'd tribe. 400
 But idly to remain,
 Were yielding effortless, and waiting
 death.'
 The wily sorcerer willingly assents,
 And farther in the sands,
 Elate of heart, he leads the credulous
 youth,

20

Still o'er the wilderness
 Settled the moveless mist.
 The timid Antelope, that heard their
 steps, [dim light ;
 Stood doubtful where to turn in that
 The Ostrich, blindly hastening, met
 them full. 410
 At night, again in hope,
 Young Thalaba lay down ; [ray
 The morning came, and not one guiding
 Through the thick mist was visible,
 The same deep moveless mist that
 mantled all.

21

Oh for the Vulture's scream,
 Who haunts for prey the abode of
 humankind !
 Oh for the Plover's pleasant cry
 To tell of water near !
 Oh for the Camel-driver's song 420
 For now the water-skin grows light,
 Though of the draught, more eagerly
 desired, [thirst.
 Imperious prudence took with sparing
 Oft from the third night's broken sleep,
 As in his dreams he heard
 The sound of rushing winds,
 Started the anxious youth, and look'd
 abroad, [dured.
 In vain ! for still the deadly calm en-
 Another day pass'd on ;
 The water-skin was drain'd ; 430
 But then one hope arrived,
 For there was motion in the air !
 The sound of the wind arose anon,
 That scatter'd the thick mist,
 And lo ! at length the lovely face of
 Heaven !

Alas ! . . a wretched scene
 Was open'd on their view.
 They look'd around, no wells were near,
 No tent, no human aid !

Flat on the Camel lay the water-skin, 440
 And their dumb servant difficultly now,
 Over hot sands and under the hot sun,
 Dragg'd on with patient pain.

23

But oh the joy ! the blessed sight !
 When in that burning waste the
 Travellers [besprent,
 Saw a green meadow, fair with flowers
 Azure and yellow, like the beautiful
 fields [grass
 Of England, when amid the growing
 The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup
 shines, [air,
 And the sweet cowslip scents the genial
 In the merry month of May ! 451

Oh joy ! the Travellers
 Gaze on each other with hope-brighten'd
 eyes, [flows
 For sure through that green meadow
 The living stream ! And lo ! their
 famish'd beast
 Sees the restoring sight !
 Hope gives his feeble limbs a sudden
 strength,
 He hurries on ! . .

24

The herbs so fair to eye
 Were Senna, and the Gentian's blossom
 blue, 460
 And kindred plants, that with unwater'd
 root [leaves
 Fed in the burning sand, whose bitter
 Even frantic Famine loathed.

25

In uncommunicating misery
 Silent they stood. At length Lobaba
 said,
 ' Son, we must slay the Camel, or we die
 For lack of water ! thy young hand
 is firm, . .
 Draw forth the knife and pierce him ! '
 Wretch accurst !

Who that beheld thy venerable face,
 Thy features stiff with suffering, the dry
 lips, 470

The feverish eyes, could deem that
 all within
 Was magic ease, and fearlessness secure,
 And wiles of hellish import ? The young
 man
 Paused with reluctant pity : but he saw
 His comrade's red and painful coun-
 tenance,
 And his own burning breath came short
 and quick,
 And at his feet the gasping beast
 Lies, over-worn with want.

26

Then from his girdle Thalaba took the
 knife
 With stern compassion, and from side
 to side 480
 Across the Camel's throat,
 Drew deep the crooked blade.
 Servant of man, that merciful deed
 For ever ends thy suffering ; but what
 doom [death
 Waits thy deliverer ? ' Little will thy
 Avail us ! ' thought the youth,
 As in the water-skin he pour'd
 The Camel's hoarded draught ;
 It gave a scant supply, 489
 The poor allowance of one prudent day.

27

Son of Hodeirah, though thy steady soul
 Despair'd not, firm in faith,
 Yet not the less did suffering nature feel
 Its pangs and trials. Long their craving
 thirst
 Struggled with fear, by fear itself in-
 flamed ;
 But drop by drop, that poor,
 That last supply is drain'd.
 Still the same burning sun ! no cloud in
 heaven !

THALABA THE DESTROYER

The hot air quivers, and the sultry mist
Floats o'er the desert with a show 500
Of distant waters, mocking their distress.

28

The youth's parch'd lips were black,
His tongue was dry and rough,
His eye-balls red with heat.
Lobaba gazed on him with looks
That seem'd to speak of pity, and he
said,

'Let me behold thy Ring;
It may have virtue that can save us yet!'
With that he took his hand
And view'd the writing close, 510
Then cried with sudden joy,
'It is a stone that whoso bears,
The Genii must obey!

Now raise thy voice, my Son,
And bid them in His name that here is
written
Preserve us in our need.'

29

'Nay!' answer'd Thalaba,
'Shall I distrust the providence of God?
Is it not He must save?
If Allah wills it not, 520
Vain were the Genii's aid.'

30

Whilst he spake, Lobaba's eye,
Upon the distance fix'd,
Attended not his speech.
Its fearful meaning drew
The looks of Thalaba;
Columns of sand came moving on,
Red in the burning ray,
Like obelisks of fire,
They rush'd before the driving wind. 530
Vain were all thoughts of flight!
They had not hoped escape,
Could they have back'd the Dromedary
then,

Who in his rapid race [force.
Gives to the tranquil air a drowning

31

High . . high in heaven upheav'd
The dreadful sand-spouts moved:
Swift as the whirlwind that impell'd
their way,
They came toward the travellers!
The old Magician shriek'd, 540
And lo! the foremost bursts,
Before the whirlwind's force,
Scattering afar a burning shower of
sand.

'Now by the virtue of the Ring,
Save us!' Lobaba cried,
'While yet thou hast the power,
Save us! O save us! now!'
The youth made no reply,
Gazing in awful wonder on the scene.

32

'Why dost thou wait?' the Old Man
exclaim'd, 550
'If Allah and the Prophet will not
save,
Call on the powers that will!'

33

'Ha! do I know thee, Infidel accurst?'
Exclaim'd the awaken'd youth.
'And thou hast led me hither, Child of
Sin!

That fear might make me sell
My soul to endless death!'

34

'Fool that thou art!' Lobaba cried,
'Call upon Him whose name
Thy charmed signet bears, 560
Or die the death thy foolishness deserves!'

35

'Servant of Hell! die thou!' quoth
Thalaba.
And leaning on his bow
He fitted the loose string
And laid the arrow in its resting-place.
'Bow of my Father, do thy duty now!'

He drew the arrow to its point,
 True to his eye it fled,
 And full upon the breast
 It smote the Sorcerer.
 Astonish'd Thalaba beheld
 The blunted point recoil.

36

A proud and bitter smile
 Wrinkled Lobaba's cheek.
 'Try once again thine earthly arms!'
 he cried.
 'Rash Boy! the Power I serve
 Abandons not his votaries.
 It is for Allah's wretched slaves, like
 thou,
 To serve a master, who in the hour of
 need

Forsakes them to their fate! 580
 I leave thee!' . . and he shook his staff,
 and call'd

The Chariot of his charms.

37

Swift as the viewless wind,
 Self-moved, the Chariot came;
 The Sorcerer mounts the seat.
 'Yet once more weigh thy danger!' he
 resumed,

'Ascend the car with me,
 And with the speed of thought
 We pass the desert bounds.'
 The indignant youth vouchsafed not to
 reply, 590
 And lo! the magic car begins its course!

38

Hark! hark! . . he shrieks . . Lobaba
 shrieks!
 What, wretch, and hast thou raised
 The rushing terrors of the Wilderness
 To fall on thine own head?
 Death! death! inevitable death!
 Driven by the breath of God,
 A column of the Desert met his way.

THE FIFTH BOOK

Thou hast girded me with strength unto
 the battle; thou hast subdued under me
 those that rose up against me. — *Psalm*
 xviii. 30.

1

WHEN Thalaba from adoration rose,
 The air was cool, the sky
 With welcome clouds o'ercast,
 Which soon came down in rain.
 He lifted up his fever'd face to heaven,
 And bared his head and stretch'd his
 hands
 To that delightful shower,
 And felt the coolness permeate every
 limb,
 Freshening his powers of life.

2

A loud quick panting! Thalaba looks
 up, 10
 He starts, and his instinctive hand
 Grasps the knife hilt; for close beside
 A Tiger passes him.
 An indolent and languid eye
 The passing Tiger turn'd;
 His head was hanging down,
 His dry tongue lolling low,
 And the short panting of his breath
 Came through his hot parch'd nostrils
 painfully.

The young Arabian knew 20
 The purport of his hurried pace,
 And following him in hope,
 Saw joyful from afar
 The Tiger stoop and drink.

3

A desert Pelican had built her nest
 In that deep solitude,
 And now, return'd from distant flight,
 Fraught with the river-stream,
 Her load of water had disburthen'd there.
 Her young in the refreshing bath 30
 Dipt down their callow heads,

Fill'd the swoln membrane from their
plumeless throat

Pendant, and bills yet soft ;
And buoyant with arch'd breast,
Plied in unpractised stroke
The oars of their broad feet.

They, as the spotted prowler of the wild
Laps the cool wave, around their mother
crowd, [wings.

And nestle underneath her outspread
The spotted prowler of the wild 40
Lapt the cool wave, and satiate, from
the nest,
Guiltless of blood, withdrew.

4

The mother-bird had moved not,
But cowering o'er her nestlings,
Sate confident and fearless,
And watch'd the wonted guest.
But when the human visitant approach'd,
The alarmed Pelican

Retiring from that hostile shape
Gathers her young, and menaces with
wings, 50

And forward thrusts her threatening
neck,

Its feathers ruffling in her wrath,
Bold with maternal fear.

Thalaba drank, and in the water-skin
Hoarded the precious element.
Not all he took, but in the large nest left
Store that sufficed for life ;
And journeying onward, blest the Carrier
Bird,
And blest, in thankfulness,
Their common Father, provident for all.

5

With strength renew'd, and confident in
faith, 61

The son of Hodeirah proceeds ;
Till after the long toil of many a day,
At length Bagdad appear'd,
The City of his search.
He hastening to the gate,

Roams o'er the city with insatiate eyes ;
Its thousand dwellings, o'er whose

level roofs [mosques,
Fair cupolas appear'd, and high-domed
And pointed minarets, and cypress
groves 70

Every where scatter'd in unwithering
green.

6

Thou too art fallen, Bagdad ! City of
Peace

Thou too hast had thy day ;
And loathsome Ignorance and brute
Servitude,

Pollute thy dwellings now,
Erst for the Mighty and the Wise re-
nown'd.

O yet illustrious for remember'd fame,—
Thy founder the Victorious,—and the
pomp [defiled,
Of Haroun, for whose name by blood
Yahia's, and the blameless Barmecides',
Genius hath wrought salvation,—and
the years 81

When Science with the good Al-Maimon
dwelt : [Mosques

So one day may the Crescent from thy
Be pluck'd by Wisdom, when the
enlighten'd arm

Of Europe conquers to redeem the East !

7

Then Pomp and Pleasure dwelt within
her walls ; [West
The Merchants of the East and of the
Met in her arch'd Bazaars ;
All day the active poor

Show'r'd a cool comfort o'er her
thronging streets ; 90

Labour was busy in her looms ;
Through all her open gates
Long troops of laden Camels lined the
roads, [stream

And Tigris bore upon his tameless
Armenian harvests to her multitudes.

But not in sumptuous Caravansery
 The adventurer idles there,
 Nor satiates wonder with her pomp and
 wealth ;

A long day's distance from the walls
 Stands ruined Babylon ; 100
 The time of action is at hand ;
 The hope that for so many a year
 Hath been his daily thought, his nightly
 dream,

Stings to more restlessness.
 He loaths all lingering that delays the
 hour [return'd,
 When, full of glory, from his quest
 He on the pillar of the Tent beloved
 Shall hang Hodeirah's sword.

9

The many-coloured domes
 Yet wore one dusky hue ; 110
 The Cranes upon the Mosque
 Kept their night-clatter still ;
 When through the gate the early Tra-
 veller pass'd. [plain
 And when at evening o'er the swampy
 The Bittern's boom came far,
 Distinct in darkness seen
 Above the low horizon's lingering light,
 Rose the near ruins of old Babylon.

10

Once from her lofty walls the Charioteer
 Look'd down on swarming myriads ;
 once she flung 120
 Her arches o'er Euphrates' conquer'd
 tide, [she pour'd
 And through her brazen portals when
 Her armies forth, the distant nations
 look'd [fear,
 As men who watch the thunder-cloud in
 Lest it should burst above them. She
 was fallen,
 The Queen of cities, Babylon, was fallen !
 Low lay her bulwarks ; the black
 Scorpion bask'd

In the palace courts ; within the sanc-
 tuary

The She-Wolf hid her whelps.
 Is yonder huge and shapeless heap,
 what once 130
 Hath been the ærial Gardens, height on
 height [with wood,
 Rising like Media's mountains crown'd
 Work of imperial dotage ? Where the
 fane [now,

Of Belus ? Where the Golden Image
 Which at the sound of dulcimer and lute,
 Cornet and sacbut, harp and psaltery,
 The Assyrian slaves adored ?
 A labyrinth of ruins, Babylon
 Spreads o'er the blasted plain :
 The wandering Arab never sets his tent
 Within her walls ; the Shepherd eyes

afar

141

Her evil towers, and devious drives his
 flock. [tide,
 Alone unchanged, a free and bridgeless
 Euphrates rolls along,
 Eternal Nature's work.

11

Through the broken portal,
 Over weedy fragments,
 Thalaba went his way.
 Cautious he trod, and felt
 The dangerous ground before him with
 his bow. 150

The Jackal started at his steps ;
 The Stork, alarm'd at sound of man,
 From her broad nest upon the old pillar
 top,

Affrighted fled on flapping wings ;
 The Adder, in her haunts disturb'd,
 Lanced at the intruding staff her arrowy
 tongue.

12

Twilight and moonshine dimly mingling
 gave
 An awful light obscure,
 Evening not wholly closed,

The Moon still pale and faint : 160
 An awful light obscure,
 Broken by many a mass of blackest shade;
 Long column stretching dark through
 weeds and moss,
 Broad length of lofty wall,
 Whose windows lay in light,
 And of their former shape, low arch'd
 or square,
 Rude outline on the earth
 Figured, with long grass fringed.

13

Reclined against a column's brokenshaft,
 Unknowing whitherward to bend his
 way, 170
 He stood, and gazed around.
 The Ruins closed him in ;
 It seem'd as if no foot of man
 For ages had intruded there.

14

Soon at approaching step
 Startling, he turn'd and saw
 A Warrior in the moon-beam drawing
 near.

Forward the Stranger came,
 And with a curious eye
 Perused the Arab youth. 180

15

' And who art thou,' the Stranger cried,
 ' That at an hour like this
 Wanderest in Babylon ?
 A way-bewilder'd traveller, seekest thou
 The ruinous shelter here ?
 Or comest thou to hide
 The plunder of the night ?
 Or hast thou spells to make

These ruins, yawning from their rooted
 base,
 Disclose their secret wealth ?' 190

16

The youth replied, ' Nor wandering
 traveller,
 Nor robber of the night,

Nor skill'd in spells am I.
 I seek the Angels here,
 Haruth and Maruth. Stranger, in thy
 turn,
 Why wanderest thou in Babylon,
 And who art thou, the questioner ?'

17

The man was fearless, and the temper'd
 pride
 Which toned the voice of Thalaba
 Displeased not him, himself of haughty
 heart. 200

Heedless he answered, ' Knowest thou
 Their cave of punishment ?'

18

THALABA

Vainly I seek it.

STRANGER

Art thou firm of foot
 To tread the ways of danger ?

THALABA

Point the path !

STRANGER

Young Arab ! if thou hast a heart can
 beat [not
 Evenly in danger ; if thy bowels yearn
 With human fears, at scenes where
 undisgraced
 The soldier tried in battle might look
 back 210
 And tremble, follow me ! . . for I am
 bound
 Into that cave of horrors.

19

Thalaba

Gazed on his comrade : he was young,
 of port

Stately and strong ; belike his face
 had pleased [in it

A woman's eye ; but the youth read
 Unrestrain'd passions, the obdurate soul
 Bold in all evil daring ; and it taught,

By Nature's irresistible instinct, doubt
Well-timed and wary. Of himself
assured,

Fearless of man, and firm in faith, 220
'Lead on!' cried Thalaba.
Mohareb led the way;
And through the ruin'd streets,
And through the farther gate,
They pass'd in silence on.

20

What sound is borne on the wind?
Is it the storm that shakes
The thousand oaks of the forest?
But Thalaba's long locks
Flow down his shoulders moveless, and
the wind 230

In his loose mantle raises not a fold.
Is it the river's roar
Dash'd down some rocky descent?
Along the level plain
Euphrates glides unheard.
What sound disturbs the night,
Loud as the summer forest in the storm,
As the river that roars among rocks?

21

And what the heavy cloud
That hangs upon the vale, 240
Thick as the mist o'er a well-water'd
plain
Settling at evening, when the cooler air
Lets its day-vapours fall;
Black as the sulphur-cloud,
That through Vesuvius, or from Hecla's
mouth, [fires?
Rolls up, ascending from the infernal

22

From Ait's bitumen-lake
That heavy cloud ascends;
That everlasting roar
From where its gushing springs 250
Boil their black billows up.
Silent the Arabian youth,
Along the verge of that wide lake,

Follow'd Mohareb's way,
Toward a ridge of rocks that bank'd its
side.

There from a cave, with torrent force,
And everlasting roar,
The black bitumen roll'd.
The moonlight lay upon the rocks;
Their crags were visible, 260
The shade of jutting cliffs,
And where broad lichens whiten'd some
smooth spot,

And where the ivy hung
Its flowing tresses down.
A little way within the cave
The moonlight fell, glossing the sable
tide
That gush'd tumultuous out.
A little way it entered, then the rock
Arching its entrance, and the winding
way,
Darken'd the unseen depths. 270

23

No eye of mortal man,
If unenabled by enchanted spell,
Had pierced those fearful depths;
For mingling with the roar
Of the portentous torrent, oft were heard
Shrieks, and wild yells that scared
The brooding Eagle from her midnight
nest.

The affrighted countrymen
Call it the mouth of Hell;
And ever when their way leads near
They hurry with averted eyes, 281
And dropping their beads fast,
Pronounce the Holy Name.

24

There pausing at the cavern-mouth,
Mohareb turn'd to Thalaba:
'Now darest thou enter in?'
'Behold!' the youth replied,
And leading in his turn the dangerous
way,
Set foot within the cave.

28

Thalaba answer'd not. 330
Nor was there time for answer now,
For lo ! Mohareb leads,
And o'er the vaulted cave,
Trembles the accursed taper's feeble
light.
There where the narrowing chasm
Rose loftier in the hill,
Stood Zohak, wretched man, condemn'd
to keep
His Cave of punishment.
His was the frequent scream
Which when far off the prowling Jackal
heard, 340
He howl'd in terror back :
For from his shoulders grew
Two snakes of monster size,
Which ever at his head
Aim'd their rapacious teeth
To satiate raving hunger with his brain.
He, in the eternal conflict, oft would
seize [grasp
Their swelling necks, and in his giant
Bruise them, and rend their flesh with
bloody nails,
And howl for agony, 350
Feeling the pangs he gave, for of himself
Co-sentient and inseparable parts,
The snaky torturers grew.

29

To him approaching now,
Mohareb held the wither'd arm.

The taper of enchanted power.
The unhallow'd spell in hand unholy
held,

Then minister'd to mercy ; heavily
The wretch's eyelids closed ;
And welcome and unfelt, 360
Like the release of death,
A sudden sleep surprised his vital powers.

30

Yet though along the cave relax'd
Lay Zohak's giant limbs, [pass,
The twin-born serpents kept the narrow
Kindled their fiery eyes,
Darted their tongues of terror, and
roll'd out
Their undulating length, [ship
Like the long streamers of some gallant
Buoy'd on the wavy air, 370
Still struggling to flow on, and still with-
held.

The scent of living flesh
Inflamed their appetite.

31

Prepared for all the perils of the cave,
Mohareb came. He from his wallet drew
Two human heads, yet warm.
O hard of heart ! whom not the visible
power

Of retributive Justice, and the doom
Of Zohak in his sight,

Deter'd from equal crime ! 380

Two human heads, yet warm, he laid
Before the scaly guardians of the pass ;
They to their wonted banquet of old
years [free.

Turn'd eager, and the narrow pass was

32

And now before their path
The opening cave dilates ;
They reach a spacious vault,
Where the black river-fountains burst
their way.
Now as a whirlwind's force

Had center'd on the spring, 390
The gushing flood roll'd up ;
And now the deaden'd roar
Echoed beneath, collapsing as it sunk
Within a dark abyss,
Adown whose fathomless gulphs the eye
was lost.

33

Blue flames that hover'd o'er the springs
Flung through the cavern their uncer-
tain light ;

Now waving on the waves they lay,
And now their fiery curls
Flow'd in long tresses up, 400
And now contracting, glow'd with
whiter heat !

Then up they shot again,
Darting pale flashes through the
tremulous air ; [smoke,
The flames, the red and yellow sulphur-
And the black darkness of the vault,
Commingleing indivisibly.

34

' Here,' quoth Mohareb, ' do the Angels
dwell,

The Teachers of Enchantment.' Thalaba
Then raised his voice, and cried,

' Haruth and Maruth, hear me ! Not
with rites 410

Accursed, to disturb your penitence,
And learn forbidden lore,
Repentant Angels, seek I your abode ;
But sent by Allah and the Prophet here,
Obediently I come,
Their chosen servant I.
Tell me the Talisman' —

35

' And dost thou think,'
Mohareb cried, as with a smile of scorn
He glanced upon his comrade, ' dost
thou think 420
To trick them of their secret ? For the
dupes

Of human-kind keep this lip-righteous-
ness !

'Twill serve thee in the Mosque

And in the Market-place,

But Spirits view the heart.

Only by strong and torturing spells
enforced,

Those stubborn angels teach the charm
By which we must descend.'

36

'Descend ?' said Thalaba.

But then the wrinkling smile 430

Forsook Mohareb's cheek,

And darker feelings settled on his brow.

'Now by my soul,' quoth he, 'and I
believe,

Idiot ! that I have led

Some camel-knee'd prayer-monger
through the cave !

What brings thee hither ? Thou

should'st have a hut [way,

By some Saint's grave beside the public

There to less-knowing fools

Retail thy Koran-scrap, 439

And in thy turn die civet-like at last

In the dung-perfume of thy sanctity ! . .

Ye whom I seek ! that, led by me,

Feet uninitiate tread

Your threshold, this atones !—

Fit sacrifice he falls !'

And forth he flash'd his scymetar,

And raised the murderous blow.

37

There ceased his power ; his lifted arm,

Suspended by the spell,

Hung impotent to strike. 450

'Poor hypocrite !' cried he,

'And this then is thy faith

In Allah and the Prophet ! They had
fail'd

To save thee, but for Magic's stolen aid ;

Yea, they had left thee yonder Serpent's
meal,

But that, in prudent cowardice,
The chosen Servant of the Lord came in,
Safe follower of my path !'

38

'Blasphemer ! dost thou boast of guid-
ing me ?'

Quoth Thalaba, with virtuous pride
inflamed, 460

'Blindly the wicked work

The righteous will of Heaven !

Sayest thou that diffident of God,

In Magic spells I trust ?

Liar ! let witness this !'

And he drew off Abdaldar's Ring,

And cast it in the gulph.

A skinny hand came up,

And caught it as it fell,

And peals of devilish laughter shook the
Cave. 470

39

Then joy suffused Mohareb's cheek,

And Thalaba beheld

The blue blade gleam, descending to
destroy.

40

The undefended youth

Sprung forward, and he seized

Mohareb in his grasp.

And grappled with him breast to breast.

Sinewy and large of limb Mohareb was,

Broad-shoulder'd, and his joints

Knit firm, and in the strife 480

Of danger practised well.

Time had not thus matured young
Thalaba ;

But high-wrought feeling now,

The inspiration and the mood divine,

Infused a force portentous, like the
strength

Of madness through his frame.

Mohareb reels before him ; he right on,

With knee, with breast, with arm,

Presses the staggering foe ;

And now upon the brink 490
 Of that tremendous spring, . .
 There with fresh impulse and a rush of
 force,
 He thrust him from his hold.
 The upwhirling flood received
 Mohareb, then, absorb'd,
 Engulph'd him in the abyss.

41

Thalaba's breath came fast,
 And panting, he breath'd out
 A broken prayer of thankfulness.
 At length he spake and said, 500
 'Haruth and Maruth ! are ye here ?
 Or hath that evil guide misled my
 search ?
 I, Thalaba, the Servant of the Lord,
 Invoke you. Hear me, Angels ! so may
 Heaven
 Accept and mitigate your penitence.
 I go to root from earth the Sorcerer
 brood,
 Tell me the needful Talisman !'

42

Thus as he spake, recumbent on the
 rock
 Beyond the black abyss,
 Their forms grew visible. 510
 A settled sorrow sate upon their brows, . .
 Sorrow alone, for trace of guilt and
 shame
 None now remain'd ; and gradual as
 by prayer
 The sin was purged away,
 Their robe of glory, purified of stain,
 Resumed the lustre of its native light.

43

In awe the youth received the answering
 voice,
 'Son of Hodeirah ! thou hast proved it
 here ;
 The Talisman is Faith.'

THE SIXTH BOOK

Then did I see a pleasant Paradise,
 Full of sweet flowers and daintiest delights,
 Such as on earth man could not more devise
 With pleasures choice to feed his cheerful
 sprights ;
 Not that which Merlin by his magic slights
 Made for the gentle squire to entertain
 His fair Belpheoe, could this garden stain.
 SPENSER, *Ruins of Time*.

So from the inmost cave
 Did Thalaba retrace
 The windings of the rock.
 Still on the ground the giant limbs
 Of Zohak lay dispread ;
 The spell of sleep had ceased,
 And his broad eyes were glaring on the
 youth :
 Yet raised he not his arm to bar the way,
 Fearful to rouse the snakes
 Now lingering o'er their meal. 10

2

Oh then, emerging from that dreadful
 cave,
 How grateful did the gale of night
 Salute his freshen'd sense !
 How full of lightsome joy,
 Thankful to Heaven, he hastens by the
 verge
 Of that bitumen-lake,
 Whose black and heavy fumes,
 Surge heaving after surge, [sea.
 Roll'd like the billowy and tumultuous

The song of many a bird at morn 20
 Aroused him from his rest.
 Lo ! at his side a courser stood ;
 More animate of eye,
 Of form more faultless never had he
 seen, [strength,
 More light of limbs and beautiful in
 Among the race whose blood,

Pure and unmingled, from the royal That crost her in the path of Heaven.
 steeds All living sounds had ceased,
 Of Solomon came down. Only the flow of waters near was heard,
 A low and lulling melody.

4

The chosen Arab's eye
 Glanced o'er his graceful shape, 30
 His rich caparisons,
 His crimson trappings gay.
 But when he saw the mouth
 Uncurb'd, the unbridled neck,
 Then his heart leapt, and then his cheek
 was flush'd; [sent
 For sure he deem'd that Heaven had
 A courser, whom no erring hand might
 guide.

And lo! the eager Steed
 Throws his head and paws the ground,
 Impatient of delay! 40
 Then up leapt Thalaba,
 And away went the self-govern'd courser.

5

Over the plain
 Away went the steed;
 With the dew of the morning his fetlocks
 were wet, [of noon,
 The foam froth'd his limbs in the journey
 Nor stay'd he till over the westerly heaven
 The shadows of evening had spread.

Then on a shelter'd bank
 The appointed Youth reposed, 50
 And by him laid the docile courser down.

Again in the grey of the morning

Thalaba bounded up;
 Over hill, over dale,
 Away goes the steed.
 Again at eve he stops,
 Again the Youth alights;
 His load discharg'd, his errand done,
 The courser then bounded away.

Heavy and dark the eve; 60
 The Moon was hid on high,
 A dim light tinged the mist

7

Fasting, yet not of want
 Percipient, he on that mysterious steed
 Had reach'd his resting-place,
 For expectation kept his nature up.
 Now as the flow of waters near 71
 Awoke a feverish thirst,
 Led by the sound he moved
 To seek the grateful wave.

8

A meteor in the hazy air
 Play'd before his path;
 Before him now it roll'd
 A globe of living fire;
 And now contracted to a steady light,
 As when the solitary hermit prunes 80
 His lamp's long undulating flame;
 And now its wavy point
 Up-blazing rose, like a young cypress tree
 Sway'd by the heavy wind;
 Anon to Thalaba it moved,
 And wrapt him in its pale innocuous fire;
 Now, in the darkness drown'd,
 Left him with eyes bedimm'd,
 And now, emerging, spread the scene to
 sight.

9

Led by the sound and meteor-flame,
 The Arabian youth advanced. 91
 Now to the nearest of the many rills
 He stoops; ascending steam
 Timely repels his hand,
 For from its source it sprung, a boiling
 tide.

A second course with better hap he tries,
 The wave intensely cold
 Tempts to a copious draught.
 There was a virtue in the wave:
 His limbs, that stiff with toil 100

Dragg'd heavy, from the copious draught received
 Lightness and supple strength.

O'erjoyed, and weening the benignant
 Power,

Who sent the reinless steed,
 Had blest these healing waters to his use,
 He laid him down to sleep,

Lull'd by the soothing and incessant
 sound,

The flow of many waters, blending off
 With shriller tones and deep low mur-
 murings,

Which from the fountain caves 110

In mingled melody [came.

Like faery music, heard at midnight,

10

The sounds which last he heard at night
 Awoke his recollection first at morn.

A scene of wonders lay before his eyes.

In mazy windings o'er the vale

A thousand streamlets stray'd,

And in their endless course

Had intersected deep the stony soil,
 With labyrinthine channels islanding 120

A thousand rocks, which seem'd

Amid the multitudinous waters there
 Like clouds that freckle o'er the summer
 sky,

The blue ethereal ocean circling each,
 And insulating all.

11

Those islets of the living rock

Were of a thousand shapes,

And Nature with her various tints

Diversified anew their thousand forms ;

For some were green with moss, 130

Some ruddier tinged, or grey, or silver-
 white,

And some with yellow lichens glow'd

like gold, [sun.

Some sparkled sparry radiance to the

Here gush'd the fountains up,

Alternate light and blackness, like the
 play [arms.

Of sunbeams on a warrior's burnish'd
 Yonder the river roll'd, whose ample bed,

Their sportive lingerings o'er,
 Received and bore away the confluent
 rills.

12

This was a wild and wondrous scene, 140

Strange and beautiful, as where

By Oton-tala, like a sea of stars,

The hundred sources of Hoangho burst.

High mountains closed the vale,

Bare rocky mountains, to all living
 things

Inhospitable ; on whose sides no herb
 Rooted, no insect fed, no bird awoke
 Their echoes, save the Eagle, strong of
 wing,

A lonely plunderer, that afar

Sought in the vales his prey. 150

13

Thither toward those mountains Thalaba
 Following, as he believed, the path
 prescribed

By Destiny, advanced.

Up a wide vale that led into their depths,

A stony vale between receding heights

Of stone, he wound his way.

A cheerless place ! the solitary Bee,
 Whose buzzing was the only sound of
 life,

Flew there on restless wing, [fix.
 Seeking in vain one flower, whereon to

14

Still Thalaba holds on ; 161

The winding vale now narrows on his
 view,

And steeper of ascent,

Rightward and leftward rise the rocks,
 And now they meet across the vale.

Was it the toil of human hands

Had hewn a passage in the rock,

Through whose rude portal-way
 The light of heaven was seen ?
 Rude and low the portal-way ; 170
 Beyond, the same ascending straits
 Went winding up the wilds.

15

Still a bare, silent, solitary glen,
 A fearful silence, and a solitude
 That made itself be felt ;
 And steeper now the ascent,
 A rugged path, that tired
 The straining muscles, toiling slowly up.
 At length again a rock
 Stretch'd o'er the narrow vale ; 180
 There also had a portal-way been hewn,
 But gates of massy iron barr'd the pass,
 Huge, solid, heavy-hinged.

16

There hung a horn beside the gate,
 Ivory-tipt and brazen-mouth'd ;
 He took the ivory tip,
 And through the brazen-mouth he
 breath'd ;
 Like a long thunder-peal,
 From rock to rock rebounding rung the
 blast ;
 The gates of iron, by no human arm 190
 Unfolded, turning on their hinges slow.
 Disclosed the passage of the rock.
 He enter'd, and the iron gates fell to,
 And with a clap like thunder closed
 him in.

17

It was a narrow winding way ;
 Dim lamps suspended from the vault,
 Lent to the gloom an agitated light.
 Winding it pierced the rock,
 A long descending path
 By gates of iron closed ; 200
 There also hung a horn beside
 Of ivory tip and brazen mouth ;
 Again he took the ivory tip,
 And gave the brazen mouth its voice
 again.

Not now in thunder spake the horn,
 But breathed a sweet and thrilling
 melody :

The gates flew open, and a flood of light
 Rush'd on his dazzled eyes.

18

Was it to earthly Eden, lost so long,
 The fated Youth had found his won-
 drous way ? 210

But earthy Eden boasts
 No terraced palaces,
 No rich pavilions bright with woven gold,
 Like these that in the vale
 Rise amid odorous groves.
 The astonish'd Thalaba,
 Doubting as though an unsubstantial
 dream

Beguiled him, closed his eyes,
 And open'd them again ;
 And yet uncertified, 220
 He prest them close, and as he look'd
 around

Question'd the strange reality again.
 He did not dream ;
 They still were there,
 The glittering tents,
 The odorous groves,
 The gorgeous palaces.

19

And lo ! a man, reverend in comely age,
 Advancing greets the youth.
 ' Favour'd of Fortune,' thus he said,
 ' go taste 230

The joys of Paradise !
 The reinless steed that ranges o'er the
 world,
 Brings hither those alone for lofty deeds
 Mark'd by their horoscope ; permitted
 thus

A foretaste of the full beatitude,
 That in heroic acts they may go on
 More ardent, eager to return and reap
 Endless enjoyment here, their destined
 meed.

Favour'd of Fortune thou, go taste
The joys of Paradise !' 240

20

This said, he turn'd away, and left
The Youth in wonder mute ;
For Thalaba stood mute,
And passively received
The mingled joy which flow'd on every
sense.

Where'er his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose ;
And rich pavilions through the opening
woods

Gleam'd from their waving curtains
sunny gold ;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Went streams of liquid light ; 251
And fluted cypresses rear'd up
Their living obelisks ;
And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long
colonnades
O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand
tendrill'd vine

Wound up and hung the boughs with
greener wreaths,

And clusters not their own. [eyes
Wearied with endless beauty, did his
Return for rest ? beside him teems the
earth 260

With tulips, like the ruddy evening
streak'd ;

And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;

And here amid her sable cup
Shines the red-eye spot, like one
brightest star,

The solitary twinkler of the night ;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

21

Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose !
Far music and the distance-mellow'd
song 270

From bowers of merriment ;

The waterfall remote ;

The murmuring of the leafy groves ;

The single nightingale

Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly toned,
That never from that most melodious
bird,

Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thracian shepherd by the grave
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,
Though there the Spirit of the Sepulchre
All his own power infuse, to swell 281
The incense that he loves.

22

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous
vale

Scatters from jasmine bowers,

From yon rose wilderness,

From cluster'd henna and from orange
groves,

That with such perfumes fill the breeze
As Peris to their Sister bear,

When from the summit of some lofty
tree

She hangs encaged, the captive of the
Dives. 290

They from their pinions shake

The sweetness of celestial flowers,

And, as her enemies impure

From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the
while

Inhales her fragrant food.

23

Such odours flow'd upon the world,
When at Mohammed's nuptials, word
Went forth in Heaven, to roll

The everlasting gates of Paradise 300
Back on their living hinges, that its
gales

Might visit all below ; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
Of man, for once, partook one common
joy.

24

Full of the bliss, yet still awake
 To wonder, on went Thalaba ;
 On every side the song of mirth,
 The music of festivity,
 Invite the passing youth.
 Wearied at length with hunger and with
 heat, 320

He enters in a banquet room,
 Where round a fountain brink,
 On silken carpets sate the festive train.
 Instant through all his frame
 Delightful coolness spread ;
 The playing fount refresh'd
 The agitated air ;

The very light came cool'd through
 silvering panes [tinged ;
 Of pearly shell, like the pale moon-beam
 Or where the wine-vase fill'd the
 aperture, 320

Rosy as rising morn, or softer gleam
 Of saffron, like the sunny evening mist :
 Through every hue, and streak'd by all,
 The flowing fountain play'd.

Around the water-edge
 Vessels of wine, alternate placed,
 Ruby and amber, tinged its little waves.
 From golden goblets there
 The guests sate quaffing the delicious
 juice
 Of Shiraz' golden grape. 330

25

But Thalaba took not the draught ;
 For rightly he knew had the Prophet
 forbidden

That beverage, the mother of sins.
 Nor did the urgent guests
 Proffer a second time the liquid fire,
 When in the youth's strong eye they saw
 No moveable resolve.

Yet not uncourteous, Thalaba
 Drank the cool draught of innocence,
 That fragrant from its dewy vase 340
 Came purer than it left its native bed ;

And he partook the odorous fruits,
 For all rich fruits were there ;
 Water-melons rough of rind,
 Whose pulp the thirsty lip
 Dissolved into a draught ;
 Pistachios from the heavy-cluster'd trees
 Of Malavert, or Haleb's fertile soil ;
 And Casbin's luscious grapes of amber
 hue,

That many a week endure 350
 The summer sun intense,
 Till by its powerful heat
 All watery particles exhaled, alone
 The strong essential sweetness ripens
 there.

Here cased in ice the apricot,
 A topaz, crystal-set :
 Here, on a plate of snow,
 The sunny orange rests ;
 And still the aloes and the sandal-wood,
 From golden censers, o'er the banquet
 room 360
 Diffuse their dying sweets.

26

Anon a troop of females form'd the dance,
 Their ankles bound with bracelet-bells,
 That made the modulating harmony.
 Transparent garments to the greedy eye
 Exposed their harlot limbs,
 Which moved, in every wanton gesture
 skill'd.

27

With earnest eyes the banqueters
 Fed on the sight impure ;
 And Thalaba, he gazed, 370
 But in his heart he bore a talisman,
 Whose blessed alchemy
 To virtuous thoughts refined
 The loose suggestions of the scene impure.
 Onceiza's image swam before his sight,
 His own Arabian Maid.
 He rose, and from the banquet room he
 rush'd,
 Tears coursed his burning cheek ;

And nature for a moment woke the
 thought,
 And murmur'd, that, from all domestic
 joys 380
 Estranged, he wander'd o'er the world
 A lonely being, far from all he loved.
 Son of Hodeirah, not among thy crimes
 That momentary murmur shall be
 written !

28

From tents of revelry,
 From festal bowers, to solitude he ran ;
 And now he came where all the rills
 Of that well-water'd garden in one tide
 Roll'd their collected waves.

A straight and stately bridge 390
 Stretch'd its long arches o'er the ample
 stream. [shade

Strong in the evening and distinct its
 Lay on the watery mirror, and his eye
 Saw it united with its parent pile,
 One huge fantastic fabric. Drawing near,
 Loud from the chambers of the bridge
 below,

Sounds of carousal came and song,
 And unveil'd women bade the advancing
 youth

Come merry-make with them !
 Unhearing, or unheeding, he 400
 Pass'd o'er with hurried pace,
 And sought the shade and silence of the
 grove.

29

Deserts of Araby !
 His soul return'd to you.
 He cast himself upon the earth,
 And closed his eyes and call'd
 The voluntary vision up.

A cry, as of distress,
 Aroused him ; loud it came and near !

He started up, he strung his bow, 410
 He pluck'd an arrow forth.
 Again a shriek . . a woman's shriek !
 And lo ! she rushes through the trees,

Her veil is rent, her garments torn !
 The ravisher follows close.
 ' Prophet, save me ! save me, God !
 Help ! help me, man ! ' to Thalaba she
 cried ;

Thalaba drew the bow.
 The unerring arrow did its work of death.
 Then turning to the woman, he beheld
 His own Oneiza, his Arabian Maid. 421

THE SEVENTH BOOK

Now all is done ; bring home the Bride again,
 Bring home the triumph of our victory !
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her, and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom Heaven would heap with bliss.
 SPENSER, *Epithalamium*.

FROM fear, and from amazement, and
 from joy, [speech,
 At length the Arabian Maid recovering
 Threw around Thalaba her arms, and
 cried,

' My father ! O my father ! ' . . Thalaba
 In wonder lost, yet fearing to enquire,
 Bent down his cheek on hers,
 And their tears met, and mingled as
 they fell.

2

ONEIZA

At night they seized me, Thalaba ! in
 my sleep ; . .

Thou wert not near, . . and yet when
 in their grasp

I woke, my shriek of terror called on
 thee. 10

My father could not save me, . . an old
 man ! [my God,

And they were strong and many : . . O
 The hearts they must have had to hear
 his prayers,

And yet to leave him childless !

THALABA

We will seek him ;
We will return to Araby.

ONEIZA

Alas !

We should not find him, Thalaba ! Our
tent

Is desolate ! the wind hath heap'd
the sands [is left
Within its door ; the lizard's track
Fresh on the untrodden dust ; prowling
by night 20

The tiger, as he passes, hears no
breath

Of man, and turns to search the vacancy.
Alas ! he strays a wretched wanderer
Seeking his child ! old man, he will
not rest, . .

He cannot rest, . . his sleep is misery, . .
His dreams are of my wretchedness, my
wrongs.

O Thalaba ! this is a wicked place !
Let us be gone !

THALABA

But how to pass again
The iron doors that opening at a breath
Gave easy entrance ? armies in their
might 31
Would fail to move those hinges for
return.

ONEIZA

But we can climb the mountains that
shut in
This dreadful garden.

THALABA

Are Oneiza's limbs
Equal to that long toil ?

ONEIZA

Oh I am strong,
Dear Thalaba ! for this . . fear gives me
strength,
And you are with me !

So she took his hand, 40
And gently drew him forward, and they
went
Toward the mountain chain.

It was broad moonlight, and obscure or
lost

The garden beauties lay,
But the great boundary rose, distinctly
mark'd.

These were no little hills,
No sloping uplands lifting to the sun
Their vineyards, with fresh verdure, and
the shade

Of ancient woods, courting the loiterer
To win the easy ascent : stone moun-
tains these, 50

Desolate rock on rock,
The burthens of the earth,
Whose snowy summits met the morning
beam

When night was in the vale, whose
feet were fix'd [beheld
In the world's foundations. Thalaba

The heights precipitous,
Impending crags, rocks unascendible,
And summits that had tired the eagle's
wing ;

' There is no way ! ' he said ;
Paler Oneiza grew, 60
And hung upon his arm a feebler weight.

5

But soon again to hope
Revives the Arabian Maid,
As Thalaba imparts the sudden thought.
' I pass'd a river,' cried the youth,
' A full and copious stream.

The flowing waters cannot be restrain'd,
And where they find or force their way,
There we perchance may follow ;
thitherward

The current roll'd along.' 70

So saying, yet again in hope
Quickening their eager steps,
They turn'd them thitherward.

6

Silent and calm the river roll'd along,
And at the verge arrived
Of that fair garden, o'er a rocky bed
Toward the mountain-base,
Still full and silent, held its even way.
But farther as they went its deepening
sound

Louder and louder in the distance rose,
As if it forced its stream 81

Struggling through crags along a narrow
pass. [course

And lo! where raving o'er a hollow
The ever-flowing flood

Foams in a thousand whirlpools! There
adown

The perforated rock
Plunge the whole waters; so precipitous,
So fathomless a fall,

That their earth-shaking roar came
deaden'd up

Like subterranean thunders. 90

'Allah save us!
Oneiza cried; 'there is no path for
man

From this accursed place!
And as she spake, her joints
Were loosen'd, and her knees sunk under
her.

'Cheer up, Oneiza!' Thalaba replied;
'Be of good heart. We cannot fly
The dangers of the place,
But we can conquer them!'

8

And the young Arab's soul 100
Arose within him; 'What is he,' he
cried, [delight,
'Who hath prepared this garden of
And wherefore are its snares?'

The Arabian Maid replied,
'The Women, when I enter'd, welcomed
me

To Paradise, by Aloadin's will
Chosen, like themselves, a Houri of the
Earth. [phemies,

They told me, credulous of his blas-
That Aloadin placed them to reward
His faithful servants with the joys of
Heaven. 110

O Thalaba, and all are ready here
To wreak his wicked will, and work all
crimes!

How then shall we escape?'

10

'Woe to him!' cried the Appointed, a
stern smile

Darkening with stronger shades his
countenance;

'Woe to him! he hath laid his toils
To take the Antelope;
The Lion is come in!'

11

She shook her head, 'A Sorcerer he,
And guarded by so many! Thalaba, . .
And thou but one!' 120

12

He raised his hand to Heaven,
'Is there not God, Oneiza?
I have a Talisman, that, whoso bears,
Him, nor the Earthly, nor the Infernal
Powers

Of Evil, can cast down.
Remember, Destiny
Hath mark'd me from mankind!
Now rest in faith, and I will guard thy

13

So on a violet bank 130
The Arabian Maid laid down,
Her soft cheek pillow'd upon moss and
flowers.

She lay in silent prayer,
 Till prayer had tranquillized her fears,
 And sleep fell on her. By her side
 Silent sate Thalaba,
 And gazed upon the Maid,
 And as he gazed, drew in
 New courage and intenser faith, 139
 And waited calmly for the eventful day.

14

Loud sung the Lark, the awaken'd Maid
 Beheld him twinkling in the morning
 light,
 And wish'd for wings and liberty like his.
 The flush of fear inflamed her cheek,
 But Thalaba was calm of soul,
 Collected for the work.
 He ponder'd in his mind
 How from Lobaba's breast
 His blunted arrow fell.

Aloadin too might wear 150
 Spell perchance of equal power
 To blunt the weapon's edge.

15

Beside the river-brink
 Grew a young poplar, whose unsteady
 leaves
 Varying their verdure to the gale,
 With silver glitter caught
 His meditating eye.
 Then to Oneiza turn'd the youth,
 And gave his father's bow,
 And o'er her shoulders slung 160
 The quiver arrow-stored.
 'Me other weapon suits,' said he;
 'Bear thou the Bow: dear Maid,
 The days return upon me, when these
 shafts, [palm
 True to thy guidance, from the lofty
 Brought down its cluster, and thy
 gladden'd eye, [praise.

Exulting, turn'd to seek the voice of
 Oh! yet again, Oneiza, we shall share
 Our desert-joys!' So saying, to the bank
 He moved, and stooping low, 170

With double grasp, hand below hand,
 he clench'd,
 And from its watery soil
 Uptore the poplar trunk.

16

Then off he shook the clotted earth,
 And broke away the head
 And boughs, and lesser roots;
 And lifting it aloft,
 Wielded with able sway the massy club.
 'Now for this child of Hell!' quoth
 Thalaba;
 'Belike he shall exchange to-day 180
 His dainty Paradise
 For other dwelling, and its cups of joy
 For the unallayable bitterness
 Of Zaccoum's fruit accurst.'

17

With that the Arabian youth and maid
 Toward the centre of the garden went.
 It chanced that Aloadin had convoked
 The garden-habitants,
 And with the assembled throng
 Oneiza mingled, and the Appointed
 Youth. 190

Unmark'd they mingled; or if one
 With busier finger to his neighbour notes
 The quiver'd Maid, 'Haply,' he says,
 'Some daughter of the Homerites,
 Or one who yet remembers with delight
 Her native tents of Ilimiar.' 'Nay!'
 rejoins

His comrade, 'a love-pageant! for the
 man [club
 Mimics with that fierce eye and knotty
 Some savage lion-tamer; she forsooth
 Must play the heroine of the years
 of old!' 200

18

Radiant with gems upon his throne of
 gold [head
 Sate Aloadin; o'er the Sorcerer's
 Hover'd a Bird, and in the fragrant air

Waved his wide winnowing wings,
 A living canopy.
 Large as the hairy Cassowar
 Was that o'ershadowing Bird ;
 So huge his talons, in their grasp
 The Eagle would have hung a helpless
 prey.

His beak was iron, and his plumes
 Glitter'd like burnish'd gold, 211
 And his eyes glow'd, as though an in-
 ward fire
 Shone through a diamond orb.

19

The blinded multitude
 Adored the Sorcerer,
 And bent the knee before him,
 And shouted forth his praise ;
 ' Mighty art thou, the bestower of joy,
 The Lord of Paradise ! ' 219
 Then Aloadin rose and waved his hand.
 And they stood mute, and moveless,
 In idolizing awe.

20

' Children of Earth,' he said,
 ' Whom I have guided here
 By easier passage than the gate of Death,
 The infidel Sultan, to whose lands
 My mountains stretch their roots,
 Blasphemes and threatens me.
 Strong are his armies, many are his
 guards,

Yet may a dagger find him. 230
 Children of Earth, I tempt ye not
 With the vain promise of a bliss unseen,
 With tales of a hereafter Heaven,
 Whence never Traveller hath return'd !
 Have ye not tasted of the cup of joy
 That in these groves of happiness
 For ever over-mantling tempts
 The ever-thirsty lip ?
 Who is there here that by a deed
 Of danger will deserve 240
 The eternal joys of actual Paradise ?'

21

' I ! ' Thalaba exclaim'd ;
 And springing forward, on the Sorcerer's
 head
 He dash'd his knotty club.

22

Aloadin fell not, though his skull
 Was shattered by the blow,
 For by some talisman
 His miserable life imprison'd still
 Dwelt in the body. The astonish'd
 crowd
 Stand motionless with fear, 250
 Expecting to behold
 Immediate vengeance from the wrath
 of Heaven.

And lo ! the Bird . . the monster Bird,
 Soars up . . then pounces down
 To seize on Thalaba !
 Now, Oneiza, bend the bow,
 Now draw the arrow home ! . .
 True fled the arrow from Oneiza's hand ;
 It pierc'd the monster Bird,
 It broke the Talisman, . . 260
 Then darkness cover'd all, . .
 Earth shook, Heaven thunder'd, and
 amid the yells
 Of evil Spirits perished
 The Paradise of Sin.

23

At last the earth was still ;
 The yelling of the Demons ceased !
 Opening the wreck and ruin to their
 sight,
 The darkness roll'd away. Alone in life,
 Amid the desolation and the dead,
 Stood the Destroyer and the Arabian
 Maid. 270
 They look'd around, the rocks were rent,
 The path was open, late by magic closed ;
 Awe-struck and silent down the stony
 glen
 They wound their thoughtful way.

24

Amid the vale below
Tents rose, and streamers play'd,
And javelins sparkled to the sun;
And multitudes encamp'd
Swarm'd, far as eye could travel o'er the
plain.

There in his war pavilion sate 280
In council with his Chiefs
The Sultan of the Land.
Before his presence there a Captain led
Oneiza and the Appointed Youth.

25

'Obedient to our Lord's command,' said
he, [began
'We pass'd toward the mountains, and
The ascending strait; when suddenly
Earth shook,

And darkness, like the midnight, fell
around,
And fire and thunder came from Heaven,
As though the Retribution-day were
come. 290

After the terror ceased, and when with
hearts [on,
Somewhat assured, again we ventured
This youth and woman met us on the
way.

They told us, that from Aloadin's hold
They came, on whom the judgement
stroke hath fallen,

He and his sinful Paradise at once
Destroy'd by them, the agents they of
Heaven. [repeat

Therefore I brought them hither to
The tale before thy presence; that as
search

Shall prove it false or faithful, to their
merit 300

Thou mayest reward them.'

'Be it done to us,'

Thalaba answer'd, 'as the truth shall
prove!'

26

The Sultan while he spake
Fix'd on him the proud eye of sove-
reignty;

'If thou hast play'd with us,
By Allah and by Ali, Death shall seal
The lying lips for ever! But if the thing
Be as thou say'st, Arabian, thou shalt
stand

Next to ourself!' . . . 310

Hark! while he speaks, the cry,
The lengthening cry, the increasing
shout

Of joyful multitudes!
Breathless and panting to the tent
The bearer of good tidings comes,
'O Sultan, live for ever! be thy foes
Like Aloadin all!
The wrath of God hath smitten him.'

27

Joy at the welcome tale
Shone in the Sultan's cheek; 320
'Array the Arabian in the robe
Of honour,' he exclaim'd,
'And place a chain of gold around his
neck,

And bind around his brow the diadem,
And mount him on my steed of state,
And lead him through the camp,
And let the Heralds go before and cry,
Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!'

28

Then in the purple robe 330
They vested Thalaba,
And hung around his neck the golden
chain,

And bound his forehead with the diadem,
And on the royal steed

They led him through the camp,
And Heralds went before and cried,
'Thus shall the Sultan reward
The man who serves him well!'

29

When from the pomp of triumph
 And presence of the King, 340
 Thalaba sought the tent allotted him,
 Thoughtful the Arabian Maid beheld
 His animated eye,
 His cheek inflamed with pride.
 'Oneiza!' cried the youth,
 'The King hath done according to his
 word,
 And made me in the land
 Next to himself be named! . .
 But why that serious melancholy smile?
 Oneiza, when I heard the voice that
 gave me 350
 Honour, and wealth, and fame, the
 instant thought [hear
 Arose to fill my joy, that thou would'st
 The tidings, and be happy.'

ONEIZA

Thalaba,
 Thou would'st not have me mirthful!
 Am I not
 An orphan, . . among strangers?

THALABA

But with me!

ONEIZA

My Father! . .

THALABA

Nay, be comforted! Last night
 To what wert thou exposed! in what a
 peril [wealth,
 The morning found us! . . safety, honour,
 These now are ours. This instant who
 thou wert 361
 The Sultan ask'd. I told him from our
 childhood
 We had been plighted; . . was I wrong,
 Oneiza?

And when he said with bounties he
 would heap
 Our nuptials, . . wilt thou blame me if
 I blest

His will, that bade me fix the marriage
 day! . .

In tears, my love? . .

ONEIZA

REMEMBER, DESTINY

HATH MARK'D THEE FROM MANKIND!

THALABA

Perhaps when Aloadin was destroy'd
 The mission ceased; and therefore
 Providence 371
 With its rewards and blessings strews
 my path
 Thus for the accomplished service.

ONEIZA

Thalaba!

THALABA

Or if haply not, yet whither should I go?
 Is it not prudent to abide in peace
 Till I am summon'd?

ONEIZA

Take me to the Deserts!

THALABA

But Moath is not there; and would'st
 thou dwell [might seek
 In a stranger's tent? thy father then
 In long and fruitless wandering for his
 child. 381

ONEIZA

Take me then to Mecca!

There let me dwell a servant of the
 Temple. [eye
 Bind thou thyself my veil, . . to human
 It never shall be lifted. There, whilst
 thou [prayers,
 Shalt go upon thine enterprise, my
 Dear Thalaba! shall rise to succour thee,
 And I shall live, . . if not in happiness,
 Surely in hope.

THALABA

Oh think of better things! 390
 The will of Heaven is plain! by won-
 drous ways [voice
 It led us here, and soon the common

Will tell what we have done, and how
 we dwell
 Under the shadow of the Sultan's wing ;
 So shall thy father hear the fame, and
 find us [tears !
 What he hath wish'd us ever . . Still in
 Still that unwilling eye ! nay . . nay . .
 Oneiza . .

I dare not leave thee other than my
 own, . .
 My wedded wife. Honour and gratitude
 As yet preserve the Sultan from all
 thoughts 400
 That sin against thee ; but so sure as
 Heaven
 Hath gifted thee above all other maids
 With loveliness, so surely would those
 thoughts
 Of wrong arise within the heart of Power.
 If thou art mine, Oneiza, we are safe,
 But else, there is no sanctuary could
 save.

ONEIZA

Thalaba ! Thalaba !

30

With song, with music, and with dance,
 The bridal pomp proceeds.
 Following the deep-veil'd Bride 410
 Fifty female slaves attend
 In costly robes that gleam
 With interwoven gold,
 And sparkle far with gems.
 An hundred slaves behind them bear
 Vessels of silver and vessels of gold,
 And many a gorgeous garment gay,
 The presents that the Sultan gave.
 On either hand the pages go 419
 With torches flaring through the gloom,
 And trump and timbrel merriment
 Accompanies their way ;
 And multitudes with loud acclaim
 Shout blessings on the Bride.
 And now they reach the palace pile,
 The palace home of Thalaba,

And now the marriage feast is spread,
 And from the finish'd banquet now
 The wedding guests are gone.

31

Who comes from the bridal chamber ? . .
 It is Azrael, the Angel of Death. 431

THE EIGHTH BOOK

Quas potius decuit nostro te inferre sepulchro,
 Petronilla, tibi spargimus has lacrimas.
 Spargimus has lacrimas moesti monumenta
 parentis,—
 Et tibi pro thalamo sternimus hunc tumulum.
 Sperabam genitor tædas præferre jugales,
 Et titulo patris jungere nomen avi ;
 Heu ! gener est Orcus ; quique, O dulcissima ! per te
 Se sperabat avum, desinit esse pater.
 Joach. Bellaius.

1

WOMAN

Go not among the tombs, Old Man !
 There is a madman there.

OLD MAN

Will he harm me if I go ?

WOMAN

Not he, poor miserable man !
 But 'tis a wretched sight to see
 His utter wretchedness.
 For all day long he lies on a grave,
 And never is he seen to weep,
 And never is he heard to groan,
 Nor ever at the hour of prayer 20
 Bends his knee nor moves his lips.
 I have taken him food for charity,
 And never a word he spake :
 But yet so ghastly he look'd,
 That I have awaken'd at night
 With the dream of his ghastly eyes.
 Now, go not among the Tombs, Old Man !

OLD MAN

Wherefore has the wrath of God
 So sorely stricken him ?

WOMAN

He came a stranger to the land, 20
And did good service to the Sultan,
And well his service was rewarded.
The Sultan named him next himself,
And gave a palace for his dwelling,
And dower'd his bride with rich domains.

But on his wedding night
There came the Angel of Death.
Since that hour, a man distracted
Among the sepulchres he wanders.
The Sultan, when he heard the tale,
Said that for some untold crime 31
Judgement thus had stricken him,
And asking Heaven forgiveness
That he had shown him favour,
Abandon'd him to want.

OLD MAN

A Stranger did you say ?

WOMAN

An Arab born, like you.
But go not among the Tombs,
For the sight of his wretchedness
Might make a hard heart ache ! 40

OLD MAN

Nay, nay, I never yet have shunn'd
A countryman in distress !
And the sound of his dear native tongue
May be like the voice of a friend.

2

Then to the Sepulchro
Whereto she pointed him,
Old Moath bent his way.
By the tomb lay Thalaba,
In the light of the setting eve ;
The sun, and the wind, and the rain, 50
Had rusted his raven locks ;
His cheeks were fallen in,
His face-bones prominent ;
Reclined against the tomb he lay,
And his lean fingers play'd,
Unwitting, with the grass that grew
beside.

The Old Man knew him not,
But drawing near him, said,
' Countryman, peace be with thee !'
The sound of his dear native tongue 60
Awaken'd Thalaba ;

He raised his countenance,
And saw the good Old Man,
And he arose and fell upon his neck,
And groan'd in bitterness.
Then Moath knew the youth,
And fear'd that he was childless ; and
he turned
His asking eyes, and pointed to the
tomb.

' Old Man ! ' cried Thalaba,
' Thy search is ended here ! ' 70

5

The father's cheek grew white,
And his lip quiver'd with the misery ;
Howbeit, collectedly, with painful voice
He answer'd, ' God is good ! His will
be done ! '

The woe in which he spake,
The resignation that inspired his speech,
They soften'd Thalaba.
' Thou hast a solace in thy grief,' he
cried,

' A comforter within !

Moath ! thou seest me here, 80
Deliver'd to the Evil Powers,
A God-abandon'd wretch.'

The Old Man look'd at him incredulous.
' Nightly,' the youth pursued,
' Thy daughter comes to drive me to
despair.

Moath, thou thinkest me mad ;
But when the Cryer from the Minaret
Proclaims the midnight hour,
Hast thou a heart to see her ?'

In the Meidan now 90
 The clang of clarions and of drums
 Accompanied the Sun's descent.
 'Dost thou not pray, my son ?'
 Said Moath, as he saw
 The white flag waving on the neigh-
 bouring Mosque :
 Then Thalaba's eye grew wild,
 'Pray !' echoed he ; ' I must not pray !'
 And the hollow groan he gave
 Went to the Old Man's heart.
 And bowing down his face to earth,
 In fervent agony he call'd on God. 101

8

A night of darkness and of storms !
 Into the Chamber of the Tomb
 Thalaba led the Old Man,
 To roof him from the rain.
 A night of storms ! the wind
 Swept through the moonless sky,
 And moan'd among the pillar'd sepul-
 chres ;
 And in the pauses of its sweep
 They heard the heavy rain 110
 Beat on the monument above.
 In silence on Oneiza's grave
 Her Father and her husband sate.

9

The Cryer from the Minaret
 Proclaim'd the midnight hour.
 ' Now, now ! ' cried Thalaba ;
 And o'er the chamber of the tomb
 There spread a lurid gleam,
 Like the reflection of a sulphur fire ;
 And in that hideous light 120
 Oneiza stood before them. It was She, . .
 Her very lineaments, . . and such as death
 Had changed them, livid cheeks, and
 lips of blue ;
 But in her eyes there dwelt
 Brightness more terrible
 Than all the loathsomeness of death.
 ' Still art thou living, wretch ? '

In hollow tones she cried to Thalaba ;
 ' And must I nightly leave my grave
 To tell thee, still in vain, 130
 God hath abandon'd thee ? '

10

' This is not she ! ' the Old Man ex-
 claim'd ;
 ' A Fiend ; a manifest Fiend ! '
 And to the youth he held his lance ;
 ' Strike, and deliver thyself ! '
 ' Strike HER ! ' cried Thalaba,
 And, palsied of all power,
 Gazed fixedly upon the dreadful form.
 ' Yea, strike her ! ' cried a voice, whose
 tones

Flow'd with such sudden healing through
 his soul, 140
 As when the desert shower
 From death deliver'd him ;
 But unobedient to that well-known voice,
 His eye was seeking it,
 When Moath, firm of heart,
 Perform'd the bidding : through the
 vampire corpse
 He thrust his lance ; it fell,
 And howling with the wound,
 Its fiendish tenant fled.
 A sapphire light fell on them, 150
 And garmented with glory, in their sight
 Oneiza's Spirit stood.

11

' O Thalaba ! ' she cried,
 ' Abandon not thyself !
 Would'st thou for ever lose me ? . . O
 my husband,
 Go and fulfil thy quest,
 That in the Bowers of Paradise
 I may not look for thee
 In vain, nor wait thee long.'

12

To Moath then the Spirit 160
 Turn'd the dark lustre of her heavenly
 eyes :

' Short is thy destined path,
O my dear Father ! to the abode of bliss.

Return to Araby,
There with the thought of death
Comfort thy lonely age,
And Azrael, the Deliverer, soon
Will visit thee in peace.'

13

They stood with earnest eyes, 169
And arms out-reaching, when again
The darkness closed around them.
The soul of Thalaba revived ;
He from the floor his quiver took,
And as he bent the bow, exclaim'd,
' Was it the over-ruling Providence
That in the hour of frenzy led my hands
Instinctively to this ? [anew

To-morrow, and the sun shall brace
The slacken'd cord, that now sounds
loose and damp ; 179
To-morrow, and its livelier tone will sing,
In tort vibration to the arrow's flight.
I . . but I also, with recover'd health
Of heart, shall do my duty.
My Father ! here I leave thee then !'
he cried,

' And not to meet again,
Till at the gate of Paradise
The eternal union of our joys commence.
We parted last in darkness !' . . and
the youth

Thought with what other hopes ;
But now his heart was calm, 190
For on his soul a heavenly hope had
dawn'd.

14

The Old Man answered nothing, but he
held

His garment, and to the door
Of the Tomb Chamber followed him.
The rain had ceased, the sky was wild,
Its black clouds broken by the storm.
And, lo ! it chanced, that in the chasm
Of Heaven between, a star,

Leaving along its path continuous light,
Shot eastward. ' See my guide !' quoth
Thalaba ; 200

And turning, he received
Old Moath's last embrace, [Man.
And the last blessing of the good Old

15

Evening was drawing nigh,
When an old Dervise, sitting in the sun
At his cell door, invited for the night
The traveller ; in the sun
He spread the plain repast,
Rice and fresh grapes, and at their feet
there flowed
The brook of which they drank. 210

16

So as they sate at meal,
With song, with music, and with dance,
A wedding train went by ;
The deep-veil'd bride, the female slaves,
The torches of festivity,
And trump and timbrol merriment
Accompanied their way.
The good old Dervise gave
A blessing as they pass'd ;
But Thalaba look'd on, 220
And breathed a low deep groan, and hid
his face. [felt

The Dervise had known sorrow, and he
Compassion ; and his words
Of pity and of piety
Open'd the young man's heart,
And he told all his tale.

17

' Repine not, O my Son !' the Old Man
replied,
' That Heaven hath hasten'd thee. Be-
hold this vine,
I found it a wild tree, whose wanton
strength

Had swoln into irregular twigs 230
And bold excrescences,
And spent itself in leaves and little rings,

So in the flourish of its outwardness
 Wasting the sap and strength
 That should have given forth fruit.
 But when I pruned the plant,
 Then it grew temperate in its vain ex-
 pense [see'st,
 Of useless leaves, and knotted, as thou
 Into these full clear clusters, to repay
 The hand that wisely wounded it.
 Repine not, O my Son ! 241
 In wisdom and in mercy Heaven inflicts
 Its painful remedies.'

18

Then pausing, . . ' Whither goest thou
 now ? ' he ask'd.
 ' I know not,' answered Thalaba ;
 ' My purpose is to hold
 Straight on, secure of this,
 That travel where I will, I cannot stray,
 For Destiny will lead my course aright.'

19

' Far be it from me,' the Old Man
 replied, 250
 ' To shake that pious confidence ;
 And yet, if knowledge may be gain'd,
 methinks
 Thy course should be to seek it painfully.
 In Kaf the Simorg hath his dwelling
 place, [seen
 The all-knowing Bird of Ages, who hath
 The World, with all its children, thrice
 destroy'd.
 Long is the path,
 And difficult the way, of danger full ;
 But that unerring Bird
 Could to a certain end 260
 Direct thy weary search.'

20

Easy assent the youth
 Gave to the words of wisdom ; and
 behold [Kaf.
 At dawn, the adventurer on his way to
 And he hath travelled many a day,

And many a river swum over,
 And many a mountain ridge hath crost,
 And many a measureless plain ;
 And now amid the wilds advanced,
 Long is it since his eyes 270
 Have seen the trace of man.

21

Cold ! cold ! 'tis a chilly clime
 That the youth in his journey hath
 reach'd,
 And he is aweary now,
 And faint for lack of food.

Cold ! cold ! there is no Sun in Heaven,
 A heavy and uniform cloud
 Overspreads the face of the sky,
 And the snows are beginning to fall.
 Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O Son of
 Hodeirah ? 280
 Dost thou long for the gales of Arabia ?
 Cold ! cold ! his blood flows languidly,
 His hands are red, his lips are blue,
 His feet are sore with the frost.
 Cheer thee ! cheer thee ! Thalaba !
 A little yet bear up !

22

All waste ! no sign of life
 But the track of the wolf and the bear !
 No sound but the wild, wild wind,
 And the snow crunching under his feet !
 Night is come ; neither moon, nor stars,
 Only the light of the snow ! 292
 But behold a fire in a cave of the hill,
 A heart-reviving fire ;
 * And thither with strength renew'd
 Thalaba presses on.

23

He found a Woman in the cave,
 A solitary Woman,
 Who by the fire was spinning,
 And singing as she spun. 300
 The pine boughs were cheerfully blazing,
 And her face was bright with the flame ;
 Her face was as a Damsel's face,

And yet her hair was grey.
 She bade him welcome with a smile,
 And still continued spinning,
 And singing as she spun.
 The thread the woman drew
 Was finer than the silkworm's,
 Was finer than the gossamer ; 310
 The song she sung was low and sweet,
 But Thalaba knew not the words.

24

He laid his bow before the hearth,
 For the string was frozen stiff ;
 He took the quiver from his neck,
 For the arrow-plumes were iced.
 Then as the cheerful fire
 Revived his languid limbs,
 The adventurer ask'd for food.
 The Woman answer'd him, 320
 And still her speech was song :
 ' The She Bear she dwells near to me,
 And she hath cubs, one, two, and three ;
 She hunts the deer, and brings him here,
 And then with her I make good cheer ;
 And now to the chase the She Bear is
 gone.
 And she with her prey will be here anon.'

25

She ceased her spinning while she spake ;
 And when she had answer'd him,
 Again her fingers twirl'd the thread,
 And again the Woman began, 331
 In low, sweet tones to sing
 The unintelligible song.

26

The thread she spun it gleam'd like gold
 In the light of the odorous fire,
 Yet was it so wondrously thin,
 That, save when it shone in the light,
 You might look for it closely in vain.
 The youth sat watching it,
 And she observed his wonder, 340
 And then again she spake,
 And still her speech was song ;

' Now twine it round thy hands I say,
 Now twine it round thy hands I pray !
 My thread is small, my thread is fine,
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee,
 Who can break this thread of mine !'

27

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
 And sweetly she smiled on him, 350
 And he conceived no ill ;
 And round and round his right hand,
 And round and round his left,
 He wound the thread so fine.
 And then again the Woman spake,
 And still her speech was song,
 ' Now thy strength, O Stranger, strain !
 Now then break the slender chain.'

28

Thalaba strove, but the thread
 By magic hands was spun, 360
 And in his cheek the flush of shame
 Arose, commixt with fear.
 She beheld and laugh'd at him
 And then again she sung,
 ' My thread is small, my thread is fine,
 But he must be
 A stronger than thee,
 Who can break this thread of mine !'

29

And up she raised her bright blue eyes,
 And fiercely she smiled on him : 370
 ' I thank thee, I thank thee, Hodeirah's
 son ! [undone,
 I thank thee for doing what can't be
 For binding thyself in the chain I have
 spun !'
 Then from his head she wrench'd
 A lock of his raven hair,
 And cast it in the fire,
 And cried aloud as it burnt,
 ' Sister ! Sister ! hear my voice !
 Sister ! Sister ! come and rejoice !
 The thread is spun, 380

The prize is won,
The work is done,
For I have made captive Hodeirah's
Son.'

30

Borne in her magic car
The Sister Sorceress came,
Khawla, the fiercest of the Sorcerer's brood.
She gazed upon the youth,
She bade him break the slender thread,
She laugh'd aloud for scorn,
She clapt her hands for joy. 390

31

The She Bear from the chase came in,
She bore the prey in her bloody mouth,
She laid it at Maimuna's feet,
And then look'd up with wistful eyes
As if to ask her share.
'There! there!' quoth Maimuna,
And pointing to the prisoner-youth,
She spurn'd him with her foot,
And bade her make her meal.
But then their mockery fail'd them, 400
And anger and shame arose;
For the She Bear fawn'd on Thalaba,
And quietly lick'd his hand.

32

The grey-hair'd Sorceress stamp'd the
ground,
And call'd a Spirit up;
'Shall we bear the Enemy
To the dungeon dens below?'

SPIRIT

Woe! woe! to our Empire woe!
If ever he tread the caverns below.

MAIMUNA

Shall we leave him fetter'd here 420
With hunger and cold to die?

SPIRIT

Away from thy lonely dwelling fly!
Here I see a danger nigh,
That he should live and thou should'st
die.

MAIMUNA

Whither then must we bear the foe?

SPIRIT

To Mohareb's island go,
There shalt thou secure the foe,
There prevent thy future woe.

33

Then in the Car they threw
The fetter'd Thalaba, 420
And took their seats, and set
Their feet upon his neck;
Maimuna held the reins,
And Khawla shook the scourge,
And away! away! away!

34

They were no steeds of mortal race
That drew the magic car
With the swiftness of feet and of wings.
The snow-dust rises behind them,
The ice-rock's splinters fly, 430
And hark in the valley below
The sound of their chariot wheels. . .
And they are far over the mountains!
Away! away! away!
The Demons of the air
Shout their joy as the Sisters pass,
The Ghosts of the Wicked that wander
by night
Flit over the magic car.

35

Away! away! away!
Over the hills and the plains, 440
Over the rivers and rocks,
Over the sands of the shore;
The waves of ocean heave
Under the magic steeds;
With unwet hoofs they trample the deep,
And now they reach the Island coast,
And away to the city the Monarch's abode.
Open fly the city gates,
Open fly the iron doors,
The doors of the palace-court. 450
Then stopt the charmed car.

36

The Monarch heard the chariot wheels,
 And forth he came to greet
 The mistress whom he served.
 He knew the captive youth,
 And Thalaba beheld
 Mohareb in the robes of royalty,
 Whom erst his arm had thrust
 Down the bitumen pit.

THE NINTH BOOK

Conscience! . . .
 Poor plodding Priests and preaching Friars
 may make
 Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles
 Of churches ring with that round word : but
 we,
 That draw the subtle and more piercing air
 In that sublimed region of a court,
 Know all is good we make so, and go on
 Secured by the prosperity of our crimes.
 B. JONSON, *Mortimer's Fall*.

'Go up my Sister Maimuna,
 Go up and read the stars!'

2

Lo! on the terrace of the topmost tower
 She stands; her darkening eyes,
 Her fine face raised to Heaven;
 Her white hair flowing like the silver
 streams
 That streak the northern night.

3

They hear her coming tread,
 They lift their asking eyes:
 Her face is serious, her unwilling lips
 Slow to the tale of ill. 11
 'What hast thou read? what hast thou
 read?'
 Quoth Khawla in alarm.
 'Danger . . . death . . . judgement!'
 Maimuna replied.

Is that the language of the lights of
 Heaven?'

Exclaim'd the sterner Witch;
 Creatures of Allah, they perform his
 will, [daunt
 And with their lying menaces would
 Our credulous folly . . . Maimuna,
 I never liked this uncongenial lore! 20
 Better befits to make the Sacrifice
 Of Divination; so shall I
 Be mine own Oracle.

Command the victims thou, O King!
 Male and female they must be,
 Thou knowest the needful rites.
 Meanwhile I purify the place.'

5

The Sultan went; the Sorceress rose,
 And North, and South, and East, and
 West,

She faced the points of Heaven; 30
 And ever where she turn'd
 She laid her hand upon the wall;
 And up she look'd, and smote the air,
 And down she stoopt, and smote the
 floor.

'To Eblis and his servants
 I consecrate the place;
 Let enter none but they!
 Whatever hath the breath of life,
 Whatever hath the sap of life,
 Let it be blasted and die!' 40

6

Now all is prepared;
 Mohareb returns,
 The Circle is drawn,
 The Victims have bled,
 The Youth and the Maid.
 She in the circle holds in either hand,
 Clench'd by the hair, a head,
 The heads of the Youth and the Maid.
 'Go out, ye lights!' quoth Khawla,
 And in darkness began the spell. 50

With spreading arms she whirls around
 Rapidly, rapidly,
 Ever around and around ;
 And loudly she calls the while,
 'Eblis! Eblis!'
 Loudly, incessantly,
 Still she calls, 'Eblis! Eblis!'
 Giddily, giddily, still she whirls,
 Loudly, incessantly, still she calls ;
 The motion is ever the same, 60
 Ever around and around ;
 The calling is still the same,
 Still it is, 'Eblis! Eblis!'
 Till her voice is a shapeless yell,
 And dizzily rolls her brain,
 And now she is full of the Fiend.
 She stops, she rocks, she reels !
 Look ! look ! she appears in the dark-
 ness !

Her flaming hairs curl up
 All living, like the Meteor's locks of
 light ! 70
 Her eyes are like the sickly Moon !

8

It is her lips that move,
 Her tongue that shapes the sound ;
 But whose is the Voice that proceeds ? . .
 'Ye may hope and ye may fear,
 The danger of his stars is near.
 Sultan ! if he perish, woe !
 Fate hath written one death-blow
 For Mohareb and the Foe !
 Triumph ; triumph ! only she 80
 That knit his bonds can set him free.'

9

She spake the Oracle,
 And senselessly she fell.
 They knelt in care beside her, . .
 Her Sister and the King ;
 They sprinkled her palms with water,
 They wetted her nostrils with blood.

10

She wakes as from a dream,
 She asks the utter'd voice ;
 But when she heard, an anger and a
 grief 90
 Darken'd her wrinkling brow.
 'Then let him live in long captivity !'
 She answer'd : but Mohareb's quicken'd
 eye
 Perused her sullen countenance,
 That lied not with the lips.
 A miserable man !
 What boots it that in central caves,
 The Powers of Evil at his Baptism
 pledged
 The Sacrament of Hell ?
 His death secures them now. 100
 What boots it that they gave
 Abdaldar's guardian ring,
 When, through another's life,
 The blow may reach his own ?

11

He sought the dungeon cell
 Where Thalaba was laid.
 'Twas the grey morning twilight, and
 the voice
 Of Thalaba in prayer [his ear.
 With words of hallow'd import smote
 The grating of the heavy hinge 110
 Roused not the Arabian youth ;
 Nor lifted he his earthward face,
 At sound of coming feet.
 Nor did Mohareb with unholy speech
 Disturb the duty : silent, spirit-awed,
 Envious, heart-humbled, he beheld
 The peace which piety alone can give.

12

When Thalaba, the perfect rite per-
 form'd, [Island-Chief :
 Raised his calm eye, then spake the
 'Arab ! my guidance through the
 dangerous Cave 120
 Thy service overpaid,

An unintended friend in enmity.
The Hand that caught thy ring
Received and bore me to the scene I
sought.

Now know me grateful. I return
That amulet, thy only safety here.'

13

Artful he spake, with show of gratitude
Veiling the selfish deed.

Lock'd in his magic chain,
Thalaba on his passive powerless hand
Received again the Spell. 131
Remembering then with what an
ominous faith

First he drew on the ring,
The youth repeats his words of augury ;
'In God's name and the Prophet's ! be
its power [evil,

Good, let it serve the righteous ! if for
God and my trust in Him shall hallow it,
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven !'
So Thalaba received again 140
The written ring of gold.

14

Thoughtful awhile Mohareb stood,
And eyed the captive youth.
Then, building skilfully sophistic speech,
Thus he began. 'Brave art thou,
Thalaba ! [would buy
And wherefore are we foes ? . . for I
Thy friendship at a princely price, and
make thee

To thine own welfare wise.
Hear me ! in Nature are two hostile
Gods,
Makers and Masters of existing things,
Equal in power : . . nay, hear me
patiently ! . . 151
Equal . . for look around thee ! The
same Earth [Camel finds
Bears fruit and poison ; where the
His fragrant food, the horned Viper
there

Sucks in the juice of death : the
Elements

Now serve the use of man, and now
assert [hear
Dominion o'er his weakness : dost thou
The sound of merriment and nuptial
song ? [mourner's cry,

From the next house proceeds the
Lamenting o'er the dead. Say'st thou
that Sin 160

Enter'd the world of Allah ? that the
Fiend,

Permitted for a season, prowls for prey ?
When to thy tent the venomous
serpent creeps, [so,

Dost thou not crush the reptile ? Even
Be sure, had Allah crush'd his Enemy,
But that the power was wanting. From
the first,

Eternal as themselves their warfare is ;
To the end it must endure. Evil and
Good . . [the strife

What are they, Thalaba, but words ? in
Of Angels, as of Men, the weak are
guilty ; 170

Power must decide. The Spirits of the
Dead

Quitting their mortal mansion, enter
not, [seat
As falsely ye are preach'd, their final
Of bliss, or bale ; nor in the sepulchre
Sleep they the long, long sleep : each
joins the host

Of his great leader, aiding in the war
Whose fate involves his own.
Woe to the vanquish'd then !

Woe to the sons of man who follow'd
him ! [eternity,
They, with their Leader, through
Must howl in central fires. 181

Thou, Thalaba, hast chosen ill thy part,
If choice it may be call'd, where will
was not,
Nor searching doubt, nor judgement
wise to weigh.

THALABA THE DESTROYER

Hard is the service of the Power,
 beneath [discipline
Whose banners thou wert born ; his
Severe, yea cruel ; and his wages, rich
Only in promise ; who hath seen the
 pay ? [ours,
For us . . the pleasures of the world are
Riches and rule, the kingdoms of the
Earth. 100

We met in Babylon adventurers both,
Each zealous for the hostile Power
he served : [art.

We meet again ; thou feelest what thou
Thou seest what I am, the Sultan here,
The Lord of Life and Death.

Abandon him who has abandon'd thee,
And be, as I am, great among
mankind !'

15

The Captive did not, hasty to confute,
Break off that subtle speech ;
But when the expectant silence of the
King

Look'd for his answer, then spake
Thalaba.

' And this then is thy faith ! this mon-
strous creed ! [Stars,
This lie against the Sun, and Moon, and
And Earth, and Heaven ! Blind man,
who canst not see

How all things work the best! who
wilt not know, [whate'er

That in the Manhood of the World,
Of folly mark'd its Infancy, of vice
Sullied its Youth, ripe Wisdom shall
cast off. [safe.

Stablish'd in good, and, knowing evil,
Sultan Mohareb, yes, ye have me here
In chains ; but not forsaken, though
 opprest ; 211

Cast down, but not destroy'd. Shall
danger daunt,
Shall death dismay his soul, whose life
is given

For God, and for his brethren of man-
kind?

Alike rewarded, in that holy cause,
 The Conqueror's and the Martyr's palm
 above | my blood
 Beam with one glory. Hope ye that
 Can quench the dreaded flame? and
 know ye not, [and Wise,
 That leagued against ye are the Just
 And all Good Actions of all ages past,
 Yea, your own crimes, and Truth, and
 God in Heaven? '

22r

16

‘Slave!’ quoth Mohareb, and his lip
Quiver’d with eager wrath,
‘I have thee! thou shalt feel my power,
And in thy dungeon loathsomeness
Rot piece-meal, limb from limb!’

And out the Tyrant rushes,
And all impatient of the thoughts
That canker'd in his heart,
Seeks in the giddiness of boisterous
sport 230
Short respite from the avenging power
within.

17

What Woman is she
So wrinkled and old,
That goes to the wood ?
She leans on her staff
With a tottering step,
She tells her bead-string slow
Through fingers dull'd by age.
The wanton boys bemock her ;
The babe in arms that meets her 240
Turns round with quick affright
And clings to his nurse's neck.

18

Hark ! hark ! the hunter's cry ;
Mohareb has gone to the chase.
The dogs, with eager yelp,
Are struggling to be free ;
The hawks in frequent stoop

Token their haste for flight ;
 And couchant on the saddle-bow,
 With tranquil eyes and talons sheathed,
 The ounce expects his liberty. 251

19

Propt on the staff that shakes
 Beneath her trembling weight,
 The Old Woman sees them pass.

Halloa ! halloa !

The game is up !

The dogs are loosed,

The deer bounds over the plain :

The dogs pursue

Far, far behind 260

Though at full stretch,

With eager speed,

Far, far behind.

But lo ! the Falcon o'er his head

Hovers with hostile wings,

And buffets him with blinding strokes !

Dizzy with the deafening strokes

In blind and interrupted course,

Poor beast, he struggles on ;

And now the dogs are nigh ! 270

How his heart pants ! you see

The panting of his heart ;

And tears like human tears

Roll down, along the big veins fever-
 swollen ; [dun hide ;

And now the death-sweat darkens his
 His fear, his groans, his agony, his death,

Are the sport, and the joy, and the
 triumph !

20

Halloa ! another prey,

The nimble Antelope !

The ounce is freed ; one spring, 280

And his talons are sheathed in her
 shoulders,

And his teeth are red in her gore.

There came a sound from the wood,
 Like the howl of the winter wind at
 night,

Around a lonely dwelling ;

The ounce, whose gums were warm in
 his prey,

He hears the summoning sound.

In vain his master's voice,

No longer dreaded now,

Calls and recalls with threatful tone ;

Away to the forest he goes ; 291

For that Old Woman had laid [lips,

Her shrivell'd finger on her shrivell'd

And whistled with a long, long breath ;

And that long breath was the sound

Like the howl of the winter wind at
 night,

Around a lonely dwelling.

21

Mohareb knew her not,

As to the chase he went,

The glance of his proud eye 300

Passing in scorn o'er age and wretched-
 ness.

She stands in the depth of the wood.

And panting to her feet,

Fawning and fearful, creeps

The ounce by charms constrain'd.

Well may'st thou fear, and vainly dost
 thou fawn !

Her form is changed, her visage new,

Her power, her art the same !

It is Khawla that stands in the wood.

22

She knew the place where the Mandrake
 grew, 310

And round the neck of the ounce,

And round the Mandrake's head,

She tightens the ends of her cord.

Her ears are closed with wax,

And her prest finger fastens them,

Deaf as the Adder, when, with grounded
 head,

And circled form, both avenues of sound

Barr'd safely, one slant eye

Watches the charmer's lips 319

Waste on the wind his baffled witchery,

The spotted ounce so beautiful,

Springs forceful from the scourge ;
 With that the dying plant all agony,
 Feeling its life-strings crack,
 Utter'd the unimaginable groan
 That none can hear and live.

23

Then from her victim servant Khawla
 loosed [hand,
 The precious poison. Next with naked
 She pluck'd the boughs of the man-
 chineel ;

And of the wormy wax she took, 330
 That, from the perforated tree forced
 out,
 Bewray'd its insect-parent's work within.

24

In a cavern of the wood she sits,
 And moulds the wax to human form ;
 And, as her fingers kneaded it,
 By magic accents, to the mystic shape,
 Imparted with the life of Thalaba,

In all its passive powers,
 Mysterious sympathy.
 With the mandrake and the manchineel
 She builds her pile accurst. 341
 She lays her finger to the pile,
 And blue and green the flesh
 Glows with emitted fire,
 A fire to kindle that strange fuel meet.

25

Before the fire she placed the imaged
 wax : [cried,
 ' There, waste away ! ' the Enchantress
 ' And with thee waste Hodeirah's Son ! '

26

Fool ! fool ! go thaw the everlasting ice,
 Whose polar mountains bound the
 human reign. 350

Blindly the wicked work
 The righteous will of Heaven !
 The doom'd Destroyer wears Abdalzar's
 ring ;
 Against the danger of his horoscope

Yourselves have shielded him ;
 And on the sympathizing wax,
 The unadmitted flames play power-
 lessly, [snow.
 As the cold moon-beam on a plain of

27

' Curse thee ! curse thee ! ' cried the
 fiendly woman,
 ' Hast thou yet a spell of safety ? ' 360
 And in the raging flames
 She threw the imaged wax.
 It lay amid the flames,
 Like Polycarp of old,
 When, by the glories of the burning
 stake

O'er-vaulted, his grey hairs
 Curl'd, life-like, to the fire
 That haloed round his saintly brow.

28

' Wherefore is this ! ' cried Khawla, and
 she stamp'd

Thrice on the cavern floor : 370
 ' Maimuna ! Maimuna ! '
 Thrice on the floor she stamp'd,
 Then to the rocky gateway glanced
 Her eager eyes, and Maimuna was there.
 ' Nay, Sister, nay ! ' quoth she, ' Mo-
 hareb's life

Is link'd with Thalaba's !
 Nay, Sister, nay ! the plighted oath !
 The common sacrament ! '

29

' Idiot ! ' said Khawla, ' one must die,
 or all !

Faith kept with him were treason to the
 rest. 380

Why lies the wax like marble in the fire ?
 What powerful amulet
 Protects Hodeirah's Son ? '

30

Cold, marble-cold, the wax
 Lay on the raging pile,
 Cold in that white intensity of fire.

The Bat, that with her hook'd and
 leathery wings
 Clung to the cave-roof, loosed her hold,
 Death-sickening with the heat ;
 The Toad, which to the darkest nook
 had crawl'd, 390
 Panted fast with fever pain ;
 The Viper from her nest came forth,
 Leading her quicken'd brood,
 That, sportive with the warm delight,
 roll'd out [rings,
 Their thin curls, tender as the tendril
 Ere the green beauty of their brittle
 youth [summer sun.
 Grows brown, and toughens in the
 Cold, marble-cold, the wax
 Lay on the raging pile,
 The silver quivering of the element 400
 O'er its pale surface shedding a dim gloss.

31

Amid the red and fiery smoke,
 Watching the portent strange,
 The blue-eyed Sorceress and her Sister
 stood,
 Seeming a ruined Angel by the side
 Of Spirit born in hell.
 Maimuna raised at length her thought-
 ful eyes :

' Whence, Sister, was the wax ?
 The work of the worm, or the bee ?
 Nay then I marvel not ! 410
 It were as wise to bring from Ararat
 The fore-world's wood to build the
 magic pile,
 And feed it from the balm bower,
 through whose veins [out
 The Martyr's blood sends such a virtue
 That the fond mother from beneath its
 shade [playful child.
 Wreathes the horn'd viper round her
 This is the eternal, universal strife !
 There is a Grave-wax, . . I have seen the
 Gouls [ing.' . .
 Fight for the dainty at their banquet-

32

' Excellent Witch ! ' quoth Khawla
 and she went 420
 To the cave-arch of entrance, and
 scowl'd up,
 Mocking the blessed Sun :
 ' Shine thou in Heaven, but I will
 shadow Earth !
 Thou wilt not shorten day,
 But I will hasten darkness ! ' Then the
 Witch
 Began a magic song,
 One long low tone, through teeth half-
 closed, [slow ;
 Through lips slow-moving, muttered
 One long-continued breath,
 Till to her eyes a darker yellowness
 Was driven, and fuller-swoln the pro-
 minent veins 431
 On her loose throat grew black.
 Then looking upward, thrice she
 breathed
 Into the face of Heaven ;
 The baneful breath infected Heaven ;
 A mildewing fog it spread
 Darker and darker ; so the evening sun
 Pour'd his unentering glory on the mist,
 And it was night below.

33

' Bring now the wax,' quoth Khawla,
 ' for thou know'st 440
 The mine that yields it.' Forth went
 Maimuna, [forth ;
 In mist and darkness went the Sorceress
 And she hath reach'd the Place of Tombs,
 And in their sepulchres the Dead
 Feel feet unholy trampling over them.

34

Thou startest, Maimuna,
 Because the breeze is in thy lifted locks !
 Is Khawla's spell so weak ?
 Sudden came the breeze and strong ;
 The heavy mist wherewith the lungs

Were labouring late, flies now before the
gale,

Thin as an infant's breath,
Seen in the sunshine of an autumn frost.
Sudden it came, and soon its work
was done,

And suddenly it ceased ;
Cloudless and calm it left the firmament,
And beautiful in the blue sky
Arose the summer Moon.

35

She heard the quicken'd action of her
blood,

She felt the fever in her cheeks. 460
Daunted, yet desperate, in a tomb
Entering, with impious hand she traced
Circles and squares and trines

And magic characters,
Till, riven by her charms, the tomb
Yawn'd and disclosed its dead ;
Maimuna's eyes were open'd, and she saw
The secrets of the Grave.

36

There sate a Spirit in the vault, 469
In shape, in hue, in lineaments, like life ;
And by him couch'd, as if intranced,
The hundred-headed Worm that never
dies.

37

'Nay, Sorceress ! not to-night !' the
Spirit cried, [to-night
'The flesh in which I sinn'd may rest
From suffering ; all things, even I,
to-night,
Even the Damn'd, repose !'

38

The flesh of Maimuna [knees
Crept on her bones with terror, and her
Trembled with their trembling weight.
'Only this Sabbath ! and at dawn the
Worm 480
Will wake, and this poor flesh must grow
to meet

The gnawing of his hundred poison-
mouths ! [death !'

God ! God ! is there no mercy after

39

Soul-struck, she rush'd away,
She fled the Place of Tombs,
She cast herself upon the earth,
All agony, and tumult, and despair.
And in that wild and desperate agony
Sure Maimuna had died the utter death,
If aught of evil had been possible

On this mysterious night ; 491
For this was that most holy night
When all Created Things adore

The Power that made them ; Insects,
Beasts, and Birds,

The Water-Dwellers, Herbs, and Trees,
and Stones,

Yea, Earth and Ocean, and the infinite
Heaven, [know

With all its Worlds. Man only doth not
The universal Sabbath, doth not join
With Nature in her homage. Yet the
prayer [love,

Flows from the righteous with intenser
A holier calm succeeds, and sweeter
dreams 501

Visit the slumbers of the penitent.

40

Therefore on Maimuna the Elements
Shed healing ; every breath she drew
was balm. [up

For every flower sent then in incense
Its richest odours ; and the song of birds
Now, like the music of the Seraphim,
Enter'd her soul, and now

Made silence awful by their sudden
pause.

It seem'd as if the quiet Moon 510
Pour'd quietness ; its lovely light
Was like the smile of reconciling Heaven.

41

Is it the dew of night
That on her glowing cheek

Shines in the moon-beam ? Oh ! she
 weeps . . she weeps !
 And the Good Angel that abandoned her
 At her hell-baptism, by her tears drawn
 down,

Resumes his charge. Then Maimuna
 Recall'd to mind the double oracle ;
 Quick as the lightning flash 520
 Its import glanced upon her, and the hope
 Of pardon and salvation rose,
 As now she understood
 The lying prophecy of truth.
 She pauses not, she ponders not ;
 The driven air before her fann'd the face
 Of Thalaba, and he awoke and saw
 The Sorceress of the Silver Locks.

42

One more permitted spell.
 She takes the magic thread. 530
 With the wide eye of wonder, Thalaba
 Watches her snowy fingers round and
 round,

Unwind the loosening chain.
 Again he hears the low sweet voice,
 The low sweet voice so musical,
 That sure it was not strange,
 If in those unintelligible tones
 Was more than human potency,
 That with such deep and undefined de-
 light

Fill'd the surrender'd soul. 540
 The work is done, the song hath ceased ;
 He wakes as from a dream of Paradise,
 And feels his fetters gone, and with
 the burst
 Of wondering adoration, praises God.

43

Her charm hath loosed the chain it bound,
 But massy walls and iron gates
 Confine Hodeirah's Son.
 Heard ye not, Genii of the Air, her spell,
 That o'er her face there flits
 The sudden flush of fear ? 550
 Again her louder lips repeat the charm ;

Her eye is anxious, her cheek pale,
 Her pulse plays fast and feeble.
 Nay, Maimuna ! thy power hath ceased,
 And the wind scatters now
 The voice which ruled it late.

44

' Be comforted, my soul ! ' she cried,
 her eye [forted !
 Brightening with sudden joy, ' be com-
 We have burst through the bonds which
 bound us down

To utter death ; our covenant with Hell
 Is blotted out ! The Lord hath given
 me strength ! 560

Great is the Lord, and merciful !
 Hear me, ye rebel Spirits ! in the name
 Of Allah and the Prophet, hear the spell !'

45

Groans then were heard, the prison walls
 were rent,
 The whirlwind wrapt them round, and
 forth they flew,
 Borne in the chariot of the Winds
 abroad.

THE TENTH BOOK

And the Angel that was sent unto me
 said, Thinkest thou to comprehend the way
 of the Most High ! . . Then said I, Yea, my
 Lord. And he answered me, and said, I am
 sent to shew thee three ways, and to set
 forth three similitudes before thee ; whereof
 if thou canst declare me one, I will shew
 thee also the way that thou desirest to see,
 and I shall shew thee from whence the
 wicked heart cometh. And I said, Tell on,
 my Lord. Then said he unto me, Go thy
 way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or
 measure me the blast of the wind, or call
 me again the day that is past.—*Esdras*, ii. 4.

There was time for wonder or for fear,
 The way was pass'd, and lo ! again
 Amid surrounding snows,
 Within the cavern of the Witch they
 stand.

Then came the weakness of her natural
age

At once on Maimuna ;
The burthen of her years
Fell on her, and she knew
That her repentance in the sight of God
Had now found favour, and her hour
was come. 10

Her death was like the righteous: 'Turn
my face

To Mecca !' in her languid eyes

The joy of certain hope

Lit a last lustre, and in death

A smile was on her cheek.

3

No faithful crowded round her bier,
No tongue reported her good deeds,
For her no mourners wail'd and wept,
No Iman o'er her perfumed corpse
For her soul's health intoned the prayer ;
Nor column raised by the way-side 21
Implored the passing traveller
To say a requiem for the dead.

Thalaba laid her in the snow,
And took his weapons from the hearth,
And then once more the youth began
His weary way of solitude.

4

The breath of the East is in his face,
And it drives the sleet and the snow.
The air is keen, the wind is keen, 30
His limbs are aching with the cold,
His eyes are aching with the snow,
His very heart is cold,

His spirit chill'd within him. He looks on
If aught of life be near ;
But all is sky, and the white wilderness,
And here and there a solitary pine,
Its branches broken by the weight of
snow.

His pains abate, his senses, dull
With suffering, cease to suffer. 40
Languidly, languidly,

Thalaba drags along,
A heavy weight is on his lids,
His limbs move slow for heaviness,
And he full fain would sleep.
Not yet, not yet, O Thalaba,
Thy hour of rest is come !
Not yet may the Destroyer sleep :
The comfortable sleep :
His journey is not over yet, 50
His course not yet fulfill'd ! . .
Run thou thy race, O Thalaba !
The prize is at the goal.

It was a Cedar-tree
Which woke him from that deadly
drowsiness ;

Its broad round-spreading branches,
when they felt [heaven,
The snow, rose upward in a point to
And standing in their strength erect,
Defied the baffled storm.

He knew the lesson Nature gave, 60
And he shook off his heaviness,
And hope revived within him.

6

Now sunk the evening sun,
A broad and beamless orb,
Adown the glowing sky ;
Through the red light the snow-flakes
fell like fire.

Louder grows the biting wind,
And it drifts the dust of the snow.
The snow is clotted in his hair,
The breath of Thalaba 70
Is iced upon his lips.

He looks around ; the darkness,
The dizzy floating of the feathery sky
Close in his narrow view.

At length, through the thick atmosphere,
a light

Not distant far appears.
He, doubting other wiles of sorcery,

With mingled joy and fear, yet quicken'd
 step,
 Bends thitherward his way.

8

It was a little, lowly dwelling-place,
 Amid a garden whose delightful air 81
 Was mild and fragrant as the evening
 wind

Passing in summer o'er the coffee-groves
 Of Yemen, and its blessed bowers of
 balm.

A fount of Fire that in the centre play'd
 Roll'd all around its wondrous rivulets,
 And fed the garden with the heat of life.
 Every where magic! the Arabian's heart
 Yearn'd after human intercourse.

A light; . . the door unclosed! . . 90
 All silent . . he goes in.

9

There lay a Damsel, sleeping on a couch:
 His step awoke her, and she gazed at
 him

With pleased and wondering look,
 Fearlessly, like a happy child,
 Too innocent to fear.

With words of courtesy

The young intruder spake.

At the sound of his voice, a joy

Kindled her bright black eyes; 100

She rose and took his hand;

But at the touch the joy forsook her
 cheek:

'Oh! it is cold!' she cried,

'I thought I should have felt it warm,
 like mine,

But thou art like the rest!'

10

Thalaba stood mute awhile,

And wondering at her words:

'Cold? Lady!' then he said: 'I have
 travell'd long

In this cold wilderness,

Till life is well-nigh spent!' 110

11

LAILA

Art thou a Man, then?

THALABA

Nay . . I did not think

Sorrow and toil could so have alter'd me,
 As to seem otherwise.

LAILA

And thou canst be warm

Sometimes? life-warm as I am?

THALABA

Surely, Lady.

As others are, I am, to heat and cold

Subject like all. You see a Traveller,

Bound upon hard adventure, who

requests 120

Only to rest him here to-night, . . to-
 morrow

He will pursue his way.

LAILA

Oh . . not to-morrow!

Not, like a dream of joy, depart so soon!

And whither wouldst thou go? for all
 around

Is everlasting winter, ice and snow,

Deserts unpassable of endless frost.

THALABA

He who has led me here, will still sustain
 me

Through cold and hunger.

12

'Hunger?' Laila cried: 130

She clapt her lily hands,

And whether from above, or from below,

It came, sight could not see, [food.

So suddenly the floor was spread with

13

LAILA

Why dost thou watch with hesitating

eyes [come.

The banquet? 'tis for thee! I bade it

THALABA

Whence came it?

THALABA THE DESTROYER.

LAILA

Matters it from whence it came ?
My Father sent it : when I call, he hears.
Nay, . . thou hast fabled with me !
 and art like 140
The forms that wait upon my solitude,
Human to eye alone ; . . thy hunger
 would not
Question so idly else.

THALABA

I will not eat !
It came by magic ! fool, to think that
 aught [here.
But fraud and danger could await me
 Let loose my cloak ! . .

LAILA

Begone then, insolent !
 Why dost thou stand and gaze upon
 me thus ?
 Ay ! eye the features well that threaten
 thee 150
 With fraud and danger ! in the wilder-
 ness {want,
 They shall avenge me, . . in the hour of
 Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
 How innocent I am :
 And this remember'd cowardice and
 insult, {thy check,
 With a more painful shame will burn
 Than now heats mine in anger !

THALABA

Mark me, Lady !

Many and restless are my enemies ;
My daily paths have been beset with
 snares x60
Till I have learnt suspicion, bitter
 sufferings
Teaching the needful vice. If I have
 wrong'd you, . . [cence, . .
For yours should be the face of inno-
I pray you pardon me ! In the name
 of God
And of his Prophet, I partake your food.

LAILA

Lo, now! thou wert afraid of sorcery,
And yet hast said a charm!

THALABA

A charm ?

LAILA

And wherefore ? . .
Is it not delicate food ? . . What mean
thy words ? 170
I have heard many spells, and many
names,
That rule the Genii and the Elements,
But never these.

THALARA

How ! never heard the names
Of God and of the Prophet ?

LAILA

Never . . nay now !
Again that troubled eye ? . . thou art
a strange man,
And wondrous fearful . . . but I must
not twice [peetst still,
Be charged with fraud : If thou sus-
Depart and leave me ! 180

THALABA

And you do not know
The God that made you ?

LAILA

Made me, man ! . . my Father
Made me. He made this dwelling, and
the grove, [morn
And yonder fountain-fire ; and every
He visits me, and takes the snow, and
moulds [into them
Women and men, like thee ; and breathes
Motion, and life, and sense, . . but, to
the touch [night closes
They are chilling cold ; and ever when
They melt away again, and leave me
here 190
Alone and sad. Oh then how I rejoice
When it is day, and my dear Father
comes

And cheers me with kind words and
kinder looks !

My dear, dear Father ! . . Were it not
for him,

I am so weary of this loneliness,
That I should wish I also were of snow,
That I might melt away, and cease to be.

THALABA

And have you always had your dwelling
here

Amid this solitude of snow ?

LAILA

I think so. 200

I can remember, with unsteady feet
Tottering from room to room, and
finding pleasure

In flowers, and toys, and sweetmeats,
things which long

Have lost their power to please ; which,
when I see them,

Raise only now a melancholy wish,

I were the little triffer once again

Who could be pleased so lightly !

THALABA

Then you know not

Your Father's art ?

LAILA

No. I besought him once 210
To give me power like his, that where he
went [head,

I might go with him ; but he shook his
And said, it was a power too dearly

bought, [tears,

And kiss'd me with the tenderness of

THALABA

And wherefore hath he hidden you thus
far

From all the ways of humankind ?

LAILA

'Twas fear,

Fatherly fear and love. He read the
stars,

And saw a danger in my destiny,

And therefore placed me here amid the
snows, 220

And laid a spell that never human eye,
If foot of man by chance should reach
the depth

Of this wide waste, shall see one trace of
grove, [fire,

Garden or dwelling-place, or yonder
That thaws and mitigates the frozen sky.

And, more than this, even if the Enemy
Should come, I have a Guardian here.

THALABA

A Guardian ?

LAILA

'Twas well, that when my sight unclosed
upon thee, [face,

There was no dark suspicion in thy

Else I had called his succour ! Wilt
thou see him ? 231

But, if a woman can have terrified thee,
How wilt thou bear his unrelaxing brow,

And lifted lightnings ?

THALABA

Lead me to him, Lady !

14

She took him by the hand,
And through the porch they pass'd.

Over the garden and the grove

The fountain-streams of fire

Pour'd a broad light like noon : 240

A broad natural light,

Which made the rose's blush of beauty
pale, [blaze.

And dimm'd the rich geranium's scarlet

The various verdure of the grove

Wore here one undistinguishable grey,

Chequer'd with blacker shade.

Suddenly Laila stopt,

'I do not think thou art the enemy,'

She said, ' but He will know !

If thou hast meditated wrong, 250

Stranger, depart in time . .

I would not lead thee to thy death.'

15

She turn'd her gentle eyes
Toward him then with anxious tender-
ness. [Thalaba,
'So let him pierce my breast,' cried
'If it hide thought to harm you!'

LAILA

'Tis a figure,
Almost I fear to look at! . . yet come on.
'Twill ease me of a heaviness that seems
To sink my heart; and thou may'st
dwell here then 260
In safety; . . for thou shalt not go to-
morrow,
Nor on the after, nor the after day,
Nor ever! It was only solitude
Which made my misery here, . .
And now, that I can see a human face,
And hear a human voice . . .
Oh no! thou wilt not leave me!

THALABA

Alas, I must not rest!
The star that ruled at my nativity,
Shone with a strange and blasting in-
fluence. 270
O gentle Lady! I should draw upon you
A killing curse!

LAILA

But I will ask my Father
To save you from all danger; and you
know not [I ask,
The wonders he can work; and when
It is not in his power to say me nay.
Perhaps thou know'st the happiness it is
To have a tender Father?

THALABA

He was one, [tainted
Whom, like a loathsome leper, I have
With my contagious destiny. One
evening 280
He kiss'd me as he wont, and laid his
hands [slept.
Upon my head, and blest me ere I

His dying groan awoke me, for the
Murderer

Had stolen upon our sleep! . . For me
was meant
The midnight blow of death; my Father
died;

The brother playmates of my infancy,
The baby at the breast, they perish'd
all, . . [saved
All in that dreadful hour! . . but I was
To remember and revenge.

16

She answer'd not; for now, 290
Emerging from the o'er-arch'd avenue,
The finger of her upraised hand
Mark'd where the Guardian of the
garden stood.

It was a brazen Image, every limb
And swelling vein and muscle true to life:
The left knee bending on, [hand
The other straight, firm planted, and his
Lifted on high to hurl
The lightning that it grasp'd.

17

When Thalaba approach'd, 300
The enchanted Image knew Hodeiral's
son, [foc.
And hurl'd the lightning at the dreaded
But from Mohareb's hand
Had Thalaba received Abdaldar's Ring.
Blindly the wicked work
The righteous will of Heaven.
Full in his face the lightning-bolt was
driven;

The scatter'd fire recoil'd;
Like the flowing of a summer gale he felt
Its ineffectual force; 310
His countenance was not changed,
Nor a hair of his head was singed.

18

He started, and his glance
Turn'd angrily upon the Maid.
The sight disarm'd suspicion; . . breath-
less, pale,

Against a tree she stood ;
Her wan lips quivering, and her eyes
Upraised, in silent supplicating fear.

19

Anon she started with a scream of joy,
Seeing her Father there, 320
And ran and threw her arms around his
neck. [come!
'Save me!' she cried, 'the Enemy is
Save me! save me! Okba!'

20

'Okba!' repeats the youth ;
For never since that hour,
When in the tent the Spirit told his name,
Had Thalaba let slip
The memory of his Father's murderer ;
~~Okba!~~ '... and in his hand
He graspt an arrow-shaft, 330
And he rush'd on to strike him.

21

Son of Hodeirah!' the Old Man replied,
'My hour is not yet come ;'
And putting forth his hand
Gently he repell'd the Youth.
My hour is not yet come !
But thou may'st shed this innocent
Maiden's blood ;
That vengeance God allows thee !'

22

Around her Father's neck
Still Laila's hands were clasp'd ; 340
Her face was turn'd to Thalaba,
A broad light floated o'er its marble
paleness,
As the wind waved the fountain fire,
Her large dilated eye, in horror raised,
Watch'd every look and movement of
the youth :
'Not upon her,' said he,
'Not upon her, Hodeirah's blood cries
out [arm
For vengeance!' and again his lifted
Threaten'd the Sorcerer:

Again withheld, it felt 350
A barrier that no human strength could
burst.

23

'Thou dost not aim the blow more
eagerly,' [meet it !
Okba replied, 'than I would rush to
But that were poor revenge.
O Thalaba, thy God
Wreaks on the innocent head
His vengeance ; . . I must suffer in my
child ! [victim ? Allah
Why dost thou pause to strike thy
Permits, . . commands the deed.'

24

'Liar!' quoth Thalaba. 360
And Laila's wondering eye [face.
Look'd up, all anguish, to her father's
'By Allah and the Prophet,' he replied,
'I speak the words of truth.

Misery ! misery !

That I must beg mine enemy to speed
The inevitable vengeance now so near !
I read it in her horoscope ; [race.
Her birth-star warn'd me of Hodeirah's
I laid a spell, and call'd a Spirit up ;
He answered, one must die, 370
Laila or Thalaba. . .

Accursed Spirit ! even in truth
Giving a lying hope !

Last, I ascended the seventh Heaven,
And on the Everlasting Table there,
In characters of light,
I read her written doom.

The years that it has gnawn me ! and
the load

Of sin that it has laid upon my soul ! 380
Curse on this hand, that in the only hour
The favouring Stars allow'd,
Reek'd with other blood than thine.
Still dost thou stand and gaze incred-
ulous ?

Young man, be merciful, and keep her not
Longer in agony.'

25

Thalaba's unbelieving frown
 Scowl'd on the Sorcerer, [heard,
 When in the air the rush of wings was
 And Azrael stood before them. 390
 In equal terror at the sight,
 The Enchanter, the Destroyer stood,
 And Laila, the victim Maid.

26

'Son of Hodeirah!' said the Angel of
 Death,
 'The accursed fables not.
 When from the Eternal Hand I took
 The yearly scroll of Fate,
 Her name was written there; . .
 Her leaf had wither'd on the Tree of Life.
 This is the hour, and from thy hands 400
 Commission'd to receive the Maid
 I come.'

27

'Hear me, O Angel!' Thalaba replied;
 'To avenge my father's death,
 To work the will of Heaven, [race,
 To root from earth the accursed sorcerer
 I have dared danger undismay'd,
 I have lost all my soul held dear,
 I am out off from all the ties of life,
 Unmurmuring. For whate'er awaits me
 still, 409

Pursuing to the end the enterprize,
 Peril or pain, I bear a ready heart.
 But strike this Maid! this innocent! . .
 Angel, I dare not do it.'

28

'Remember,' answer'd Azrael, 'all thou
 say'st [word
 Is written down for judgement! every
 In the balance of thy trial must be
 weigh'd!'

29

'So be it!' said the Youth:
 'He who can read the secrets of the
 heart,

Will judge with righteousness!

This is no doubtful path; 420
 The voice of God within me cannot lie. . .
 I will not harm the innocent.'

30

He said, and from above,
 As though it were the Voice of Night,
 The startling answer came.
 'Son of Hodeirah, think again!
 One must depart from hence,
 Laila, or Thalaba;
 She dies for thee, or thou for her;
 It must be life for life! 430
 Son of Hodeirah, weigh it well,
 While yet the choice is thine!'

31

He hesitated not,
 But, looking upward, spread his hands
 to Heaven,
 'Onciza, in thy bower of Paradise,
 Receive me, still unstain'd!'

32

'What!' exclaim'd Okba, 'darest thou
 disobey,
 Abandoning all claim
 To Allah's longer aid?'

33

The eager exultation of his speech
 Earthward recall'd the thoughts of
 Thalaba. 441
 'And dost thou triumph, Murderer?
 dost thou deem

Because I perish, that the unsleeping lids
 Of Justice shall be closed upon thy
 crime?

Poor, miserable man! that thou canst
 live

With such beast-blindness in the present
 joy, [God
 When o'er thy head the sword of
 Hangs for the certain stroke!'

34

'Servant of Allah, thou hast disobey'd ;
 God hath abandon'd thee ; 450
 This hour is mine ! ' cried Okba,
 And shook his daughter off,
 And drew the dagger from his vest,
 And aim'd the deadly blow.

35

All was accomplish'd. Laila rush'd
 between
 To save the saviour Youth.
 She met the blow, and sunk into his
 arms,
 And Azrael, from the hands of Thalaba,
 Received her parting soul.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK

Those, Sir, that traffic in these seas,
 Fraught not their bark with fears.
 SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

O FOOL, to think thy human hand
 Could check the chariot-wheels of
 Destiny !
 To dream of weakness in the all-
 knowing Mind,
 That its decrees should change !
 To hope that the united Powers
 Of Earth, and Air, and Hell,
 Might blot one letter from the Book of
 Fate, [chain !
 Might break one link of the eternal
 Thou miserable, wicked, poor old man !
 Fall now upon the body of thy child, 10
 Beat now thy breast, and pluck the
 bleeding hairs
 From thy grey beard, and lay
 Thine ineffectual hand to close her
 wound,
 And call on Hell to aid,
 And call on Heaven to send
 Its merciful thunderbolt !

The young Arabian silently
 Beheld his frantic grief.
 The presence of the hated youth
 To raging anguish stung 20
 The wretched Sorcerer.
 'Ay ! look and triumph ! ' he exclaim'd :
 ' This is the justice of thy God !
 A righteous God is he, to let
 His vengeance fall upon the innocent
 head ! . .
 Curse thee, curse thee, Thalaba ! '

3

All feelings of revenge
 Had left Hodeirah's son.
 Pitying and silently he heard
 The victim of his own iniquities ; 30
 Not with the officious hand
 Of consolation, fretting the sore wound
 He could not hope to heal.

4

So as the Servant of the Prophet stood,
 With sudden motion the night-air
 Gently fann'd his cheek.
 'Twas a Green Bird, whose wings
 Had waved the quiet air.
 On the hand of Thalaba
 The Green Bird perch'd, and turn'd 40
 A mild eye up, as if to win
 The Adventurer's confidence ;
 Then, springing on, flew forward ;
 And now again returns
 To court him to the way ;
 And now his hand perceives
 Her rosy feet press firmer, as she leaps
 Upon the wing again.

5

Obedient to the call,
 By the pale moonlight Thalaba pursued,
 O'er trackless snows, his way ; 51
 Unknowing he what blessed messenger
 Had come to guide his steps, . .
 That Laila's spirit went before his path.

Brought up in darkness, and the child
of sin,

Yet, as the meed of spotless innocence,
Just Heaven permitted her by one good
deed [death;

To work her own redemption after
So, till the Judgement day,
She might abide in bliss, 60
Green warbler of the Bowers of Paradise.

The morning sun came forth,
Wakening no eye to life
In this wide solitude;
His radiance, with a saffron hue, like
heat,

Suffused the desert snow.
The Green Bird guided Thalaba;
Now oaring with slow wing her upward
way,

Descending now in slant descent
On out-spread pinions motionless; 70
Floating now, with rise and fall alternate,
As if the billows of the air
Heaved her with their sink and swell.
And when beneath the moon

The icy glitter of the snow
Dazzled his aching sight,
Then on his arm alighted the Green Bird,
And spread before his eyes
Her plumage of refreshing hue.

Evening came on; the glowing clouds
Tinged with a purple ray the mountain
ridge 81

That lay before the Traveller.
Ah! whither art thou gone,
Guide and companion of the youth,
whose eye
Has lost thee in the depth of Heaven?

Why hast thou left alone
The weary wanderer in the wilderness?
And now the western clouds grow pale,
And night descends upon his solitude.

The Arabian youth knelt down, 90
And bow'd his forehead to the ground,
And made his evening prayer.

When he arose the stars were bright in
heaven,

The sky was blue, and the cold Moon
Shone over the cold snow.

A speck in the air!
Is it his guide that approaches?
For it moves with the motion of life!
Lo! she returns, and scatters from her
pinions [morning
Odours diviner than the gales of
Waft from Sabca. 101

9
Hovering before the youth she hung,
Till from her rosy feet, that at his touch
Uncurl'd their grasp, he took
The fruitful bough they bore.
He took and tasted: a new life
Flow'd through his renovated frame;
His limbs, that late were sore and stiff,
Felt all the freshness of repose;
His dizzy brain was calm'd, 110
The heavy aching of his lids was gone;
For Laila, from the Bowers of Paradise,
Had borne the healing fruit.

10
So up the mountain steep,
With untired foot he pass'd,
The Green Bird guiding him,
Mid crags, and ice, and rocks,
A difficult way, winding the long ascent.
How then the heart of Thalaba rejoiced,
When, bosom'd in the mountain depths,
A shelter'd Valley open'd on his view!

It was the Simorg's vale, 122
The dwelling of the Ancient Bird.

11
On a green and mossy bank,
Beside a rivulet,
The Bird of Ages stood.

No sound intruded on his solitude,
Only the rivulet was heard,
Whose everlasting flow,
From the birth-day of the world, had
made

The same unvaried murmuring.
Here dwelt the all-knowing Bird
In deep tranquillity,
His eye-lids ever closed
In full enjoyment of profound repose.

12

Reverently the youth approach'd
That old and only Bird,
And crost his arms upon his breast,
And bow'd his head and spake.
' Earliest of existing things, 140
Earliest thou, and wisest thou,
Guide me, guide me, on my way !
I am bound to seek the Caverns
Underneath the roots of Ocean,
Where the Sorcerers have their seat ;
Thou the eldest, thou the wisest,
Guide me, guide me, on my way ! '

13

The ancient Simorg on the youth
 Unclosed his thoughtful eyes,
 And answer'd to his prayer. 150
 'Northward by the stream proceed ;
 In the Fountain of the Rock
 Wash away thy worldly stains
 Kneel thou there, and seek the Lord,
 And fortify thy soul with prayer.
 Thus prepared, ascend the Sledge ;
 Be bold, be wary ; seek and find !
 God hath appointed all.'

The Ancient Simorg then let fall his lids,
 Relapsing to repose. 160

14

Northward, along the rivulet,
The adventurer went his way ;
Tracing its waters upward to their
source.

Green Bird of Paradise.

Thou hast not left the youth ! . .
With slow associate flight,
She companies his way ;
And now they reach the Fountain of the
Rock.

15

There, in the cold clear well, 169
Thalaba wash'd away his earthly stains,
And bow'd his face before the Lord,
And fortified his soul with prayer.
The while, upon the rock,
Stood the celestial Bird, [pass,
And pondering all the perils he must
With a mild, melancholy eye,
Beheld the youth beloved.

16

And lo! beneath yon lonely pine, the
Sledge : . .
There stand the harness'd Dogs,
Their wide eyes watching for the youth,
Their ears erect, and turn'd toward his
way. 181

They were lean as lean might be,
 Their furrow'd ribs rose prominent,
 And they were black from head to foot,
 Save a white line on every breast,
 Curved like the crescent moon.
 Thalaba takes his seat in the sledge ;
 His arms are folded on his breast,
 The Bird is on his knees ;
 There is fear in the eyes of the Dogs, 190
 There is fear in their pitiful moan.
 And now they turn their heads,
 And seeing him seated, away !

17

The youth, with the start of their speed,
Falls back to the bar of the sledge ;
His hair floats straight in the stream of
the wind
Like the weeds in the running brook.
They wind with speed their upward way,
An icy path through rocks of ice :
His eye is at the summit now, 200

And thus far all is dangerless ;
 And now upon the height
 The black Dogs pause and pant ;
 They turn their eyes to Thalaba
 As if to plead for pity ;
 They moan and whine with fear.

18

Once more away ! and now
 The long descent is seen,
 A long, long, narrow path ;
 Ice-rocks aright, and hills of snow,
 Aleft the precipice. 211
 Be firm, be firm, O Thalaba !
 One motion now, one bend,
 And on the crags below
 Thy shatter'd flesh will harden in the
 frost.

Why howl the Dogs so mournfully ?
 And wherefore does the blood flow fast
 All purple o'er their sable skin ?
 His arms are folded on his breast,
 Nor scourge nor goad hath he, 220
 No hand appears to strike,
 No sounding lash is heard ;
 But piteously they moan and whine,
 And track their way with blood.

19

Behold ! on yonder height
 A giant Fiend aloft
 Waits to thrust down the tottering
 avalanche !

If Thalaba looks back, he dies ;
 The motion of fear is death.
 On . . on . . with swift and steady pace,
 Adown that dreadful way ! 231
 The Youth is firm, the Dogs are fleet,
 The Sledge goes rapidly ;
 The thunder of the avalanche
 Re-echoes far behind.
 On . . on . . with swift and steady pace,
 Adown that dreadful way !
 The Dogs are fleet, the way is steep,
 The Sledge goes rapidly ;
 They reach the plain below. 240

20

A wide, blank plain, all desolate.
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb !
 On go the Dogs with rapid course,
 The Sledge slides after rapidly,
 And now the sun went down.
 They stopt and look'd at Thalaba,
 The Youth perform'd his prayer !
 They knelt beside him while he pray'd,
 They turn'd their heads to Mecca,
 And tears ran down their cheeks. 250
 Then down they laid them in the snow,
 As close as they could lie,
 They laid them down and slept.
 And backward in the sledge,
 The Adventurer laid himself ;
 There peacefully slept Thalaba,
 And the Green Bird of Paradise
 Lay nestling in his breast.

21

The Dogs awoke him at the dawn,
 They knelt and wept again ; 260
 Then rapidly they journey'd on,
 And still the plain was desolate,
 Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb !
 And ever at the hour of prayer,
 They stopt, and knelt, and wept ;
 And still that green and graceful Bird
 Was as a friend to him by day,
 And, ever when at night he slept,
 Lay nestling in his breast.

In that most utter solitude 270
 It cheer'd his heart to hear
 Her soft and soothing voice.
 Her voice was soft and sweet,
 It rose not with the blackbird's thrill,
 Nor warbled like that dearest bird that
 holds
 The solitary man
 A loiterer in his thoughtful walk at eve ;
 But if it swell'd with no exuberant joy,
 It had a tone that touch'd a finer string,

A music that the soul received and
own'd. 280

Her bill was not the beak of blood ;
There was a human meaning in her eye
When fix'd on Thalaba,
He wonder'd while he gazed,
And with mysterious love
Felt his heart drawn in powerful sym-
pathy.

23

Oh joy ! the signs of life appear,
The first and single Fir
That on the limits of the living world
Strikes in the ice its roots. 290
Another, and another now ;
And now the Larch, that flings its
arms
Down-curving like the falling wave ;
And now the Aspin's scatter'd leaves
Grey-glittering on the moveless twig ;
The Poplar's varying verdure now,
And now the Birch so beautiful
Light as a lady's plumes.
Oh joy ! the signs of life ! the Deer
Hath left his slot beside the way ; 300
The little Ermine now is seen,
White wanderer of the snow ;
And now from yonder pines they hear
The clatter of the Grouse's wings ;
And now the snowy Owl pursues
The Traveller's sledge, in hope of food ;
And hark ! the rosy-breasted bird,
The Thristle of sweet song !
Joy ! joy ! the winter-wilds are left !
Green bushes now, and greener grass,
Red thickets here, all berry-bright, 311
And here the lovely flowers !

24

When the last morning of their way
was come,
After the early prayer,
The Green Bird fix'd on Thalaba
A sad and supplicating eye,

And speech was given her then :
' Servant of God, I leave thee now ;
If rightly I have guided thee,
Give me the boon I beg ! ' 320

25

' O gentle Bird ! ' quoth Thalaba,
' Guide and companion of my dangerous
way,
Friend and sole solace of my solitude,
How can I pay thee benefits like these ?
Ask what thou wilt that I can give,
O gentle Bird, the poor return
Will leave me debtor still ! '

26

' Son of Hodeirah ! ' she replied,
' When thou shalt see an Old Man bent
beneath
The burthen of his earthly punishment,
Forgive him, Thalaba ! 331
Yea, send a prayer to God in his behalf ! '

27

A flush o'erspread the young Destroyer's
cheek ;
He turn'd his eye towards the Bird
As if in half repentance ; for he thought
Of Okba ; and his Father's dying groan
Came on his memory. The celestial
Bird
Saw and renew'd her speech ;
' O Thalaba, if she who in thine arms
Received the dagger-blow and died for
thee 340
Deserve one kind remembrance, . . save,
O save [less death ! '
The Father that she loves from end-

28

' Laila ! and is it thou ? ' the youth
replied, [thee ?
' What is there that I durst refuse to
This is no time to harbour in my heart
One evil thought ; . . here I put off
revenge,

The last rebellious feeling. . . Be it so !
God grant to me the pardon that I need,

As I do pardon him ! . .

But who am I, that I should save 350
The sinful soul alive ?

29

‘ Enough ! ’ said Laila. ‘ When the
hour shall come,

Remember me ! my task is done.

We meet again in Paradise ! ’

She said, and shook her wings, and up
she soar’d

With arrowy swiftness through the
heights of Heaven.

30

His aching eye pursued her path,
When starting onward went the Dogs ;

More rapidly they hurried now,

In hope of near repose. 360

It was the early morning yet,

When, by the well-head of a brook

They stopt, their journey done.

The spring was clear, the water deep ;

A venturesome man were he, and rash,

That should have probed its depths,

For all its loosen’d bed below,

Heaved strangely up and down,

And to and fro, from side to side,

It heaved, and waved, and toss’d, 370

And yet the depths were clear,

And yet no ripple wrinkled o’er

The face of that fair Well.

31

And on that Well, so strange and fair,

A little boat there lay,

Without an oar, without a sail,

One only seat it had, one seat,

As if for only Thalaba.

And at the helm a Damsel stood,

A Damsel bright and bold of eye, 380

Yet did a maiden modesty

Adorn her fearless brow ;

Her face was sorrowful, but sure

More beautiful for sorrow.

To her the Dogs look’d wistful up,

And then their tongues were loosed :

‘ Have we done well, O Mistress dear !

And shall our sufferings end ? ’

32

The gentle Damsel made reply ; 385

‘ Poor servants of the God I serve,

When all this witchery is destroy’d,

Your woes will end with mine.

A hope, alas ! how long unknown !

This new adventurer gives ;

Now God forbid, that he, like you,

Should perish for his fears !

Poor servants of the God I serve,

Wait ye the event in peace.’

A deep and total slumber as she spake

Seized them. Sleep on, poor sufferers !

be at rest ! 400

Ye wake no more to anguish : . . ye

have borne

The Chosen, the Destroyer ! . . soon his

hand

Shall strike the efficient blow ;

And shaking off your penal forms, shall

ye,

With songs of joy, amid the Eden groves,

Hymn the Deliverer’s praise.

33

Then did the Damsel say to Thalaba,

‘ The morn is young, the Sun is fair,

And pleasantly through pleasant banks

Yon quiet stream flows on . . 410

Wilt thou embark with me ?

Thou knowest not the water’s way ;

Think, Stranger, well ! and night must

come, . .

Darest thou embark with me ?

Through fearful perils thou must pass, . .

Stranger, the wretched ask thine aid !

Thou wilt embark with me ! ’

She smiled in tears upon the youth ; . .

What heart were his, who could gainsay
 That melancholy smile ? 420
 ' I will,' quoth Thalaba,
 ' I will, in Allah's name !'

34

He sate him on the single seat,
 The little boat moved on.
 Through pleasant banks the quiet stream
 Went winding pleasantly ;
 By fragrant fir-groves now it pass'd,
 And now, through alder-shores,
 Through green and fertile meadows now
 It silently ran by. 430
 The flag-flower blossom'd on its side,
 The willow tresses waved,
 The flowing current furrow'd round
 The water-lily's floating leaf,
 The fly of green and gauzy wing,
 Fell sporting down its course ;
 And grateful to the voyager
 The freshness that it breathed,
 And soothing to his ear
 Its murmur round the prow. 440
 The little boat falls rapidly
 Adown the rapid stream.

35

But many a silent spring meantime,
 And many a rivulet and rill
 Had swoln the growing stream ;
 And when the southern Sun began
 To wind the downward way of heaven,
 It ran a river deep and wide,
 Through banks that widen'd still.
 Then once again the Damsel spake : 450
 ' The stream is strong, the river broad,
 Wilt thou go on with me ?
 The day is fair, but night must come . .
 Wilt thou go on with me ?
 Far, far away, the sufferer's eye
 For thee hath long been looking, . .
 Thou wilt go on with me !'
 ' Sail on, sail on,' quoth Thalaba,
 ' Sail on, in Allah's name !'

The little boat falls rapidly 460
 Adown the river-stream.

36

A broader and yet broader stream,
 That rock'd the little boat !
 The Cormorant stands upon its shoals,
 His black and dripping wings
 Half open'd to the wind.
 The Sun goes down, the crescent Moon
 Is brightening in the firmament ;
 And what is yonder roar,
 That sinking now, and swelling now,
 But evermore increasing, 470
 Still louder, louder, grows ?
 The little boat falls rapidly
 Adown the rapid tide ;
 The Moon is bright above,
 And the great Ocean opens on their way.

37

Then did the Damsel speak again,
 ' Wilt thou go on with me ?
 The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
 I know the ocean-paths ; 480
 Wilt thou go on with me ? . .
 Deliverer ! yes ! thou dost not fear !
 Thou wilt go on with me !'
 ' Sail on, sail on !' quoth Thalaba,
 ' Sail on, in Allah's name !'

38

The Moon is bright, the sea is calm,
 The little boat rides rapidly
 Across the ocean waves ;
 The line of moonlight on the deep
 Still follows as they voyage on ; 490
 The winds are motionless ;
 The gentle waters gently part
 In dimples round the prow.
 He looks above, he looks around,
 The boundless heaven, the boundless
 sea,
 The crescent moon, the little boat,
 Nought else above, below.

39

The Moon is sunk ; a dusky grey
 Spreads o'er the Eastern sky ;
 The stars grow pale and paler ; . . 500
 Oh beautiful ! the godlike Sun
 Is rising o'er the sea !
 Without an oar, without a sail,
 The little boat rides rapidly ; . .
 Is that a cloud that skirts the sea ?
 There is no cloud in heaven !
 And nearer now, and darker now . .
 It is . . it is . . the Land !
 For yonder are the rocks that rise
 Dark in the reddening morn ; 510
 For loud around their hollow base
 The surges rage and foam.

40

The little boat rides rapidly,
 And pitches now with shorter toss
 Upon the narrower swell ;
 And now so near, they see
 The shelves and shadows of the cliff,
 And the low-lurking rocks,
 O'er whose black summits, hidden half,
 The shivering billows burst ; . . 520
 And nearer now they feel the breaker's
 spray.
 Then said the Damsel : ' Yonder is our
 path
 Beneath the cavern arch.
 Now is the ebb, and till the ocean
 flow
 We cannot over-ride the rocks.
 Go thou, and on the shore
 Perform thy last ablutions, and with
 prayer
 Strengthen thy heart . . I too have need
 to pray.'

41

She held the helm with steady hand
 Amid the stronger waves ; 530
 Through surge and surf she drove ;
 The adventurer leapt to land.

THE TWELFTH BOOK

Why should he that loves me sorry be
 For my deliverance, or at all complain
 My good to hear, and toward joys to see ?
 I go, and long desired have to go,
 I go with gladness to my wished rest.
SPENSER, Daphnaida.

I

THEN Thalaba drew off Abdaldar's ring,
 And cast it in the sea, and cried aloud,
 ' Thou art my shield, my trust, my hope,
 O God !
 Behold and guard me now,
 Thou who alone canst save.
 If from my childhood up I have look'd on
 With exultation to my destiny ;
 If in the hour of anguish I have own'd
 The justice of the hand that chasten'd
 me ;
 If of all selfish passions purified 20
 I go to work thy will, and from the world
 Root up the ill-doing race, [arm
 Lord ! let not thou the weakness of my
 Make vain the enterprize !'

The Sun was rising all magnificent,
 Ocean and Heaven rejoicing in his beams.
 And now had Thalaba stood
 Perform'd his last ablutions, and he
 And gazed upon the little boat
 Riding the billows near, 20
 Where, like a sea-bird breasting the
 broad waves,
 It rose and fell upon the surge,
 Till from the glitterance of the sunny
 main
 He turn'd his aching eyes ;
 And then upon the beach he laid him
 down,
 And watch'd the rising tide.
 He did not pray, he was not calm for
 prayer ; [hope,
 His spirit, troubled with tumultuous

Toil'd with futurity ; 29
 His brain, with busier workings, felt
 The roar and raving of the restless sea,
 The boundless waves that rose and
 roll'd and rock'd :
 The everlasting sound
 Opprest him, and the heaving infinite :
 He closed his lids for rest.

Meantime with fuller reach and stronger
 swell,

Wave after wave advanced ;
 Each following billow lifted the last
 foam [hues ;
 That trembled on the sand with rainbow
 The living flower that, rooted to the
 rock, 40

Late from the thinner element
 Shrunk down within its purple stem to
 sleep,

Now feels the water, and again
 Awakening, blossoms out
 All its green anther-necks.

4

Was there a Spirit in the gale
 That fluttered o'er his cheek ?
 For it came on him like the new-risen
 sun [closed flower,
 Which plays and dallies o'er the night-
 And woos it to unfold anew to joy ; 50
 For it came on him as the dews of eve
 Descend with healing and with life
 Upon the summer mead ;
 Or liker the first sound of seraph song
 And Angel greeting, to the soul
 Whose latest sense had shudder'd at the
 groan
 Of anguish, kneeling by a death-bed side.

5

He starts, and gazes round to seek
 The certain presence. 'Thalaba !'
 exclaim'd

The Voice of the Unseen ; . . 60

'Father of my Oneiza !' he replied,
 'And have thy years been number'd ?'
 art thou too

Among the Angels ?' . . 'Thalaba !'

A second and a dearer voice repeats,
 'Go in the favour of the Lord,

My Thalaba, go on ! [bliss.
 My husband, I have drest our bower of
 Go, and perform the work ;
 Let me not longer suffer hope in
 Heaven !'

6

He turn'd an eager glance toward the
 sea. 70

'Come !' quoth the Damsel, and she
 drove

Her little boat to land.
 Impatient through the rising wave,
 He rush'd to meet its way,
 His eye was bright, his cheek was
 flush'd with joy. [she ask'd.
 'Hast thou had comfort in thy prayers ?'
 'Yea,' Thalaba replied,

'A heavenly visitation.' 'God be
 praised !' [vain !'
 She answer'd, 'then I do not hope in
 And her voice trembled, and her lip
 Quiver'd, and tears ran down. 81

7

'Stranger,' said she, 'in years long past
 Was one who vow'd himself
 The Champion of the Lord, like thee,
 Against the race of Hell.
 Young was he, as thyself,
 Gentle, and yet so brave !

A lion-hearted man. [love
 Shame on me, Stranger ! in the arms of
 I held him from his calling, till the hour
 Was past ; and then the Angel who
 should else 91

Have crown'd him with his glory-wreath,
 Smote him in anger . . Years and years
 are gone . .

And in his place of penance he awaits

Thee, the Deliverer. . . surely thou art
he !

It was my righteous punishment,

In the same youth unchanged,

And love unchangeable,

Sorrow for ever fresh,

And bitter penitence, 100

That gives no respite night nor day
from grief,

To abide the written hour, when I
should waft [here.

The doom'd Destroyer and Deliverer
Remember thou, that thy success affects
No single fate, no ordinary woes.'

8

As thus she spake, the entrance of the
cave

Darken'd the boat below.

Around them from their nests,

The screaming sea-birds fled,

Wondering at that strange shape, 110

Yet unalarm'd at sight of living man,
Unknowing of his sway and power mis-
used :

The clamours of their young

Echoed in shriller cries,

Which rung in wild discordance round
the rock.

And farther as they now advanced,

The dim reflection of the darken'd day
Grew fainter, and the dash [yet,

Of the out-breakers deaden'd ; farther
And yet more faint the gleam, 120

And there the waters, at their utmost
bound,

Silently rippled on the rising rock.

They landed and advanced, and deeper
in,

Two adamantine doors

Closed up the cavern pass.

9

Reclining on the rock beside,

Sate a grey-headed man,

Watching an hour-glass by.

To him the Damsel spake,

' Is it the hour appointed ? ' The Old
Man 130

Nor answer'd her awhile,

Nor lifted he his downward eye,

For now the glass ran low.

And, like the days of age,

With speed perceivable,

The latter sands descend ;

And now the last are gone.

Then he look'd up, and raised his hand,
and smote

The adamantine gates.

10

The gates of adamant 140

Unfolding at the stroke,

Open'd and gave the entrance. Then she
turn'd

To Thalaba and said,

' Go, in the name of God !

I cannot enter. . . I must wait the end
In hope and agony.

God and Mahommed prosper thee,

For thy sake and for ours ! '

11

He tarried not. . . he pass'd 149

The threshold, over which was no return.

All earthly thoughts, all human hopes

And passions now put off,

He cast no backward glance

Toward the gleam of day.

There was a light within. [Sun,

A yellow light, as when the autumnal

Through travelling rain and mist

Shines on the evening hills :

Whether, from central fires effused,

Or that the sun-beams, day by day,

From earliest generations, there

absorb'd, 161

Were gathering for the wrath-flame. Shade

was none

In those portentous vaults ;

Crag overhanging, nor columnar rock

Cast its dark outline there ;

For with the hot and heavy atmosphere
The light incorporate, permeating all,
Spread over all its equal yellowness.

There was no motion in the lifeless air ;
He felt no stirring as he pass'd 170
Adown the long descent ;

He heard not his own footsteps on the
rock [no sound.

That through the thick stagnation sent
How sweet it were, he thought,
To feel the flowing wind !

With what a thirst of joy
He should breathe in the open gales of
heaven !

12

Downward, and downward still, and
still the way.

The lengthening way is safe.

Is there no secret wile, 180

No lurking enemy ?

His watchful eye is on the wall of rock, . . .

And warily he marks the roof,

And warily surveys

The path that lies before.

Downward, and downward still, and
still the way,

The long, long way is safe :

Rock only, the same light,

The same dead atmosphere.

And solitude, and silence like the grave.

13

At length the long descent 191

Ends on a precipice :

No feeble ray enter'd its dreadful gulph :

For in the pit profound,

Black Darkness, utter Night,

Repell'd the hostile gleam,

And o'er the surface the light atmosphere

Floated, and mingled not. [wings.

Above the depth, four over-awning
Unplumed and huge and strong, zoo

Bore up a little car ;

Four living pinions, headless, bodiless,

Sprung from one stem that branch'd
below

In four down-arching limbs,
And clench'd the car-rings endlong and
athwart

With claws of griffin grasp.

14

But not on these, the depth so terrible
The wondrous wings, fix'd Thalaba his
 eye;

For there, upon the brink, 209
With fiery fetters fasten'd to the rock,
A man, a living man, tormented lay,
The young Othatha ; in the arms of love
He who had linger'd out the auspicious
hour.

Forgetful of his call.

In shuddering pity, Thalaba exclaim'd,
'Servant of God, can I not succour thee?
He groan'd, and answer'd, ' Son of Man,
I sinn'd, and am tormented ; I endure
In patience and in hope. {Hell,
The hour that shall destroy the Race of
That hour shall set me free.' 221

15

‘Is it not come?’ quoth Thalaba,
‘Yea! by this omen!’ . . and with
fearless hand [name
He grasp’d the burning fetters, ‘in the
Of God!’ . . and from the rock

Rooted the rivets, and adown the gulph
Dropt them. The rush of flames roar'd
up,

For they had kindled in their fall
The deadly vapours of the pit profound,
And Thalaba bent on and look'd below.

But vainly he explored 231
The deep abyss of flame, [eye,
That sunk beyond the plunge of mortal

Now all ablaze, as if infernal fires
 Illumed the world beneath.
 Soon was the poison-fuel spent,
 The flame grew pale and dim

And dimmer now it fades, and now is Was then the Simorg with the Powers
quench'd, of ill

And all again is dark, Associate to destroy ?
Save where the yellow air And was that lovely Mariner 270
Enters a little in, and mingles slow. A fiend as false as fair ?

16

Meantime, the freed Othatha claspt
his knees,
And cried, ' Deliverer ! ' struggling then
With joyful hope, ' and where is she, ' But ever the uprushing wind
he cried, Inflates the wings above,
And still the struggling wings
Repel the rushing wind.
Down . . down . . and now it strikes.

18

' Whose promised coming for so many
a year . . . ' He stands and totters giddily,
' Go ! ' answered Thalaba, All objects round awhile
' She waits thee at the gates. ' Float dizzy on his sight ; 280
' And in thy triumph, ' he replied, Collected soon, he gazes for the way.
' There thou wilt join us ? ' . . The There was a distant light that led his
Deliverer's eye search ;

Glanced on the abyss, way else was
none . . 250 The torch a broader blaze,
The depth was unascendable. The unpruned taper flares a longer flame,
' Await not me, ' he cried, But this was strong as is the noontide sun,
' My path hath been appointed ! go . .
embark ! So, in the glory of its rays intense,
Beyond was all unseen,
No eye could penetrate

Return to life, . . live happy ! ' That unendurable excess of light. 290

OTHATHA

But thy name ? . . [it, . .
That through the nations we may blazon
That we may bless thee !

THALABA

Bless the Merciful !

17

Then Thalaba pronounced the name of
God, And wisely did he deem,
And leapt into the car. 260 For at the threshold of the rocky door,
Down, it sunk, . . down, down, . . Hugest and fiercest of his kind acurst,
He neither breathes nor sees ; Fit warden of the sorcery-gate,
His eyes are closed for giddiness, A rebel Afreet lay ;
His breath is sinking with the fall. He scented the approach of human food,
The air that yields beneath the car, And hungry hope kindled his eye of
Inflates the wings above. fire. [sense,

Down . . down . . a measureless depth ! . .
down . . down, Raising his hand to screen the dazzled
Onward held Thalaba, 300
And lifted still at times a rapid glance ;
Till the due distance gain'd,
With head abased, he laid
An arrow in its rest.

With steady effort and knit forehead
then,

Full on the painful light
He fix'd his aching eye, and loosed
the bow.

20

A hideous yell ensued ;
And sure no human voice had scope or
power

For that prodigious shriek 310
Whose pealing echoes thundered up the
rock.

Dim grew the dying light ;
But Thalaba leapt onward to the doors
Now visible beyond,
And while the Afreet warden of the way
Was writhing with his death-pangs,
over him

Sprung and smote the stony doors,
And bade them, in the name of God,
give way !

21

The dying Fiend beneath him, at that
name

Tost in worse agony, 320
And the rocks shudder'd, and the rocky
doors

Rent at the voice asunder. Lo! within ..
The Teraph and the Fire,
And Khawla, and in mail complete
Mohareb for the strife.

But Thalaba, with numbing force,
Smites his raised arm, and rushes by ;
For now he sees the fire, amid whose
flames,

On the white ashes of Hodeirah, lies
Hodeirah's holy sword. 330

22

He rushes to the Fire :
Then Khawla met the youth,
And leapt upon him, and with clinging
arms [aim
Clasps him, and calls Mohareb now to

The effectual vengeance. O fool ! fool !
he sees

His Father's Sword, and who shall bar
his way ?

Who stand against the fury of that arm
That spurns her to the ground ? . .
She rises half, she twists around his
knees, . .

A moment . . and he vainly strives
To shake her from her hold ; 340
Impatient then he seized her leathery
neck

With throttling grasp, and as she loosed
her hold,

Thrust her aside, and unimpeded now
Springs forward to the Sword.

23

The co-existent Flame
Knew the Destroyer ; it encircled him.
Roll'd up his robe, and gather'd round
his head :

Condensing to intenser splendour there,
His Crown of Glory and his Light of Life,
Hover'd the irradiate wreath. 350

24

The instant Thalaba had laid his hand
Upon his Father's Sword,
The Living Image in the inner cave
Smote the Round Altar. The Domdaniel
rock'd

Through all its thundering vaults ;
Over the Surface of the reeling Earth,
The alarum shock was felt ;
The Sorcerer brood, all, all, where'er
dispersed,

Perforce obey'd the summons ; all, . .
they came 360

Compell'd by Hell and Heaven ;
By Hell compell'd to keep
Their baptism-covenant,

And with the union of their strength
Oppose the common danger ; forced by
Heaven

To share the common doom.

25

Vain are all spells ! the Destroyer
Treads the Domdaniel floor.
They crowd with human arms and
human force
To crush the single foe. 370
Vain is all human force !
He wields his Father's Sword,
The vengeance of awaken'd Deity.
But chief on Thalaba Mohareb prest ;
The Witch in her oracular speech
Announced one fatal blow for both,
And, desperate of self-safety, yet he hoped
To serve the cause of Eblis, and uphold
His empire, true in death.

26

Who shall withstand the Destroyer ? 380
Scatter'd before the sword of Thalaba
The Sorcerer throng recede,
And leave him space for combat. Wretch-
ed man, . . [avail
What shall the helmet or the shield
Against Almighty anger ? . . Wretched
man, [chosen
Too late Mohareb finds that he hath
The evil part ! . . He rears his shield
To meet the Arabian's sword, . .
Under the edge of that fire-hardened
steel,
The shield falls sever'd ; his cold arm
Rings with the jarring blow : . . 391
He lifts his scymetar ;
A second stroke, and lo ! the broken hilt
Hangs from his palsied hand :
And now he bleeds, and now he flies,
And fain would hide himself amid the
troop ;
But they feel the sword of Hodeirah,
But they also fly from the ruin,
And hasten to the inner cave,
And fall all fearfully 400
Around the Giant Idol's feet,
Seeking protection from the Power they
served.

27

It was a Living Image, by the art
Of magic hands, of flesh and bones com-
posed,
And human blood, through veins and
arteries
That flow'd with vital action. In the
shape
Of Eblis it was made ;
Its stature such, and such its strength,
As when among the sons of God 409
Pre-eminent he raised his radiant head,
Prince of the Morning. On his brow
A coronet of meteor flames,
Flowing in points of light.
Self-poised in air before him
Hung the Round Altar, rolling like the
World
On its diurnal axis, like the World
Chequer'd with sea and shore,
The work of Demon art.
For where the sceptre in the Idol's
hand
Touch'd the Round Altar, in its answer-
ing realm, 420
Earth felt the stroke, and Ocean rose
in storms,
And shatter'd Cities, shaken from their
seat,
Crush'd all their habitants.
His other arm was raised, and its spread
palm
Sustain'd the ocean-weight,
Whose naked waters arch'd the sanc-
tuary ;
Sole prop and pillar he.

28

Fallen on the ground, around his feet,
The Sorcerers lay. Mohareb's quivering
arms
Clung to the Idol's knees ; 430
The Idol's face was pale,
And calm in terror he beheld
The approach of the Destroyer.

29

Sure of his stroke, and therefore in pursuit
[foe,

Following, nor blind, nor hasty, on his
Moved the Destroyer. Okba met his way,
Of all that brotherhood

He only fearless, miserable man,
The one that had no hope.

'On me, on me,' the childless Sorcerer
cried, 440

'Let fall the weapon! I am he who stole
Upon the midnight of thy Father's
tent;

This is the hand that pierced Hodeirah's
heart, [blood

That felt thy brethren's and thy sisters'
Gush round the dagger-hilt. Let fall
on me

The fated sword! the vengeance-hour
is come!

Destroyer, do thy work!'

30

Nor wile, nor weapon, had the desperate
wretch;

He spread his bosom to the stroke.

'Old Man, I strike thee not!' said
Thalaba; 450

'The evil thou hast done to me and
mine

Brought its own bitter punishment.
For thy dear Daughter's sake I pardon
thee,

As I do hope Heaven's pardon . . For
her sake

Repent while time is yet! . . thou hast
my prayers

To aid thee; thou poor sinner, cast
thyself

Upon the goodness of offended God!
I speak in Laila's name; and what if
now

Thou canst not think to join in Paradise
Her spotless Spirit, . . hath not Allah
made 460

Al-Araf, in his wisdom? where the sight
Of Heaven may kindle in the penitent
The strong and purifying fire of hope,
Till, at the Day of Judgement, he shall
see

The Mercy-Gates unfold.'

31

The astonish'd man stood gazing as he
spake, [tears

At length his heart was soften'd, and the
Gush'd, and he sobb'd aloud.

Then suddenly was heard
The all-beholding Prophet's voice divine,

'Thou hast done well, my Servant! 471
Ask and receive thy reward!

32

A deep and awful joy
Seem'd to dilate the heart of Thalaba;
With arms in reverence cross'd upon his
breast,

Upseeking eyes suffused with tears
devout,

He answered to the Voice, 'Prophet of
God,

Holy, and good, and bountiful!
One only earthly wish have I, to work
Thy will; and thy protection grants me
that. 480

Look on this Sorcerer! heavy are his
crimes,

But infinite is mercy! if thy servant
Have now found favour in the sight of
God, [save

Let him be touch'd with penitence, and
His soul from utter death.'

33

'The groans of penitence,' replied the
Voice,

'Never arise unheard!

But, for thyself, prefer the prayer;
The Treasure-house of Heaven
Is open to thy will.' 490

34

'Prophet of God!' then answered

Thalaba,

'I am alone on earth;

Thou knowest the secret wishes of my
heart!

Do with me as thou wilt! thy will is
best.'

35

There issued forth no Voice to answer
him;

[see

But, lo! Hodeirah's Spirit comes to
His vengeance, and beside him, a
pure form

Of roseate light, his Angel mother hung.

'My Child, my dear, my glorious . .
blessed . . Child,

My promise is perform'd . . fulfil thy
work!'

500

36

Thalaba knew that his death-hour was
come;

And on he leapt, and springing up,
Into the Idol's heart

Hilt deep he plunged the Sword.
The Ocean-vault fell in, and all were
crush'd.

In the same moment, at the gate
Of Paradise, Oneiza's Houri form
Welcomed her Husband to eternal bliss.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

KATAPAI, ΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΤΑ ΑΛΕΚΤΡΟΝΟΝΕΟΤΤΑ, ΟΙΚΟΝ ΑΕΙ ΟΥΕ ΚΕΝ
ΕΠΙΑΝΗΞΑΝ ΕΓΚΑΘΙΣΟΜΕΝΑΙ

Ἀπόφθ. Ἀνέκ. τοῦ Γυλιέλ. τοῦ Μήτ.

CURSES ARE LIKE YOUNG CHICKENS, THEY ALWAYS COME HOME TO ROOST.

THE AUTHOR OF GEBIR,
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ΣΤΗΣΑΤΕ ΜΟΙ ΠΡΩΤΗΑ ΠΟΛΥΤΡΟΠΟΝ ΟΨΡΑ ΦΑΝΕΙΗ
ΠΟΙΚΙΛΑΟΝ ΕΙΔΟΣ ΕΧΩΝ, ΟΤΙ ΠΟΙΚΙΛΑΟΝ ΥΜΝΟΝ ΑΡΑΣΣΩ. Νόν. Διόν.

FOR I WILL FOR NO MAN'S PLEASURE
CHANGE A SYLLABLE OR MEASURE;
PEDANTS SHALL NOT TIE MY STRAINS

TO OUR ANTIQUE POETS' VEINS;
BEING BORN AS FREE AS THESE,
I WILL SING AS I SHALL PLEASE.

GEORGE WITHER.

ORIGINAL PREFACE

IN the religion of the Hindoos, which of all false religions is the most monstrous in its fables, and the most fatal in its effects, there is one remarkable peculiarity. Prayers, penances, and sacrifices are supposed to possess an inherent and actual value, in no degree depending upon the disposition or motive of the person who performs them. They are drafts upon Heaven, for which the Gods cannot refuse payment. The worst men, bent upon the worst designs, have in this manner obtained power which has made them formidable to the Supreme Deities themselves, and rendered an *Avatar*, or Incarnation of Veeshnoo the Preserver, necessary. This belief is the foundation of the following Poem. The story is original; but, in all its parts, consistent with the superstition upon which it is built: and however startling the fictions may appear, they might almost be called credible when compared with the genuine tales of Hindoo mythology.

No figures can be imagined more anti-picturesque, and less poetical, than the mythological personages of the Bramins. This deformity was easily kept out of sight:—their hundred hands are but a clumsy personification of power; their numerous heads only a gross image of divinity, 'whose countenance,' as the Bhagvat-Geeta expresses it, 'is turned on every side.' To the other obvious objection, that the religion of Hindostan is not generally known enough to supply fit machinery for an English poem, I can only answer, that, if every allusion to it throughout the work is not sufficiently self-explained to render the passage intelligible, there is a want of skill in the poet. Even those readers who should be wholly unacquainted with the writings of our learned Orientalists, will find all the preliminary knowledge that can be needful, in the brief explanation of mythological names prefixed to the Poem.

BRAMA, the Creator.
VEESHNOO, . . the Preserver.
SEEVA, the Destroyer.

These form the Trimourtee, or Trinity, as it has been called, of the Bramins. The allegory is obvious, but has been made for the Trimourtee, not the Trimourtee for the allegory; and these Deities are regarded by the people as three distinct and personal Gods. The two latter have at this day their hostile sects of worshippers; that of Seeva is the most numerous; and in this Poem, Seeva is represented as Supreme among the Gods. This is the same God whose name is variously written Seeb, Sieven, and Siva, Chiven by the French, Xiven by the Portuguese, and whom European writers sometimes denominate Eswara, Iswaren, Mahadeo, Mahadeva, Rutren, —according to which of his thousand and eight names prevailed in the country where they obtained their information.

INDRA, God of the Elements.
The SWERGA, . . his Paradise,—one of the Hindoo heavens.

YAMEN, Lord of Hell, and Judge of the Dead.

PADALON, Hell, — under the Earth, and, like the Earth, of an octagon shape; its eight gates are guarded by as many Gods.

MARRIATY, . . the Goddess who is chiefly worshipped by the lower castes.

POLLEAT, or Ganesa, — the Protector of Travellers. His statues are placed in the highways, and sometimes in a small lonely sanctuary, in the streets and in the fields.

CASYAPA, the Father of the Immortals.

DEVETAS, the Inferior Deities.

SURAS, Good Spirits.

ASURAS, Evil Spirits, or Devils.

GLENDOVEERS, the most beautiful of the Good Spirits, the Grindovers of Sonnerat.

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

I. THE FUNERAL

1

MIDNIGHT, and yet no eye
Through all the Imperial City closed in
sleep!

Behold her streets a-blaze
With light that seems to kindle the red
sky,

Her myriads swarming through the
crowded ways!

Master and slave, old age and infancy,
All, all abroad to gaze;
House-top and balcony

Clustered with women, who throw back
their veils

With unimpeded and insatiate sight
To view the funeral pomp which passes

by, 11

As if the mournful rite
Were but to them a scene of joyance and
delight.

Vainly, ye blessed twinklers of the night,
Your feeble beams ye shed,
Quench'd in the unnatural light which
night out-stare

Even the broad eye of day;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O Moon, an ineffectual ray!
For lo! ten thousand torches flame and
flare 20

Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.

3

Hark! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath!
'Tis the dirge of death!
At once ten thousand drums begin, 30

With one long thunder-peat the ear

Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.

The song of praise is drown'd
Amid the deafening sound ;

You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan,
Though the trumpet's breath, and the
dirge of death,

Swell with commingled force the funeral
yell. 40

But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name,
From all that countless rout ;

Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

Ten times ten thousand voices in one
shout

Call Arvalan ! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated rings
about,

From tower to tower rolls round.

The death-procession moves along ;
Their bald heads shining to the torches'
ray, 51

The Bramins lead the way,
Chaunting the funeral song.

And now at once they shout,
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordance cry,
Arvalan ! Arvalan !

The universal multitude reply.
In vain ye thunder on his ear the name ;
Would ye awake the dead ? 61

Borne upright in his palankeen,
There Arvalan is seen !

A glow is on his face, . . a lively red ;

It is the crimson canopy
Which o'er his cheek a reddening shade
hath shed ;

He moves, . . he nods his head, . .
But the motion comes from the bearers'
tread,

As the body, borne aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead
weight. 70

5

Close following his dead son, Kelhama
came,

Nor joining in the ritual song,
Nor calling the dear name ;

With head deprest and funeral vest,
And arms enfolded on his breast,

Silent and lost in thought he moves along.
King of the World, his slaves, unenvying

now, [they see

Behold their wretched Lord ; rejoiced
The mighty Rajah's misery ;

That Nature in his pride hath dealt the
blow, 80

And taught the Master of Mankind to
know

Even he himself is man, and not exempt
from woe.

6

O sight of grief ! the wives of Arvalan,
Young Azla, young Nealliny, are seen !

Their widow-robos of white,
With gold and jewels bright,
Each like an Eastern queen.

Woe ! woe ! around their palankeen,
As on a bridal day, 89

With symphony, and dance, and song,
Their kindred and their friends come on.

The dance of sacrifice ! the funeral song !
And next the victim slaves in long array,

Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,
Move onward to their death ;

The clarions' stirring breath
Lifts their thin robes in every flowing
fold,

And swells the woven gold,
That on the agitated air 99

Flutters and glitters to the torch's glare.

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded,
came ;

O wretched father ! O unhappy child !
Them were all eyes of all the throng
exploring . .

Is this the daring man
Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan ?

Is this the wretch condemn'd to feel
Kehama's dreadful wrath ?
Then were all hearts of all the throng
deploring ;

For not in that innumerable throng
Was one who loved the dead ; for who
could know III

What aggravated wrong
Provoked the desperate blow !

8

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of
sight,

In order'd files the torches flow along,
One ever-lengthening line of gliding
light :

Far . . far behind,
Rolls on the undistinguishable clamour,
Of horn, and trump, and tambour ;
Incessant as the roar 120

Of streams which down the wintry
mountain pour,
And louder than the dread commotion
Of breakers on a rocky shore,
When the winds rage over the waves,
And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

9

And now toward the bank they go,
Where winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow.
Here doth the funeral pile appear
With myrrh and ambergris bestrew'd,
And built of precious sandal wood.
They cease their music and their outcry
here, 132

Gently they rest the bier ;

They wet the face of Arvalan,
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite ;
They feel his breast, . . no motion there ;

They feel his lips, . . no breath ; -
For not with feeble, nor with erring hand,
The brave avenger dealt the blow of
death.

Then with a doubling peal and deeper
blast, 140

The tambours and the trumpets sound
on high,

And with a last and loudest cry,
They call on Arvalan.

10

Woe ! woe ! for Azla takes her seat
Upon the funeral pile !
Calmly she took her seat,
Calmly the whole terrific pomp survey'd ;
As on her lap the while
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.

11

Woe ! woe ! Nealliny, 150
The young Nealliny !
They strip her ornaments away,
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and
zone ;

Around her neck they leave
The marriage knot alone, . .
That marriage band, which when
Yon waning moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung.
Then with white flowers, the coronal of
death, 160

Her jetty locks they crown.

12

O sight of misery !
You cannot hear her cries, . . their sound
In that wild dissonance is drown'd ; . .

But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony, . .
See in her swelling throat the desperate
strength

That with vain effort struggles yet for
 life ; [strife,
 Her arms contracted now in fruitless
 Now wildly at full length 170
 Towards the crowd in vain for pity
 spread, . .
 They force her on, they bind her to the
 dead.

13

Then all around retire ;
 Circling the pile, the ministering
 Bramins stand,
 Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.
 Alone the Father of the dead advanced
 And lit the funeral pyre.

14

At once on every side
 The circling torches drop,
 At once on every side 180
 The fragrant oil is pour'd,
 At once on every side
 The rapid flames rush up.
 Then hand in hand the victim band
 Roll in the dance around the funeral
 pyre ;

Their garments' flying folds
 Float inward to the fire ;
 In drunken whirl they wheel around ;
 One drops, . . another plunges in ;
 And still with overwhelming din 190
 The tambours and the trumpets sound ;
 And clap of hand, and shouts, and cries,
 From all the multitude arise ;
 While round and round, in giddy wheel,
 Intoxicate they roll and reel,
 Till one by one whirl'd in they fall,
 And the devouring flames have swal-
 low'd all.

15

Then all was still ; the drums and
 clarions ceased ; [awe ;
 The multitude were hush'd in silent
 Only the roaring of the flames was
 heard. 200

II. THE CURSE

1

ALONE towards the Table of the Dead
 Kehama moved ; there on the altar-
 stone

Honey and rice he spread.

There with collected voice and painful
 tone

He call'd upon his son.

Lo ! Arvalan appears ;

Only Kehama's powerful eye beheld
 The thin ethereal spirit hovering nigh ;

Only the Rajah's ear

Received his feeble breath. 10

And is this all ? the mournful Spirit said,
 This all that thou canst give me after
 death ?

This unavailing pomp,

These empty pageantries that mock the
 dead !

2

In bitterness the Rajah heard,
 And groan'd, and smote his breast, and
 o'er his face

Cowl'd the white mourning vest.

3

ARVALAN

Art thou not powerful, . . even like
 a God ?

And must I, through my years of
 wandering,

Shivering and naked to the elements, 20
 In wretchedness await

The hour of Yamen's wrath ?

I thought thou wouldst embody me anew,
 Undying as I am, . .

Yea, re-create me ! . . Father, is this all ?
 This all ? and thou Almighty !

4

But in that wrongful and upbraiding
 tone,

Kehama found relief,

For rising anger half suppress his grief.

Reproach not me ! he cried, 30
 Had I not spell-secured thee from disease,
 Fire, sword, . . all common accidents
 of man, . .

And thou ! . . fool, fool . . to perish by
 a stake !

And by a peasant's arm ! . .
 Even now, when from reluctant Heaven,
 Forcing new gifts and mightier attri-
 butes,

So soon I should have quell'd the Death-
 God's power.

5

Waste not thy wrath on me, quoth
 Arvalan,

It was my hour of folly ! Fate prevail'd,
 Nor boots it to reproach me that I fell.
 I am in misery, Father ! Other souls
 Predoom'd to Indra's Heaven, enjoy

the dawn 42
 Of bliss, . . to them the temper'd ele-
 ments

Minister joy : genial delight the sun
 Sheds on their happy being, and the
 stars

Effuse on them benignant influences ;
 And thus o'er earth and air they roam
 at will,

And when the number of their days is
 full,

Go fearlessly before the awful throne.
 But I, . . all naked feeling and raw life, . .
 What worse than this hath Yamen's hell
 in store ? 51

If ever thou didst love me, mercy,
 Father !

Save me, for thou canst save . . the
 Elements

Know and obey thy voice.

6

KEHAMA

The Elements

Shall sin no more against thee ; whilst
 I speak

Already dost thou feel their power is
 gone.

Fear not ! I cannot call again the
 past,

Fate hath made that its own ; but Fate
 shall yield

To me the future ; and thy doom be
 fix'd 60

By mine, not Yamen's will. Meantime
 all power

Whereof thy feeble spirit can be made
 Participant, I give. Is there aught else
 To mitigate thy lot ?

ARVALAN

Only the sight of vengeance. (Give me
 that !

Vengeance, full, worthy, vengeance ! . .
 not the stroke

Of sudden punishment, . . no agony
 That spends itself and leaves the wretch
 at rest,

But lasting long revenge.

KEHAMA

What, boy ? is that cup sweet ? then
 take thy fill ! 70

So as he spake, a glow of dreadful pride
 Inflamed his cheek, with quick and
 angry stride

He moved toward the pile,
 And raised his hand to hush the crowd,
 and cried,

Bring forth the murderer ! At the
 Rajah's voice,
 Calmly, and like a man whom fear had
 stunn'd,

Ladurlad came, obedient to the call ;
 But Kailyal started at the sound,
 And gave a womanly shriek, and back
 she drew, 79

And eagerly she roll'd her eyes around,
 As if to seek for aid, albeit she knew
 No aid could there be found.

It chanced that near her on the river
brink,

The sculptured form of Marriataly
stood ;

It was an Idol roughly hewn of wood,
Artless, and mean, and rude ;

The Goddess of the poor was she ;
None else regarded her with piety.

But when that holy Image Kailyal
view'd, 89

To that she sprung, to that she clung,
On her own Goddess, with close-clasping
arms,

For life the maiden hung.

9

They seized the maid ; with unrelenting
grasp

They bruised her tender limbs ;

She, nothing yielding, to this only hope
Clings with the strength of frenzy and
despair.

She screams not now, she breathes not
now,

She sends not up one vow,

She forms not in her soul one secret
prayer,

All thought, all feeling, and all powers
of life 100

In the one effort centering. Wrathful
they

With tug and strain would force the
maid away ; . .

Didst thou, O Marriataly, see their strife,
In pity didst thou see the suffering maid ?

Or was thine anger kindled, that rude
hands

Assail'd thy holy Image ? . . for behold
The holy image shakes !

10

Irreverently bold, they deem the maid
Relax'd her stubborn hold,

And now with force redoubled drag their
prey ; 110

And now the rooted Idol to their sway
Bends, . . yields, . . and now it falls.

But then they scream,

For lo ! they feel the crumbling bank
give way,

And all are plunged into the stream.

11

She hath escaped my will, Kehama cried,
She hath escaped, . . but thou art here,

I have thee still,

The worse criminal !

And on Ladurlad, while he spake, severe
He fix'd his dreadful frown. 120

The strong reflection of the pile

Lit his dark lineaments,

Lit the protruded brow, the gathered,
front,

The steady eye of wrath.

12

But while the fearful silence yet endured,
Ladurlad escaped himself ;

Ere yet the voice of destiny

Which trembled on the Rajah's lips was
loosed,

Eager he interposed, 129

As if despair had waken'd him to hope ;
Mercy ! oh mercy ! only in defence . .

Only instinctively, . .

Only to save my child, I smote the
Prince ;

King of the world, be merciful !

Crush me, . . but torture not !

13

The Man-Almighty deign'd him no reply,
Still he stood silent ; in no human mood

Of mercy, in no hesitating thought

Of right and justice. At the length he
raised

His brow yet unrelax'd, . . his lips
unclosed, 140

And uttered from the heart,

With the whole feeling of his soul en-
forced,

The gathered vengeance came.

14

I charm thy life
 From the weapons of strife,
 From stone and from wood,
 From fire and from flood,
 From the serpent's tooth,
 And the beasts of blood :
 From Sickness I charm thee, 150
 And Time shall not harm thee ;
 But Earth which is mine,
 Its fruits shall deny thee ;
 And Water shall hear me,
 And know thee and fly thee ;
 And the Winds shall not touch thee
 When they pass by thee,
 And the Dews shall not wet thee,
 When they fall nigh thee :
 And thou shalt seek Death 160
 To release thee, in vain ;
 Thou shalt live in thy pain
 While Kehama shall reign,
 With a fire in thy heart,
 And a fire in thy brain ;
 And Sleep shall obey me,
 And visit thee never,
 And the Curse shall be on thee
 For ever and ever.

15

There where the Curse had stricken him,
 There stood the miserable man, 171
 There stood Ladurlad, with loose-hang-
 ing arms,
 And eyes of idiot wandering.
 Was it a dream ? alas,
 He heard the river flow,
 He heard the crumbling of the pile,
 He heard the wind which shower'd
 The thin white ashes round.
 There motionless he stood,
 As if he hoped it were a dream, 180
 And feared to move, lest he should prove
 The actual misery ;
 And still at times he met Kehama's eye,
 Kehama's eye that fastened on him still.

III. THE RECOVERY

1

THE Rajah turn'd toward the pile again,
 Loud rose the song of death from all the
 crowd ;
 Their din the instruments begin,
 And once again join in
 With overwhelming sound.
 Ladurlad starts, . . he looks around ;
 What hast thou here in view,
 O wretched man ! in this disastrous
 scene ;
 The soldier train, the Bramins who
 renew
 Their ministry around the funeral pyre,
 The empty palankeens, 11
 The dimly-fading fire.

Where too is she whom most his heart
 held dear,
 His best-beloved Kailyal, where is she,
 The solace and the joy of many a year
 Of widowhood ? is she then gone,
 And is he left all-utterly alone,
 To bear his blasting curse, and none
 To succour or deplore him ?
 He staggers from the dreadful spot ; the
 throng 20
 Give way in fear before him ;
 Like one who carries pestilence about,
 Shuddering they shun him, where he
 moves along.
 And now he wanders on
 Beyond the noisy rout ;
 He cannot fly and leave his Curse behind,
 Yet doth he seem to find
 A comfort in the change of circumstance.
 Adown the shore he strays,
 Unknowing where his wretched feet
 shall rest, 30
 But farthest from the fatal place is best.

6

By this in the orient sky appears the
gleam

Of day. Lo! what is yonder in the
stream,

Down the slow river floating slow,
In distance indistinct and dimly seen?

The childless one with idle eye
Followed its motion thoughtlessly;

Idly he gazed unknowing why,
And half unconscious that he watch'd
its way.

Belike it is a tree 40
Which some rude tempest, in its sudden
sway,

Tore from the rock, or from the hollow
shore

The undermining stream hath swept
away.

But when anon outswelling by its side,
A woman's robe he spied,
Oh then Ladurlad started,
As one, who in his grave
Had heard an Angel's call.

Yea, Marriatally, thou hast deign'd to
save!

Yea, Goddess! it is she, 50
Kailyal, still clinging senselessly
To thy dear Image, and in happy hour
Upborne amid the wave
By that preserving power.

Headlong in hope and in joy
Ladurlad plunged in the water;
The Water knew Kehama's spell,
The Water shrunk before him.

Blind to the miracle,
He rushes to his daughter, 60
And treads the river-depths in transport
wild,
And clasps and saves his child.

Upon the farther side a level shore
Of sand was spread: thither Ladurlad
bore

His daughter, holding still with senseless
hand

Thesaving Goddess; there upon the sand
He laid the livid maid,

Raised up against his knees her drooping
head;

Bent to her lips, . . her lips as pale as
death, . .

If he might feel her breath, 70
His own the while in hope and dread
suspended;

Chafed her cold breast, and ever and
anon

Let his hand rest, upon her heart ex-
tended.

Soon did his touch perceive, or fancy
there,

The first faint motion of returning life.
He chafes her feet and lays them bare
In the sun; and now again upon her
breast

Lays his hot hand; and now her lips he
prest,

For now the stronger throb of life he
knew;

And her lips tremble too! 80
The breath comes palpably:

Her quivering lids uncloze,
Feebly and feebly fall,

Relapsing as it seem'd to dead repose.

8

So in her father's arms thus languidly,
While over her with earnest gaze he
hung,

Silent and motionless she lay,
And painfully and slowly writhed at fits,
At fits to short convulsive starts was
stung. 89

Till when the struggle and strong agony
Had left her, quietly she lay reposed :
Her eyes now resting on Ladurlad's face,
Relapsing now, and now again unclosed.
The look she fix'd upon his face, implies
Nor thought nor feeling ; senselessly
 she lies, [eyes.
Composed like one who sleeps with open

9

Long he leant over her,
In silence and in fear.
Kailyal ! . . at length he cried in such
a tone
As a poor mother ventures who draws
near,
With silent footstep, to her child's sick
bed. [her head,
My Father! cried the maid, and raised
Awakening then to life and thought, . .
thou here ?

For when his voice she heard,
The dreadful past recurr'd,
Which dimly, like a dream of pain,
Till now with troubled sense confused
her brain.

10

And hath he spared us then ? she cried,
 Half rising as she spake,
 For hope and joy the sudden strength
 supplied ; 110
 In mercy hath he curb'd his cruel will,
 That still thou livest ? But as thus she
 said,
 Impatient of that look of hope, her sire
 Shook hastily his head ;
 Oh ! he hath laid a Curse upon my life,
 A clinging curse, quoth he ;
 Hath sent a fire into my heart and brain,
 A burning fire, for ever there to be !
 The Winds of Heaven must never
 breathe on me ;
 The Rains and Dews must never fall on
 me : 120

Water must mock my thirst and shrink
from me ;
The common Earth must yield no fruit
to me ;
Sleep, blessed Sleep ! must never light
on me ;
And Death, who comes to all, must fly
from me,
And never, never set Ladurlad free.

11

This is a dream ! exclaim'd the incredulous maid,
Yet in her voice the while a fear exprest,
Which in her larger eye was manifest.
This is a dream ! she rose and laid her hand
Upon her father's brow, to try the charm ; 130
He could not bear the pressure there ; . .
 he shrunk, . .
He warded off her arm,
As though it were an enemy's blow, he smote
His daughter's arm aside.
Her eye glanced down, his mantle she espied
And caught it up ; . . Oh misery !
Kailyal cried, [yet
He bore me from the river-depths, and
His garment is not wet !

IV. THE DEPARTURE

1

RECLINED beneath a Cocoa's feathery
 shade
 Ladurlal lies,
 And Kailyal on his lap her head hath
 laid,
 To hide her streaming eyes.
 The boatman, sailing on his easy way,
 With envious eye beheld them where
 they lay :

For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early
dew, [hour,
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing
power. 11

Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and
rais'd no shower.

Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as
they !

But now the Sun in heaven is high,
The little songsters of the sky
Sit silent in the sultry hour,
They pant and palpitate with heat ;
Their bills are open languidly 21
To catch the passing air ;
They hear it not, they feel it not,
It murmurs not, it moves not.
The boatman, as he looks to land,
Admires what men so mad to linger
there,
For yonder Cocoa's shade behind them
falls,
A single spot upon the burning sand.

There all the morning was Ladurlad laid,
Silent and motionless like one at ease ;
There motionless upon her father's knees
Reclined the silent maid. 32
The man was still, pondering with steady
mind.

As if it were another's Curse,
His own portentous lot ;
Scanning it o'er and o'er in busy thought,
As though it were a last night's tale of
woe.

Before the cottage door
By some old beldam sung,

While young and old, assembled round,
Listened, as if by witchery bound, 41
In fearful pleasure to her wondrous
tongue.

Musing so long he lay, that all things
seem

Unreal to his sense, even like a dream,
A monstrous dream of things which
could not be.

That beating, burning brow, . . . why it
was now [there

The height of noon, and he was lying
In the broad sun, all bare !

What if he felt no wind ? the air was still.

That was the general will 50
Of Nature, not his own peculiar doom ;
Yon rows of rice erect and silent stand,
The shadow of the Cocoa's lightest
 plume
Is steady on the sand.

Is it indeed a dream ? he rose to try,
Impatient to the water side he went,
And down he bent,
And in the stream he plunged his hasty
arm

To break the visionary charm,
With fearful eye and fearful heart, 60
His daughter watch'd the event;
She saw the start and shudder,
She heard the in-drawn groan,
For the Water knew Kehama's charm,
The Water shrunk before his arm.
His dry hand moved about unmoisten'd
there :

As easily might that dry hand avail
To stop the passing gale,
Or grasp the impassive air.
He is Almighty then ! 70
Exclaim'd the wretched man in his
despair :

Air knows him, Water knows him ; Sleep
 His dreadful word will keep ;
 Even in the grave there is no rest for me,
 Cut off from that last hope, . . the
 wretch's joy ;
 And Veeshnoo hath no power to save,
 Nor Seeva to destroy.

6

Oh ! wrong not them ! quoth Kailyal,
 Wrong not the Heavenly Powers !
 Our hope is all in them : They are not
 blind ! 80

And lighter wrongs than ours,
 And lighter crimes than his,
 Have drawn the Incarnate down among
 mankind.

Already have the Immortals heard our
 cries,

And in the mercy of their righteousness
 Beheld us in the hour of our distress !

She spake with streaming eyes,
 Where pious love and ardent feeling
 beam.

And turning to the Image, threw
 Her grateful arms around it, . . It was
 thou 90

Who savedst me from the stream !

My Marriataly, it was thou !

I had not else been here

To share my Father's Curse,

To suffer now, . . and yet to thank thee
 thus !

7

Here then, the maiden cried, dear

Father, here

Raise our own Goddess, our divine

Preserver !

The mighty of the earth despise her rites,
 She loves the poor who serve her.

Set up her Image here, 100

With heart and voice the guardian

Goddess bless,

For jealously would she resent

Neglect and thanklessness ; . .

Set up her Image here,
 And bless her for her aid with tongue
 and soul sincere.

8

So saying on her knees the maid

Began the pious toil.

Soon their joint labour scoops the easy
 soil ; [hand,

They raise the Image up with reverent
 And round its rooted base they heap the
 sand. 110

O Thou whom we adore,

O Marriataly, thee do I implore,

The virgin cried ; my Goddess, pardon
 thou

The unwilling wrong, that I no more,

With dance and song,

Can do thy daily service, as of yore !

The flowers which last I wreathed around
 thy brow,

Are withering there ; and never now

Shall I at eve adore thee,

And swimming round with arms out-
 spread, 120

Poise the full pitcher on my head,

In dexterous dance before thee,

While underneath the reedy shed, at rest

My father sat the evening rites to view,

And blest thy name, and blest

His daughter too.

9

Then heaving from her heart a heavysigh,

O Goddess ! from that happy home,
 cried she,

The Almighty Man hath forced us !

And homeward with the thought un-
 consciously 130

She turn'd her dizzy eye. . . But there
 on high,

With many a dome, and pinnacle, and
 spire,

The summits of the Golden Palaces
 Blazed in the dark blue sky, aloft, like
 fire.

Father, away ! she cried, away !
 Why linger we so nigh ?
 For not to him hath Nature given
 The thousand eyes of Deity,
 Always and every where with open
 sight,
 To persecute our flight ! 140
 Away . . away ! she said,
 And took her father's hand, and like a
 child
 He followed where she led.

V. THE SEPARATION

1

EVENING comes on : arising from the
 stream,
 Homeward the tall flamingo wings
 his flight ;
 And where he sails athwart the setting
 beam,
 His scarlet plumage glows with deeper
 light.
 The watchman, at the wish'd approach
 of night,
 Gladly forsakes the field, where he all
 day,
 To scare the winged plunderers from
 their prey,
 With shout and sling, on yonder
 clay-built height,
 Hath borne the sultry ray.
 Hark ! at the Golden Palaces 10
 The Bramin strikes the hour.
 For leagues and leagues around, the
 brazen sound
 Rolls through the stillness of departing
 day,
 Like thunder far away.

2

Behold them wandering on their hope-
 less way,
 Unknowing where they stray,

Yet sure where'er they stop to find no
 rest.

The evening gale is blowing,
 It plays among the trees ;
 Like plumes upon a warrior's crest,
 They see yon cocoas tossing to the
 breeze. 21

Ladurlad views them with impatient
 mind,
 Impatiently he hears
 The gale of evening blowing,
 The sound of waters flowing,
 As if all sights and sounds combined
 To mock his irremediable woe ;
 For not for him the blessed waters flow,
 For not for him the gales of evening blow,
 A fire is in his heart and brain, 30
 And Nature hath no healing for his pain.

3

The Moon is up, still pale
 Amid the lingering light.
 A cloud ascending in the eastern sky,
 Sails slowly o'er the vale,
 And darkens round and closes in the
 night.
 No hospitable house is nigh,
 No traveller's home the wanderers to
 invite ;
 Forlorn, and with long watching
 overworn,
 The wretched father and the wretched
 child 40
 Lie down amid the wild.

4

Before them full in sight,
 A white flag flapping to the winds of night
 Marks where the tiger seized a human
 prey.
 Far, far away with natural dread,
 Shunning the perilous spot,
 At other times abhorrent had they fled ;
 But now they heed it not.
 Nothing they care ; the boding death-
 flag now

In vain for them may gleam and flutter
there.

Despair and agony in him, 50
Prevent all other thought ;
And Kailyal hath no heart or sense for
aught,
Save her dear father's strange and
miserable lot.

There in the woodland shade,
Upon the lap of that unhappy maid,
His head Ladurlad laid,
And never word he spake ;
Nor heaved he one complaining sigh,
Nor groaned he with his misery, 60
But silently for her dear sake
Endured the raging pain.

And now the moon was hid on high,
No stars were glimmering in the sky ;
She could not see her father's eye,
How red with burning agony ;
Perhaps he may be cooler now,
She hoped, and long'd to touch his
brow

With gentle hand, yet did not dare
To lay the painful pressure there. 70
Now forward from the tree she bent,
And anxiously her head she leant,
And listen'd to his breath.

Ladurlad's breath was short and quick,
Yet regular it came,
And like the slumber of the sick,
In pantings still the same.
Oh if he sleeps ! . . her lips unclosed,
Intently listening to the sound,
That equal sound so like repose. 80
Still quietly the sufferer lies,
Bearing his torment now with resolute
will ;

He neither moves, nor groans, nor sighs.
Doth satiate cruelty bestow
This little respite to his woe,
She thought, or are there Gods who look
below ?

6

Perchance, thought Kailyal, willingly
deceived,
Our Marriataly hath his pain relieved,
And she hath bade the blessed sleep
assuage 89
His agony, despite the Rajah's rage.
That was a hope which fill'd her gushing
eyes,
And made her heart in silent yearnings
rise,
To bless the power divine in thankful-
ness.

And yielding to that joyful thought
her mind,
Backward the maid her aching head
reclined

Against the tree, and to her father's
breath [ear.
In fear she hearken'd still with earnest
But soon forgetful fits the effort broke ;
In starts of recollection then she woke,
Till now benignant Nature over-
came 100

The Virgin's weary and exhausted frame,
Nor able more her painful watch to keep,
She closed her heavy lids, and sunk to
sleep.

7

Vain was her hope ! he did not rest from
pain,
The Curse was burning in his brain ;
Alas ! the innocent maiden thought he
slept,
But Sleep the Rajah's dread command-
ment kept,

Sleep knew Kehama's Curse.
The dews of night fell round them now,
They never bathed Ladurlad's brow,
They knew Kehama's Curse. 111

The night-wind is abroad,
Aloft it moves among the stirring trees ;
He only heard the breeze, . .
No healing aid to him it brought,

It play'd around his head and touch'd
 him not,
 It knew Kehama's Curse.

8

Listening, Ladurlad lay in his despair,
 If Kailyal slept, for wherefore should
 she share

Her father's wretchedness, which none
 could cure ? 120

Better alone to suffer ; he must bear
 The burden of his Curse, but why endure
 The unavailing presence of her grief ?
 She too, apart from him, might find
 relief ;

For dead the Rajah deem'd her, and
 as thus
 Already she his dread revenge had fled,
 So might she still escape and live secure.

9

Gently he lifts his head,
 And Kailyal does not feel ; 129
 Gently he rises up, . . she slumbers still ;
 Gently he steals away with silent
 tread.

Anon she started, for she felt him gone ;
 She call'd, and through the stillness of
 the night,

His step was heard in flight.
 Mistrustful for a moment of the sound,
 She listens ; till the step is heard no
 more ;

But then she knows that he indeed is
 gone,

And with a thrilling shriek she rushes on.
 The darkness and the wood impede her
 speed ;

She lifts her voice again, 140
 Ladurlad ! . . and again, alike in vain,

And with a louder cry [away,
 Straining its tone to hoarseness ; . . far
 Selfish in misery,
 He heard the call and faster did he fly.

10

She leans against that tree whose jutting
 bough

Smote her so rudely. Her poor heart
 How audibly it panted,

With sudden stop and start ;
 Her breath how short and painfully it
 came ! 150

Hark ! all is still around her, . .
 And the night so utterly dark,

She opened her eyes and she closed
 them,
 And the blackness and blank were the
 same.

11

'Twas like a dream of horror, and she
 stood

Half doubting whether all indeed
 were true.

A tiger's howl loud echoing through the
 wood,

Roused her ; the dreadful sound she
 knew,

And turn'd instinctively to what she
 fear'd.

Far off the tiger's hungry howl was
 heard ; 160

A nearer horror met the maiden's view,
 For right before her a dim form appear'd,

A human form in that black night,
 Distinctly shaped by its own lurid light,
 Such light as the sickly moon is seen
 to shed,

Through spell-raised fogs, a bloody
 baleful red.

12

That Spectre fix'd his eyes upon her full ;
 The light which shone in their accursed
 orbs

Was like a light from Hell,
 And it grew deeper, kindling with the
 view. 170

She could not turn her sight

From that infernal gaze, which like
a spell

Bound her, and held her rooted to
the ground.

It palsied every power,
Her limbs avail'd her not in that dread
hour,

There was no moving thence,
Thought, memory, sense were gone :
She heard not now the tiger's nearer cry,
She thought not on her father now,

Her cold heart's blood ran back, 180
Her hand lay senseless on the bough it
clasp'd,

Her feet were motionless ;

Her fascinated eyes
Like the stone eye-balls of a statue fix'd,
Yet conscious of the sight that blasted
them.

13

The wind is abroad,
It opens the clouds ;
Scatter'd before the gale,
They skurry through the sky,
And the darkness retiring rolls over the
vale. 190
The Stars in their beauty come forth on
high,

And through the dark blue night
The Moon rides on triumphant, broad
and bright.

Distinct and darkening in her light,
Appears that Spectre foul,
The moon-beam gives his face and form
to sight,

The shape of man,
The living form and face of Arvalan ! . .
His hands are spread to clasp her.

14

But at that sight of dread the Maid
awoke ; 200

As if a lightning-stroke
Had burst the spell of fear,

Away she broke all frantically, and fled.
There stood a temple near beside the
way,

An open fane of Pollear, gentle God,
To whom the travellers for protection
pray.

With elephantine head and eye severe,
Here stood his image, such as when he
seiz'd

And tore the rebel Giant from the
ground, 209

With mighty trunk wreathed round
His impotent bulk, and on his tusks, on
high

Impaled upheld him between earth and
sky.

15

Thither the affrighted Maiden sped her
flight,

And she hath reach'd the place of
sanctuary ;
And now within the temple in despite,
Yea, even before the altar, in his
sight,

Hath Arvalan with flesh.y arm of might
Seized her. That instant the insulted
God

Caught him aloft, and from his sinuous
grasp, 219

As if from some tort catapult let loose,
Over the forest hur'd him all abroad.

16

O'ercome with dread,
She tarried not to see what heavenly
Power

Had saved her in that hour ;
Breathless and faint she fled.
And now her foot struck on the knotted
root

Of a broad manchineil, and there the
Maid

Fell senselessly beneath the deadly
shade.

VI. CASYAPA

SHALL this then be thy fate, O lovely
Maid,

Thus, Kailyal, must thy sorrows then
be ended ?

Her face upon the ground,
Her arms at length extended,
There like a corpse behold her laid
Beneath the deadly shade.

What if the hungry tiger, prowling by,
Should snuff his banquet nigh ?

Alas, Death needs not now his ministry ;
The baleful boughs hang o'er her, 10
The poison-dews descend.

What Power will now restore her ?
What God will be her friend ?

2

Bright and so beautiful was that fair
night,

It might have calm'd the gay amid
their mirth,

And given the wretched a delight in
tears.

One of the Glendoveers,
The loveliest race of all of heavenly
birth,

Hovering with gentle motion o'er the
earth,

Amid the moonlight air, 20
In sportive flight was floating round and
round,

Unknowing where his joyous way was
tending.

He saw the Maid where motionless she
lay,

And stoopt his flight descending,
And raised her from the ground.

Her heavy eye-lids are half closed,
Her cheeks are pale and livid like the
dead,

Down hang her loose arms lifelessly,
Down hangs her languid head.

With timely pity touch'd for one so fair,
The gentle Glendoveer 31

Press'd her thus pale and senseless to
his breast,

And springs aloft in air with sinewy wings,
And bears the Maiden there,

Where Himakoot, the holy Mount, on high
From mid-earth rising in mid-Heaven,
Shines in its glory like the throne of
Even.

Soaring with strenuous flight above,
He bears her to the blessed Grove,

Where in his ancient and august abodes,
There dwells old Casyapa, the Sire
of Gods. 41

4

The Father of the Immortals sate,
Where underneath the Tree of Life,
The Fountains of the Sacred River
sprung ;

The Father of the Immortals smiled
Benignant on his son.

Knowest thou, he said, my child,
Ereenia, knowest thou whom thou
bringest here,

A mortal to the holy atmosphere ?

EREENIA

I found her in the Groves of Earth,
Beneath a poison-tree, 51

Thus lifeless as thou seest her.
In pity have I brought her to these
bowers,

Not erring, Father ! by that smile . .
By that benignant eye !

CASYAPA

What if the Maid be sinful ? if her ways
Were ways of darkness, and her death
predoom'd

To that black hour of midnight, when
the Moon

Hath turn'd her face away,
Unwilling to behold 60
The unhappy end of guilt ?

That must not be,
For Force and Evil then would enter
here ; [sin,
Ganges, the holy stream which cleanseth
Would flow from hence polluted in
its springs, [death,
And they who gasp upon its banks in

Feel no salvation. Piety, and Peace,
And Wisdom, these are mine; but not
the power 120

Which could protect her from the
Almighty Man;

Nor when the spirit of dead Arvalan
Should persecute her here to glut his
rage,

To heap upon her yet more agony,
And ripen more damnation for himself.

EREENIA

Dead Arvalan ?

CASYAPA

All power to him, whereof
The disembodied spirit in its state
Of weakness could be made participant,
Kehama hath assign'd, until his days
Of wandering shall be number'd. 131

EREENIA

Look ! she drinks
The gale of healing from the blessed
Groves.

She stirs, and lo ! her hand
Hath touch'd the Holy River in its
source,

Who would have shrunk if aught impure
were nigh.

CASYAPA

The Maiden, of a truth, is pure from sin.

5

The waters of the Holy Spring
About the hand of Kailayal play ;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay, 141

As if with that rejoicing stir
The Holy Spring would welcome her.
The Tree of life which o'er her spread,

Benignant bow'd its sacred head,

And dropt its dews of healing ;

And her heart-blood at every breath,
Recovering from the strife of death,

Drew in new strength and feeling.

Behold her beautiful in her repose, 150

A life-bloom reddening now her dark-
brown cheek ;

And lo ! her eyes uncloze,

Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring
profound

When night hangs over it,
Bright as the moon's refulgent beam,
That quivers on its clear up-sparkling
stream.

6

Soon she let fall her lids,
As one who, from a blissful dream
Waking to thoughts of pain,
Fain would return to sleep, and dream
again. 160

Distrustful of the sight,
She moves not, fearing to disturb
The deep and full delight.

In wonder fix'd, opening again her eye
She gazes silently,
Thinking her mortal pilgrimage was past,
That she had reach'd her heavenly home
of rest,

And these were Gods before her,
Or spirits of the blest.

7

Lo ! at Ereenia's voice. 170
A Ship of Heaven comes sailing down
the skies.

Where would'st thou bear her ? cries
The ancient Sire of Gods.
Straight to the Swerga, to my Bower of

The Glendoveer replies,

To Indra's own abodes.

Foe of her foe, were it alone for this
Indra should guard her from his ven-
geance there ;

But if the God forbear,
Unwilling yet the perilous strife to try,
Or shrinking from the dreadful Rajah's
might, . . 181

Weak as I am, O Father, even I
Stand forth in Seeva's sight.

Trust thou in him whate'er betide,
 And stand forth fearlessly !
 The Sire of Gods replied :
 All that He wills is right, and doubt not
 thou,
 Howe'er our feeble scope of sight
 May fail us now,
 His righteous will in all things must be
 done. 190
 My blessing be upon thee, O my son !

The sail from end to end display'd
 Bent, like a rainbow, o'er the Maid.
 An Angel's head, with visual eye, 21
 Through trackless space, directs its
 chosen way ;
 Nor aid of wing, nor foot, nor fin,
 Requires to voyage o'er the obedient
 sky.
 Smooth as the swan when not a breeze
 at even
 Disturbs the surface of the silver stream,
 Through air and sunshine sails the Ship
 of Heaven.

VII. THE SWERGA

1
 THEN in the Ship of Heaven, Ereenia
 laid
 The waking, wondering Maid ;
 The Ship of Heaven, instinct with
 thought, display'd
 Its living sail, and glides along the sky.
 On either side in wavy tide,
 The clouds of morn along its path divide ;
 The Winds who swept in wild career on
 high, [force ;
 Before its presence check their charmed
 The Winds that loitering lagg'd along
 their course,
 Around the living Bark enamour'd play,
 Swell underneath the sail, and sing
 before its way. 11

2
 That Bark, in shape, was like the
 furrow'd shell
 Wherein the Sea-Nymphs to their parent-
 King, [bring.
 On festal day, their duteous offerings
 Its hue ? . . Go watch the last green
 light [Night ;
 Ere Evening yields the western sky to
 Or fix upon the Sun thy strenuous sight
 Till thou hast reach'd its orb of
 chrysolite.

Recumbent there the Maiden glides
 along
 On her aerial way,
 How swift she feels not, though the
 swiftest wind 30
 Had flagg'd in flight behind.
 Motionless as a sleeping babe she lay,
 And all serene in mind,
 Feeling no fear ; for that ethereal air
 With such new life and joyance fill'd her
 heart,
 Fear could not enter there ;
 For sure she deem'd her mortal part
 was o'er,
 And she was sailing to the heavenly
 shore ; [beside,
 And that angelic form, who moved
 Was some good Spirit sent to be her
 guide. 40

Daughter of Earth ! therein thou deem'st
 aright ;
 And never yet did form more beautiful,
 In dreams of night descending from
 on high,
 Bless the religious Virgin's gifted sight,
 Nor like a vision of delight,
 Rise on the raptur'd Poet's inward eye.
 Of human form divine was he,

The immortal Youth of Heaven who
 floated by,
 Even such as that divinest form shall be
 In those blest stages of our onward race,
 When no infirmity, 51
 Low thought, nor base desire, nor
 wasting care,
 Deface the semblance of our heavenly
 sire.

5

The wings of Eagle or of Cherubim
 Had seem'd unworthy him ;
 Angelic power and dignity and grace
 Were in his glorious pennons ; from the
 neck
 Down to the ankle reach'd their swelling
 web
 Richer than robes of Tyrian dye, that
 deck
 Imperial Majesty : 60
 Their colour like the winter's moonless
 sky,
 When all the stars of midnight's canopy
 Shine forth ; or like the azure deep at
 noon,
 Reflecting back to heaven a brighter
 blue.
 Such was their tint when closed, but
 when outspread,
 The permeating light
 Shed through their substance thin a
 varying hue ;
 Now bright as when the rose,
 Beauteous as fragrant, gives to scent
 and sight
 A like delight ; now like the juice that
 flows 70
 From Douro's generous vine ;
 Or ruby when with deepest red it glows ;
 Or as the morning clouds refulgent
 shine,
 When, at forthcoming of the Lord of
 Day,
 The Orient, like a shrine,

Kindles as it receives the rising ray,
 And heralding his way,
 Proclaims the presence of the Power
 divine.

6

Thus glorious were the wings 79
 Of that celestial Spirit, as he went
 Disporting through his native element.
 Nor these alone
 The gorgeous beauties that they gave
 to view ;
 Through the broad membrane branched
 a pliant bone, [stem,
 Spreading like fibres from their parent
 Its veins like interwoven silver shone,
 Or as the chaster hue
 Of pearls that grace some Sultan's
 diadem.
 Now with slow stroke and strong behold
 him smite
 The buoyant air, and now in gentler
 flight, 90
 On motionless wing expanded, shoot
 along.

7

Through air and sunshine sails the Ship
 of Heaven ;
 Far, far beneath them lies
 The gross and heavy atmosphere of
 earth ;
 And with the Swerga gales,
 The Maid of mortal birth
 At every breath a new delight inhales.
 And now toward its port the Ship of
 Heaven, [flight,
 Swift as a falling meteor, shapes its
 Yet gently as the dew of night that
 gem, 100
 And do not bend the hare-bell's
 slenderest stem.
 Daughter of Earth, Ereenia cried, alight ;
 This is thy place of rest, the Swerga this,
 Lo, here my Bower of Bliss !

He furl'd his azure wings, which round
 him fold
 Graceful as robes of Grecian chief of old.
 The happy Kailyal knew not where
 to gaze ;
 Her eyes around in joyful wonder roam,
 Now turn'd upon the lovely Glendoveer,
 Now on his heavenly home. 110

EREENIA

Here, Maiden, rest in peace,
 And I will guard thee, feeble as I am.
 The Almighty Rajah shall not harm
 thee here,
 While Indra keeps his throne.

KAILYAL

Alas, thou fearest him !
 Immortal as thou art, thou fearest him !
 I thought that death had saved me from
 his power ;
 Not even the dead are safe.

EREENIA

Long years of life and happiness,
 O Child of Earth be thine ! 120
 From death I sav'd thee, and from all
 thy foes
 Will save thee, while the Swerga is
 secure.

KAILYAL

Not me alone, O gentle Deveta !
 I have a Father suffering upon earth,
 A persecuted, wretched, poor, good man,
 For whose strange misery
 There is no human help,
 And none but I dare comfort him
 Beneath Kehama's Curse ; 129
 O gentle Deveta, protect him too !

EREENIA

Come, plead thyself to Indra ! Words
 like thine
 May win their purpose, rouse his slum-
 bering heart,

And make him yet put forth his arm to
 wield
 The thunder, while the thunder is his
 own.

Then to the Garden of the Deity
 Ereenia led the Maid.

In the mid garden tower'd a giant Tree ;
 Rock-rooted on a mountain-top, it grew,
 Rear'd its unrivall'd head on high,
 And stretch'd a thousand branches o'er
 the sky, 140
 Drinking with all its leaves celestial dew.
 Lo ! where from thence as from a living
 well

A thousand torrents flow !

For still in one perpetual shower,
 Like diamond drops, ethereal waters fell
 From every leaf of all its ample bower.
 Rolling adown the steep
 From that ærial height,
 Through the deep shade of aromatic
 trees.

Half-seen, the cataracts shoot their
 gleams of light. 150
 And pour upon the breeze
 Their thousand voices ; far away the
 roar,

In modulations of delightful sound,
 Half-heard and ever varying, floats
 around.

Below, an ample Lake expanded lies,
 Blue as the o'er-arching skies :
 Forth issuing from that lovely Lake
 A thousand rivers water Paradise.
 Full to the brink, yet never overflowing,
 They cool the amorous gales, which,
 ever blowing, 160
 O'er their melodious surface love to
 stray ;

Then winging back their way,
 Their vapours to the parent Tree repay ;
 And ending thus where they began,

And feeding thus the source from whence
 they came,
 The eternal rivers of the Swerga ran,
 For ever renovate, yet still the same.

10

On that ethereal lake, whose waters lie
 Blue and transpicuous, like another sky,
 The Elements had rear'd their King's
 abode. 170

A strong controuling power their strife
 suspended,

And there their hostile essences they
 blended,

To form a Palace worthy of the God.
 Built on the Lake, the waters were its
 floor ;

And here its walls were water arch'd
 with fire,

And here were fire with water vaulted
 o'er ;

And spires and pinnacles of fire
 Round watery cupolas aspire,

And domes of rainbow rest on fiery
 towers ;

And roofs of flame are turreted around
 With cloud, and shafts of cloud with
 flame are bound. 181

Here too the Elements for ever veer,
 Ranging around with endless inter-
 changing ;

Pursued in love, and so in love pursuing,
 In endless revolutions here they roll ;

For ever their mysterious work
 renewing ;

The parts all shifting, still unchanged
 the whole.

Even we on earth at intervals descry
 Gleams of the glory, streaks of flowing
 light,

Openings of heaven, and streams that
 flash at night 190

In fitful splendour, through the northern
 sky.

11

Impatient of delay, Ereenia caught
 The Maid aloft, and spread his wings
 abroad,

And bore her to the presence of the God.
 There Indra sate upon his throne
 reclined,

Where Devetas adore him ;
 The lute of Nared, warbling on the wind,
 All tones of magic harmony combined

To sooth his troubled mind,
 While the dark-eyed Apsaras danced
 before him. 200

In vain the God-musician play'd,
 In vain the dark-eyed Nymphs of
 Heaven essay'd

To charm him with their beauties in the
 dance ; [appear,

And when he saw the mortal Maid
 Led by the heroic Glendoveer,
 A deeper trouble fill'd his countenance.
 What hast thou done, Ereenia, said the
 God,

Bringing a mortal here ?
 And while he spake his eye was on the
 Maid ;

The look he gave was solemn, not
 severe : 210

No hope to Kailyal it convey'd,
 And yet it struck no fear ;
 There was a sad displeasure in his air,
 But pity too was there.

EREENIA

Hear me, O Indra ! On the lower earth
 I found this child of man, by what
 mishap

I know not, lying in the lap of death.
 Aloft I bore her to our Father's grove,
 Not having other thought, than when
 the gales

Of bliss had heal'd her, upon earth again
 To leave its lovely daughter. Other
 thoughts 221

Arose, when Casyapa declared her fate ;

For she is one who groans beneath the
power

Of the dread Rajah, terrible alike
To men and Gods. His son, dead
Arvalan, [power,
Arm'd with a portion, Indra, of thy
Already wrested from thee, persecutes
The Maid, the helpless one, the innocent.
What then behoved me but to waft
her here

To my own Bower of Bliss ? what other
choice ? 230

The Spirit of foul Arvalan not yet
Hath power to enter here ; here thou
art yet [own.
Supreme, and yet the Swerga is thine

INDRA

No child of man, Ereenia, in the Bowers
Of Bliss may sojourn, till he hath put off
His mortal part ; for on mortality
Time and Infirmary and Death attend,
Close followers they, and in their mourn-
ful train

Sorrow and Pain and Mutability.
Did these find entrance here, we should
behold 240
Our joys, like earthly summers, pass
away.

Those joys perchance may pass ; a
stronger hand
May wrest my sceptre, and unparadise
The Swerga ; . . but, Ereenia, if we fall,
Let it be Fate's own arm that casts
us down :

We will not rashly hasten and provoke
The blow, nor bring ourselves the
ruin on.

EREENIA

Fear courts the blow, Fear brings the
ruin on. [Destiny

Needs must the chariot-wheels of
Crush him who throws himself before
their track, 250

Patient and prostrate.

INDRA

All may yet be well.
Who knows but Veeshnoo will descend
and save,
Once more incarnate ?

EREENIA

Look not there for help,
Nor build on unsubstantial hope thy
trust.

Our Father Casyapa hath said he turns
His doubtful eye to Seeva, even as thou
Dost look to him for aid. But thine
own strength

Should for thine own salvation be put
forth ; 260

Then might the higher Powers
approving see
And bless the brave resolve. . . Oh, that
my arm

Could wield yon lightnings which play
idly there,
In inoffensive radiance round thy head !
The Swerga should not need a champion
now, [vain !
Nor Earth implore deliverance still in

INDRA

Thinkest thou I want the will ? Rash
Son of Heaven,
What if my arm be feeble as thine own
Against the dread Kehama ? He went
on

Conquering in irresistible career, 270
Till his triumphant car had measured
o'er

The insufficient earth, and all the Kings
Of men received his yoke ; then had he
won

His will, to ride upon their necks elate,
And crown his conquests with the
sacrifice

That should, to men and gods, proclaim
him Lord [World,
And Sovereign Master of the vassal
Sole Rajah, the Omnipotent below.

The steam of that portentous sacrifice
Arose to Heaven. Then was the hour to
strike ; 280

Then in the consummation of his pride,
His height of glory, then the thunder-
bolt

Should have gone forth, and hurl'd him
from his throne

Down to the fiery floor of Padalon,
To everlasting burnings, agony
Eternal, and remorse which knows no
end.

That hour went by : grown impious in
success,

By prayer and penances he wrested now
Such power from Fate, that soon, if
Seeva turn not 289

His eyes on earth, and no Avatar save,
Soon will he seize the Swerga for his own,
Roll on through Padalon his chariot
wheels,

Tear up the adamantine bolts which lock
The accurst Asuras to its burning floor,
And force the drink of Immortality
From Yamen's charge. . . Vain were it
now to strive ;

My thunder cannot pierce the sphere
of power
Wherewith, as with a girdle, he is bound.

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta !
Take me again to earth ! This is no
place 300

Of rest for me ! . . my Father still
must bear
His curse . . he shall not bear it all alone ;
Take me to earth, that I may follow
him ! . .

I do not fear the Almighty Man ! the
Gods [Powers
Are feeble here ; but there are higher
Who will not turn their eyes from wrongs
like ours ;

Take me to earth, O gentle Deveta ! . .

12
Saying thus she knelt, and to his knees
she clung

And bow'd her head, in tears and
silence praying.

Rising anon, around his neck she flung
Her arms, and there with folded
hands she hung, 311

And fixing on the guardian Glendoveer
Her eyes, more eloquent than Angel's
tongue, [here !

Again she cried, There is no comfort
I must be with my Father in his pain . .
Take me to earth, O Deveta, again !

13
Indra with admiration heard the Maid.
O Child of Earth, he cried,

Already in thy spirit thus divine,
Whatever weal or woe betide, 320
Be that high sense of duty still thy guide,
And all good Powers will aid a soul like
thine.

Then turning to Ereenia, thus he said,
Take her where Ganges hath its second
birth,

Below our sphere, and yet above the
earth ; [power
There may Ladurlad rest beyond the
Of the dread Rajah, till the fated hour.

VIII. THE SACRIFICE

1
Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O God of
the Sky,

Why slumber those thunders of thine ?
Dost thou tremble on high, . .
Wilt thou tamely the Swerga resign, . .
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread ?
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, Monarch
divine,

How many a day to Seeva's shrine
Kehama his victim hath led ?
Nine and ninety days are fled,

Nine and ninety steeds have bled ; ro
One more, the rite will be complete,
One victim more, and this the dreadful
day. [seat.

Then will the impious Rajah seize thy
And wrest the thunder-sceptre from thy
sway.

Along the mead the hallow'd Steed
Yet bends at liberty his way ;
At noon his consummating blood will
flow.

O day of woe ! above, below,
That blood confirms the Almighty
Tyrant's reign !
Thou tremblest, O Indra, O God of the
Sky.

Thy thunder is vain,
Thou tremblest on high for thy power !
But where is Veeshnoo at this hour,
But where is Seeva's eye ?
Is the Destroyer blind ?

Is the Preserver careless for mankind?

2

Along the mead the hallow'd Steed
Still wanders wheresoe'er he will,
O'er hill, or dale, or plain ; 29
No human hand hath trick'd that mane
From which he shakes the morning dew ;
His mouth has never felt the rein,
His lips have never froth'd the chain ;
For pure of blemish and of stain,
His neck unbroke to mortal yoke,
Like Nature free the Steed must be,
Fit offering for the Immortals he.
A year and day the Steed must stray
Wherever chance may guide his way,
Before he fall at Seeva's shrine ; 40
The year and day have pass'd away,
Nor touch of man hath marr'd the rite
divine.

And now at noon the Steed must bleed,
The perfect rite to-day must force the
 meed [bestow ;
Which Fate reluctant shudders to

Then must the Swerga-God
Yield to the Tyrant of the world below ;
Then must the Devetas obey
The Rajah's rod, and groan beneath his
hateful sway.

The Sun rides high ; the hour is nigh ;
The multitude who long, 5
Lest aught should mar the rite,
In circle wide on every side,
Have kept the Steed in sight,
Contract their circle now, and drive him
on. [court,
Drawn in long files before the Temple-
The Rajah's archers flank an ample
space ;
Here, moving onward still, they drive
him near, [here.
Then, opening, give him way to enter

Behold him, how he starts and flings
his head ! 60
On either side in glittering order spread,
The archers ranged in narrowing lines
appear ;
The multitude behind close up the rear
With moon-like bend, and silently await
The awful end,
The rite that shall from Indra wrest his
power.
In front, with far-stretched walls, and
many a tower,
Turret and dome and pinnacle clate,
The huge Pagoda seems to load the land :
And there before the gate 70
The Bramin band expectant stand,
The axe is ready for Kehama's hand.

Hark ! at the Golden Palaces
The Bramin strikes the time !
One, two, three, four, a thrice-told
chime.

And then again, one, two.
 The bowl that in its vessel floats, anew
 Must fill and sink again,
 Then will the final stroke be due.
 The Sun rides high, the noon is nigh,
 And silently, as if spell bound, 87
 The multitude expect the sound.

6

Lo ! how the Steed, with sudden start,
 Turns his quick head to every part ;
 Long files of men on every side appear.
 The sight might well his heart affright,
 And yet the silence that is here
 Inspires a stranger fear ;
 For not a murmur, not a sound
 Of breath or motion rises round, 90
 No stir is heard in all that mighty crowd ;
 He neighs, and from the temple-wall
 The voice re-echoes loud,
 Loud and distinct, as from a hill
 Across a lonely vale, when all is still.

7

Within the temple, on his golden throne
 Reclined, Kehama lies,
 Watching with steady eyes
 The perfumed light that, burning bright,
 Metes out the passing hours. 100
 On either hand his eunuchs stand,
 Freshening with fans of peacock-plumes
 the air,
 Which, redolent of all rich gums and
 flowers,
 Seems, overcharged with sweets, to
 stagnate there. [slow
 Lo ! the time-taper's flame ascending
 Creeps up its coil toward the fated line ;
 Kehama rises and goes forth,
 And from the altar, ready where it lies,
 He takes the axe of sacrifice.

8

That instant from the crowd, with
 sudden shout, 110
 A Man sprang out

To lay upon the Steed his hand profane.
 A thousand archers, with unerring eye,
 At once let fly,
 And with their hurtling arrows fill the
 sky.
 In vain they fall upon him fast as rain ;
 He bears a charmed life, which may
 defy

All weapons, . . and the darts that whizz
 around,
 As from an adamantine panoply
 Repell'd, fall idly to the ground. 120
 Kehama clasp'd his hands in agony
 And saw him grasp the hallow'd
 coursers' mane,
 Spring up with sudden bound,
 And with a frantic cry,
 And madman's gesture, gallop round
 and round.

9

They seize, they drag him to the Rajah's
 feet.

What doom will now be his, . . what
 vengeance meet
 Will he, who knows no mercy, now
 require ?

The obsequious guards around, with
 blood-hound eye,
 Look for the word, in slow-consuming
 fire, 130

By piece-meal death, to make the
 wretch expire, [high,
 Or hoist his living carcass, hook'd on
 To feed the fowls and insects of the sky ;
 Or if aught worse inventive cruelty
 To that remorseless heart of royalty
 Might prompt, accursed instruments
 they stand

To work the wicked will with wicked
 hand.

Far other thoughts were in the
 multitude ;
 Pity, and human feelings, held them
 still ;

And stifled sighs and groans suppress
were there, 140

And many a secret curse and inward
prayer

Call'd on the insulted Gods to save
mankind.

Expecting some new crime, in fear they
stood,

Some horror which would make the
natural blood

Start, with cold shudderings thrill the
sinking heart,

Whiten the lip, and make the abhorrent
eye

Roll back and close, prest in for agony.

10

How then fared he for whom the mighty
crowd

Suffer'd in spirit thus, . . how then
fared he ?

A ghastly smile was on his lip, his eye
Glared with a ghastly hope, as he drew
nigh, 151

And cried aloud, Yes, Rajah ! it is I !
And wilt thou kill me now ?

The countenance of the Almighty Man
Fell when he knew Ladurlad, and his
brow

Was clouded with despite, as one
ashamed.

That wretch again ! indignant he ex-
claim'd,

And smote his forehead, and stood
silently

Awile in wrath : then, with ferocious
smile,

And eyes which seem'd to darken
his dark cheek, 160

Let him go free ! he cried ; he hath
his Curse,

And vengeance upon him can wreak
no worse . .

But ye who did not stop him . . tremble
ye !

11

He bade the archers pile their weapons
there :

No manly courage fill'd the slavish band,
No sweetening vengeance roused a brave
despair.

He call'd his horsemen then, and gave
command

To hem the offenders in, and hew them
down. [rear'd,

Ten thousand scymitars at once up-
Flash up, like waters sparkling to the
sun ; 170

A second time the fatal brands appear'd
Lifted aloft, . . they glitter'd then no
more,

Their light was gone, their splendour
quench'd in gore.

At noon the massacre begun,
And night closed in before the work of
death was done.

IX. THE HOME-SCENE

1

THE steam of slaughter from that place
of blood

Spread o'er the tainted sky.

Vultures, for whom the Rajah's tyranny
So oft had furnish'd food, from far and
nigh

Sped to the lure : aloft with joyful cry,
Wheeling around, they hover'd over
head ;

Or, on the temple perch'd, with greedy
eye,

Impatient watch'd the dead.

Far off the tigers, in the inmost wood,
Heard the death shriek, and snuff'd the
scent of blood ; 20

They rose, and through the covert went
their way,

Couch'd at the forest edge, and waited
for their prey.

He who had sought for death went
 wandering on,
 The hope which had inspired his heart
 was gone,
 Yet a wild joyance still inflamed his face,
 A smile of vengeance, a triumphant glow.
 Where goes he ? . . Whither should
 Ladurlad go !
 Unwittingly the wretch's footsteps trace
 Their wonted path toward his dwelling-
 place ;
 And wandering on, unknowing where, 20
 He starts like one surprised at finding
 he is there.

3

Behold his lowly home,
 By yonder broad-bough'd plane o'er-
 shaded :
 There Marriatyl's Image stands,
 And there the garland twined by
 Kailayal's hands
 Around its brow hath faded.
 The peacocks, at their master's sight,
 Quick from the leafy thatch alight,
 And hurry round, and search the ground,
 And veer their glancing necks from side
 to side, 30
 Expecting from his hand
 Their daily dole which erst the Maid
 supplied,
 Now all too long denied.

4

But as he gazed around,
 How strange did all accustom'd sights
 appear !
 How differently did each familiar sound
 Assail his alter'd ear !
 Here stood the marriage bower,
 Rear'd in that happy hour
 When he, with festal joy and youthful
 pride, 40
 Had brought Yedillian home, his
 beauteous bride.

Leaves not its own, and many a
 borrow'd flower,
 Had then bedeck'd it, withering ere the
 night ;
 But he who look'd from that auspicious
 day
 For years of long delight,
 And would not see the marriage bower
 decay, [care,
 There planted and nurst up, with daily
 The sweetest herbs that scent the
 ambient air,
 And train'd them round to live and
 flourish there.

Nor when dread Yamen's will 50
 Had call'd Yedillian from his arms away
 Ceased he to tend the marriage bower,
 but still,
 Sorrowing, had drest it like a pious rite
 Due to the monument of past delight.

5

He took his wonted seat before the
 door, . .
 Even as of yore,
 When he was wont to view with placid
 eyes,
 His daughter at her evening sacrifice.
 Here were the flowers which she so
 carefully
 Did love to rear for Marriatyl's brow ;
 Neglected now, 60
 Their heavy heads were drooping, over-
 blown :
 All else appear'd the same as heretofore,
 All . . save himself alone ;
 How happy then, . . and now a wretch
 for evermore !

6

The market-flag which hoisted high,
 From far and nigh,
 Above yon cocoa grove is seen,
 Hangs motionless amid the sultry sky.
 Loud sounds the village drum ; a happy
 crowd 70

Is there ; Ladurlad hears their distant
voices,

But with their joy no more his heart
rejoices ; [fare,
And how their old companion now may
Little they know, and less they care ;
The torment he is doom'd to bear
Was but to them the wonder of a day,
A burthen of sad thoughts soon put
away.

7

They knew not that the wretched man
was near, [ear,
And yet it seem'd, to his distemper'd
As if they wrong'd him with their merri-
ment. 80

Resentfully he turn'd away his eyes,
Yet turn'd them but to find
Sights that enraged his mind
With envious grief more wild and over-
powering.

The tank which fed his fields was there,
and there

The large-leaved lotus on the waters
flowering.

There, from the intolerable heat
The buffaloes retreat ;
Only their nostrils raised to meet the air,
Amid the sheltering element they rest.
Impatient of the sight, he closed his
eyes. 91

And bow'd his burning head, and in
despair

Calling on Indra, . . Thunder-God ! he
said,
Thou owest to me alone this day thy
throne,

Be grateful, and in mercy strike me
dead.

8

Despair had roused him to that hopeless
prayer,
Yet thinking on the heavenly Powers,
his mind

Drew comfort ; and he rose and gather'd
flowers,

And twined a crown for Marriataly's
brow ;
And taking then her wither'd garland
down, 100

Replaced it with the blooming coronal.
Not for myself, the unhappy Father
cried,

Not for myself, O Mighty One ! I pray,
Accurs'd as I am beyond thy aid !
But, oh ! be gracious still to that dear
Maid

Who crown'd thee with these garlands
day by day,
And danced before thee aye at even-tide
In beauty and in pride.

O Marriataly, wheresoe'er she stray
Forlorn and wretched, still be thou her
guide ! 110

9

A loud and fiendish laugh replied,
Scoffing his prayer. Aloft, as from the
air,

The sound of insult came : he look'd,
and there

The visage of dead Arvalan came forth,
Only his face amid the clear blue sky,
With long-drawn lips of insolent mockery,
And eyes whose lurid glare
Was like a sulphur fire,

Mingling with darkness ere its flames
expire.

10

Ladurlad knew him well : enraged to
see 120

The cause of all his misery,
He stoop'd and lifted from the ground
A stake, whose fatal point was black
with blood ;

The same wherewith his hand had dealt
the wound.

When Arvalan, in hour with evil fraught,
For violation seized the shrieking Maid.

Thus arm'd, in act again to strike he
stood,

And twice with inefficient wrath essay'd
To smite the impassive shade.

The lips of scorn their mockery-laugh
renew'd, 130

And Arvalan put forth a hand and
caught [light,
The sunbeam, and condensing there its
Upon Ladurlad turn'd the burning
stream.

Vain cruelty ! the stake
Fell in white ashes from his hold, but he
Endured no added pain ; his agony
Was full, and at the height ;
The burning stream of radiance nothing
harm'd him ;

A fire was in his heart and brain,
And from all other flame 140
Kehama's Curse had charm'd him.

11

Anon the Spirit waved a second hand ;
Down rush'd the obedient whirlwind
from the sky,

Scoop'd up the sand like smoke, and
from on high,

Shed the hot shower upon Ladurlad's
head. there ;

Where'er he turns, the accursed Hand is
East, West, and North, and South, on
every side

The Hand accursed waves in air to
guide

The dizzying storm ; ears, nostrils, eyes,
and mouth

It fills and choaks, and clogging every
pore, 150

Taught him new torments might be
yet in store.

Where shall he turn to fly ? behold his
house [bower,

In flames ! uprooted lies the marriage-
The Goddess buried by the sandy
shower.

Blindly, with staggering step, he reels
about,

And still the accursed Hand pursued,
And still the lips of scorn their mockery-
laugh renew'd.

12

What, Arvalan ! hast thou so soon
forgot [defy

The grasp of Pollear ? Wilt thou still
The righteous Powers of heaven ? or
know'st thou not 160

That there are yet superior Powers on
high, [flight,

Son of the Wicked ? . . Lo, in rapid
Ereenia hastens from the etherial height,
Bright is the sword celestial in his hand ;

Like lightning in its path athwart
the sky,

He comes and drives, with angel-arm,
the blow.

Oft have the Asuras, in the wars of
Heaven,

Felt that keen sword by arm angelic
driven,

And fled before it from the fields of light.
Thrice through the vulnerable shade

The Glendoveer impels the griding
blade, 171

The wicked Shade flies howling from his
foe.

So let that Spirit foul

Fly, and for impotence of anger, howl,
Writhing with anguish, and his wounds
deplore ; [served,

Worse punishment hath Arvalan de-
And righteous Fate hath heavier doom
in store.

13

Not now the Glendoveer pursues his
flight ;

He bade the Ship of Heaven alight,
And gently there he laid 180

The astonish'd Father by the happy
Maid,

The Maid now shedding tears of deep
 delight. [eyes,
 Beholding all things with incredulous
 Still dizzy with the sand-storm, there
 he lay, [Bark
 While sailing up the skies, the living
 Through air and sunshine held its
 heavenly way.

X. MOUNT MERU

1

SWIFT through the sky the vessel of the
 Suras
 Sails up the fields of ether like an Angel.
 Rich is the freight, O Vessel, that thou
 bearest !
 Beauty and Virtue,
 Fatherly cares and filial veneration,
 Hearts which are proved and strength-
 en'd by affliction,
 Manly resentment, fortitude and action,
 Womanly goodness ;
 All with which Nature halloweth her
 daughters,
 Tenderness, truth, and purity and
 meekness, 10
 Piety, patience, faith and resignation,
 Love and devotement.
 Ship of the Gods, how richly art thou
 laden !
 Proud of the charge, thou voyagest
 rejoicing,
 Clouds float around to honour thee, and
 Evening
 Lingers in heaven.

A Stream descends on Meru mountain ;
 None hath seen its secret fountain ;
 It had its birth, so Sages say,
 Upon the memorable day 20
 When Parvati presumed to lay,
 In wanton play,

Her hands, too venturous Goddess, in
 her mirth,
 On Seeva's eyes, the light and life of
 Earth.
 Thereat the heart of the Universe stood
 still :
 The Elements ceased their influences ;
 the Hours
 Stopt on the eternal round ; Motion
 and Breath,
 Time, Change, and Life and Death,
 In sudden trance oppress, forgot their
 powers.
 A moment, and the dread eclipse was
 ended ; 30
 But at the thought of Nature thus
 suspended,
 The sweat on Seeva's forehead stood,
 And Ganges thence upon the world
 descended,
 The Holy River, the Redeeming Flood.

3

None hath seen its secret fountain ;
 But on the top of Meru Mountain
 Which rises o'er the hills of earth,
 In light and clouds, it hath its mortal
 birth.
 Earth seems that pinnacle to rear
 Sublime above this worldly sphere, 40
 Its cradle, and its altar, and its throne ;
 And there the new-born River lies
 Outspread beneath its native skies,
 As if it there would love to dwell
 Alone and unapproachable.
 Soon flowing forward, and resign'd
 To the will of the Creating Mind,
 It springs at once, with sudden leap,
 Down from the immeasurable steep.
 From rock to rock, with shivering force
 rebounding, 50
 The mighty cataract rushes ; Heaven
 around,
 Like thunder, with the incessant roar
 resounding,

And Meru's summit shaking with the
sound.

Wide spreads the snowy foam, the
sparkling spray

Dances aloft ; and ever there at
morning

The earliest sunbeams haste to wing
their way, [adorning ;

With rainbow wreaths the holy stream
And duly the adoring Moon at night

Sheds her white glory there,

And in the watery air ⁶⁰
Suspends her halo-crowns of silver light.

4

A mountain-valley in its blessed breast
Receives the stream, which there
delights to lie,

Untroubled and at rest

Beneath the untainted sky.

There in a lovely lake it seems to sleep,
And thence through many a channel
dark and deep,

Their secret way the holy Waters wind,
Till, rising underneath the root

Of the Tree of Life on Hemakoot, ⁷⁰
Majestic forth they flow to purify man-
kind.

5

Towards this Lake, above the nether
sphere,

The living Bark with angel eye
Directs its course along the obedient sky.

Kehama hath not yet dominion here ;

And till the dreaded hour,
When Indra by the Rajah shall be driven
Dethroned from Heaven,

Here may Ladurlad rest beyond his
power.

6

The living Bark alights ; the Glen-
doveer ⁸⁰

Then lays Ladurlad by the blessed
Lake ; . . [Daughter !

O happy Sire, and yet more happy

The ethereal gales his agony aslake,
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,

His hand is in the water ;

The innocent man, the man opprest,
Oh joy ! . . hath found a place of rest
Beyond Kehama's sway ;

The Curse extends not here ; his pains
have pass'd away.

7

O happy Sire, and happy Daughter ! ⁹⁰
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting place and sanctuary have
found.

What ! hath not then their mortal taint
defiled

The sacred solitary ground ?

Vain thought ! the Holy Valley smiled

Receiving such a Sire and Child ;

Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,

Bcheld them with benignant eye,

And rippled round melodiously,

And roll'd her little waves, to meet
And welcome their beloved feet. ¹⁰⁰

The gales of Swerga thither fled,

And heavenly odours there were shed

About, below, and overhead ;

And Earth rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming Bower,

Where every amaranthine flower

Its deathless blossom interweaves

With bright and undecaying leaves.

8

Three happy beings are there here, ¹¹⁰

The Sire, the Maid, the Glendoveer.

A fourth approaches, . . who is this

That enters in the Bower of Bliss ?

No form so fair might painter find

Among the daughters of mankind ;

For death her beauties hath refined,

And unto her a form hath given

Framed of the elements of Heaven ;

Pure dwelling place for perfect mind.

She stood and gazed on Sire and Child ;

Her tongue not yet had power to speak,

The tears were streaming down her
 cheek ; 122
 And when those tears her sight beguiled,
 And still her faltering accents fail'd,
 The Spirit, mute and motionless,
 Spread out her arms for the caress,
 Made still and silent with excess
 Of love and painful happiness.

9

The Maid that lovely form survey'd ;
 Wistful she gazed, and knew her not,
 But Nature to her heart convey'd 131
 A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
 A feeling many a year forgot,
 Now like a dream anew recurring,
 As if again in every vein
 Her mother's milk was stirring,
 With straining neck and earnest eye
 She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
 As if she fain would have her nigh,
 Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
 At once with love and awe oppress. 141
 Not so Ladurlad ; he could trace,
 Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
 His own Yedillian's earthly face ;
 He ran and held her to his breast !
 Oh joy above all joys of Heaven,
 By Death alone to others given,
 This moment hath to him restored
 The early-lost, the long-deplored.

10

They sin who tell us Love can die. 150
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity.
 In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
 Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
 Earthly these passions of the Earth,
 They perish where they have their birth ;
 But Love is indestructible.

Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 From Heaven it came, to Heaven re-
 turneth ;

Too oft on Earth a troubled guest, 160
 At times deceived, at times oppress,

It here is tried and purified,
 Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest :
 It soweth here with toil and care,
 But the harvest time of Love is there.

11

Oh ! when a Mother meets on high
 The Babe she lost in infancy,
 Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
 The day of woe, the watchful night,
 For all her sorrow, all her tears, 170
 An over-payment of delight ?

12

A blessed family is this
 Assembled in the Bower of Bliss !
 Strange woe, Ladurlad, hath been thine,
 And pangs beyond all human measure,
 And thy reward is now divine,
 A foretaste of eternal pleasure.
 He knew indeed there was a day
 When all these joys would pass away,
 And he must quit this blest abode ; 180
 And, taking up again the spell,
 Groan underneath the baleful load,
 And wander o'er the world again
 Most wretched of the sons of men :
 Yet was this brief repose, as when
 A traveller in the Arabian sands,
 Half-fainting on his sultry road,
 Hath reach'd the water-place at last ;
 And resting there beside the well,
 Thinks of the perils he has past, 190
 And gazes o'er the unbounded plain,
 The plain which must be traversed still,
 And drinks, . . yet cannot drink his fill ;
 Then girds his patient loins again.
 So to Ladurlad now was given
 New strength, and confidence in heaven,
 And hope, and faith invincible.

13

For often would Ereenia tell
 Of what in elder days befell, 199
 When other Tyrants in their might,
 Usurp'd dominion o'er the earth ;
 And Veeshnool took a human birth,

Deliverer of the Sons of men,
And slew the huge Ermaccasen,
And piece-meal rent, with lion force,
Errenen's accursed corse,
And humbled Baly in his pride ;
And when the Giant Ravanen
Had borne triumphant from his side
Sita, the earth-born God's beloved bride,
Then from his island-kingdom, laugh'd
to scorn 211
The insulted husband, and his power
defied ; [hied,
How to revenge the wrong in wrath he
Bridging the sea before his dreadful way,
And met the hundred-headed foe,
And dealt him the unerring blow ;
By Brama's hand the righteous lance
was given.

And by that arm immortal driven,
It laid the mighty Tyrant low ;
And Earth and Ocean, and high Heaven,
Rejoiced to see his overthrow. 221
Oh ! doubt not thou, Yedillian cried,
Such fate Kehama will betide ;
For there are Gods who look below, . .
Seeva, the Avenger, is not blind,
Nor Vveshnoo careless for mankind.

14
Thus was Ladurlad's soul imbued
With hope and holy fortitude ;
And Child and Sire, with pious mind,
Alike resolved, alike resign'd, 230
Look'd onward to the evil day :
Faith was their comfort, Faith their
stay ;

They trusted woe would pass away,
And Tyranny would sink subdued,
And Evil yield to Good.

15
Lovely wert thou, O Flower of Earth !
Above all flowers of mortal birth ;
But foster'd in this blissful bower,
From day to day, and hour to hour,
Lovelier grew the lovely flower. 240

O blessed, blessed company !
 When men and heavenly spirits greet,
 And they whom Death had sever'd meet,
 And hold again communion sweet ; . .
 O blessed, blessed company !

16

The Sun, careering round the sky,
Beheld them with rejoicing eye,
And bade his willing Charioteer
Relax his speed as they drew near ;
Aroundin check'd the rainbow reins,
The seven green coursers shook their
 manes, 251
And brighter rays around them threw ;
The Car of Glory in their view
More radiant, more resplendent grew ;
And Surya', through his veil of light,
Beheld the Bower, and blest the sight.

17
The Lord of Night, as he sail'd by,
Stay'd his pearly boat on high ;
And while around the blissful Bower
He bade the softest moonlight flow,
Linger'd to see that earthly flower,
Forgetful of his Dragon foe, 262
Who, mindful of their ancient feud,
With open jaws of rage pursued.

18
 There all good Spirits of the air,
 Suras and Devetas repair ;
 Aloft they love to hover there,
 And view the flower of mortal birth
 Here for her innocence and worth,
 Transplanted from the fields of earth ; . .
 And him, who on the dreadful day
 When Heaven was fill'd with consterna-
 tion.

And Indra trembled with dismay,
And for the sounds of joy and mirth,
Woe was heard and lamentation,
Defied the Rajah in his pride,

¹ Surya, the Sun.

Though all in Heaven and Earth beside
 Stood mute in dolorous expectation ;
 And, rushing forward in that hour,
 Saved the Swerga from his power. 280
 Grateful for this they hover nigh,
 And bless that blessed Company.

19

One God alone, with wanton eye,
Beheld them in their Bower ;
O ye, he cried, who have defied
The Rajah, will ye mock my power ?
'Twas Camdeo riding on his lory,
'Twas the immortal Youth of Love ;
If men below, and Gods above,
Subject alike, quoth he, have felt these
darts. 290

Shall ye alone, of all in story,
Boast impenetrable hearts ?
Hover here, my gentle lory,
Gently hover, while I see
To whom hath Fate decreed the glory,
To the Glendoveer or me.

20

Then in the dewy evening sky,
The bird of gorgeous plumery
Poised his wings and hover'd nigh.
It chanced at that delightful hour
Kailay sate before the Bower, 301
On the green bank with amaranth sweet,
Where Ganges warbled at her feet.
Ereenia there, before the Maid,
His sails of ocean blue display'd ;
And sportive in her sight,
Moved slowly o'er the lake with gliding
flight :

Anon with sudden stroke and strong,
In rapid course careering, swept along ;
Now shooting downward from his
 heavenly height, 300
Plunged in the deep below,
Then rising, soar'd again,
And shook the sparkling waters off like
 rain.

And hovering o'er the silver surface hung,
At him young Camdeo bent the bow;
With living bees the bow was strung,
The fatal bow of sugar-cane,
And flowers which would inflame the
heart
With their petals barb'd the dart.

21

The shaft, unerringly address, 320
Unerring flew, and smote Erecnia's
 breast.
Ah, Wanton ! cried the Glendoveer,
 Go aim at idler hearts,
 Thy skill is baffled here !
A deeper love I bear that Maid divine,
A love that springeth from a higher will,
 A holier power than thine !

22

A second shaft, while thus Erecnia cried,
Had Camdeo aim'd at Kailyal's side :
But lo ! the Bees which strung his bow
Broke off, and took their flight. 331
To that sweet Flower of earth they wing
their way,
Around her raven tresses play,
And buzz about her with delight,
As if with that melodious sound,
They strove to pay their willing duty
To mortal purity and beauty.

23

Ah! Wanton! cried the Glendoveer,
 No power hast thou for mischief here!
 Choose thou some idler breast, 340
 For these are proof, by nobler thoughts
 possess.

Go, to thy plains of Matra go,
And string again thy broken bow!

24

Rightly Ereonia spake ; and ill had
thoughts
Of earthly love besem'd the sanctuary
Where Kailyal had been wafted, that
the Soul

Of her dead Mother there might
 strengthen her, [lore,
 Feeding her with the milk of heavenly
 And influxes of Heaven imbue her heart
 With hope and faith, and holy
 fortitude, 350
 Against the evil day. Here rest a while
 In peace, O father! mark'd for misery
 Above all sons of men; O daughter!
 doom'd
 For sufferings and for trials above all
 Of women; . . yet both favour'd,
 both beloved [peace.
 By all good Powers, rest here a while in

His soul the ignominious thought
 disdain'd.
 Or to his mighty Father should he go,
 Complaining of defeature twice
 sustain'd,
 And ask new powers to meet the im-
 mortal foe? . . 20
 Repulse he fear'd not, but he fear'd
 rebuke,
 And shamed to tell him of his overthrow.
 There dwelt a dread Enchantress in
 a nook [been,
 Obscure; old helpmate she to him had
 Lending her aid in many a secret sin;
 And there for counsel now his way
 he took.

XI. THE ENCHANTRESS

1
 WHEN from the sword by arm angelic
 driven,
 Foul Arvalan fled howling, wild in pain,
 His thin essential spirit, rent and riven
 With wounds, united soon and heal'd
 again;
 Backward the accursed turn'd his eye
 in flight, [then,
 Remindful of revengeful thoughts even
 And saw where, gliding through the
 evening light,
 The Ship of Heaven sail'd upward
 through the sky, [sight.
 Then, like a meteor, vanish'd from his
 Where should he follow? vainly might
 he try 10
 To trace through trackless air its rapid
 course,
 Nor dared he that angelic arm defy,
 Still sore and writhing from its dreaded
 force.

2
 Should he the lust of vengeance lay
 aside?
 Too long had Arvalan in ill been train'd;
 Nurst up in power and tyranny and pride,

She was a woman, whose unlovely youth,
 Even like a canker'd rose which none
 will cull,
 Had wither'd on the stalk; her heart
 was full
 Of passions which had found no natural
 scope, 30
 Feelings which there had grown but
 ripen'd not,
 Desires unsatisfied, abortive hope,
 Repinings which provoked vindictive
 thought:
 These restless elements for ever wrought
 Fermenting in her with perpetual stir,
 And thus her spirit to all evil moved;
 She hated men because they loved not
 her,
 And hated women because they were
 loved.
 And thus, in wrath and hatred and
 despair,
 She tempted Hell to tempt her; and
 resign'd 40
 Her body to the Demons of the Air,
 Wicked and wanton fiends, who where
 they will
 Wander abroad, still seeking to do ill,

And take whatever vacant form they
find, [left,

Carcase of man or beast that life hath
Foul instrument for them of fouler mind.
To these the Witch her wretched body
gave,

So they would wreak her vengeance on
mankind ;

She thus at once their mistress and
their slave ;

And they to do such service nothing
loth, 50

Obeys'd her bidding, slaves and masters
both.

4

So from this cursed intercourse she
caught

Contagious power of mischief, and was
taught

Such secrets as are damnable to guess.
Is there a child whose little lovely ways
Might win all hearts, . . on whom his
parents gaze [ness ?

Till they shed tears of joy and tender-
Oh ! hide him from that Witch's
withering sight !

Oh ! hide him from the eye of Lorrinite !
Her look hath crippling in it, and her
curse 60

All plagues which on mortality can light ;
Death is his doom if she behold, . . or
worse, . .

Diseases loathsome and incurable,
And inward sufferings that no tongue
can tell.

5

Woe was to him, on whom that eye of
hate [Fate,

Was bent ; for, certain as the stroke of
It did its mortal work, nor human arts

Could save the unhappy wretch, her
chosen prey ;

For gazing, she consumed his vital parts,
Eating his very core of life away. 70

The wine which from yon wounded palm
on high

Fills yonder gourd, as slowly it distils,
Grows sour at once if Lorrinite pass by.

The deadliest worm from which all
creatures fly

Fled from the deadlier venom of her eye ;
The babe unborn, within its mother's

womb,

Started and trembled when the Witch
came nigh ;

And in the silent chambers of the tomb,
Death shudder'd her unholy tread to
hear,

And from the dry and mouldering bones
did fear 80

Force a cold sweat, when Lorrinite

Power made her haughty : by ambition
fired,

Ere long to mightier mischiefs she
aspired.

The Calis, who o'er Cities rule unseen,
Each in her own domain a Demon Queen,

And there adored with blood and
human life,

They knew her, and in their accurs'd
employ

She stirr'd up neighbouring states to
mortal strife.

Sani, the dreadful God, who rides abroad
Upon the King of the Ravens, to

destroy 90

The offending souls of men, when his
four hands

Were weary with their toil, would let
her do

His work of vengeance upon guilty lands ;
And Lorrinite, at his commandment,

knew

When the ripe earthquake should be
loosed, and where [air

To point its course. And in the baneful

The pregnant seeds of death he bade her
strew,

All deadly plagues and pestilence to
brew.

The Locusts were her army, and their
bands,

Where'er she turn'd her skinny finger,
flew. 100

The floods in ruin roll'd at her
commands ;

And when, in time of drought, the
husbandman

Beheld the gather'd rain about to fall,
Her breath would drive it to the desert
sands, [soil

While in the marshes' parch'd and gaping
The rice-roots by the searching Sun
were dried,

And in lean groups, assembled at the
side

Of the empty tank, the cattle dropt
and died ; [wide

And Famine, at her bidding, wasted
The wretched land, till, in the public
way, 110

Promiscuous where the dead and dying
lay,

Dogs fed on human bones in the open
light of day.

7

Her secret cell the accursed Arvalan,
In quest of vengeance, sought, and thus
began.

Mighty mother ! mother wise !
Revenge me on my enemies.

LORRINITE

Comest thou, son, for aid to me ?

Tell me who have injured thee,
Where they are, and who they be :

Of the Earth, or of the Sea, 120

Or of the aerial company ?

Earth, nor Sea, nor Air is free
From the powers who wait on me,
And my tremendous witchery.

ARVALAN

She for whom so ill I sped,
Whom my Father deemeth dead,

Lives, for Marriataly's aid
From the water saved the Maid.

In hatred I desire her still,
And in revenge would have my will.
A Deveta with wings of blue, 131

And sword whose edge even now I rue,
In a Ship of Heaven on high,
Pilots her along the sky.

Where they voyage thou canst tell,
Mistress of the mighty spell.

8

At this the Witch, through shrivell'd
lips and thin,

Sent forth a sound half whistle and half
hiss.

Two winged Hands came in,

Armless and bodiless, 140

Bearing a globe of liquid crystal, set
In frame as diamond bright, yet black
as jet. [night

A thousand eyes were quench'd in endless
To form that magic globe ; for Lorrinite
Had, from their sockets, drawn the
liquid sight,

And kneaded it, with re-creating skill,
Into this organ of her mighty will.

Look in yonder orb, she cried,
Tell me what is there descried.

9

ARVALAN

A mountain top, in clouds of light
Enveloped, rises on my sight ; 151

Thence a cataract rushes down,
Hung with many a rainbow crown ;
Light and clouds conceal its head ;
Below, a silver Lake is spread ;
Upon its shores a Bower I see,
Fit home for blessed company.

See they come forward, . . one, two,
three, . .

The last a Maiden, . . it is she ! 159
 The foremost shakes his wings of blue,
 'Tis he whose sword even yet I rue ;
 And in that other one I know
 The visage of my deadliest foe.
 Mother, let thy magic might
 Arm me for the mortal fight ;
 Helm and shield and mail afford,
 Proof against his dreaded sword.
 Then will I invade their seat,
 Then shall vengeance be complete.

10

LORRINITE

Spirits who obey my will, 170
 Hear him, and his wish fulfil !
 So spake the mighty Witch, nor farther
 spell
 Needed ; anon a sound, like smother'd
 thunder,
 Was heard, slow rolling under ;
 The solid pavement of the cell
 Quaked, heaved, and cleft asunder,
 And at the feet of Arvalan display'd,
 Helmet and mail, and shield and
 scymitar, were laid.

11

The Asuras, often put to flight
 And scatter'd in the fields of light
 By their foes' celestial might, 181
 Forged this enchanted armour for the
 fight.
 'Mid fires intense did they anneal,
 In mountain furnaces, the quivering
 steel, [hue,
 Till, trembling through each deepening
 It settled in a midnight blue ;
 Last they cast it, to aslake,
 In the penal icy lake.
 Then they consign'd it to the Giant
 brood ;
 And while they forged the impenetrable
 arms, 190

The Evil Powers, to oversee them, stood,
 And there imbued
 The work of Giant strength with magic
 charms.
 Foul Arvalan, with joy, survey'd
 The crescent sabre's cloudy blade,
 With deeper joy the impervious mail,
 The shield and helmet of avail.
 Soon did he himself array,
 And bade her speed him on his way.

12

Then she led him to the den, 200
 Where her chariot, night and day,
 Stood harness'd ready for the way.
 Two Dragons, yoked in adamant, convey
 The magic car ; from either collar
 sprung
 An adamantine rib, which met in air,
 O'er-arch'd, and crost and bent diverging
 there,
 And firmly in its arc upbore,
 Upon their brazen necks, the seat of
 power.
 Arvalan mounts the car, and in his hand
 Receives the magic reins from Lorrinite ;
 The dragons, long obedient to command,
 Their ample sails expand ; 212
 Like steeds well-broken to fair lady's
 hand,
 They feel the reins of might,
 And up the northern sky begin their
 flight.

13

Son of the Wicked, doth thy soul delight
 To think its hour of vengeance now is
 nigh ?
 Lo ! where the far-off light
 Of Indra's palace flashes on his sight,
 And Meru's heavenly summit shines on
 high, 220
 With clouds of glory bright,
 Amid the dark-blue sky.
 Already, in his hope, doth he espy,

Himself secure in mail of tenfold charms,
Ereenia writhing from the magic blade,
The Father sent to bear his Curse, . . the
Maid

Resisting vainly in his impious arms.

14

Ah, Sinner ! whose anticipating soul
Incurs the guilt even when the crime is
spared !

Joyous toward Meru's summit on he
fared, 230

While the twin Dragons, rising as
he guides, [the pole.
With steady flight, steer northward for
Anon, with irresistible controul,
Force mightier far than his arrests their
course ;

It wrought as though a Power unseen
had caught
Their adamantyne yokes to drag them on.
Straight on they bend their way, and
now, in vain,
Upward doth Arvalan direct the rein ;
The rein of magic might avails no more,
Bootless its strength against that unseen
Power 240

That in their mid career,
Hath seized the Chariot and the
Charioteer.
With hands resisting, and down-pressing
feet

Upon their hold insisting,
He struggles to maintain his difficult
seat.
Seeking in vain with that strange Power
to vie,

Their doubled speed the affrighted
Dragons try.
Forced in a stream from whence was no
retreat,
Strong as they are, behold them whirl'd
along,
Headlong, with useless pennons, through
the sky. 250

15

What Power was that, which, with
resistless might,
Foil'd the dread magic thus of
Lorrinite ?
'Twas all-commanding Nature . . They
were here
Within the sphere of the adamantyne
rocks
Which gird Mount Meru round, as far
below
That heavenly height where Ganges
hath its birth
Involved in clouds and light,
So far above its roots of ice and snow.

16

On . . on they roll . . rapt headlong they
roll on ; . .
The lost canoe, less rapidly than this,
Down the precipitous stream is whirl'd
along 261
To the brink of Niagara's dread abyss.
On . . on they roll, and now, with
shivering shock,
Are dash'd against the rock that girds
the Pole.
Down from his shatter'd mail the
unhappy Soul
Is dropt, . . ten thousand thousand
fathoms down, . .
Till in an ice-rift, 'mid the eternal snow,
Foul Arvalan is stopt. There let him
howl,
Groan there, . . and there with unavail-
ing moan,
For aid on his Almighty Father call.

17

All human sounds are lost 271
Amid those deserts of perpetual frost,
Old Winter's drear domain,
Beyond the limits of the living World,
Beyond Kehama's reign.

Of utterance and of motion soon bereft,
Frozen to the ice-rock, there behold him
lie,

Only the painful sense of Being left,
A Spirit who must feel, and cannot die,
Bleaching and bare beneath the polar
sky. 280

XII. THE SACRIFICE COMPLETED

1

O YE who, by the Lake
On Meru Mount, partake
The joys which Heaven hath destined
for the blest,

Swift, swift, the moments fly,
The silent hours go by,
And ye must leave your dear abode of
rest.

O wretched Man, prepare
Again thy Curse to bear !
Prepare, O wretched Maid, for farther
woe !

The fatal hour draws near, 10
When Indra's heavenly sphere
Must own the Tyrant of the World
below.

To-day the hundredth Steed,
At Seeva's shrine must bleed,
The dreadful sacrifice is full to-day ;
Nor man nor God hath power,
At this momentous hour,
Again to save the Swerga from his sway.
Fresh woes, O Maid divine,
Fresh trials must be thine : 20
And what must thou, Ladurlad, yet
endure !

But let your hearts be strong,
And rise against all wrong,
For Providence is just, and virtue is
secure.

They, little deeming that the fatal day
Was come, beheld where through the
morning sky

A Ship of Heaven drew nigh.
Onward they watch it steer its steady
flight ;

Till wondering, they espy 29
Old Casyapa, the Sire of Gods, alight.
But when Ereenia saw the Sire appear,
At that unwonted and unwelcome sight
His heart received a sudden shock of
fear :

Thy presence doth its doleful tidings tell,
O Father ! cried the startled Glendoveer,
The dreadful hour is near ! I know
it well ! [Gods

Not for less import would the Sire of
Forsake his ancient and august abodes.

3

Even so, serene the immortal Sire replies;
Soon like an earthquake will ye feel the
blow 40

Which consummates the mighty sacri-
fice :

And this World, and its Heaven, and all
therein,

Are then Kehama's. To the second ring
Of these seven Spheres, the Swerga-
King,

Even now, prepares for flight,
Beyond the circle of the conquer'd world,
Beyond the Rajah's might.

Ocean, that clips this inmost of the
Spheres,

And girds it round with everlasting roar,
Set like a gem appears 50
Within that bending shore.

Thither fly all the Sons of heavenly race :
I too forsake mine ancient dwelling-
place. [go :

And now, O Child and Father, ye must
Take up the burthen of your woe,
And wander once again below.

With patient heart hold onward to the
end, . .

Be true unto yourselves, and bear in
mind [friend ;
That every God is still the good Man's
And when the Wicked have their day
assign'd, 60
Then they who suffer bravely save
mankind.

4

Oh tell me, cried Ereenia, for from thee
Nought can be hidden, when the end
will be !

Seek not to know, old Casyapa replied,
What pleaseth Heaven to hide.

Dark is the abyss of Time,
But light enough to guide your steps is
given ;

Whatever weal or woe betide,
Turn never from the way of truth aside,
And leave the event, in holy hope, to
Heaven. 70

The moment is at hand, no more delay,
Ascend the ethereal bark, and go your
way ;

And Ye, of heavenly nature, follow me.

5

The will of Heaven be done, Ladurlad
cried,

Nor more the man replied ;
But placed his daughter in the ethereal
bark,

Then took his seat beside.
There was no word at parting, no adieu.
Down from that empyreal height they
flew :

One groan Ladurlad breathed, yet
utter'd not, 80

When, to his heart and brain,
The fiery Curse again like lightning shot.
And now on earth the Sire and Child
alight,

Up soar'd the Ship of Heaven, and
sail'd away from sight.

O ye immortal Bowers,
Where hitherto the Hours
Have led their dance of happiness for
aye,

With what a sense of woe
Do ye expect the blow,
And see your heavenly dwellers driven
away ! 90

Lo ! where the aunnay-birds of graceful
mien,

Whose milk-white forms were seen,
Lovely as Nymphs, your ancient trees
between,

And by your silent springs,
With melancholy cry
Now spread unwilling wings ;
Their stately necks reluctant they
protend,

And through the sullen sky,
To other worlds, their mournful progress
bend.

7

The affrighted gales to-day 100
O'er their beloved streams no longer
play,

The streams of Paradise have ceased to
flow ;

The Fountain-Tree withholds its
diamond shower,

In this portentous hour. . .
This dolorous hour, . . this universal
woe.

Where is the Palace, whose far-flashing
beams,

With streaks and streams of ever-
varying light,

Brighten'd the polar night
Around the frozen North's extremest
shore ?

Gone like a morning rainbow, . . like
a dream, . . 110

A star that shoots and falls, and then is
seen no more.

Now ! now ! . . Before the Golden
Palaces,
The Bramin strikes the inevitable hour.
The fatal blow is given,
That over Earth and Heaven
Confirms the Almighty Rajah in his
power.

All evil Spirits then,
That roam the World about,
Or wander through the sky,
Set up a joyful shout. 120

The Asuras and the Giants join the cry ;
The damn'd in Padalon acclaim
Their hoped Deliverer's name ;
Heaven trembles with the thunder-
drowning sound ;

Back starts affrighted Ocean from the
shore, [floor
And the adamantine vaults and brazen
Of Hell are shaken with the roar.

Up rose the Rajah through the con-
quer'd sky,

To seize the Swerga for his proud abode ;
Myriads of evil Genii round him fly, 130
As royally on wings of winds he rode,
And scaled high Heaven, triumphant
like a God.

XIII. THE RETREAT

I

AROUND her Father's neck the Maiden
lock'd

Her arms, when that portentous blow
was given ; [uproar,
Clinging to him she heard the dread
And felt the shuddering shock which
ran through Heaven ;

Earth underneath them rock'd,
Her strong foundations heaving in com-
motion,

Such as wild winds upraise in raving
Ocean,

As though the solid base were rent
asunder. [sky,
And lo ! where, storming the astonish'd
Kehama and his evil host ascend ! 10
Before them rolls the thunder,
Ten thousand thousand lightnings
round them fly,
Upward the lengthening pageantries
aspire,
Leaving from Earth to Heaven a widen-
ing wake of fire.

When the wild uproar was at length
allay'd,

And Earth recovering from the shock
was still,

Thus to her father spake the imploring
Maid : [borne
Oh ! by the love which we so long have
Each other, and we ne'er shall cease to
bear, . .

Oh ! by the sufferings we have shared,
And must not cease to share, . . 21
One boon I supplicate in this dread hour,
One consolation in this hour of woe !

Father, thou hast it in thy power,
Thou wilt not, Father, sure refuse me
now [know.

The only comfort my poor heart can

O dearest, dearest Kailyal ! with a
smile
Of tenderness and anguish, he replied,
O best beloved, and to be loved the best,
Best worthy, . . set thy duteous heart
at rest. 30

I know thy wish, and let what will
betide,
Ne'er will I leave thee wilfully again.
My soul is strengthen'd to endure its
pain ; [guide ;
Be thou in all my wanderings, still my
Be thou, in all my sufferings, at my side.

The Maiden, at those welcome words,
imprest

A passionate kiss upon her father's
cheek ! [seek

They look'd around them then as if to
Where they should turn, North, South,
or East, or West,

Wherever to their vagrant feet seem'd
best. 40

But, turning from the view her mournful
eyes, [cries,

Oh, whither should we wander, Kailyal
Or wherefore seek in vain a place of rest?

Have we not here the Earth beneath
our tread,

Heaven overhead,

A brook that winds through this
sequester'd glade,

And yonder woods, to yield us fruit and
shade ?

The little all our wants require is nigh ;
Hope we have none ; . . why travel

on in fear ?

We cannot fly from Fate, and Fate will
find us here. 50

'Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood,
And in the midst an aged Banian grew.

It was a goodly sight to see

That venerable tree,

For o'er the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty
head ;

And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,

Straight like a plummet, grew towards
the ground. 60

Some on the lower boughs which crost
their way,

Fixing their bearded fibres, round and
round, [wound ;

With many a ring and wild contortion

Some to the passing wind at times, with
sway

Of gentle motion swung ;

Others of younger growth, unmoved,
were hung

Like stone-drops from the cavern's
fretted height ;

Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds nor briars deform'd the
natural floor,

And through the leafy cope which
bow'r'd it o'er 70

Came gleams of chequer'd light.

So like a temple did it seem, that there

A pious heart's first impulse would be
prayer.

6

A brook, with easy current, murmur'd
near ;

Water so cool and clear [well,

The peasants drink not from the humble
Which they with sacrifice of rural pride,

Have wedded to the cocoa-grove beside ;
Nor tanks of costliest masonry dispense

To those in towns who dwell, 80

The work of Kings, in their beneficence.
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,

Pellucid, deep and still, in silence join'd
And swell'd the passing stream. Like
burnish'd steel

Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon ;
And when the breezes in their play,

Ruffled the darkening surface, then
with gleam

Of sudden light, around the lotus stem
It rippled, and the sacred flowers that
crown

The lakelet with their roseate beauty,
ride 90

In easy waving rock'd, from side to side ;
And as the wind upheaves

Their broad and buoyant weight, the
glossy leaves [down.

Flap on the twinkling waters, up and

They built them here a bower, of jointed
 cane, [long
Strong for the needful use, and light and
Was the slight framework rear'd, with
 little pain; [supply,
Lithe creepers, then, the wicker sides
And the tall jungle-grass fit roofing gave
 Beneath the genial sky. xxx
And here did Kailyal, each returning
 day, [pay
Pour forth libations from the brook to
The Spirits of her Sires their grateful rite;
In such libations pour'd in open

Beside clear streams and solitary shades,
The Spirits of the virtuous dead delight.
And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,
The Maid, as with an angel's voice
 of song,
Poured her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even, 110
And gliding in religious dance along,
Moved graceful as the dark-eyed Nymphs
 of Heaven,
Such harmony to all her steps was given.

8

Thus ever, in her Father's doating eye,
Kailyal perform'd the customary rite ;
He, patient of his burning pain the
 while,
Beheld her, and approved her pious toil ;
And sometimes at the sight
A melancholy smile
Would gleam upon his awful coun-
 tenance. 120

He too by day and night, and every
 hour,
Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice ;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, and
 rice,
Flower-crown, or blood ; but of a heart
 subdued,
A resolute, unconquer'd fortitude.

An agony repress't, a will resign'd,
To her, who, on her secret throne
 reclin'd,
Amid the Sea of Milk, by Veeshnoo's side,
Looks with an eye of mercy on mankind.
By the Preserver, with his power
 endued, 130
There Voomdavee beholds this lower
 clime, [good,
And marks the silent sufferings of the
To recompense them in her own good
 time.

9 .
O force of faith ! O strength of virtuous
will !
Behold him in his endless martyrdom,
Triumphant still !
The Curse still burning in his heart and
brain,
And yet doth he remain
Patient the while, and tranquil, and
content !
The pious soul hath framed unto itself
A second nature, to exist in pain 141
As in its own allotted element.

10

Such strength the will reveal'd had given
This holy pair, such influxes of grace,
That to their solitary resting place
They brought the peace of Heaven.
Yea, all around was hallow'd ! Danger,
Fear,
Nor thought of evil ever enter'd here.
A charm was on the Leopard when he
came
Within the circle of that mystic glade ;
Submit he crouch'd before the heavenly
maid, 151
And offer'd to her touch his speckled
side ; [head,
Or with arch'd back erect, and bending
And eyes half-closed for pleasure, would
he stand,
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

11
 Trampling his path through wood and
 brake,
 And canes which crackling fall before his
 way, [play
 And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers
 O'ertopping the young trees,
 On comes the Elephant, to slake 160
 His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
 Lo! from his trunk upturn'd, aloft he
 flings

The grateful shower; and now
 Plucking the broad-leaved bough
 Of yonder plane, with wavy motion
 slow,

Fanning the languid air,
 He moves it to and fro.
 But when that form of beauty meets his
 sight,
 The trunk its undulating motion stops,
 From his forgetful hold the plane-branch
 drops, 170
 Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational
 eyes

To her as if in prayer;
 And when she pours her angel voice in
 song, [notes,
 Entranced he listens to the thrilling
 Till his strong temples, bathed with
 sudden dews,
 Their fragrance of delight and love
 diffuse.

12
 Lo! as the voice melodious floats
 around,
 The Antelope draws near,
 The Tigress leaves her toothless cubs to
 hear;
 The Snake comes gliding from the secret
 brake, 180
 Himself in fascination forced along
 By that enchanting song;
 The antic Monkeys, whose wild gambols
 late,

When not a breeze waved the tall jungle
 grass,
 Shook the whole wood, are hush'd, and
 silently

Hang on the cluster'd tree.
 All things in wonder and delight are still;
 Only at times the Nightingale is heard,
 Not that in emulous skill that sweetest
 bird

Her rival strain would try, 190
 A mighty songster, with the Maid to vie;
 She only bore her part in powerful
 sympathy.

13
 Well might they thus adore that heavenly
 Maid!

For never Nymph of Mountain,
 Or Grove, or Lake, or Fountain,
 With a diviner presence fill'd the shade.
 No idle ornaments deface
 Her natural grace.
 Musk-spot, nor sandal-streak, nor scarlet
 stain,

Ear-drop nor chain, nor arm nor
 ankle-ring, 200
 Nor trinketry on front, or neck, or breast
 Marring the perfect form: she seem'd
 a thing
 Of Heaven's prime uncorrupted work,
 a child

Of early nature undefiled,
 A daughter of the years of innocence.
 And therefore all things loved her. When
 she stood

Beside the glassy pool, the fish, that flies
 Quick as an arrow from all other eyes,
 Hover'd to gaze on her. The mother
 bird,

When Kailyal's step she heard, 210
 Sought not to tempt her from her secret
 nest,

But hastening to the dear retreat,
 would fly
 To meet and welcome her benignant eye.

14

Hope we have none, said Kailyal to her
Sire. [Maid

Said she aught ? and had the mortal
No thoughts of heavenly aid, . .

No secret hopes her inmost heart to
move [desire,

With longings of such deep and pure
As Vestal Maids, whose piety is love,
Feel in their ecstasies, when rapt above,
Their souls unto their heavenly Spouse
aspire ? 221

Why else so often doth that searching
eye

Roam through the scope of sky ?
Why, if she sees a distant speck on high,
Starts there that quick suffusion to her
cheek ?

'Tis but the Eagle in his heavenly height ;
Reluctant to believe, she hears his cry,

And marks his wheeling flight,
Then pensively averts her mournful
sight.

Why ever else, at morn, that waking
sigh, 230

Because the lovely form no more is nigh
Which hath been present to her soul all
night ;

And that injurious fear
Which ever, as it riseth, is repress,
Yet riseth still within her troubled
breast, [veer !

That she no more shall see the Glendo-

15

Hath he forgotten me ? The wrong-
ful thought

Would stir within her, and though still
repell'd

With shame and self-reproaches,
would recur.

Days after days unvarying come and go,

And neither friend nor foe 241
Approaches them in their sequester'd
bower.

Maid of strange destiny ! but think not
thou

Thou art forgotten now,
And hast no cause for farther hope or
fear ;

High-fated Maid, thou dost not know
What eyes watch over thee for weal and
woe !

Even at this hour,
Searching the dark decrees divine,
Kehama, in the fulness of his power,
Perceives his thread of fate entwine with
thine. 251

The Glendoveer, from his far sphere,
With love that never sleeps, beholds thee
here,

And in the hour permitted will be near.
Dark Lorrinite on thee hath fix'd her
sight,

And laid her wiles, to aid
Foul Arvalan when he shall next appear ;
For well she ween'd his Spirit would
renew [hate ;

Old vengeance now, with unremitting
The Enchantress well that evil nature
knew, 260

The accursed Spirit hath his prey in
view ;

And thus, while all their separate
hopes pursue,
All work, unconsciously, the will of Fate.

16

Fate work'd its own the while. A band
Of Yogues, as they roam'd the land
Seeking a spouse for Jaga-Naut their
God,

Stray'd to this solitary glade,
And reach'd the bower wherein the
Maid abode.

Wondering at form so fair, they deem'd
the Power

Divine had led them to his chosen bride,
And seized and bore her from her
Father's side. 271

XIV. JAGA-NAUT

1

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut !
 Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !

A virgin-bride his ministers have
 brought,
 A mortal maid, in form and face divine,
 Peerless among all daughters of
 mankind ;

Search'd they the world again from East
 to West,

In endless quest,
 Seeking the fairest and the best,
 No maid so lovely might they hope to
 find ; . .

For she hath breathed celestial air, 10
 And heavenly food hath been her fare,
 And heavenly thoughts and feelings give
 her face

That heavenly grace.

Joy in the City of great Jaga-Naut,
 Joy in the seven-headed Idol's shrine !
 The fairest Maid his Yoguees sought,
 A fairer than the fairest have they
 brought,

A maid of charms surpassing human
 thought,

A maid divine.

Now bring ye forth the Chariot of the
 God ! 20

Bring him abroad,
 That through the swarming City he may
 ride ;

And by his side
 Place ye the Maid of more than mortal
 grace,

The Maid of perfect form and heavenly
 face ;

Set her aloft in triumph, like a bride
 Upon the Bridal Car,
 And spread the joyful tidings wide and
 far, . .

Spread it with trump and voice
 That all may hear, and all who hear
 rejoice, . . 30

Great Jaga-Naut hath found his mate !
 the God

Will ride abroad !
 To-night will he go forth from his abode !
 Ye myriads who adore him,
 Prepare the way before him !

3

Uprear'd on twenty wheels elate,
 Huge as a Ship, the Bridal Car appear'd ;
 Loud creak its ponderous wheels, as
 through the gate [load.

A thousand Bramins drag the enormous
 There throned aloft in state, 40

The Image of the seven-headed God
 Came forth from his abode ; and at his
 side

Sate Kailyal like a bride.

A bridal statue rather might she seem,
 For she regarded all things like a dream,
 Having no thought, nor fear, nor will,
 nor aught

Save hope and faith, that lived within
 her still.

O silent night, how have they startled
 thee

With the brazen trumpet's blare ;
 And thou, O Moon ! whose quiet light
 serene 50

Filleth wide heaven, and bathing hill
 and wood, [flood,

Spreads o'er the peaceful valley like a
 How have they dimm'd thee with the
 torches' glare,

Which round yon moving pageant flame
 and flare,

As the wild rout, with deafening song
 and shout,

Fling their long flashes out,
 That, like infernal lightnings, fire the air.

A thousand pilgrims strain
Arm, shoulder, breast and thigh, with
 might and main,

To drag that sacred wain, 60
And scarce can draw along the enormous
 load.

Prone fall the frantic votaries in its road,
 And calling on the God,
Their self-devoted bodies there they lay
 To pave his chariot-way.
 On Jaga-Naut they call,
The ponderous Car rolls on, and crushes
 all.

Through flesh and bones it ploughs its
 dreadful path.

Groans rise unheard: the dying cry,
 And death and agony 70
Are trodden under foot by yon mad
 throng,

Who follow close, and thrust the deadly
 wheels along.

6

Pale grows the Maid at this accursed
 sight;

The yells which round her rise
Have roused her with affright,
And fear hath given to her dilated eyes
 A wilder light.

Where shall those eyes be turn'd? she
 knows not where!

Downward they dare not look, for
 there

Is death, and horror, and despair; 80
Nor can her patient looks to Heaven
 repair,

For the huge Idol over her, in air,
Spreads his seven hideous heads, and
 wide

Extends their snaky necks on every side;

And all around, behind, before,
The Bridal Car, is the raging rout,
With frantic shout, and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.

And the double double peals of the drum
 are there,

And the startling burst of the trumpet's
 blare; 90

And the gong, that seems, with its
 thunders dread

To astound the living, and waken the
 dead. [rent,

The ear-strings throb as if they were
And the eyelids drop as stunned
 and spent. [fast,

Fain would the Maid have kept them
But open they start at the crack of the
 blast.

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Erecnia!
 where

In this dread hour of horror and despair?
Thinking on him, she strove her fear to
 quell,

If he be near me, then will all be well;
And, if he reck not for my misery,
Let come the worst, it matters not to
 me. 102

Repel that wrongful thought,
O Maid! thou feeblest, but believest it
 not;

It is thine own imperfect nature's fault
That lets one doubt of him arise within;
And this the Virgin knew; and like
 a sin,

Repell'd the thought, and still believed
 him true;

And summon'd up her spirit to endure
All forms of fear, in that firm trust
 secure. 110

8

She needs that faith, she needs that
 consolation,

For now the Car hath measured back its
 track

Of death, and hath re-enter'd now its
 station.

There, in the Temple-court with song
 and dance,
 A harlot-band, to meet the Maid,
 advance.
 The drum hath ceased its peals; the
 trump and gong
 Are still; the frantic crowd forbear their
 yells;
 And sweet it was to hear the voice of
 song,
 And the sweet music of their girdle-bells,
 Armlets and anklets, that, with cheerful
 sound, 120
 Symphonious tinkled as they wheel'd
 around.

They sung a bridal measure,
 A song of pleasure,
 A hymn of joyaunce and of gratulation.
 Go, chosen One, they cried,
 Go, happy bride!
 For thee the God descends in expecta-
 tion!
 For thy dear sake
 He leaves his Heaven, O Maid of match-
 less charms!
 Go, happy One, the bed divine partake,
 And fill his longing arms! 131
 Thus to the inner fane,
 With circling dance and hymeneal strain,
 The astonish'd Maid they led,
 And there they laid her on the bridal bed.
 Then forth they go, and close the
 Temple-gate,
 And leave the wretched Kailyal to her
 fate.

10

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
 where?
 From the loathed bed she starts, and
 in the air
 Looks up, as if she thought to find him
 there; 140

Then, in despair,
 Anguish and agony, and hopeless
 prayer,
 Prostrate she laid herself upon the floor.
 There trembling as she lay,
 The Bramin of the fane advanced
 And came to seize his prey.
 But as the abominable Priest drew nigh,
 A power invisible opposed his way;
 Starting, he utter'd wildly a death-cry,
 And fell. At that the Maid all eagerly
 Lifted in hope her head; 151
 She thought her own deliverer had been
 near;
 When lo! with other life re-animate,
 She saw the dead arise,
 And in the fiendish joy within his eyes,
 She knew the hateful Spirit who
 look'd through
 Their specular orbs, . . clothed in the
 flesh of man,
 She knew the accursed soul of Arvalan.

11

Where art thou, Son of Heaven, Ereenia,
 where?
 But not in vain, with sudden shriek
 of fear, 160
 She calls Ereenia now; the Glendoveer
 Is here! Upon the guilty sight he burst
 Like lightning from a cloud, and caught
 the accurst,
 Bore him to the roof aloft, and on the
 floor
 With vengeance dash'd him, quivering
 there in gore.
 Lo! from the pregnant air, . . heart-
 withering sight,
 There issued forth the dreadful Lorrinite.
 Seize him! the Enchantress cried;
 A host of Demons at her word appear,
 And like tornado winds, from every side
 At once they rush upon the Glendoveer.
 Alone against a legion, little here 172
 Avails his single might,

Nor that celestial faulchion, which in
 flight
 So oft had put the rebel race to flight.
 There are no Gods on earth to give
 him aid ;
 Hemm'd round, he is overpower'd, beat
 down, and bound,
 And at the feet of Lorrinite is laid.

12

Meantime the scatter'd members of the
 slain,
 Obedient to her mighty voice assum'd
 Their vital form again, 181
 And that foul Spirit upon vengeance
 bent,
 Fled to the fleshly tenement.
 Lo ! here, quoth Lorrinite, thou seest
 thy foe !

Him in the Ancient Sepulchres, below
 The billows of the Ocean will I lay ;
 Gods are there none to help him now,
 and there
 For Man there is no way.

To that dread scene of durance and
 despair,

Asuras, bear your enemy ! I go 190
 To chain him in the Tombs. Meantime
 do thou,
 Freed from thy foe, and now secure from
 fear,
 Son of Kehama, take thy pleasure here.

13

Her words the accursed race obey'd ;
 Forth with a sound like rushing winds
 they fled,

And of all aid from Earth or Heaven
 bereft,
 Alone with Arvalan the Maid was left.
 But in that hour of agony, the Maid
 Deserted not herself ; her very dread
 Had calm'd her ; and her heart 200
 Knew the whole horror, and its only
 part.

Yamen, receive me undefiled ! she said,
 And seized a torch, and fired the bridal
 bed.

Up ran the rapid flames ; on every side
 They find their fuel wheresoe'er they
 spread ;

Thin hangings, fragrant gums, and
 odorous wood,
 That piled like sacrificial altars stood.
 Around they run, and upward they
 aspire, [fire.
 And, lo ! the huge Pagoda lined with

14

The wicked Soul, who had assumed
 again 210
 A form of sensible flesh for his foul will,
 Still bent on base revenge and baffled
 still,

Felt that corporeal shape alike to pain
 Obnoxious as to pleasure : forth he
 flew, [flame ;

Howling and scorch'd by the devouring
 Accursed Spirit ! Still condemn'd to rue,
 The act of sin and punishment the same.

Freed from his loathsome touch, a
 natural dread
 Came on the self-devoted, and she drew
 Back from the flames, which now toward
 her spread, 220

And, like a living monster, seem'd to dart
 Their hungry tongues toward their
 shrinking prey.

Soon she subdued her heart ;
 O Father ! she exclaim'd, there was
 no way

But this ! And thou, Ercenia, who for
 me [pany.
 Sufferest, my soul shall bear thee com-

15

So having said, she knit
 Her body up to work her soul's desire,
 And rush at once among the thickest
 fire.

A sudden cry withheld her, . . Kailyal,
stay !
Child ! Daughter ! I am here ! the
voice exclaims,
And from the gate, unharm'd, through
smoke and flames,
Like as a God, Ladurlad made his way ;
Wrapt his preserving arms around,
and bore
His Child, uninjured, o'er the burning
floor.

Relying that the Waves will guard him
there ? [ness,
Short-sighted are the eyes of Wicked-
And all its craft but folly. Oh my child !
The Curses of the Wicked are upon me,
And the immortal Deities, who see
And suffer all things for their own wise
end,
Have made them blessings to us !

KAILYAL
Then thou knowest

XV. THE CITY OF BALY

1
KAILYAL
Ereenia !
LADURLAD
Nay, let no reproachful thought
Wrong his heroic heart ! The Evil
Powers
Have the dominion o'er this wretched
World, [here.
And no good Spirit now can venture
KAILYAL
Alas, my Father ! he hath ventured
here,
And saved me from one horror. But the
Powers
Of Evil beat him down, and bore away
To some dread scene of durance and
despair ;
The Ancient Tombs, methought their
mistress said, 10
Beneath the ocean-waves ; no way for
Man
Is there ; and Gods, she boasted, there
are none
On Earth to help him now.
LADURLAD
Is that her boast ?
And hath she laid him in the Ancient
Tombs.

Long time they travell'd on ; at dawn
of day

Still setting forward with the earliest
light,

Nor ceasing from their way
Till darkness closed the night.

Short refuge from the noontide heat,
Reluctantly compell'd, the Maiden took,
And ill her indefatigable feet 50
Could that brief respite brook.

Hope kept her up, and her intense desire
Supports that heart which ne'er at
danger quails,

Those feet which never tire,
That frame which never fails.

Their talk was of the City of the days
Of old, Earth's wonder once, and of the
fame

Of Baly its great founder, . . he whose
name

In ancient story and in poet's praise,
Liveth and flourisheth for endless
glory, 60

Because his might
Put down the wrong, and aye upheld
the right.

Till for ambition, as old sages tell,
At length the universal Monarch fell :
For he too, having made the World his
own,

Then in his pride, had driven
The Devetas from Heaven,
And seized triumphantly the Swerga
throne.

The Incarnate came before the Mighty
One,

In dwarfish stature, and in mien obscure ;
The sacred cord he bore, 71

And ask'd, for Brama's sake, a little
boon, [more.

Three steps of Baly's ample reign, no

Poor was the boon required, and poor
was he

Who begg'd, . . a little wretch it seem'd
to be ; [prayer.

But Baly ne'er refused a suppliant's
He on the Dwarf cast down
A glance of pity in contemptuous mood,
And bade him take the boon,
And measure where he would. 80

5

Lo, Son of giant birth,
I take my grant ! the Incarnate Power
replies.

With his first step he measured o'er
the Earth,

The second spann'd the skies.
Three paces thou hast granted,
Twice have I set my footstep, Veeshnoo
cries,

Where shall the third be planted ?

6

Then Baly knew the God, and at his feet,
In homage due, he laid his humbled head.
Mighty art thou, O Lord of Earth
and Heaven, 90

Mighty art thou ! he said,
Be merciful, and let me be forgiven.
He ask'd for mercy of the Merciful,
And mercy for his virtue's sake was
shown.

For though he was cast down to Padalon,
Yet there, by Yamen's throne,
Doth Baly sit in majesty and might,
To judge the dead, and sentence them
aright.

And forasmuch as he was still the friend
Of righteousness, it is permitted him,
Yearly, from those drear regions to
ascend, 101

And walk the Earth, that he may hear
his name

Still hymn'd and honour'd by the
grateful voice
Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.

Such was the talk they held upon their
 way,
 Of him to whose old City they were
 bound ; [day
 And now, upon their journey, many a
 Had risen and closed, and many a
 week gone round,
 And many a realm and region had they

 When now the Ancient Towers appear'd
 at last. .. 110
 8
 Their golden summits in the noon-day
 light,
 Shone o'er the dark green deep that
 roll'd between,
 For domes, and pinnacles, and spires
 were seen
 Peering above the sea, . . a mournful
 sight !
 Well might the sad beholder ween
 from thence
 What works of wonder the devouring
 wave
 Had swallow'd there, when monuments
 so brave
 Bore record of their old magnificence.
 And on the sandy shore, beside the
 verge
 Of Ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn
 fane 120
 Resisted in its strength the surf and
 surge
 That on their deep foundations beat in
 vain.
 In solitude the Ancient Temples stood,
 Once resonant with instrument and
 song,
 And solemn dance of festive multitude ;
 Now as the weary ages pass along,
 Hearing no voice save of the Ocean flood,
 Which roars for ever on the restless
 shores ;

Or, visiting their solitary caves,
 The lonely sound of winds, that moan
 around 130
 Accordant to the melancholy waves.
 9
 With reverence did the travellers see
 The works of ancient days, and silently
 Approach the shore. Now on the
 yellow sand,
 Where round their feet the rising surges
 part,
 They stand. Ladurlad's heart
 Exulted in his wondrous destiny.
 To Heaven he raised his hand
 In attitude of stern heroic pride ;
 Oh what a power, he cried, 140
 Thou dreadful Rajah, doth thy curse
 impart !
 I thank thee now ! . . Then turning
 to the Maid,
 Thou seest how far and wide
 Yon Towers extend, he said,
 My search must needs be long. Mean-
 time the flood
 Will cast thee up thy food, . .
 And in the Chambers of the Rock by
 night,
 Take thou thy safe abode.
 No prowling beast to harm thee, or
 affright,
 Can enter there ; but wrap thyself with
 with care 150
 From the foul Birds obscene that thirst
 for blood ;
 For in such caverns doth the Bat delight
 To have its haunts. Do thou with stone
 and shout,
 Ere thou liest down at evening, scare
 them out,
 And in this robe of mine involve thy
 feet.
 Duly commend us both to Heaven
 in prayer, [sweet !
 Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be

10

So saying, he put back his arm, and gave
The cloth which girt his loins, and press'd
her hand

With fervent love, then from the sand
Advanced into the sea ; the coming
Wave 161

Which knew Kehama's curse, before his
way

Started, and on he went as on dry land,
And still around his path the waters
parted.

She stands upon the shore, where sea-
weeds play,

Lashing her polish'd ankles, and the
spray [fled,

Which off her Father, like a rainbow,
Falls on her like a shower ; there Kailay
stands,

And sees the billows rise above his head.
She at the startling sight forgot the
power 170

The Curse had given him, and held forth
her hands

Imploringly, . . her voice was on the
wind,

And the deaf Ocean o'er Ladurlad closed.
Soon she recall'd his destiny to mind,
And shaking off that natural fear,

Her soul with prayer, to wait the event

11

Alone, upon the solitary strand,
The lovely one is left ; behold her go,
Pacing with patient footsteps, to and fro,
Along the bending sand. 180

Save her, ye Gods ! from Evil Powers,
and here

. From man she need not fear :

For never Traveller comes near
These awful ruins of the days of yore,
Nor fisher's bark, nor venturous mariner,
Approach the sacred shore.

All day, she walk'd the beach, at night
she sought

The Chamber of the Rock ; with stone
and shout

Assail'd the Bats obscene, and scared
them out ;

Then in her Father's robe involved her
feet, 190

And wrapt her mantle round to guard
her head,

And laid her down ; the rock was
Kailay's bed, [sky,

Her chamber-lamps were in the starry
The winds and waters were her lullaby.

12

Be of good heart, and may thy sleep be
sweet,

Ladurlad said : . . Alas ! that cannot be
To one whose days are days of misery.
How often did she stretch her hands to
greet

Ercenia, rescued in the dreams of night !
How oft amid the vision of delight,

Fear in her heart all is not as it seems ;
Then from unsettled slumber start, and
hear 202

The Winds that moan above, the Waves
below !

Thou hast been call'd, O Sleep ! the
friend of Woe, [so.

But 'tis the happy who have call'd thee

13

Another day, another night are gone,
A second passes, and a third wanes on.

So long she paced the shore,
So often on the beach she took her stand,
That the wild Sea-Birds knew her, and
no more 210

Fled, when she pass'd beside them on
the strand. [light

Bright shine the golden summits in the
Of the noon-sun, and lovelier far by
night [shed :

Their moonlight glories o'er the sea they

Fair is the dark-green deep : by night
and day

Unvex'd with storms, the peaceful
billows play,

As when they closed above Ladurlad's
head ;

The firmament above is bright and clear ;
The sea-fowl, lords of water, air, and
land,

Joyous alike upon the wing appear,
Or when they ride the waves, or walk
the sand ; 221

Beauty and light and joy are every
where ;

There is no sadness and no sorrow here,
Save what that single human breast
contains,

But oh ! what hopes, and fears, and
pains are there !

14

Seven miserable days the expectant
Maid,

From earliest dawn till evening, watch'd
the shore ;

Hope left her then ; and in her heart
she said, [more.

Never should she behold her Father

XVI. THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES

WHEN the broad Ocean on Ladurlad's
head

Had closed and arch'd him o'er,

With steady tread he held his way
Adown the sloping shore,

The dark green waves with emerald hue,
Imbue the beams of day,

And on the wrinkled sand below,

Rolling their mazy network to and fro,
Light shadows shift and play. 9

The hungry Shark, at scent of prey,

Toward Ladurlad darted ;

Beholding then that human form erect,

How like a God the depths he trod,

Appall'd the monster started,

And in his fear departed.

Onward Ladurlad went with heart elate,

And now hath reach'd the Ancient
City's gate.

2

Wondering he stood awhile to gaze
Upon the works of elder days.

The brazen portals open stood, 20

Even as the fearful multitude

Had left them, when they fled

Before the rising flood.

High over-head, sublime,

The mighty gateway's storied roof was
spread,

Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.

With the deeds of days of yore

That ample roof was sculptured o'er,

And many a godlike form there met his
his eye,

And many an emblem dark of mystery.

Through these wide portals oft had

Baly rode 31

Triumphant from his proud abode,

When, in his greatness, he bestrode

The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,

The Aullay-Horse, that in his force,

With elephantine trunk, could bind

And lift the elephant, and on the wind

Whirl him away, with sway and swing,

Even like a pebble from the practised
sling.

3

Those streets which never, since the
days of yore, 40

By human footstep had been visited,

Those streets which never more

A human foot shall tread,

Ladurlad trod. In sun-light and sea-
green,

The thousand Palaces were seen

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Of that proud City, whose superb abodes
Seem'd rear'd by Giants for the immortal

[stand,

How silent and how beautiful they
Like things of Nature ! the eternal
rocks

Themselves not firmer. Neither hath
the sand 50

Drifted within their gates and choak'd
their doors,

Nor slime defiled their pavements and
their floors.

Did then the Ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair City, that he spared thee
thus ?

Art thou Varounin's capital and court,
Where all the Sea-Gods for delight
resort,

A place too godlike to be held by us,
The poor degenerate children of the
Earth ?

So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd
around, 60

Weening to hear the sound
Of Mermaid's shell, and song
Of choral throng from some imperial
hall,

Wherein the Immortal Powers at
festival,

Their high carousals keep ;

But all is silence dread,

Silence profound and dead,

The everlasting stillness of the Deep.

4

Through many a solitary street,
And silent market-place, and lonely
square, 70

Arm'd with the mighty Curse, behold
him fare. [fane

And now his feet attain that royal
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.

What once had been the Gardens
spread around,

Fair Gardens, once which wore per-
petual green,

Where all sweet flowers through all the
year were found,

And all fair fruits were through all
seasons seen ;

A place of Paradise, where each device
Of emulous Art with Nature strove to vie ;

And Nature on her part, 80
Call'd forth new powers wherewith to
vanquish Art. [eye,

The Swerga-God himself, with envious
Survey'd those peerless gardens in their
prime ;

Nor ever did the Lord of Light,
Who circles Earth and Heaven upon
his way, [sight

Behold from eldest time a goodlier
Than were the groves which Baly, in
his might,

Made for his chosen place of solace
and delight.

5

It was a Garden still beyond all price,
Even yet it was a place of Paradise ;
For where the mighty Ocean could not
spare, 90

There had he with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devasta-
tion.

And here were coral bowers,

And grots of madrepores,

And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to
eye

As e'er was mossy bed

Whereon the Wood Nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry
hours.

Here too were living flowers 100

Which, like a bud compacted,

Their purple cups contracted,

And now in open blossom spread,
Stretch'd like green anthers many a
seeking head.

And arborets of jointed stone were
there,
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's
thread; [hair
Yea, beautiful as Mermaid's golden
Upon the waves disspread.
Others that, like the broad banana
growing.
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of
purple hue, 110
Like streamers wide out-flowing.
And whatsoe'er the depths of Ocean
hide
From human eyes, Ladurlad there
espied,
Trees of the deep, and shrubs and
fruits and flowers,
As fair as ours.
Wherewith the Sea-Nymphs love their
locks to braid,
When to their father's hall, at festival
Repairing they, in emulous array,
Their charms display,
To grace the banquet, and the solemn
day. 120

6

The golden fountains had not ceased
to flow:
And where they mingled with the
briny Sea,
There was a sight of wonder and
delight,
To see the fish, like birds in air,
Above Ladurlad flying.
Round those strange waters they repair,
Their scarlet fins outspread and plying.
They float with gentle hovering there;
And now upon those little wings,
As if to dare forbidden things, 130
With wilful purpose bent,
Swift as an arrow from a bow.
They shoot across, and to and fro,
In rapid glance, like lightning go
Through that unwonted element.

7

Almost in scenes so wondrous fair,
Ladurlad had forgot
The mighty cause which led him there;
His busy eye was every where,
His mind had lost all thought; 140
His heart, surrender'd to the joys
Of sight, was happy as a boy's.
But soon the awakening thought
recurs
Of him who in the Sepulchres,
Hopeless of human aid, in chains is
laid;
And her who on the solitary shore,
By night and day her weary watch
will keep,
Till she shall see them issuing from
the deep.

8

Now hath Ladurlad reach'd the Court
Of the great Palace of the King; its
floor 150
Was of the marble rock; and there
before
The imperial door,
A mighty Image on the steps was
seen,
Of stature huge, of countenance serene.
A crown and sceptre at his feet were
laid;
One hand a scroll display'd,
The other pointed there, that all might
see;
My name is Death, it said,
In mercy have the Gods appointed me.
Two brazen gates beneath him night
and day 160
Stood open; and within them you
behold
Descending steps, which in the living
stone
Were hewn, a spacious way
Down to the Chambers of the Kings
of old.

Trembling with hope, the adventurous
man descended.

The sea-green light of day
Not far along the vault extended ;
But where the slant reflection ended,
Another light was seen
Of red and fiery hue, 170
That with the water blended,
And gave the secrets of the Tombs to
view.

10

Deep in the marble rock, the Hall
Of Death was hollow'd out, a chamber
wide,
Low-roof'd, and long ; on either side,
Each in his own alcove, and on his
throne, [hand
The Kings of old were seated : in his
Each held the sceptre of command,
From whence, across that scene of
endless night,
A carbuncle diffused its everlasting
light. 180

11

So well had the embalmers done their
part [imbue
With spice and precious unguents to
The perfect corpse, that each had still
the hue
Of living man, and every limb was still
Supple and firm and full, as when of
yore
Its motion answer'd to the moving will.
The robes of royalty which once they
wore,
Long since had moulder'd off and left
them bare : [there,
Naked upon their thrones behold them
Statues of actual flesh, . . a fearful
sight ! 190
Their large and rayless eyes
Dimly reflecting to that gem-born light,

Glazed, fix'd, and meaningless, . . yet,
open wide,
Their ghastly balls belied
The mockery of life in all beside.

12

But if amid these chambers drear,
Death were a sight of shuddering and
of fear,
Life was a thing of stranger horror
here.

For at the farther end, in yon alcove,
Where Baly should have lain, had he
obey'd 200
Man's common lot, behold Ereenia laid.
Strong fetters link him to the rock ;
his eye

Now rolls and widens, as with effort
vain

He strives to break the chain,
Now seems to brood upon his misery.
Before him couch'd there lay
One of the mighty monsters of the

Whom Lorrinite encountering on the
way,
There station'd, his perpetual guard
to keep ;
In the sport of wanton power, she
charm'd him there, 210
As if to mock the Glendoveer's despair.

13

Upward his form was human, save
that here
The skin was cover'd o'er with scale
on scale
Compact, a panoply of natural mail.
His mouth, from ear to ear,
Weapon'd with triple teeth, extended
wide,

And tusks on either side ;
A double snake below, he roll'd
His supple length behind in many
a sinuous fold.

XVI. THE ANCIENT SEPULCHRES

14

With red and kindling eye, the Beast
 beholds 220

A living man draw nigh,
 And rising on his folds,
 In hungry joy awaits the expected
 feast,

His mouth half-open, and his teeth
 unsheath'd. [arms

Then on he sprung, and in his scaly
 Seized him, and fasten'd on his neck,
 to suck,

With greedy lips the warm life-blood :
 and sure [charms,

But for the mighty power of magic
 As easily as, in the blithesome hour
 Of spring, a child doth crop the
 meadow-flower, 230

Piecemeal those claws

Had rent their victim, and those armed
 jaws [stood,

Snapt him in twain. Naked Ladurlad

Yet fearless and unharm'd in this
 dread strife,

So well Kehama's Curse had charm'd
 his fated life.

15

He too, . . for anger, rising at the
 sight

Of him he sought, in such strange
 thrall confined,

With desperate courage fired Ladur-
 lad's mind, . .

He too unto the fight himself address,
 And grappling breast to breast, 240

With foot firm-planted stands,
 And seized the monster's throat with
 both his hands.

Vainly, with throttling grasp, he prest
 The impenetrable scales ;

And lo ! the Guard rose up, and round
 his foe,

With gliding motion, wreath'd his
 lengthening coils,

Then tighten'd all their folds with
 stress and strain.

Nought would the raging Tiger's
 strength avail [toils ;
 If once involved within those mighty
 The arm'd Rhinoceros, so clasp'd, in
 vain 250

Had trusted to his hide of rugged mail,
 His bones all broken, and the breath
 of life

Crush'd from the lungs, in that un-
 equal strife. [break

Again, and yet again, he sought to
 The impassive limbs ; but when the
 Monster found

His utmost power was vain,
 A moment he relax'd in every round.
 Then knit his coils again with closer
 strain,

And, bearing forward, forced him to
 the ground.

16

Ereenia groan'd in anguish at the sight
 Of this dread fight : once more the
 Glendoveer 261

Essay'd to break his bonds, and fear
 For that brave father who had sought
 him here,

Stung him to wilder strugglings. From
 the rock

He raised himself half-up, with might
 and main

Pluck'd at the adamantine chain,
 And now with long and unrelaxing
 strain,

In obstinate effort of indignant strength,
 Labour'd and strove in vain ;
 Till his immortal sinews fail'd at length ;
 And yielding, with an inward groan,
 to fate, 271

Despairingly, he let himself again
 Fall prostrate on his prison-bed of
 stone. [weight.

Body and chain alike with lifeless

17

Struggling they lay in mortal fray
All day, while day was in our upper
sphere,

For light of day

And natural darkness never entered
here ;

All night, with unabated might,
They waged the unremitting fight.

A second day, a second night, 281
With furious will they wrestled still.
The third came on, the fourth is gone ;

Another comes, another goes,
And yet no respite, no repose !
But day and night, and night and day,
Involv'd in mortal strife they lay ;
Six days and nights have pass'd
away,

And still they wage, with mutual rage,
The unremitting fray. 290

With mutual rage their war they wage,
But not with mutual will ;

For when the seventh morning came,
The monster's worn and wearied frame
In this strange contest fails ;

And weaker, weaker, every hour,
He yields beneath strong Nature's
power,

For now the Curse prevails.

18

Sometimes the Beast sprung up to bear
His foe aloft ; and trusting there 300

To shake him from his hold,
Relax'd the rings that wreath'd him
round ;

But on his throat Ladurlad hung
And weigh'd him to the ground ;
And if they sink, or if they float,
Alike with stubborn clasp he clung,
Tenacious of his grasp ;

For well he knew with what a power,
Exempt from Nature's laws, 309
The Curse had arm'd him for this hour ;
And in the monster's gasping jaws,

And in his hollow eye,
Well could Ladurlad now descry
The certain signs of victory.

19

And now the Beast no more can keep
His painful watch ; his eyes, oppress,
Are fainting for their natural sleep ;
His living flesh and blood must rest,
The Beast must sleep or die.

Then he, full faint and languidly, 320
Unwreathes his rings and strives to fly,
And still retreating, slowly trails
His stiff and heavy length of scales.

But that unweariable foe,
With will relentless follows still ;
No breathing time, no pause of fight
He gives, but presses on his flight ;
Along the vaulted chambers, and the
ascent

Up to the emerald-tinted light of day.
He harasses his way, 330
Till lifeless, underneath his grasp,
The huge Sea-Monster lay.

20

That obstinate work is done ; Ladur-
lad cried,

One labour yet remains !
And thoughtfully he eyed
Ereenia's ponderous chains ;

And with faint effort, half-despairing,
tried
The rivets deep in-driven. Instinc-
tively,

As if in search of aid, he look'd around :
Oh, then how gladly, in the near
alcove, 340
Fallen on the ground its lifeless Lord
beside,

The crescent scymitar he spied.
Whose cloudy blade, with potent spells
imbued,
Had lain so many an age unhurt in
solitude.

21

Joyfully springing there
 He seized the weapon, and with eager
 stroke
 Hew'd at the chain; the force was
 dealt in vain,
 For not as if through yielding air
 Pass'd the descending scymitar,
 Its deaden'd way the heavy water
 broke; 350
 Yet it bit deep. Again, with both his
 hands,
 He wields the blade, and dealt a surer
 blow.
 The baser metal yields
 To that fine edge, and lo! the
 Glendoveer
 Rises and snaps the half-sever'd links,
 and stands
 Freed from his broken bands.

XVII. BALY

This is the appointed night,
 The night of joy and consecrated mirth,
 When from his judgement-seat in
 Padalon,
 By Yamen's throne,
 Baly goes forth, that he may walk the
 Earth
 Unseen, and hear his name
 Still hymn'd and honour'd by the
 grateful voice
 Of humankind, and in his fame rejoice.
 Therefore from door to door, and
 street to street,
 With willing feet, 10
 Shaking their firebrands, the glad
 children run;
 Baly! great Baly! they acclaim,
 Where'er they run they bear the mighty
 name,

Where'er they meet,
 Baly! great Baly! still their choral
 tongues repeat.
 Therefore at every door the votive
 flame
 Through pendant lanterns sheds its
 painted light,
 And rockets hissing upward through the
 sky,
 Fall like a shower of stars
 From Heaven's black canopy. 20
 Therefore, on yonder mountain's
 templed height,
 The brazen caldron blazes through
 the night.
 Huge as a Ship that travels the main
 sea
 Is that capacious brass; its wick as tall
 As is the mast of some great admiral.
 Ten thousand votaries bring
 Camphor and ghee to feed the sacred
 flame;
 And while, through regions round, the
 nations see
 Its fiery pillar curling high in heaven,
 Baly! great Baly! they exclaim, 30
 For ever hallowed be his blessed name!
 Honour and praise to him for ever
 more be given!

2

Why art not thou among the festive
 throng,
 Baly, O righteous Judge! to hear thy
 fame?
 Still, as of yore, with pageantry and
 song,
 The glowing streets along,
 They celebrate thy name;
 Baly! great Baly! still
 The grateful habitants of Earth
 acclaim,
 Baly! great Baly! still 40
 The ringing walls and echoing towers
 proclaim.

From yonder mountain the portentous
flame

Still blazes to the nations as before ;
All things appear to human eyes the
same,

As perfect as of yore ;
To human eyes, . . but how unlike to
thine !

Thine which were wont to see

The Company divine,

That with their presence came to
honour thee !

For all the blessed ones of mortal birth
Who have been clothed with immor-
tality, 51

From the eight corners of the Earth,
From the Seven Worlds assembling, all
Wont to attend thy solemn festival.

Then did thine eyes behold
The wide air peopled with that glorious
train ;

Now may'st thou seek the blessed
ones in vain,

For Earth and Air are now beneath
the Rajah's reign.

3

Therefore the righteous Judge hath
walk'd the Earth

In sorrow and in solitude to-night. 60
The sound of human mirth

To him is no delight ;

He turns away from that ungrateful
sight,

Hallowed not now by visitants divine,
And there he bends his melancholy
way

Where, in yon full-orb'd Moon's
refulgent light,

The Golden Towers of his old City
shine

Above the silver sea. The ancient Chief

There bent his way in grief,

As if sad thoughts indulged would
work their own relief. 70

There he beholds upon the sand
A lovely Maiden in the moonlight stand.
The land-breeze lifts her locks of jet,
The waves around her polish'd ankles
play,

Her bosom with the salt sea-spray is
wet ;

Her arms are cross'd, unconsciously,
to fold

That bosom from the cold,
While statue-like she seems her watch
to keep,
Gazing intently on the restless deep.

5

Seven miserable days had Kailyal
there, 80

From earliest dawn till evening watch'd
the deep ;

Six nights within the chamber of the
rock,

Had laid her down, and found in
prayer

That comfort which she sought in vain
from sleep.

But when the seventh night came,
Never should she behold her father
more,

The wretched Maiden said in her
despair ;

Yet would not quit the shore,
Nor turn her eyes one moment from
the sea ;

Never before 90

Had Kailyal watch'd it so impatiently,
Never so eagerly had hoped before,

As now when she believed, and said all
hope was o'er.

6

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,

In that wild solitude,

Bely from his invisibility

Had issued then, to know her cause
of woe ;

But that in the air beside her, he espied
Two Powers of Evil for her hurt allied,
Foul Arvalan and dreadful Lorrinite.
Walking in darkness him they could not

see 101

And marking with what demon-like
delight

They kept their innocent prey in sight,
He waits, expecting what the end
may be.

7

She starts; for lo! where floating
many a rood,
A Monster, hugest of the Ocean brood,
Weltering and lifeless, drifts toward
the shore.

Backward she starts in fear before the
flood,

And, when the waves retreat,
They leave their hideous burthen at
her feet. 110

8

She ventures to approach with timid
tread,

She starts, and half draws back in
fear,

Then stops, and stretches out her
head,

To see if that huge Beast indeed be
dead.

Now growing bold, the Maid advances
near,

Even to the margin of the ocean-flood.
Rightly she reads her Father's victory,
And lifts her joyous hands exultingly

To Heaven in gratitude.

Then spreading them toward the Sea,
While pious tears bedim her streaming
eyes, 121

Come! come! my Father, come to me,
Ereenia, come! she cries,

Lo! from the opening deep they rise,
And to Ladurlad's arms the happy
Kailyal flies.

9

She turn'd from him, to meet with
beating heart,

The Glendoveer's embrace.

Now turn to me, for mine thou art!
Foul Arvalan exclaim'd; his loathsome
face

Came forth, and from the air, 130
In fleshly form, he burst.

Always in horror and despair
Had Kailyal seen that form and face
accurst,

But yet so sharp a pang had ne'er
Shot with a thrill like death through
all her frame,

As now when on her hour of joy the
Spectre came.

10

Vain is resistance now,
The fiendish laugh of Lorrinite is heard;
And at her dreadful word,

The Asuras once again appear, 140
And seize Ladurlad and the Glendoveer.

11

Hold your accursed hands!

A voice exclaim'd, whose dread com-
mands [Padalon;

Were fear'd through all the vaults of
And there among them, in the mid-
night air,

The presence of the mighty Baly shone.
He, making manifest his mightiness,
Put forth on every side an hundred
arms,

And seized the Sorceress; maugre all
her charms,

Her and her fiendish ministers he
caught 150

With force as uncontroulable as fate;
And that unhappy Soul, to whom

The Almighty Rajah's power availeth not
Living to avert, nor dead to mitigate
His righteous doom.

12

Help, help, Kehama ! Father, help !
 he cried,

But Baly tarried not to abide
 That mightier Power ; with irresistible
 feet

He stamp'd and cleft the Earth ; it
 open'd wide,
 And gave him way to his own Judge-
 ment-seat. 160

Down, like a plummet, to the World
 below

He sunk, and bore his prey
 To punishment deserved, and endless

XVIII. KEHAMA'S DESCENT

1

THE Earth, by Baly's feet divided,
 Closed o'er his way as to the Judge-
 ment-seat

He plunged and bore his prey.
 Scarce had the shock subsided,
 When, darting from the Swerga's
 heavenly heights,

Kehama, like a thunderbolt, alights.
 In wrath he came, a bickering flame
 Flash'd from his eyes which made the
 moonlight dim,

And passion forcing way from every
 limb,
 Like furnace-smoke, with terrors wrapt
 him round. 10

Furious he smote the ground ;
 Earth trembled underneath the dread-
 ful stroke,

Again in sunder riven ;
 He hurl'd in rage his whirling weapon
 down.

But lo ! the fiery shekera to his feet
 Return'd, as if by equal force re-
 driven,

And from the abyss the voice of Baly
 came :

Not yet, O Rajah, hast thou won
 The realms of Padalon !
 Earth and the Swerga are thine own,
 But, till Kehama shall subdue
 the throne 21
 Of Hell, in torments Yamen holds his
 son.

Fool that he is ! . . in torments let
 him lie !

Kehama, wrathful at his son, replied.

But what am I,
 That thou should'st brave me ? . .
 kindling in his pride
 The dreadful Rajah cried.

Ho ! Yamen ! hear me. God of
 Padalon,

Prepare thy throne,
 And let the Amreeta cup 30
 Be ready for my lips, when I anon
 Triumphantly shall take my seat
 thereon,
 And plant upon thy neck my royal feet.

3

In voice like thunder thus the Rajah
 cried,

Impending o'er the abyss, with
 menacing hand
 Put forth, as in the action of command,
 And eyes that darted their red anger
 down.

Then drawing back he let the earth
 subside,
 And, as his wrath relax'd, survey'd,
 Thoughtfully and silently, the mortal
 Maid. 40

Her eye the while was on the farthest
 sky,

Where up the ethereal height
 Ereenia rose and pass'd away from
 sight.

Never had she so joyfully
Beheld the coming of the Glendoveer,
Dear as he was and he deserved to be,
As now she saw him rise and disappear.

Come now what will, within her heart
said she,
For thou art safe, and what have I to
fear ?

Meantime the Almighty Rajah, late 50
In power and majesty and wrath array'd,
Had laid his terrors by
And gazed upon the Maid.
Pride could not quit his eye,
Nor that remorseless nature from his
front

Depart; yet whoso had beheld him then
Had felt some admiration mix'd with
dread,

And might have said,
That sure he seem'd to be the King
of Men !
Less than the greatest that he could not
be, 60

Who carried in his port such might
and majesty.

In fear no longer for the Glendoveer,
Now towards the Rajah Kailyal turn'd

As if to ask what doom awaited her.

But then surprise,
Even as with fascination held them
there,

So strange a thing it seem'd to see the
change

Of purport in that all-commanding
brow,
Which thoughtfully was bent upon her
now.

Wondering she gazed, the while her
Father's eye 70

Was fix'd upon Kehama haughtily ;
It spake defiance to him, high disdain,
Stern patience unsubduable by pain,
And pride triumphant over agony.

6

Ladurlad, said the Rajah, thou and I
Alike have done the work of Destiny,
Unknowing each to what the impulse
tended ;

But now that over Earth and Heaven
my reign

Is establish'd, and the ways of Fate are
plain

Before me, here our enmity is ended.

I take away thy Curse . . As thus he
said, 80

The fire which in Ladurlad's heart and
brain

Was burning, fled, and left him free
from pain.

So rapidly his torments were departed,

That at the sudden ease he started,

As with a shock, and to his head

His hands up-fled,

As if he felt through every failing limb
The power and sense of life forsaking
him.

Then turning to the Maid, the Rajah
cried, 90

O Virgin, above all of mortal birth
Favour'd alike in beauty and in worth,

And in the glories of thy destiny,

Now let thy happy heart exult with
pride,

For Fate hath chosen thee

To be Kehama's bride,

To be the Queen of Heaven and Earth,

And of whatever Worlds beside

Infinity may hide . . For I can see

The writing which, at thy nativity,

All-knowing Nature wrought upon thy
brain, 100

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

In branching veins, which to the gifted
eye

Map out the mazes of futurity.

There is it written, Maid, that thou
and I,

Alone of human kind a deathless pair,
Are doom'd to share

The Amreeta-drink divine

Of immortality. Come, Maiden mine !

High-fated One, ascend the subject
sky,

And by Kehama's side 110

Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal
bride.

8

Oh never, . . never, . . Father !

Kailyal cried ;

It is not as he saith, . . it cannot be !

I ! . . I, his bride !

Nature is never false ; he wrongeth her !

My heart belies such lines of destiny.

There is no other true interpreter !

9

At that reply, Kehama's darkening
brow

Bewray'd the anger which he yet

Counsel thy daughter ! tell her thou art
now 120

Free from thy Curse, he said, and bid
her bow

In thankfulness to Fate's benign behest.

Bid her her stubborn will restrain,

For Destiny at last must be obey'd,

And tell her, while obedience is delay'd,

Thy Curse will burn again.

10

She needeth not my counsel, he replied,

And idly, Rajah, dost thou reason thus

Of destiny ! for though all other
things 129

Were subject to the starry influencings,

And bow'd submissive to thy tyranny,

The virtuous heart and resolute mind
are free.

Thus in their wisdom did the Gods
decree

When they created man. Let come
what will, [ill,

This is our rock of strength ; in every

Sorrow, oppression, pain and agony,

The spirit of the good is unsubdued,

And, suffer as they may, they triumph
still.

11

Obstinate fools ! exclaim'd the Mighty
One,

Fate and my pleasure must be done,

And ye resist in vain ! 141

Take your fit guerdon till we meet
again !

So saying, his vindictive hand he flung

Towards them, fill'd with curses ;

then on high

Aloft he sprung, and vanish'd through
the Sky.

XIX. MOUNT CALASAY

1

THE Rajah, scattering curses as he rose,
Soar'd to the Swerga, and resumed his
throne.

Not for his own redoubled agony,

Which now through heart and brain

With renovated pain,

Rush'd to its seat, Ladurlad breathes
that groan,

That groan is for his child ; he groan'd
to see

That she was stricken now with
leprosy,

Which as the enemy vindictive fled,

O'er all her frame with quick con-
tagion spread. 10

She, wondering at events so passing
 strange,
 And fill'd with hope and fear,
 And joy to see the Tyrant disappear,
 And glad expectance of her Glendoveer,
 Perceived not in herself the hideous
 change.

His burning pain, she thought, had
 forced the groan
 Her father breathed ; his agonies alone
 Were present to her mind ; she clasp'd
 his knees,
 Wept for his Curse, and did not feel
 her own.

Nor when she saw her plague, did her
 good heart, 20
 True to itself, even for a moment fail.
 Ha, Rajah ! with disdainful smile she
 cries,
 Mighty and wise and wicked as thou art,
 Still thy blind vengeance acts a friendly
 part.

Shall I not thank thee for this scurf
 and scale [ness,
 Of dire deformity, whose loathsome-
 Surer than panoply of strongest mail,
 Arms me against all foes ? Oh, better so,
 Better such foul disgrace,
 Than that this innocent face 30
 Should tempt thy wooing ! That I
 need not dread ;

Nor ever impious foe
 Will offer outrage now, nor farther woe
 Will beauty draw on my unhappy head,
 Safe through the unholy world may
 Kailyal go.

Her face in virtuous pride
 Was lifted to the skies,
 As him and his poor vengeance she
 defied ;

But earthward, when she ceased, she
 turn'd her eyes,
 As if she thought to hide 40
 The tear which in her own despite
 would rise.
 Did then the thought of her own
 Glendoveer
 Call forth that natural tear ?
 Was it a woman's fear,
 A thought of earthly love which
 troubled her ?
 Like yon thin cloud amid the moon-
 light sky
 That flits before the wind
 And leaves no trace behind,
 The womanly pang pass'd over Kailyal's
 mind.

This is a loathsome sight to human eye.
 Half-shrinking at herself the Maiden
 thought ; 50
 Will it be so to him ? Oh surely not !
 The immortal Powers, who see
 Through the poor wrappings of
 mortality, [within,
 Behold the soul, the beautiful soul,
 Exempt from age and wasting maladies,
 And undeform'd, while pure and free
 from sin.
 This is a loathsome sight to human eyes,
 But not to eyes divine,
 Ereenia, Son of Heaven, oh not to
 thine ! 60

The wrongful thought of fear, the
 womanly pain
 Had pass'd away, her heart was calm
 again. [see
 She raised her head, expecting now to
 The Glendoveer appear ;
 Where hath he fled, quoth she,
 That he should tarry now ? Oh ! had
 she known
 Whither the adventurous son of Heaven
 was flown,

Strong as her spirit was, it had not
borne

The appalling thought, nor dared to
hope for his return.

5

For he in search of Seeva's throne was
gone, 70

To tell his tale of wrong ;

In search of Seeva's own abode

The Glendoveer began his heavenly
road. [skies

O wild emprise ! above the farthest
He hoped to rise !

Him who is throned beyond the reach
of thought,

The Alone, the Inaccessible, he sought.

O wild emprise ! for when in days of
yore,

For proud pre-eminence of power,
Brama and Veeshnoo, wild with rage
contended, 80

And Seeva, in his might,
Their dread contention ended ;

Before their sight

In form a fiery column did he tower,
Whose head above the highest height
extended,

Whose base below the deepest depth
descended.

Downward, its depth to sound
Veeshnoo a thousand years explored
The fathomless profound,

And yet no base he found : 90

Upward, to reach its head,

Ten myriad years the aspiring Brama
soar'd,

And still, as up he fled,
Above him still the Immeasurable
spread.

The rivals own'd their Lord,

And trembled and adored.

How shall the Glendoveer attain
What Brama and what Veeshnoo sought
in vain ?

6

Ne'er did such thought of lofty daring
enter

Celestial Spirit's mind. O wild
adventure 100

That throne to find, for he must leave
behind

This World, that in the centre,
Within its salt-sea girdle, lies confined ;
Yea the Seven Earths that, each with
its own ocean,

Ring clasping ring, compose the
mighty round.

What power of motion,
In less than endless years shall bear
him there,

Along the limitless extent,
To the utmost bound of the remotest
spheres ?

What strength of wing 110
Suffice to pierce the Golden Firmament
That closes all within ?

Yet he hath pass'd the measureless
extent

And pierced the Golden Firmament ;
For Faith hath given him power, and
Space and Time

Vanish before that energy sublime.

Nor doth eternal Night
And outer Darkness check his resolute
flight ;

By strong desire through all he makes
his way,

Till Seeva's Seat appears, . . behold
Mount Calasay ! 120

7

Behold the Silver Mountain ! round
about

Seven ladders stand, so high, the
aching eye,

Seeking their tops in vain amid
the sky,

Might deem they led from earth to
highest Heaven.

Ages would pass away,
And worlds with age decay,
Ere one whose patient feet from ring
to ring
Must win their upward way,
Could reach the summit of Mount

But that strong power that nerved his
wing, 130

That all-surmounting will,
Intensity of faith and holiest love,
Sustain'd Ereenia still,
And he hath gain'd the plain, the
sanctuary above.

8

Lo, there the Silver Bell,
That, self-sustain'd, hangs buoyant in
the air !

Lo ! the broad Table there, too bright
For mortal sight,

From whose four sides the bordering
gems unite

Their harmonising rays, 140
In one mid fount of many-colour'd light.

The stream of splendour, flashing as
it flows,

Plays round, and feeds the stem of yon
celestial Rose ! [declare

Where is the Sage whose wisdom can
The hidden things of that mysterious
flower, [to bear ?

That flower which serves all mysteries
The sacred Triangle is there,

Holding the Emblem which no tongue
may tell ;

Is this the Heaven of Heavens, where
Seeva's self doth dwell ?

Here first the Glendoveer 150
Felt his wing flag, and paused upon
his flight. [here

Was it that fear came over him, when
He saw the imagined throne appear ?

Not so, for his immortal sight
Endured the Table's light ;
Distinctly he beheld all things around,
And doubt and wonder rose within his
mind

That this was all he found.
Howbeit he lifted up his voice and
spake.

There is oppression in the World below ;
Earth groans beneath the yoke ; yea,
in her woe, 161

She asks if the Avenger's eye is blind ?
Awake, O Lord, awake !

Too long thy vengeance sleepeth. Holiest
One ! [sake,

Put thou thy terrors on for mercy's
And strike the blow, in justice to
mankind !

10

So as he pray'd, intenser faith he felt,
His spirit seem'd to melt

With ardent yearnings of increasing
love ;

Upward he turn'd his eyes 170
As if there should be something yet
above ; [cries ;

Let me not, Seeva, seek in vain ! he
Thou art not here, . . for how should
these contain thee ?

Thou art not here, . . for how should
I sustain thee ?

But thou, where'er thou art,
Canst hear the voice of prayer,
Canst read the righteous heart.

Thy dwelling who can tell,
Or who, O Lord, hath seen thy secret
throne ?

But thou art not alone, 180
Not unapproachable !

O all-containing Mind,
Thou who art every where,
Whom all who seek shall find,
Hear me, O Seeva ! hear the sup-
pliant's prayer !

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

11

So saying, up he sprung,
And struck the Bell, which self-sus-
pended hung

Before the mystic Rose.

From side to side the silver tongue
Melodious swung, and far and wide
Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music
rung. 191

Abash'd, confounded,

It left the Glendoveer ; . . yea all
astounded

In overpowering fear and deep dismay ;

For when that Bell had sounded,

The Rose, with all the mysteries it
surrounded,

The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay,

The holy Hill itself, with all thereon,

Even as a morning dream before the day
Dissolves away, they faded and were
gone. 200

12

Where shall he rest his wing, where
turn for flight,

For all around is Light,

Primal, essential, all-pervading Light !
Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,

Nor eyes of Angel bear

That Glory unimaginably bright ;

The Sun himself had seem'd

A speck of darkness there,

Amid that Light of Light !

13

Down fell the Glendoveer, 210

Down through all regions, to our
mundane sphere

He fell ; but in his ear [heard,

A Voice, which from within him came, was

The indubitable word

Of Him to whom all secret things are

known : [throne.

Go, ye who suffer, go to Yamen's

He hath the remedy for every woe ;

He setteth right whate'er is wrong below.

XX. THE EMBARKATION

1

Down from the Heaven of Heavens

Ereania fell

Precipitate, yet imperceptible

His fall, nor had he cause nor thought
of fear ;

And when he came within this mundane
sphere,

And felt that Earth was near,

The Glendoveer his azure wings
expanded,

And, sloping down the sky

Toward the spot from whence he
sprung on high,

There on the shore he landed.

2

Kailyal advanced to meet him, 10

Not moving now as she was wont to
greet him,

Joy in her eye and in her eager pace ;

With a calm smile of melancholy pride
She met him now, and turning half aside

Her warning hand repell'd the dear
embrace.

3

Strange things, Ereania, have befallen
us here,

The Virgin said ; the Almighty Man
hath read

The lines which, traced by Nature on
my brain,

There to the gifted eye

Make all my fortunes plain, 20

Mapping the mazes of futurity.

He sued for peace, for it is written there

That I with him the Amreeta cup
must share ;

Wherefore he bade me come, and by
his side

Sit on the Swerga throne, his equal
bride.

I need not tell thee what reply was
given ;
My heart, the sure interpreter of Heaven,
His impious words belied.
Thou seest his poor revenge ! So
having said.

One look she glanced upon her leprous
stain 30

Indignantly, and shook
Her head in calm disdain.

4

O Maid of soul divine !
O more than ever dear,
And more than ever mine,
Replied the Glendoveer ;
He hath not read, be sure, the mystic
ways

Of Fate ; almighty as he is, that maze
Hath mock'd his fallible sight.

Said he the Amreeta-cup? So far aright
The Evil One may see; for Fate
displays

Her hidden things in part, and part
conceals.

Baffling the wicked eye

Alike with what she hides, and what
reveals.

When with unholy purpose it would pry
Into the secrets of futurity.

So may it be permitted him to see
Dimly the inscrutable decree :

For to the World below.

Where Yamen guards the Amreeta, we
must go ; 50

Thus Seeva hath express'd his will,
even he [he saith,

The Holiest hath ordain'd it ; there,
All wrongs shall be redrest

By Yamen, by the righteous Power of
Death.

5

Forthwith the Father and the fated
Maid,

And that heroic Spirit, who for them

Such flight had late essay'd,
The will of Heaven obey'd.
They went their way along the road
That leads to Yamen's dread abode.

Many a day hath pass'd away 6:
Since they began their arduous way,
Their way of toil and pain ;
And now their weary feet attain
The Earth's remotest bound,
Where outer Ocean girds it round.
But not like other Oceans this ;
Rather it seem'd a drear abyss,
Upon whose brink they stood.

Oh ! scene of fear ! the travellers hear
The raging of the flood ; 71

They hear how fearfully it roars,
But clouds of darker shade than night

For ever hovering round those shores,
Hide all things from their sight ;

The Sun upon that darkness pours
His unavailing light,

Nor ever Moon nor Stars display,
Through the thick shade, one guiding

ray
To show the perils of the way. 80

7

There in a creek a vessel lay,
Just on the confines of the day,

It rode at anchor in its bay,
These venturous pilgrims to convey

Across that outer Sea.
Strange vessel sure it seem'd to be,

And all unfit for such wild sea !
For through its yawning side the wave

Was oozing in ; the mast was frail,
And old and torn its only sail. 90

How may that crazy vessel brave
The billows that in wild commotion

For ever roar and rave ?
How hope to cross the dreadful Ocean

O'er which eternal shadows dwell,
Whose secrets none return to tell !

8

Well might the travellers fear to enter !
But summon'd once on that adventure,

For them was no retreat.

Nor boots it with reluctant feet 100

To linger on the strand ;

Aboard ! aboard !

An awful voice, that left no choice,
Sent forth its stern command,

Aboard ! aboard !

The travellers hear that voice in fear,
And breathe to Heaven an inward
prayer,

And take their seats in silence there.

Self-hoisted then, behold the sail

Expands itself before the gale ; 110

Hands, which they cannot see, let slip

The cable of that fated ship ;

The land breeze sends her on her way,
And lo ! they leave the living light of
day !

XXI. THE WORLD'S END

1

SWIFT as an arrow in its flight
The Ship shot through the incumbent
night ;

And they have left behind
The raging billows and the roaring wind,
The storm, the darkness, and all
mortal fears ;

And lo ! another light
To guide their way appears,
The light of other spheres.

2

That instant from Ladurlad's heart
and brain

The Curse was gone ; he feels again
Fresh as in youth's fair morning, and
the Maid 11

Hath lost her leprous stain.

The Tyrant then hath no dominion here,
Starting she cried ; O happy, happy
hour !

We are beyond his power !

Then raising to the Glendoveer,
With heavenly beauty bright, her
angel face,

Turn'd not reluctant now, and met his
dear embrace.

Swift glides the Ship with gentle motion
Across that calm and quiet ocean ; 20
That glassy sea which seem'd to be
The mirror of tranquillity.

Their pleasant passage soon was o'er,
The Ship hath reach'd its destined
shore ;

A level belt of ice which bound,
As with an adamantine mound,
The waters of the sleeping Ocean round.
Strange forms were on the strand
Of earth-born spirits slain before their
time ;

Who wandering over sea and sky and
land, 30
Had so fulfill'd their term ; and now
were met

Upon this icy belt, a motley band,
Waiting their summons at the
appointed hour,
When each before the Judgement-seat
must stand,
And hear his doom from Baly's
righteous power.

Foul with habitual crimes, a hideous
crew

Were there, the race of rapine and of
blood.

Now having overpass'd the mortal flood,
Their own deformity they knew,
And knew the need that to their
deeds was due. 40

Therefore in fear and agony they stood,
Expecting when the Evil Messenger
Among them should appear. But with
their fear

A hope was mingled now ;
O'er the dark shade of guilt a deeper hue
It threw, and gave a fiercer character
To the wild eye and lip and sinful brow.
They hoped that soon Kehama would
subdue

The inexorable God and seize his throne,
Reduce the infernal World to his
command, 50
And with his irresistible right hand,
Redeem them from the vaults of
Padalon.

Apart from these a milder company,
The victims of offences not their own,
Look'd when the appointed Messenger
should come ;
Gather'd together some, and some alone
Brooding in silence on their future
doom.

Widows whom, to their husbands'
funeral fire, [pyre,
Force or strong error led, to share the
As to their everlasting marriage-bed :
And babes, by sin unstain'd, 61
Whom erring parents vow'd
To Ganges, and the holy stream pro-
faned [unordain'd

With that strange sacrifice, rite
By Law, by sacred Nature unallow'd :
Others more hapless in their destiny,
Scarce having first inhaled their vital
breath,

Whose cradles from some tree
Unnatural hands suspended,
Then left, till gentle Death, 70
Coming like Sleep, their feeble moan-
ings ended ;

Or for his prey the ravenous Kite
descended ;

Or marching like an army from their
caves,
The Pismires blacken'd o'er, then
bleach'd and bare
Left their unhardened bones to fall
asunder there.

6

Innocent Souls ! thus set so early free
From sin and sorrow and mortality,
Their spotless spirits all-creating Love
Received into its universal breast.

Yon blue serene above 80
Was their domain ; clouds pillow'd
them to rest ;

The Elements on them like nurses
tended,

And with their growth ethereal
substance blended.

Less pure than these is that strange
Indian bird, [bill,
Who never dips in earthly streams her
But, when the sound of coming
showers is heard,

Looks up, and from the clouds receives
her fill.

Less pure the footless fowl of Heaven,
that never [ever
Rest upon earth, but on the wing for
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant
food inhale, 90

Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale.

7

And thus these innocents in yonder sky
Grow and are strengthen'd, while the
allotted years

Perform their course ; then hither-
ward they fly,

Being free from moral taint, so free
from fears,

A joyous band, expecting soon to soar
To Indra's happy spheres, 98
And mingle with the blessed company
Of heavenly spirits there for ever more.

Then taking Kailyal in his arms, he
said, 152
Be of good heart, Beloved ! it is I
Who bear thee. Saying this, his wings
he spread,
Sprung upward in the sky, and poised
his flight,
Then plunged into the Gulph, and
sought the World of Night.

XXII. THE GATE OF PADALON

1

THE strong foundations of this inmost
 Earth
 Rest upon Padalon. That icy Mound
 Which girt the mortal Ocean round,
 Reach'd the profound, . .
 Ice in the regions of the upper air,
 Crystal midway, and adamant below,
 Whose strength sufficed to bear
 The weight of all this upper World of
 ours, [*of Woe.*
 And with its rampart closed the Realm
 Eight gates hath Padalon; eight
 heavenly Powers 10
 Have them in charge, each alway at
 his post,
 Lest from their penal caves the
 accursed host,
 Maugre the might of Baly and the God,
 Should break, and carry ruin all abroad.

2

Those gates stand ever open, night and
 day,
 And Souls of mortal men
 For ever throng the way.
 Some from the dolorous den,
 Children of sin and wrath, return no
 more :
 They, fit companions of the Spirits
 accurst, 20
 Are doom'd, like them in baths of fire
 immerst,
 Or weltering upon beds of molten ore,
 Or stretch'd upon the brazen floor,
 Are fasten'd down with adamantine
 chains ;
 While, on their substance inconsumable,
 Leeches of fire for ever hang and pull,
 And worms of fire for ever gnaw their
 food,
 That, still renew'd,
 Freshens for ever their perpetual pains.

Others there were whom Baly's voice
 condemn'd, 30

By long and painful penance, to atone
 Their fleshly deeds. Them, from the
 Judgement-throne,
 Dread Azyoruca, where she sat involved
 In darkness as a tent, received, and
 dealt

To each the measure of his punishment ;
 Till, in the central springs of fire, the
 Will

Impure is purged away ; and the
 freed soul,

Thus fitted to receive a second birth,
 Embodied once again, revisits Earth.

4

But they whom Baly's righteous voice
 absolved, 40

And Yamen, viewing with benignant
 eye,

Dismiss'd to seek their heritage on high,
 How joyfully they leave this gloomy
 bourne,

 The dread sojourn

Of Guilt and twin-born Punishment
 and Woe,

And wild Remorse, here link'd with
 worse Despair !

They to the eastern Gate rejoicing go :
 The Ship of Heaven awaits their
 coming there, [*light*

And on they sail, greeting the blessed
 Through realms of upper air, 50
 Bound for the Swerga once ; but now
 no more

Their voyage rests upon that happy
 shore, [*might*

Since Indra, by the dreadful Rajah's
 Compell'd, hath taken flight ;

On to the second World their way
 they wend,

And there, in trembling hope, await
 the doubtful end.

For still in them doth hope pre-
 dominate,
 Faith's precious privilege, when higher
 Powers [hours.
 Give way to fear in these portentous
 Behold the Wardens eight, 60
 Each silent at his gate
 Expectant stands; they turn their
 anxious eyes
 Within, and, listening to the dizzy din
 Of mutinous uproar, each in all his
 hands [fight.
 Holds all his weapons, ready for the
 For, hark! what clamorous cries
 Upon Kehama, for deliverance, call!
 Come, Rajah! they exclaim, too long
 we groan
 In torments. Come, Deliverer!
 yonder throne
 Awaits thee. . . Now, Kehama!
 Rajah, now! 70
 Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest
 thou? . .
 Such were the sounds that rung, in
 wild uproar,
 O'er all the echoing vaults of Padalon;
 And as the Asuras from the Brazen
 floor, [to rise,
 Struggling against their fetters, strove
 Their clashing chains were heard, and
 shrieks and cries,
 With curses mix'd, against the Fiends
 who urge,
 Fierce on their rebel limbs, the avenging
 scourge.

These were the sounds which, at the
 southern gate,
 Assail'd Ereenia's ear; alighting here
 He laid before Neroodi's feet the Maid,
 Who, pale and cold with fear, 81
 Hung on his neck, well-nigh a lifeless
 weight.

Who and what art thou? cried the
 Guardian Power,
 Sight so unwonted wondering to
 behold, . .
 O Son of Light!
 Who comest here at this portentous
 hour,
 When Yamen's throne
 Trembles, and all our might can scarce
 keep down
 The rebel race from seizing Padalon, . .
 Who and what art thou? and what
 wild despair, 91
 Or wilder hope, from realms of upper air,
 Tempts thee to bear
 This mortal Maid to our forlorn abodes?
 Fitter for her, I ween, the Swerga
 bowers,
 And sweet society of heavenly Powers,
 Than this, . . a doleful scene,
 Even in securest hours.
 And whither would ye go?
 Alas! can human or celestial ear,
 Unmadden'd, hear 101
 The shrieks and yellings of infernal woe?
 Can living flesh and blood
 Endure the passage of the fiery flood!

8

Lord of the Gate, replied the Glendoveer,
 We come obedient to the will of Fate;
 And haply doom'd to bring
 Hope and salvation to the Infernal
 King,
 For Seeva sends us here,
 Even He to whom futurity is known,
 The Holiest, bade us go to Yamen's
 throne. 111

Thou seest my precious charge;
 Under thy care, secure from harm, I
 leave her,
 While I ascend to bear her father down.
 Beneath the shelter of thine arm
 receive her!

Then quoth he to the Maid,
Be of good cheer, my Kailyal! dearest
dear,

In faith subdue thy dread;
Anon I shall be here. So having said,
Aloft with vigorous bound the Glen-
doveer 120

Sprung in celestial might,
And soaring up, in spiral circles, wound
His indefatigable flight.

10

But as he thus departed,
The Maid, who at Neroodi's feet was
lying,

Like one entranced or dying,
Recovering strength from sudden
terror, started; [sight,

And gazing after him with straining
And straining arms, she stood,
As if in attitude 130

To win him back from flight.

Yea, she had shaped his name
For utterance, to recall and bid him
stay, [shame
Nor leave her thus alone; but virtuous
Repress the unbidden sounds upon
their way;

And calling faith to aid,
Even in this fearful hour, the pious Maid
Collected courage, till she seem'd to be
Calm and in hope, such power hath
piety.

Before the Giant Keeper of the Gate
She crost her patient arms, and at his
feet, 141

Prepar'd to meet
The awful will of Fate with equal mind,
She took her seat resign'd.

11

Even the stern trouble of Neroodi's brow
Relax'd as he beheld the valiant Maid.
Hope, long unfelt till now,

Rose in his heart reviving, and a smile
Dawn'd in his brightening countenance,
the while

He gazed on her with wonder and
delight. 150

The blessing of the Powers of Padalon,
Virgin, be on thee! said the admiring
God; [birth,

And blessed be the hour that gave thee
Daughter of Earth!

For thou to this forlorn abode hast
brought

Hope, who too long hath been a
stranger here.

And surely for no lamentable lot
Nature, that erreth not,
To thee that heart of fortitude hath
given,

Those eyes of purity, that face of
love; . . 160

If thou beest not the inheritrix of
Heaven,

There is no truth above.

12

Thus as Neroodi spake, his brow severe
Shone with an inward joy; for sure
he thought

When Seeva sent so fair a creature here,
In this momentous hour,

Ere long the World's deliverance would
be wrought,

And Padalon escape the Rajah's power.
With pious mind the Maid, in humble
guise

Inclined, received his blessing silently,
And raised her grateful eyes 171

A moment, then again [high
Abased them at his presence. Hark! on
The sound of coming wings! . . her
anxious ears

Have caught the distant sound. Ereenia
brings

His burthen down! Upstarting from
her seat,

16

Of other frame, O son of Heaven, art
thou !
Yet hast thou now to go
Through regions which thy heavenly
mould will try.
Glories unutterably bright, I know,
And beams intense of empyrean light,
Thine eye divine can bear : but fires
of woe, 230
The sight of torments, and the cry
Of absolute despair,
Might not these things dismay thee on
thy flight,
And thy strong pennons flag and fail
thee there ? [thou art,
Trust not thy wings, celestial though

Nor thy good heart, which horror might

And pity quail,
Pity in these abodes of no avail;
But take thy seat this mortal pair

And Carmala the infernal Car will
guide. ²⁴⁰
Go, and may happy end your way
betide! [roll'd on,
So, as he spake, the self-moved Car
And lo! they pass the Gate of Padalon.

XXIII. PADALON

1

WHOE'ER hath loved with venturous
step to tread
The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's
beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And mark'd its gleam,
Playing afar upon the sunless stream,
Where from their secret bed,
And course unknown and inaccessible,
The silent waters well;
Whoe'er hath trod such caves of endless
night, ¹⁰
He knows, when measuring back the
gloomy way,
With what delight refresh'd his eye
Perceives the shadow of the light of
day, [it falls
Through the far portal slanting, where
Dimly reflected on the watery walls;
How heavenly seems the sky;
And how, with quicken'd feet, he
hastens up,
Eager again to greet
The living World and blessed sunshine
there,
And drink, as from a cup ²⁰
Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

Far other light than that of day there
shone

Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They too in darkness enter'd on their
way,

But, far before the Car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light
which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight,
dismay'd,

Shrunk inward from the molten
atmosphere. ³⁰

Their way was through the adaman-
tine rock [side

Which girt the World of Woe; on either
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arch'd the long passage; onward as
they ride,

With stronger glare the light around
them spread;

And lo! the regions dread,
The World of Woe before them,
opening wide.

3

There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame it seem'd to be, ⁴⁰
Sea without bound;

For neither mortal nor immortal sight,
Could pierce across through that
intensest light.

A single rib of steel,
Keen as the edge of keenest scymitar,
Spann'd this wide gulph of fire. The
infernal Car

Roll'd to the Gulph, and on its single
wheel

Self-balanced, rose upon that edge of
steel. [head,

Red-quivering float the vapours over-
The fiery gulph beneath them spread.

Upon Kehama ; him the accursed rout
 Acclaim ; with furious cries and
 maddening shout
 They call on him to save ;
 Kehama ! they exclaim ;
 Thundering the dreadful echo rolls
 about,
 And Hell's whole vault repeats
 Kehama's name.

Over these dens of punishment, the host
 Of Padalon maintain eternal guard,
 Keeping upon the walls their vigilant
 ward. xxx

At every angle stood
 A watch-tower, the decurion Demon's
 post,

Where raised on high he view'd with
 sleepless eye
 His trust, that all was well. And over
 these, [Hell,

Such was the perfect discipline of
 Captains of fifties and of hundreds held
 Authority, each in his loftier tower ;
 And chiefs of legions over them had
 power ;

And thus all Hell with towers was
 girt around. 120

Aloft the brazen turrets shone
 In the red light of Padalon ;

And on the walls between,
 Dark moving, the infernal Guards
 were seen,

Gigantic Demons, pacing to and fro ;
 Who ever and anon,

Spreading their crimson-pennons,
 plunged below,

Faster to rivet down the Asuras' chains,
 And with the snaky scourge and fiercer
 pains,

Repress their rage rebellious. Loud
 around, 130

In mingled sound, the echoing lash,
 the clash

Of chains, the ponderous hammer's
 iron stroke,

With execrations, groans, and shrieks
 and cries

Combined, in one wild dissonance,
 arise ;

And through the din there broke,
 Like thunder heard through all the
 warring winds,

The dreadful name. Kehama, still
 they rave,

Hasten and save !

Now, now, Deliverer ! now, Kehama,
 now !

Earthly Almighty, wherefore tarriest
 thou ? 140

8

Oh, if that name abhorr'd,
 Thus utter'd, could well nigh
 Dismay the Powers of Hell, and daunt
 their Lord,

How fearfully to Kailyal's ear it came !
 She, as the Car roll'd on its rapid way,
 Bent down her head, and closed her
 eyes for dread ;

And deafening, with strong effort
 from within,

Her ears against the din,
 Cover'd and press'd them close with
 both her hands.

Sure if the mortal Maiden had not fed
 On heavenly food, and long been
 strengthened 151

With heavenly converse for such end
 vouchsafed,

Her human heart had fail'd, and she
 had died

Beneath the horrors of this awful hour.

But Heaven supplied a power
 Beyond her earthly nature, to the
 measure

Of need infusing strength ;
 And Fate, whose secret and unerring
 pleasure

Appointed all, decreed
An ample meed and recompense at
length. 160
High-fated Maid, the righteous hour
is nigh !
The all-embracing Eye
Of Retribution still beholdeth thee ;
Bear onward to the end, O Maid,
courageously !

9

On roll'd the Car, and lo ! afar
Upon its height the towers of Yamen pur
Rise on the astonish'd sight.
Behold the infernal City, Yamen's seat
Of empire, in the midst of Padalon,
Where the eight causeys meet. 170
There on a rock of adamant it stood,
Resplendent far and wide,
Itself of solid diamond edified,
And all around it roll'd the fiery flood.
Eight bridges arch'd the stream ; huge
piles of brass
Magnificent, such structures as beseem
The Seat and Capital of such great God,
Worthy of Yamen's own august abode.
A brazen tower and gateway at each
end
Of each was raised, where Giant
Wardens stood, 180
Station'd in arms the passage to defend,
That never foe might cross the fiery
flood.

10

Oh what a gorgeous sight it was to see
The Diamond City blazing on its height
With more than mid-sun splendour,
by the light
Of its own fiery river !
Its towers and domes and pinnacles
and spires,
Turrets and battlements, that flash
and quiver
Through the red restless atmosphere
for ever :

And hovering over head, 190
The smoke and vapours of all Padalon,
Fit firmament for such a world, were
spread,
With surge and swell, and everlasting
motion, [ocean.
Heaving and opening like tumultuous

11

Nor were there wanting there
Such glories as besee'm'd such region
 well ;
For though with our blue heaven and
 genial air
The firmament of Hell might not
 compare,
As little might our earthly tempests vie
With the dread storms of that infernal
 sky, 200
Whose clouds of all metallic elements
Sublimed were full. For, when its
 thunder broke,
Not all the united World's artillery,
In one discharge, could equal that
 loud stroke ;
And though the Diamond Towers and
 Battlements
Stood firm upon their adamantine rock,
Yet while it vollied round the vault of
 Hell, [shock,
Earth's solid arch was shaken with the
And Cities in one mighty ruin fell.
Through the red sky terrific meteors
 scour ; 210
Huge stones come hailing down ; or
 sulphur-shower,
Floating amid the lurid air like snow,
Kindles in its descent,
And with blue fire-drops rains on all
 below.
At times the whole supernal element
Igniting, burst in one large sheet of
 flame.
And roar'd as with the sound
Of rushing winds, above, below, around :

Anon the flame was spent, and overhead
 A heavy cloud of moving darkness
 spread. 220

12

Straight to the brazen bridge and gate
 The self-moved Chariot bears its
 mortal load.

At sight of Carmala,
 On either side the Giant guards divide,
 And give the chariot way.
 Up yonder winding road it rolls along,
 Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wing,
 And lo ! the Palace of the Infernal
 King !

13

Two forms inseparable in unity
 Hath Yamen ; even as with hope or
 fear 230

The Soul regardeth him doth he appear ;
 For hope and fear

At that dread hour, from ominous
 conscience spring,

And err not in their bodings. There-
 fore some,

They who polluted with offences come,
 Behold him as the King

Of Terrors, black of aspect, red of eye,
 Reflecting back upon the sinful mind,
 Heighten'd with vengeance, and with
 wrath divine

Its own inborn deformity. 240
 But to the righteous Spirit how benign

His awful countenance,
 Where, tempering justice with parental
 love,

Goodness and heavenly grace
 And sweetest mercy shine ! Yet is he still
 Himself the same, one form, one face,

one will ; [one ;

And these his twofold aspects are but
 And change is none

In him, for change in Yamen could
 not be,

The Immutable is he. 250

14

He sat upon a marble sepulchre
 Massive and huge, where at the
 Monarch's feet,

The righteous Baly had his Judgement-
 seat. [stood ;

A Golden Throne before them vacant
 Three human forms sustain'd its pon-
 derous weight,

With lifted hands outspread, and
 shoulders bow'd

Bending beneath the load.

A fourth was wanting. They were of
 the hue

Of coals of fire ; yet were they flesh
 and blood,

And living breath they drew ; 260
 And their red eye-balls roll'd with
 ghastly stare,

As thus, for their misdeeds, they stood
 tormented there.

15

On steps of gold those living Statues
 stood,

Who bore the Golden Throne. A cloud
 behind [light

Immovable was spread ; not all the
 Of all the flames and fires of Padalon
 Could pierce its depth of night.

There Azyoruca veil'd her awful form
 In those eternal shadows : there she
 sate,

And as the trembling Souls, who crowd
 around 270

The Judgement-seat, received the
 doom of fate,

Her giant arms, extending from the
 cloud,

Drew them within the darkness. Mov-
 ing out [rout,

To grasp and bear away the innumerable
 For ever and for ever thus were seen
 The thousand mighty arms of that
 dread Queen.

16

Here, issuing from the car, the Glen-
doveer

Did homage to the God, then raised
his head.

Suppliants we come, he said,
I need not tell thee by what wrongs
opprest, 280

For nought can pass on earth to thee
unknown ;

Sufferers from tyranny we seek for rest,
And Seeva bade us go to Yamen's
throne ;

Here, he hath said, all wrongs shall be
redrest.

Yamen replied, Even now the hour
draws near,

When Fate its hidden ways will
manifest.

Not for light purpose would the Wisest
send

His suppliants here, when we, in doubt
and fear,

The awful issue of the hour attend.

Wait ye in patience and in faith the
end ! 290

XXIV. THE AMREETA

I

So spake the King of Padalon, when,
lo ! [Hell,

The voice of lamentation ceased in
And sudden silence all around them fell,

Silence more wild and terrible
Than all the infernal dissonance before.

Through that portentous stillness, far
away,

Unwonted sounds were heard, ad-
vancing on

And deepening on their way ;

For now the inexorable hour
Was come, and, in the fulness of his
power, 10

Now that the dreadful rites had all
been done,

Kehama from the Swerga hasten'd
down,

To seize upon the throne of Padalon.

2

He came in all his might and majesty,
With all his terrors clad, and all his
pride ;

And, by the attribute of Deity,
Which he had won from Heaven, self-
multiplied,

The Almighty Man appear'd on every
side.

In the same indivisible point of time,
At the eight Gates he stood at once,
and beat 20

The Warden-Gods of Hell beneath his
feet ;

Then, in his brazen Cars of triumph,
straight,

At the same moment, drove through
every gate.

By Aullays, hugest of created kind,
Fiercest, and fleetest than the viewless
wind,

His Cars were drawn, ten yokes of
ten abreast, . .

What less sufficed for such almighty
weight ?

Eight bridges from the fiery flood arose
browing before his way ; and on he goes,

And drives the thundering Chariot
wheels along, 30

At once o'er all the roads of Padalon.

3

Silent and motionless remain
The Asuras on their bed of pain,
Waiting, with breathless hope, the
great event.

All Hell was hush'd in dread,
Such awe that omnipresent coming
spread ;

Nor had its voice been heard, though
 all its rout
 Innumerable had lifted up one shout ;
 Nor if the infernal firmament
 Had in one unimaginable burst 40
 Spent its collected thunders, had the
 sound,
 Been audible, such louder terrors went
 Before his forms substantial. Round
 about [wide,
 The presence scattered lightnings far and
 That quench'd on every side,
 With their intensest blaze, the feeble fire
 Of Padalon, even as the stars go out,
 When, with prodigious light,
 Some blazing meteor fills the astonish'd
 night.

4

The Diamond City shakes ! 50
 The adamantine Rock
 Is loosen'd with the shock !
 From its foundation moved, it heaves
 and quakes ; [dust ;
 The brazen portals crumbling fall to
 Prone fall the Giant Guards
 Beneath the Aullays crush'd ;
 On, on, through Yamenpur, their
 thundering feet
 Speed from all points to Yamen's
 Judgement-seat.

And lo ! where multiplied,
 Behind, before him, and on every side,
 Wielding all weapons in his countless
 hands, 61

Around the Lord of Hell Kehama
 stands !
 Then too the Lord of Hell put forth
 his might :
 Thick darkness, blacker than the
 blackest night,
 Rose from their wrath, and veil'd
 The unutterable fight.
 The power of Fate and Sacrifice
 prevail'd,

And soon the strife was done.
 Then did the Man-God re-assume
 His unity, absorbing into one 70
 The consubstantiate shapes ; and as
 the gloom
 Opened, fallen Yamen on the ground
 was seen,
 His neck beneath the conquering
 Rajah's feet,
 Who on the marble tomb
 Had his triumphal seat.

5

Silent the Man-Almighty sate ;
 a smile
 Gleam'd on his dreadful lips, the
 while
 Dallying with power, he paused from
 following up
 His conquest, as a man in social hour
 Sips of the grateful cup, 80
 Again and yet again with curious
 taste
 Searching its subtle flavour ere he
 drink :
 Even so Kehama now forbore his
 haste ;
 Having within his reach whate'er he
 sought,
 On his own haughty power he seem'd
 to muse,
 Pampering his arrogant heart with
 silent thought.
 Before him stood the Golden Throne
 in sight,
 Right opposite ; he could not choose
 but see
 Nor seeing choose but wonder. Who
 are ye
 Who bear the Golden Throne tor-
 mented there ? 90
 He cried ; for whom doth Destiny
 prepare
 The Imperial Seat, and why are ye
 but Three ?

And I will place the Kingdoms of the
World

Beneath thy Father's feet, 150
Appointing him the King of mortal
men :

Else underneath that Throne,
The Fourth supporter he shall stand
and groan ;
Prayers will be vain to move my
mercy then.

12

Again the Virgin answer'd, I have said !
Ladurlad caught her in his proud
embrace,
While on his neck she hid
In agony her face.

13

Bring forth the Amreeta-cup ! Kehama
cried 159
To Yamen, rising sternly in his pride.
It is within the Marble Sepulchre,
The vanquish'd Lord of Padalon replied,
Bid it be open'd. Give thy treasure up !
Exclaim'd the Man-Almighty to the
Tomb.

And at his voice and look
The massy fabric shook, and open'd
wide.

A huge Anatomy was seen reclined
Within its marble womb. Give me
the Cup !

Again Kehama cried ; no other charm
Was needed than that voice of stern
command. 170

From his repose the ghastly form arose,
Put forth his bony and gigantic arm,
And gave the Amreeta to the Rajah's
hand.

Take ! drink ! with accents dread the
Spectre said,
For thee and Kailyal hath it been
assign'd,
Ye only of the Children of Mankind.

14

Then was the Man-Almighty's heart
elate ;
This is the consummation ! he exclaim'd ;
Thus have I triumphed over Death
and Fate. 179

Now, Seeva ! look to thine abode !
Henceforth, on equal footing we engage,
Alike immortal now, and we shall wage
Our warfare, God to God !
Joy fill'd his impious soul,
And to his lips he raised the fatal bowl.

15

Thus long the Glendoveer had stood
Watching the wonders of the eventful
hour,
Amazed but undismay'd ; for in his
heart

Faith, overcoming fear, maintain'd its
power.

Nor had that faith abated, when the
God 190
Of Padalon was beaten down in fight ;
For then he look'd to see the heavenly
might [now

Of Seeva break upon them. But when
He saw the Amreeta in Kehama's hand,
An impulse which defied all self-
command

In that extremity
Stung him, and he resolved to seize
the cup,
And dare the Rajah's force in Seeva's
sight.

Forward he sprung to tempt the
unequal fray,
When lo ! the Anatomy, 200
With warning arm, withstood his
desperate way,

And from the Golden Throne the fiery
Three
Again, in one accord, renew'd their
song, [long.
Kehama, come ! we wait for thee too

16

O fool of drunken hope and frantic
vice !
Madman ! to seek for power beyond thy

Of knowledge, and to deem
Less than Omniscience could suffice
To wield Omnipotence ! O fool,
to dream

That immortality could be 21
The meed of evil ! . . yea thou hast it
now,

Victim of thine own wicked heart's
device,
Thou hast thine object now, and now
must pay the price.

17

He did not know the holy mystery
Of that divinest cup, that as the lips
Which touch it, even such its quality,
Good or malignant : Madman ! and
he thinks
The blessed prize is won, and joyfully
he drinks.

18

Then Seeva open'd on the Accursed One
His Eye of Anger : upon him alone
The wrath-beam fell. He shudders .
but too late ; 22
The deed is done,

The dreadful liquor works the will of
Fate.

Immortal he would be,
Immortal he is made ; but through
his veins
Torture at once and immortality,
A stream of poison doth the Amreeta
run,
And while within the burning anguish
flows,

His outward body glows
Like molten ore, beneath the avenging
Eye, 23
Doom'd thus to live and burn eternally.

19

The fiery Three,
Beholding him, set up a fiendish cry,
A song of jubilee ; [long
Come, Brother, come ! they sung ; too
Have we expected thee,
Henceforth we bear no more
The unequal weight ; Come, Brother,
we are Four !

20

Vain his almightiness, for mightier pain
Subdued all power ; pain ruled supreme
alone ; 24

And yielding to the bony hand
The unemptied cup, he moved toward
the Throne, [stand.

And at the vacant corner took his
Behold the Golden Throne at length
complete, [ment-seat.
And Yamen silently ascends the Judge-
.

21

For two alone, of all mankind, to me
The Amreeta Cup was given,
Then said the Anatomy ;
The Man hath drunk, the Woman's
turn is next.

Come, Kailyal, come, receive thy doom,
And do the Will of Heaven ! . . 25
Wonder, and Fear, and Awe at once
perplex

The mortal Maiden's heart, but over all
Hope rose triumphant. With a
trembling hand,

Obedient to his call,
She took the fated Cup ; and, lifting up
Her eyes, where holy tears began to swell,
Is it not your command,
Ye heavenly Powers ? as on her knees
she fell,

The pious Virgin cried ; 26
Ye know my innocent will, my heart
sincere,

Ye govern all things still,
And wherefore should I fear !

She said, and drank. The Eye of
 Mercy beam'd
 Upon the Maid : a cloud of fragrance
 steam'd
 Like incense-smoke, as all her mortal
 frame
 Dissolved beneath the potent agency
 Of that mysterious draught ; such
 quality,
 From her pure touch, the fated Cup
 partook.
 Like one entranced she knelt, 270
 Feeling her body melt

Till all but what was heavenly pass'd
 away :

Yet still she felt
 Her Spirit strong within her, the same
 heart,

With the same loves, and all her
 heavenly part
 Unchang'd, and ripen'd to such perfect
 state [Earth,
 In this miraculous birth, as here on
 Dimly our holiest hopes anticipate.

23

Mine ! mine ! with rapturous joy
 Ereenia cried,
 Immortal now, and yet not more
 divine ; 280
 Mine, mine, . . for ever mine !
 The immortal Maid replied,
 For ever, ever, thine !

24

Then Yamen said, O thou to whom
 by Fate,
 Alone of all mankind, this lot is given,
 Daughter of Earth, but now the Child
 of Heaven !

Go with thy heavenly Mate,
 Partaker now of his immortal bliss ;
 Go to the Swerga Bowers,
 And there recall the hours 290

25

But that sweet Angel, for she still
 retain'd
 Her human loves and human piety,
 As if reluctant at the God's commands,
 Linger'd, with anxious eye
 Upon her Father fix'd, and spread her
 hands
 Toward him wistfully.
 Go ! Yamen said, nor cast that look
 behind
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,
 For thou shalt find him in thy Mother's
 Bower. 300

26

The Car, for Carmala his word obey'd,
 Moved on, and bore away the
 Maid,
 While from the Golden Throne the
 Lord of Death
 With love benignant on Ladurlad
 smiled,
 And gently on his head his blessing
 laid.

As sweetly as a Child,
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor
 care encumbers,
 Tired with long play, at close of
 summer day,
 Lies down and slumbers,
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep
 partaking, 310
 By Yamen blest, Ladurlad sunk to
 rest.

Blessed that sleep ! more blessed was
 the waking !
 For on that night a heavenly morning
 broke,
 The light of heaven was round him
 when he woke,
 And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's
 Bower,
 All whom he loved he met, to part no
 more.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs : A TRAGIC POEM.

'Tanto acrior apud majores, sicut virtutibus gloria, ita flagitiis poenitentia, fuit. Sed hæc aliaque, ex veteri memoria petita, quotiens res locusque exempla recti, aut solatia mali, poscet, haud absurde memorabimus.'—*Taciti Hist. lib. iii. c. 51.*

TO
GROSVENOR CHARLES BEDFORD,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN LASTING MEMORIAL OF A LONG AND UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP,
BY HIS OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

. . 'As the ample Moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty Grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and kindling on all
sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power

Capacious and serene : Like power abides
In Man's celestial Spirit ; Virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful and silent fire,
From the incumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment, . . . nay from
guilt ;
And sometimes, so relenting Justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of Despair.'
Wordsworth.

PREFACE.

THE history of the Wisi-Goths for some years before their overthrow is very imperfectly known. It is, however, apparent, that the enmity between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba was one main cause of the destruction of the kingdom, the latter party having assisted in betraying their country to the Moors for the gratification of their own revenge. Theodofred and Favila were younger sons of King Chindasuintho ; King Witiza, who was of Wamba's family, put out the eyes of Theodofred, and murdered Favila, at the instigation of that Chieftain's wife, with whom he lived in adultery. Pelayo,

the son of Favila, and afterwards the founder of the Spanish monarchy, was driven into exile. Roderick, the son of Theodofred, recovered the throne, and put out Witiza's eyes in vengeance for his father ; but he spared Orpas, the brother of the tyrant, as being a Priest, and Ebba and Sisibert, the two sons of Witiza, by Pelayo's mother. It may be convenient thus briefly to premise these circumstances of an obscure portion of history, with which few readers can be supposed to be familiar ; and a list of the principal persons who are introduced, or spoken of, may as properly be prefixed to a Poem as to a Play.

- WITIZA, King of the Wisi-Goths ;
dethroned and blinded by Roderick.
- THEODOFRED, . . son of King Chindasuintho,
blinded by King Witiza.
- FAVILA, his brother ; put to death
by Witiza.
- The Wife of Favila, Witiza's adulterous
mistress.
(*These four persons are dead before the
action of the poem commences.*)
- RODERICK, the last King of the Wisi-
Goths : son of Theodofred.
- PELAYO, the founder of the Spanish
Monarchy : son of Favila.
- GAUDIOSA, his wife.
- GUISLA, his sister.
- FAVILA, his son.
- HERMESIND, ... his daughter.
- RUSILLA, widow of Theodofred, and
mother of Roderick.
- COUNT PEDRO, } powerful Lords of Can-
COUNT EUDON, } tabria.
- ALPHONSO, Count Pedro's son, after-
wards King.
- URBAN, Archbishop of Toledo.
- ROMANO, a Monk of the Caulian
Schools, near Merida.
- ABDALAZIZ, the Moorish Governor of
Spain.
- EGILONA, formerly the wife of
Roderick, now of Abdalaziz.
- ABULCACEM, .. }
ALCAHMAN, .. }
AYUB, } Moorish Chiefs.
IBRAHIM, }
MAGUED, }
- ORPAS, brother to Witiza, and
formerly Archbishop of Seville, now a
renegade.
- SISIBERT, } sons of Witiza and of
EBBA, } Pelayo's mother.
- NUMACIAN, a renegade, governor of
Gegio.
- COUNT JULIAN, . a powerful Lord among
the Wisi-Goths, now a renegade.
- FLORINDA, his daughter, violated by
King Roderick.
- ADOSINDA, daughter of the Governor
of Auria.
- ODOAR, Abbot of St. Felix.
- SIVRIAN, Roderick's foster-father.
- FAVINIA, Count Pedro's wife.

The four latter persons are imaginary. All the others are mentioned in history. I ought, however, to observe that Romano is a creature of monkish legends ; that the name of Pelayo's sister has not been preserved ; and that that of Roderick's mother, Ruscilo, has been altered to Rusilla, for the sake of euphony.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs.

I. RODERICK AND ROMANO

LONG had the crimes of Spain cried out
to Heaven ;
At length the measure of offence was full.
Count Julian call'd the invaders ; not
because
Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stain'd their country ; not because
a yoke
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd
The children of the soil ; a private wrong
Roused the remorseless Baron. Mad to
wreak
His vengeance for his violated child
On Roderick's head, in evil hour for
Spain,

For that unhappy daughter and himself,
Desperate apostate . . on the Moors he
call'd ;
And like a cloud of locusts, whom the
South
Wafts from the plains of wasted Africa,
The Musselmen upon Iberia's shore
Descend. A countless multitude they
came ;
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,
Persian and Copt and Tatar, in one bond
Of erring faith conjoin'd, . . strong in
the youth
And heat of zeal, . . a dreadful brother-
hood,
In whom all turbulent vices were let
loose ;

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While Conscience, with their impious creed accurst,	Then fell the kingdom of the Goths; their hour
Drunk as with wine, had sanctified to them	Was come, and Vengeance, long with- held, went loose. 49
All bloody, all abominable things.	Famine and Pestilence had wasted them, And Treason, like an old and eating sore, Consumed the bones and sinews of their strength;
Thou, Calpe, saw'st their coming ancient Rock	And worst of enemies, their Sins were arm'd
Renown'd, no longer now shalt thou be call'd	Against them. Yet the sceptre from their hands
From Gods and Heroes of the years of yore,	Pass'd not away inglorious, nor was shame
Kronos, or hundred-handed Briareus, Bacchus or Hercules; but doom'd to bear The name of thy new conqueror, and thenceforth 30	Left for their children's lasting heritage; Eight summer days, from morn till latest eve,
To stand his everlasting monument.	The fatal fight endured, till perfidy Prevailing to their overthrow, they sunk Defeated, not dishonour'd. On the banks 60
Thou saw'st the dark-blue waters flash before	Of Chrysus, Roderick's royal car was found,
Their ominous way, and whiten round their keels;	His battle-horse Orelia, and that helm Whose horns, amid the thickest of the fray Eminent, had mark'd his presence. Did the stream
Their swarthy myriads darkening o'er thy sands.	Receive him with the undistinguish'd dead,
There on the beach the Misbelievers spread	Christian and Moor, who clogg'd its course that day?
Their banners, flaunting to the sun and breeze;	So thought the Conqueror, and from that day forth,
Fair shone the sun upon their proud array,	Memorial of his perfect victory, He bade the river bear the name of Joy.
White turbans, glittering armour, shields engrail'd	So thought the Goths; they said no prayer for him, 70
With gold, and scymitars of Syrian steel; And gently did the breezes, as in sport, Curl their long flags outrolling, and display 41	For him no service sung, nor mourning made,
The blazon'd scrolls of blasphemy. Too soon	But charged their crimes upon his head, and curs'd
The gales of Spain from that unhappy land Wafted, as from an open charnel-house, The taint of death; and that bright sun, from fields	His memory.
Of slaughter, with the morning dew drew up	Bravely in that eight-days' fight The King had striven, . . for victory first, while hope
Corruption through the infected atmo- sphere.	

Remain'd, then desperately in search
 of death.
 The arrows pass'd him by to right and
 left,
 The spear-point pierced him not, the
 scymitar
 Glanced from his helmet. Is the shield
 of Heaven,
 Wretch that I am, extended over me ?
 Cried Roderick ; and he dropt Orelion's
 reins, 80
 And threw his hands aloft in frantic
 prayer, . .
 Death is the only mercy that I crave,
 Death soon and short, death and forget-
 fulness !
 Aloud he cried ; but in his inmost heart
 There answer'd him a secret voice, that
 spake
 Of righteousness and judgement after
 death,
 And God's redeeming love, which fain
 would save
 The guilty soul alive. 'Twas agony,
 And yet 'twas hope ; . . a momentary
 light,
 That flash'd through utter darkness on
 the Cross 90
 To point salvation, then left all within
 Dark as before. Fear, never felt till
 then,
 Sudden and irresistible as stroke
 Of lightning, smote him. From his
 horse he dropt,
 Whether with human impulse, or by
 Heaven
 Struck down, he knew not ; loosen'd
 from his wrist
 The sword-chain, and let fall the sword,
 whose hilt
 Clung to his palm a moment ere it fell,
 Glued there with Moorish gore. His
 royal robe, 99
 His horned helmet and enamell'd mail,
 He cast aside, and taking from the dead
 A peasant's garment, in those weeds
 involved
 Stole, like a thief in darkness, from the
 field.
 Evening closed round to favour him.
 All night
 He fled, the sound of battle in his ear
 Ringing, and sights of death before his
 eyes,
 With forms more horrible of eager fiends
 That seem'd to hover round, and gulphs
 of fire
 Opening beneath his feet. At times the
 groan
 Of some poor fugitive, who, bearing
 with him 110
 His mortal hurt, had fallen beside the
 way,
 Roused him from these dread visions,
 and he call'd
 In answering groans on his Redeemer's
 name,
 That word the only prayer that pass'd
 his lips
 Or rose within his heart. Then would
 he see
 The Cross whereon a bleeding Saviour
 hung,
 Who call'd on him to come and cleanse
 his soul
 In those all-healing streams, which from
 his wounds,
 As from perpetual springs, for ever
 flow'd.
 No hart e'er panted for the water-
 brooks 120
 As Roderick thirsted there to drink and
 live ;
 But Hell was interposed ; and worse
 than Hell . .
 Yea to his eyes more dreadful than the
 fiends
 Who flock'd like hungry ravens round
 his head, . .

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Florinda stood between, and warn'd him off
 With her abhorrent hands, . . . that agony
 Still in her face, which, when the deed
 was done,
 Inflicted on her ravisher the curse
 That it invoked from Heaven. . . . Oh
 what a night
 Of waking horrors! Nor when morning
 came 130
 Did the realities of light and day
 Bring aught of comfort; wheresoe'er
 he went
 The tidings of defeat had gone before;
 And leaving their defenceless homes to
 seek
 What shelter walls and battlements
 might yield,
 Old men with feeble feet, and tottering

 And widows with their infants in their
 arms,
 Hurried along. Nor royal festival,
 Nor sacred pageant, with like multitudes
 E'er fill'd the public way. All whom
 the sword 140
 Had spared were here; bed-rid infirmity
 Alone was left behind; the cripple plied
 His crutches, with her child of yester-
 day
 The mother fled, and she whose hour
 was come
 Fell by the road.
 Less dreadful than this view
 Of outward suffering which the day
 disclosed,
 Had night and darkness seem'd to
 Roderick's heart,
 With all their dread creations. From
 the throng
 He turn'd aside, unable to endure
 This burthen of the general woe; nor
 walls, 150
 Nor towers, nor mountain fastnesses he
 sought,

A firmer hold his spirit yearn'd to find,
 A rock of surer strength. Unknowing
 where,
 Straight through the wild he hasten'd
 on all day,
 And with unslacken'd speed was travel-
 ling still
 When evening gather'd round. Seven
 days from morn
 Till night he travell'd thus; the forest
 oaks,
 The fig-grove by the fearful husbandman
 Forsaken to the spoiler, and the vines,
 Where fox and household dog together
 now 160
 Fed on the vintage, gave him food; the
 hand
 Of Heaven was on him, and the agony
 Which wrought within, supplied a
 strength beyond
 All natural force of man.
 When the eighth eve
 Was come, he found himself on Ana's
 banks,
 Fast by the Caulian Schools. It was
 the hour
 Of vespers, but no vesper bell was heard,
 Nor other sound, than of the passing
 stream,
 Or stork, who flapping with wide wing
 the air,
 Sought her broad nest upon the silent
 tower. 170
 Brethren and pupils thence alike had
 fled
 To save themselves within the embattled
 walls
 Of neighbouring Merida. One aged
 Monk
 Alone was left behind; he would not
 leave
 The sacred spot beloved, for having
 served
 There from his childhood up to ripe old

God's holy altar, it became him now,
He thought, before that altar to await
The merciless misbelievers, and lay
down

His life, a willing martyr. So he staid
When all were gone, and duly fed the
lamps, 181

And kept devotedly the altar drest,
And duly offer'd up the sacrifice.

Four days and nights he thus had pass'd
alone,

In such high mood of saintly fortitude,
That hope of Heaven became a heavenly
joy ;

And now at evening to the gate he went
If he might spy the Moors, . . for it
seem'd long

To tarry for his crown.

Before the Cross
Roderick had thrown himself ; his body
raised, 190

Half kneeling, half at length he lay ; his
arms

Embraced its foot, and from his lifted
face

Tears streaming down bedew'd the
senseless stone.

He had not wept till now, and at the
gush

Of these first tears, it seem'd as if his
heart, .

From a long winter's icy thrall let loose,
Had open'd to the genial influences

Of Heaven. In attitude, but not in act
Of prayer he lay ; an agony of tears

Was all his soul could offer. When the
Monk 200

Beheld him suffering thus, he raised him
up,

And took him by the arm, and led him in ;
And there before the altar, in the name

Of Him whose bleeding image there was
hung,

Spake comfort, and adjured him in that
name .

There to lay down the burthen of his
sins.

Lo ! said Romano, I am waiting here
The coming of the Moors, that from their
hands

My spirit may receive the purple robe
Of martyrdom, and rise to claim its
crown. 210

That God who willeth not the sinner's
death

Hath led thee hither. Threescore years
and five,

Even from the hour when I, a five-years'
child,

Enter'd the schools, have I continued
here

And served the altar : not in all those
years

Hath such a contrite and a broken heart
Appear'd before me. O my brother,
Heaven

Hath sent thee for thy comfort, and for
mine,

That my last earthly act may reconcile
A sinner to his God.

Then Roderick knelt 220
Before the holy man, and strove to
speak.

Thou seest, he cried, . . thou seest, . .
but memory

And suffocating thoughts repress'd the
word,

And shudderings, like an ague fit, from
head

To foot convulsed him ; till at length,
subduing

His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
Spreading his hands and lifting up his
face,

As if resolved in penitence to bear
A human eye upon his shame, . . Thou
seest

Roderick the Goth ! That name would
have sufficed 230

To tell its whole abhorred history :

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He not the less pursued, . . the ravisher,
The cause of all this ruin ! Having said,
In the same posture motionless he knelt,
Arms straighten'd down, and hands out-
spread, and eyes
Raised to the Monk, like one who from
his voice
Awaited life or death.

All night the old man
Pray'd with his penitent, and minister'd
Unto the wounded soul, till he infused
A healing hope of mercy that allay'd 240
Its heat of anguish. But Romano saw
What strong temptations of despair
beset,
And how he needed in this second birth,
Even like a yearling child, a fosterer's
care.

Father in Heaven, he cried, thy will be
done !

Surely I hoped that I this day should
sing
Hosannahs at thy throne ; but thou
hast yet

Work for thy servant here. He girt his
loins,

And from her altar took with reverent
hands

Our Lady's image down : In this, quoth
he, 250

We have our guide and guard and com-
forter,

The best provision for our perilous way.
Fear not but we shall find a resting-
place,

The Almighty's hand is on us.

They went forth,
They cross'd the stream, and when
Romano turn'd

For his last look toward the Caulian
towers,

Far off the Moorish standards in the
light

Of morn were glittering, where the
miscreant host

Toward the Lusitanian capital
To lay their siege advanced ; the eastern
breeze 260

Bore to the fearful travellers far away
The sound of horn and tambour o'er the
plain.

All day they hasten'd, and when evening
fell

Sped toward the setting sun, as if its line
Of glory came from Heaven to point
their course.

But feeble were the feet of that old man
For such a weary length of way ; and
now

Being pass'd the danger (for in Merida
Sacaru long in resolute defence
Withstood the tide of war,) with easier
pace 270

The wanderers journey'd on ; till having
cross'd

Rich Tagus, and the rapid Zézere,
They from Albardos' hoary height
beheld

Pine-forest, fruitful vale, and that fair
lake

Where Alcoa, mingled there with Baza's
stream,

Rests on its passage to the western sea,
That sea the aim and boundary of their
toil.

The fourth week of their painful
pilgrimage

Was full, when they arrived where from
the land

A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,
O'erhung the glittering beach ; there
on the top 281

A little lowly hermitage they found,
And a rude Cross, and at its foot a
grave,

Bearing no name, nor other monument.
Where better could they rest than here,
where faith

And secret penitence and happiest death

Had bless'd the spot, and brought good
 Angels down,
 And open'd as it were a way to Heaven ?
 Behind them was the desert, offering
 fruit
 And water for their need : on either
 side 290
 The white sand sparkling to the sun ; in
 front,
 Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,
 As in perpetual jubilee, proclaim'd,
 The wonders of the Almighty, filling
 thus
 The pauses of their fervent orisons.
 Where better could the wanderers rest
 than here ?

II. RODERICK IN SOLITUDE

TWELVE months they sojourn'd in their
 solitude,
 And then beneath the burthen of old age
 Romano sunk. No brethren were there
 here
 To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes
 strew
 That penitential bed, and gather round
 To sing his requiem, and with prayer
 and psalm
 Assist him in his hour of agony.
 He lay on the bare earth, which long
 had been
 His only couch ; beside him Roderick
 knelt,
 Moistened from time to time his
 blacken'd lips, 30
 Received a blessing with his latest
 breath,
 Then closed his eyes, and by the name-

 Of the fore-tenant of that holy place
 Consign'd him earth to earth.
Two graves are here,
 And Roderick transverse at their feet
 began

To break the third. In all his intervals
 Of prayer, save only when he search'd
 the woods
 And fill'd the water-cruise, he labour'd
 there ;
 And when the work was done and he
 had laid
 Himself at length within its narrow sides
 And measured it, he shook his head to
 think 21
 There was no other business now for
 him.
 Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he
 exclaim'd,
 And would that night were come ! . . It
 was a task,
 All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled
 The sense of solitude ; but now he felt
 The burthen of the solitary hours :
 The silence of that lonely hermitage
 Lay on him like a spell ; and at the
 voice
 Of his own prayers, he started half
 aghast. 30
 Then too as on Romano's grave he sat
 And pored upon his own, a natural
 thought
 Arose within him, . . well might he have

 That useless toil ; the sepulchre would
 be
 No hiding place for him ; no Christian
 hands
 Were here who should compose his
 decent corpse
 And cover it with earth. There he
 might drag
 His wretched body at its passing hour,
 But there the Sea-Birds of her heritage
 Would rob the worm, or peradventure
 seize, 40
 Ere death had done its work, their
 helpless prey.
 Even now they did not fear him : when
 he walk'd

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Beside them on the beach, regardlessly They saw him coming; and their whirring wings	Of calmer passion, or exhausted rest; When floating back upon the tide of thought
Upon the height had sometimes fann'd his cheek,	70 Remembrance to a self-excusing strain Beguiled him, and recall'd in long array The sorrows and the secret impulses Which to the abyss of wretchedness and guilt
As if, being thus alone, humanity Had lost its rank, and the prerogative Of man were done away.	Led their unwary victim. The evil hour Return'd upon him, when reluctantly Yielding to worldly counsel his assent, In wedlock to an ill-assorted mate
For his lost crown And sceptre never had he felt a thought Of pain; repentance had no pangs to spare	50 He gave his cold unwilling hand: then came
For trifles such as these, . . the loss of	79 The disappointment of the barren bed, The hope deceived, the soul dissatisfied, Home without love, and privacy from which
Was a cheap penalty; . . that he had fallen	Delight was banish'd first, and peace too soon
Down to the lowest depth of wretched- ness,	Departed. Was it strange that when he met
His hope and consolation. But to lose His human station in the scale of things, . .	A heart attuned, . . a spirit like his own, Of lofty pitch, yet in affection mild, And tender as a youthful mother's joy, . .
To see brute nature scorn him, and renounce	Oh was it strange if at such sympathy The feelings which within his breast repell'd
Its homage to the human form divine; . . Had then Almighty vengeance thus reveal'd	And chill'd had shrunk, should open forth like flowers
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed	90 After cold winds of night, when gentle
Below fallen man, below redemption's reach, . .	60
Made lower than the beasts, and like the beasts	Restore the genial sun? If all were known,
To perish! . . Such temptations troubled him	Would it indeed be not to be forgiven? . . (Thus would he lay the unction to his soul,)
By day, and in the visions of the night; And even in sleep he struggled with the thought,	If all were truly known, as Heaven knows all,
And waking with the effort of his prayers	Heaven that is merciful as well as just, . . A passion slow and mutual in its growth, Pure as fraternal love, long self-con- ceal'd,
The dream assail'd him still.	And when confess'd in silence, long control'd;
A wilder form Sometimes his poignant penitence as- sumed,	
Starting with force revived from inter- vals	

Treacherous occasion, human frailty,
 fear 100
 Of endless separation, worse than
 death, . .
 The purpose and the hope with which
 the Fiend
 Tempted, deceived, and madden'd him ;
 . . but then
 As at a new temptation would he start,
 Shuddering beneath the intolerable
 shame,
 And clench in agony his matted hair ;
 While in his soul the perilous thought
 arose,
 How easy 'twere to plunge where yonder
 waves
 Invited him to rest.

Oh for a voice

Of comfort, . . for a ray of hope from
 Heaven ! 110
 A hand that from these billows of despair
 May reach and snatch him ere he sink
 engulf'd !
 At length, as life when it hath lain long
 time
 Oppress'd beneath some grievous mal-
 ady,
 Seems to rouse up with re-collected
 strength,
 And the sick man doth feel within him-
 self
 A second spring ; so Roderick's better
 mind
 Arose to save him. Lo ! the western sun
 Flames o'er the broad Atlantic ; on the
 verge
 Of glowing ocean rests ; retiring then
 Draws with it all its rays, and sudden
 night 121
 Fills the whole cope of heaven. The
 penitent
 Kneel by Romano's grave, and falling
 prone,
 Clasp'd with extended arms the funeral
 mould.

Father ! he cried ; Companion ! only
 friend,
 When all beside was lost ! thou too art
 gone,
 And the poor sinner whom from utter
 death
 Thy providential hand preserved, once
 more
 Totters upon the gulph. I am too weak
 For solitude, . . too vile a wretch to bear
 This everlasting commune with myself.
 The Tempter hath assail'd me ; my own
 heart 132
 Is leagued with him ; Despair hath laid
 the nets
 To take my soul, and Memory like a
 ghost,
 Haunts me, and drives me to the toils.
 O Saint,
 While I was blest with thee, the her-
 mitage
 Was my sure haven ! Look upon me
 still,
 For from thy heavenly mansion thou
 canst see
 The suppliant ; look upon thy child in
 Christ,
 Is there no other way for penitence ? 140
 I ask not martyrdom ; for what am I
 That I should pray for triumphs, the
 fit meed
 Of a long life of holy works like thine ;
 Or how should I presumptuously aspire
 To wear the heavenly crown resign'd by
 thee,
 For my poor sinful sake ? Oh point me
 thou
 Some humblest, painfulest, severest
 path, . .
 Some new austerity, unheard of yet
 In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
 Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my
 brow 150
 With thorns, and barefoot seek Jeru-
 salem,

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Tracking the way with blood ; there
 day by day
 Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,
 Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed
 Hang with extended limbs upon the
 Cross,
 A nightly crucifixion ! . . any thing
 Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,
 Labour, and outward suffering, . . any
 thing
 But stillness and this dreadful solitude !
 Romano ! Father ! let me hear thy
 voice 160
 In dreams, O sainted Soul ! or from the
 grave
 Speak to thy penitent ; even from the
 grave
 Thine were a voice of comfort.
 Thine he cried,
 Easing the pressure of his burthen'd
 heart
 With passionate prayer ; thus pour'd
 his spirit forth,
 Till with the long impetuous effort spent
 His spirit fail'd, and laying on the grave
 His weary head as on a pillow, sleep
 Fell on him. He had pray'd to hear
 a voice
 Of consolation, and in dreams a voice
 Of consolation came. Roderick, it
 said, . . 171
 Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful
 child,
 Jesus have mercy on thee ! . . Not if
 Heaven
 Had opened, and Romano, visible
 In his beatitude, had breathed that
 prayer ; . .
 Not if the grave had spoken, had it
 pierced
 So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
 With such compunctious visitings, nor
 given
 So quick, so keen a pang. It was that
 voice
 Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
 So patiently ; which soothed his child-
 ish griefs, 181
 Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic
 tears,
 His headstrong youth. And lo ! his
 Mother stood
 Before him in the vision ; in those weeds
 Which never from the hour when to the
 grave
 She follow'd her dear lord Theodofred
 Rusilla laid aside ; but in her face
 A sorrow that bespoke a heavier load
 At heart, and more unmitigated woe, . .
 Yea a more mortal wretchedness than
 when 190
 Witiza's ruffians and the red-hot brass
 Had done their work, and in her arms
 she held
 Her eyeless husband ; wiped away the
 sweat
 Which still his tortures forced from
 every pore ;
 Cool'd his scorch'd lids with medicinal
 herbs,
 And pray'd the while for patience for
 herself
 And him, and pray'd for vengeance too,
 and found
 Best comfort in her curses. In his
 dream,
 Groaning he knelt before her to beseech
 Her blessing, and she raised her hands
 to lay 200
 A benediction on him. But those hands
 Were chain'd, and casting a wild look
 around,
 With thrilling voice she cried, Will no
 one break
 These shameful fetters ? Pedro, Theu-
 demir,
 Athanagild, where are ye ? Roderick's
 arm
 Is wither'd ; . . Chiefs of Spain, but
 where are ye ?

And thou, Pelayo, thou our surest hope,
 Dost thou too sleep ? . . Awake, Pelayo !
 . . up ! . .
 Why tarriest thou, Deliverer ? . . But
 with that
 She broke her bonds, and lo ! her form
 was changed ! 210
 Radiant in arms she stood ! a bloody
 Cross
 Gleam'd on her breast-plate, in her
 shield display'd
 Erect a lion ramp'd ; her helmed head
 Rose like the Berecynthian Goddess
 crown'd
 With towers, and in her dreadful hand
 the sword
 Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon the
 tramp
 Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
 Moving to mortal conflict, rang around ;
 The battle-song, the clang of sword and
 shield,
 War-cries and tumult, strife and hate
 and rage, 220
 Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
 Rout and pursuit and death ; and over
 all
 The shout of victory. . . Spain and
 Victory !
 Roderick, as the strong vision master'd
 him,
 Rush'd to the fight rejoicing : starting
 then,
 As his own effort burst the charm of

 He found himself upon that lonely grave
 In moonlight and in silence. But the
 dream
 Wrought in him still ; for still he felt
 his heart
 Pant, and his wither'd arm was trem-
 bling still ; 230
 And still that voice was in his ear which
 call'd
 On Jesus for his sake.

Oh, might he hear
 That actual voice ! and if Rusilla
 lived, . .
 If shame and anguish for his crimes not
 yet
 Had brought her to the grave, . . sure
 she would bless
 Her penitent child, and pour into his
 heart
 Prayers and forgiveness, which, like
 precious balm,
 Would heal the wounded soul. Nor to
 herself
 Less precious, or less healing, would the
 voice
 That spake forgiveness flow. She wept
 her son 240
 For ever lost, cut off with all the weight
 Of unrepented sin upon his head,
 Sin which had weigh'd a nation down . .
 what joy
 To know that righteous Heaven had in
 its wrath
 Remember'd mercy, and she yet might
 meet
 The child whom she had borne, redeem'd,
 in bliss.
 The sudden impulse of such thoughts
 confirmed
 That unacknowledged purpose, which
 till now
 Vainly had sought its end. He girt his
 loins,
 Laid holiest Mary's image in a cleft 250
 Of the rock, where, shelter'd from the
 elements,
 It might abide till happier days came on,
 From all defilement safe ; pour'd his
 last prayer
 Upon Romano's grave, and kiss'd the
 earth
 Which cover'd his remains, and wept
 as if
 At long leave-taking, then began his
 way.

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III. ADOSINDA

'Twas now the earliest morning; soon
the Sun,
Rising above Albardos, pour'd his light
Amid the forest, and with ray aslant
Entering its depth, illumed the branch-
less pines,
Brighten'd their bark, tinged with a
redder hue
Its rusty stains, and cast along the floor
Long lines of shadow, where they rose
erec
Like pillars of the temple. With slow
foot
Roderick pursued his way; for peni-
tence,
Remorse which gave no respite, and
the long 10
And painful conflict of his troubled soul,
Had worn him down. Now brighter
thoughts arose,
And that triumphant vision floated still
Before his sight with all her blazonry,
Her castled helm, and the victorious
sword
That flash'd like lightning o'er the field
of blood.
Sustain'd by thoughts like these, from
morn till eve
He journey'd, and drew near Leyria's
walls.
'Twas even-song time, but not a bell was
heard;
Instead thereof, on her polluted towers,
Bidding the Moors to their unhallow'd
prayer, 21
The cryer stood, and with his sonorous
voice
Fill'd the delicious vale where Lena winds
Thro' groves and pastoral meads. The
sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scymitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending
thoughts

Of anger, shame, and anguish in the
Goth;
The face of human-kind so long unseen
Confused him now, and through the
streets he went
With hagg'd mien, and countenance
like one 30
Crazed or bewilder'd. All who met him
turn'd,
And wonder'd as he pass'd. One stopt
him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-
struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy
Roderick received the alms; his wan-
dering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen King,
Seeing his own royal impress on the
piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seem'd like laughter first, but
ended soon 40
In hollow groans suppress; the Mussel-
man
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and
magnified
The name of Allah as he hasten'd on.
A Christian woman spinning at her door
Beheld him, and, with sudden pity
touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after call'd
him back,
And placing in his passive hands the
loaf,
She said, Christ Jesus for his mother's
Have mercy on thee! With a look that
seem'd 50
Like idiotcy he heard her, and stood
still,
Staring awhile; then bursting into tears
Wept like a child, and thus relieved his
heart,

Full even to bursting else with swelling thoughts.
 So through the streets, and through the northern gate
 Did Roderick, reckless of a resting-place,
 With feeble yet with hurried step pursue
 His agitated way; and when he reach'd
 The open fields, and found himself alone
 Beneath the starry canopy of Heaven,
 The sense of solitude, so dreadful late,
 Was then repose and comfort. There
 he stopt 62
 Beside a little rill, and brake the loaf;
 And shedding o'er that long untasted food
 Painful but quiet tears, with grateful soul
 He breathed thanksgiving forth, then made his bed
 On heath and myrtle.
 But when he arose
 At day-break and pursued his way, his heart
 Felt lighten'd that the shock of mingling first
 Among his fellow-kind was overpast; 70
 And journeying on, he greeted whom he met
 With such short interchange of benison
 As each to other gentle travellers give,
 Recovering thus the power of social speech
 Which he had long disused. When hunger prest
 He ask'd for alms: slight supplication served;
 A countenance so pale and woe-begone
 Moved all to pity; and the marks it bore
 Of rigorous penance and austerest life,
 With something too of majesty that still
 Appear'd amid the wreck, inspired a sense 81
 Of reverence too. The goat-herd on the hills
 Open'd his scrip for him; the babe in arms,
 Affrighted at his visage, turn'd away,
 And clinging to the mother's neck in tears
 Would yet again look up, and then again
 Shrink back, with cry renew'd. The bolder imps
 Sporting beside the way, at his approach
 Brake off their games for wonder, and stood still
 In silence; some among them cried, A Saint! 90
 The village matron when she gave him food
 Besought his prayers; and one entertained him
 To lay his healing hands upon her child,
 For with a sore and hopeless malady
 Wasting, it long had lain, . . and sure, she said,
 He was a man of God.
 Thus travelling on
 He pass'd the vale where wild Arunca pours
 Its wintry torrents; and the happier site
 Of old Conimbrica, whose ruin'd towers
 Bore record of the fierce Alani's wrath.
 Mondego too he cross'd, not yet renown'd 101
 In poets' amorous lay; and left behind
 The walls at whose foundation pious hands
 Of Priest and Monk and Bishop meekly toil'd, . .
 So had the insulting Arian given command.
 Those stately palaces and rich domains
 Were now the Moor's, and many a weary age
 Must Coimbra wear the misbeliever's yoke,
 Before Fernando's banner through her gate

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Shall pass triumphant, and her hallow'd	Cottage or hall or convent, black with
Mosque	smoke;
Behold the hero of Bivar receive	'Twas not the unburied bones, which
The knighthood which he glorified so oft	where the dogs
In his victorious fields. Oh, if the years	And crows had strewn them, lay amid
To come might then have risen on	the field
Roderick's soul,	Bleaching in sun or shower, that wrung
How had they kindled and consoled hi	his heart
heart! . .	With keenest anguish: 'twas when he
What joy might Douro's haven then	beheld
have given,	140
Whence Portugal, the faithful and the	The turban'd traitor show his shameless
brave,	front
Shall take her name illustrious! . . what,	In the open eye of Heaven, . . the
those walls	renegade,
Where Mumadona one day will erect	On whose base brutal nature unredeem'd
Convent and town and towers, which	Even black apostacy itself could stamp
shall become	No deeper reprobation, at the hour
120	Assign'd fall prostrate; and unite the
The cradle of that famous monarchy!	names
What joy might these prophetic scenes	Of God and the Blasphemer, . . impious
have given, . .	prayer, . .
What ample vengeance on the Mussel-	Most impious, when from unbelieving
man,	lips
Driven out with foul defeat, and made	The accurs'd utterance came. Then
to feel	Roderick's heart
In Africa the wrongs he wrought to	With indignation burnt, and then he
Spain;	long'd
And still pursued by that relentless	150
sword,	To be a King again, that so, for Spain
Even to the farthest Orient, where his	Betray'd and his Redeemer thus re-
power	nounced,
Received its mortal wound.	He might inflict due punishment, and
	make
O years of pride!	These wretches feel his wrath. But
In undiscoverable futurity,	when he saw
Yet unevolved, your destined glories	The daughters of the land, . . who, as
lay;	they went
130	With cheerful step to church, were wont
And all that Roderick in these fated	to show
scenes	Their innocent faces to all passers' eyes
Beheld, was grief and wretchedness, . .	Freely, and free from sin as when they
the waste	look'd
Of recent war, and that more mournful	in adoration and in praise to Heaven, . .
calm	Now mask'd in Moorish mufflers, to the
Of joyless, helpless, hopeless servitude.	Mosque
'Twas not the ruin'd walls of church or	160
tower,	Holding unaccompanied their jealous way,

His spirit seem'd at that unhappy sight
 To die away within him, and he too
 Would fain have died, so death could
 bring with it
 Entire oblivion.

Rent with thoughts like these
 He reach'd that city, once the seat
 renown'd

Of Suevi kings, where, in contempt of
 Rome

Degenerate long, the North's heroic race
 Raised first a rival throne; now from
 its state

Of proud regality debased and fallen. 170
 Still bounteous nature o'er the lovely
 vale,

Where like a Queen rose Bracara august,
 Pour'd forth her gifts profuse; perennial
 springs

Flow'd for her habitants, and genial
 suns,

With kindly showers to bless the happy
 clime,

Combined in vain their gentle influences;
 For patient servitude was there, who
 bow'd

His neck beneath the Moor, and silent
 grief

That eats into the soul. The walls and
 stones

Seem'd to reproach their dwellers;
 stately piles 180

Yet undecayed, the mighty monuments
 Of Roman pomp, Barbaric palaces,
 And Gothic halls, where haughty Barons
 late

Gladden'd their faithful vassals with the
 feast

And flowing bowl, alike the spoiler's now.

Leaving these captive scenes behind,
 he crost

Cavado's silver current, and the banks
 Of Lima, through whose groves in after
 years,

Mournful yet sweet, Diogo's amorous
 lute

Prolong'd its tuneful echoes. But when
 now 190

Beyond Arnoya's tributary tide,
 He came where Minho roll'd its ampler
 stream

By Auria's ancient walls, fresh horrors
 met

His startled view; for prostrate in the
 dust

Those walls were laid, and towers and
 temples stood

Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
 Had left them black and bare; and
 through the streets,

All with the recent wreck of war
 bestrewn,

Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,
 Christian and Moor in death pro-
 miscuous lay 200

Each where they fell; and blood-flakes,
 parch'd and crack'd

Like the dry slime of some receding
 flood;

And half-burnt bodies, which allured
 from far

The wolf and raven, and to impious food
 Tempted the houseless dog.

A thrilling pang,
 A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul,
 Came over Roderick. Soon they pass'd
 away,

And admiration in their stead arose,
 Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,
 With wrath, and hate, and sacred ven-
 geance now 210

Indissolubly link'd. O valiant race,
 O people excellently brave, he cried,
 True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the
 last;

Though overpower'd, triumphant, and
 in death

Unconquer'd! Holy be your memory!
 Bless'd and glorious now and evermore

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

<p>Be your heroic names! . . . Led by the sound, As thus he cried aloud, a woman came Toward him from the ruins. For the love Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while Thy charitable help! . . . Her words, her voice, 221 Her look, more horror to his heart con- vey'd Than all the havoc round: for though she spake With the calm utterance of despair, in tones Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice Pour'd forth its hymns in ecstasy to Heaven. Her hands were bloody, and her gar- ments stain'd With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled. Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty, Had every charm of form and feature given; 230 But now upon her rigid countenance Severest anguish set a fixedness Ghastlier than death.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">She led him through the streets</p> <p>A little way along, where four low walls, Heapt rudely from the ruins round, enclosed A narrow space: and there upon the ground Four bodies, decently composed, were laid, Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore; A venerable ancient, by his side A comely matron, for whose middle age, (If ruthless slaughter had not inter- vened,) 241 Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time, might well</p>	<p>Have many a calm declining year in store; The third an arm'd warrior, on his breast An infant, over whom his arms were cross'd. There, . . . with firm eye and steady countenance Unflinching, she address him, . . . there they lie, Child, Husband, Parents, . . . Adosinda's all! I could not break the earth with these poor hands, Nor other tomb provide, . . . but let that pass! 250 Auria itself is now but one wide tomb For all its habitants:—What better grave? What worthier monument? . . . Oh cover not Their blood, thou Earth! and ye, ye bless'd Souls Of Heroes and of murder'd Innocents, Oh never let your everlasting cries Cease round the Eternal Throne, till the Most High For all these unexampled wrongs hath given Full, . . . over-flowing vengeance! While she spake She raised her lofty hands to Heaven, as if 260 Calling for justice on the Judgement- seat; Then laid them on her eyes, and leaning on Bent o'er the open sepulchre.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">But soon</p> <p>With quiet mien collectedly, like one Who from intense devotion, and the act Of ardent prayer, arising, girds himself For this world's daily business, . . . she arose, And said to Roderick, Help me now to raise The covering of the tomb.</p>
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With half-burnt planks, Yea, all my former nature. There
 Which she had gather'd for this funeral remain
 use, ²⁷⁰ Revenge and death: . . the bitterness
 They roof'd the vault, then, laying of death
 stones above, Is past, and Heaven already hath
 They closed it down; last, rendering all vouchsafed
 secure, A foretaste of revenge.
 Stones upon stones they piled, till all
 appeared Look here! she cried,
 A huge and shapeless heap. Enough, And drawing back, held forth her
 she cried; bloody hands, . . ³⁰⁰
 And taking Roderick's hands in both her 'Tis Moorish! . . In the day of massacre,
 own, A captain of Alcahman's murderous
 And wringing them with fervent thank- host
 fulness, Reserved me from the slaughter. Not
 May God shew mercy to thee, she because
 exclaim'd, My rank and station tempted him with
 When most thou needest mercy! Who thoughts
 thou art Of ransom, for amid the general waste
 I know not; not of Auria, . . for of all Of ruin all was lost; . . Nor yet, be sure,
 Her sons and daughters, save the one That pity moved him, . . they who from
 who stands this race
 Before thee, not a soul is left alive. Accurst for pity look, such pity find
 But thou hast render'd to me, in my As ravenous wolves show the defenceless
 hour flock.
 Of need, the only help which man could My husband at my feet had fallen; my
 give, babe, . . ³¹⁰
 What else of consolation may be found Spare me that thought, O God! . . and
 For one so utterly bereft, from Heaven then . . even then
 And from myself must come. For deem Amid the maddening throes of agony
 not thou Which rent my soul, . . when if this
 That I shall sink beneath calamity: solid Earth
 This visitation, like a lightning-stroke, Had open'd and let out the central fire
 Hath scathed the fruit and blossom of Before whose all-involving flames wide
 my youth; Heaven
 One hour hath orphan'd me, and Shall shrivel like a scroll and be con-
 widow'd me, sumed,
 And made me childless. In this ²⁹⁰ The universal wreck had been to me
 sepulchre Relief and comfort; . . even then this
 Lie buried all my earthward hopes and Moor
 fears, Turn'd on me his libidinous eyes, and
 All human loves and natural charities; . . bade ³¹⁹
 All womanly tenderness, all gentle His men reserve me safely for an hour
 thoughts, Of dalliance, . . me! . . me in my agonies!
 All female weakness too, I bury here, But when I found for what this mis-
 creant child

Which thus transfigured him. Ay, she
 exclaim'd,
 My tale hath moved thee! it might
 move the dead,
 Quicken captivity's dead soul, and
 rouse
 This prostrate country from her mortal
 trance: 380
 Therefore I live to tell it; and for this
 Hath the Lord God Almighty given to
 me
 A spirit not mine own and strength from
 Heaven;
 Dealing with me as in the days of old
 With that Bethulian Matron when she
 saved
 His people from the spoiler. What
 remains
 But that the life which he hath thus
 preserved
 I consecrate to him? Not veil'd and
 vow'd
 To pass my days in holiness and peace;
 Nor yet between sepulchral walls
 immured, 390
 Alive to penitence alone; my rule
 He hath himself prescribed, and hath
 infused
 A passion in this woman's breast,
 wherein
 All passions and all virtues are com-
 bined;
 Love, hatred, joy, and anguish, and
 despair,
 And hope, and natural piety, and faith,
 Make up the mighty feeling. Call it not
 Revenge! thus sanctified and thus
 sublimed,
 'Tis duty, 'tis devotion. Like the grace
 Of God, it came and saved me; and in
 it 400
 Spain must have her salvation. In thy
 hands
 Here, on the grave of all my family,
 I make my vow.

She said, and kneeling down,
 Placed within Roderick's palms her
 folded hands.
 This life, she cried, I dedicate to God,
 Therewith to do him service in the way
 Which he hath shown. To rouse the
 land against
 This impious, this intolerable yoke, . .
 To offer up the invader's hateful
 blood, . .
 This shall be my employ, my rule and
 rite, 410
 Observances and sacrifice of faith;
 For this I hold the life which he hath
 given,
 A sacred trust; for this, when it shall
 suit
 His service, joyfully will lay it down.
 So deal with me as I fulfil the pledge,
 O Lord my God, my Saviour and my
 Judge.
 Then rising from the earth, she spread
 her arms,
 And looking round with sweeping eyes
 exclaim'd,
 Auria, and Spain, and Heaven receive
 the vow!

IV. THE MONASTERY OF ST. FELIX

THUS long had Roderick heard her
 powerful words
 In silence, awed before her: but his
 heart
 Was fill'd the while with swelling sym-
 pathy,
 And now with impulse not to be re-
 strain'd
 The feeling overpower'd him. Hear
 me too,
 Auria, and Spain, and Heaven! he
 cried; and thou

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Who risest thus above mortality,
Sufferer and patriot, saint and heroine,
The servant and the chosen of the Lord,
For surely such thou art, . . receive in

me 10
The first-fruits of thy calling. Kneeling
then,

And placing as he spake his hand in hers,
As thou hast sworn, the royal Goth
pursued,

Even so I swear ; my soul hath found
at length

Her rest and refuge ; in the invader's
blood

She must efface her stains of mortal sin,
And in redeeming this lost land, work out
Redemption for herself. Herein I place
My penance for the past, my hope to
come,

My faith and my good works ; here offer
up 20

All thoughts and passions of mine in-
most heart,

My days and night, . . this flesh, this
blood, this life,

Yea this whole being, do I here devote
For Spain. Receive the vow, all Saints
in Heaven,

And prosper its good end ! . . Clap now
your wings,

The Goth with louder utterance as he
rose

Exclaim'd, . . clap now your wings
exultingly,

Ye ravenous fowl of Heaven ; and in
your dens

Set up, ye wolves of Spain, a yell of joy ;
For, lo ! a nation hath this day been
sworn 30

To furnish forth your banquet ; for a
strife

Hath been commenced, the which from
this day forth

Permits no breathing-time, and knows
no end

Till in this land the last invader bow
His neck beneath the exterminating
sword.

Said I not rightly ? Adosinda cried ;
The will which goads me on is not mine
own,

'Tis from on high, . . yea, verily of
Heaven !

But who art thou who hast profess'd
with me,

My first sworn brother in the appointed
rule ? 40

Tell me thy name.

Ask any thing but that !

The fallen King replied. My name was
lost

When from the Goths the sceptre pass'd
away.

The nation will arise regenerate ;
Strong in her second youth and beauti-
ful,

And like a spirit which hath shaken off
The clog of dull mortality, shall Spain
Arise in glory. But for my good name
No resurrection is appointed here.

Let it be blotted out on earth : in
Heaven 50

There shall be written with it penitence,
And grace, and saving faith, and such
good deeds

Wrought in atonement, as my soul this
day

Hath sworn to offer up.

Then be thy name,

She answer'd, Maccabee, from this day
forth :

For this day art thou born again ; and
like

Those brethren of old times, whose holy
names

Live in the memory of all noble hearts
For love and admiration, ever young, . .

So for our native country, for her
hearths 60

And altars, for her cradles and her graves,
 Hast thou thyself devoted. Let us now
 Each to our work. Among the neighbouring hills,
 I to the vassals of my father's house;
 Thou to Visonia. Tell the Abbot there
 What thou hast seen at Auria; and with him
 Take counsel who of all our Baronage
 Is worthiest to lead on the sons of Spain,
 And wear upon his brow the Spanish crown.
 Now, brother, fare thee well! we part
 in hope, 70
 And we shall meet again, be sure, in joy.

So saying, Adosinda left the King
 Alone amid the ruins. There he stood,
 As when Elisha, on the farther bank
 Of Jordan, saw that elder prophet mount
 The fiery chariot, and the steeds of fire,
 Trampling the whirlwind, bear him up
 the sky:
 Thus gazing after her did Roderick
 stand;
 And as the immortal Tishbite left
 behind
 His mantle and prophetic power, even
 so 80
 Had her inspiring presence left infused
 The spirit which she breathed. Gazing
 he stood,
 As at a heavenly visitation there
 Vouchsafed in mercy to himself and
 Spain;
 And when the heroic mourner from his
 sight
 Had pass'd away, still reverential awe
 Held him suspended there and motionless.
 Then turning from the ghastly scene of
 death
 Up murmuring Lona, he began toward
 The holy Bierzo his obedient way. 90

Sil's ample stream he crost, where
 through the vale
 Of Orras, from that sacred land it bears
 The whole collected waters; northward
 then,
 Skirting the heights of Aguiar, he
 reach'd
 That consecrated pile amid the wild,
 Which sainted Fructuoso in his zeal
 Rear'd to St. Felix, on Visonia's banks.

In commune with a priest of age
 mature,
 Whose thoughtful visage and majestic
 mien
 Bespoke authority and weight of care,
 Odoar, the venerable Abbot, sate, 100
 When ushering Roderick in, the Porter
 said,
 A stranger came from Auria, and required
 His private ear. From Auria? said the
 old man,
 Comest thou from Auria, brother? I
 can spare
 Thy painful errand then, . . we know the
 worst.

Nay, answer'd Roderick, but thou hast
 not heard
 My tale. Where that devoted city lies
 In ashes, 'mid the ruins and the dead
 I found a woman, whom the Moors had
 borne 110
 Captive away; but she, by Heaven
 inspired
 And her good heart, with her own arm
 had wrought
 Her own deliverance, smiting in his tent
 A lustful Moorish miscreant, as of yore
 By Judith's holy deed the Assyrian fell.
 And that same spirit which had
 strengthen'd her
 Work'd in her still. Four walls with
 patient toil

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She rear'd, wherein, as in a sepulchre,
 With her own hands she laid her mur-
 der'd babe,
 Her husband and her parents, side by
 side ;
 And when we cover'd in this shapeless
 tomb,
 There on the grave of all her family,
 Did this courageous mourner dedicate
 All thoughts and actions of her future
 life
 To her poor country. For she said, that
 Heaven
 Supporting her, in mercy had vouch-
 safed
 A foretaste of revenge ; that, like the
 grace
 Of God, revenge had saved her ; that in it
 Spain must have her salvation ; and
 henceforth
 That passion, thus sublimed and sancti-
 fied, 130
 Must be to all the loyal sons of Spain
 The pole-star of their faith, their rule
 and rite,
 Observances and worthiest sacrifice.
 I took the vow, unworthy as I am,
 Her first sworn follower in the appointed
 rule ;
 And then we parted ; she among the hills
 To rouse the vassals of her father's
 house :
 I at her bidding hitherward, to ask
 Thy counsel, who of our old Baronage
 Shall place upon his brow the Spanish
 crown. 140

The Lady Adosinda ? Odoar cried.
 Roderick made answer, So she call'd
 herself.

Oh, none but she ! exclaim'd the good
 old man,
 Clasp'g his hands, which trembled as

In act of pious passion raised to
 Heaven, . .
 Oh, none but Adosinda ! . . none but
 she, . .
 None but that noble heart, which was
 the heart
 Of Auria while it stood, its life and
 strength,
 More than her father's presence, or the
 arm
 Of her brave husband, valiant as he was.
 Hers was the spirit which inspired old
 age, 151
 Ambitious boyhood, girls in timid youth,
 And virgins in the beauty of their spring,
 And youthful mothers, doting like her-
 self
 With ever-anxious love : She breathed
 through all
 That zeal and that devoted faithfulness,
 Which to the invader's threats and
 promises
 Turn'd a deaf ear alike ; which in the
 head
 And flood of prosperous fortune check'd
 his course,
 Repell'd him from the walls, and when
 at length 160
 His overpowering numbers forced their
 way,
 Even in that uttermost extremity
 Unyielding, still from street to street,
 from house
 To house, from floor to floor, maintain'd
 the fight :
 Till by their altars falling, in their doors,
 And on their household hearths, and by
 their beds
 And cradles, and their fathers' sepul-
 chres,
 This noble army, gloriously revenged,
 Embraced their martyrdom. Heroic
 souls !
 Well have ye done, and righteously
 discharged 170

Your arduous part! Your service is perform'd,
 Your earthly warfare done! Ye have put on
 The purple robe of everlasting peace!
 Ye have received your crown! Ye bear the palm
 Before the throne of Grace!

With that he paused,
 Checking the strong emotions of his soul.
 Then with a solemn tone addressing him

Who shared his secret thoughts, thou knowest, he said,
 O Urban, that they have not fallen in vain;
 For by this virtuous sacrifice they thinn'd 180
 Alcahman's thousands; and his broken force,
 Exhausted by their dear-bought victory,
 Turn'd back from Auria, leaving us to breathe
 Among our mountains yet. We lack not here
 Good hearts, nor valiant hands. What walls or towers
 Or battlements are like these fastnesses,
 These rocks and glens and everlasting hills?
 Give but that Aurian spirit, and the Moors
 Will spend their force as idly on these holds,
 As round the rocky girdle of the land 190
 The wild Cantabrian billows waste their rage.
 Give but that spirit! . . Heaven hath given it us,
 If Adosinda thus, as from the dead,
 Be granted to our prayers!

And who art thou,
 Said Urban, who hast taken on thyself
 This rule of warlike faith? Thy countenance

And those poor weeds bespeak a life ere this
 Devoted to austere observances.

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Roderick replied, I am a sinful man,
 One who in solitude hath long deplored
 A life mis-spent; but never bound by
 vows,
 Till Adosinda taught me where to find
 Comfort, and how to work forgiveness out.
 When that exalted woman took my vow,
 She call'd me Maccabee; from this day forth
 Be that my earthly name. But tell me now,
 Whom shall we rouse to take upon his head
 The crown of Spain? Where are the Gothic Chiefs?
 Sacaru, Theudemir, Athanagild,
 All who survived that eight days' obstinate fight, 210
 When clogg'd with bodies Chrysus scarce could force
 Its bloody stream along? Witiza's sons,
 Bad offspring of a stock accurst, I know,
 Have put the turban on their recreant heads.
 Where are your own Cantabrian Lords?
 I ween,
 Eudon, and Pedro, and Pelayo now
 Have ceased their rivalry. If Pelayo live,
 His were the worthy heart and rightful hand
 To wield the sceptre and the sword of Spain.

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Odoar and Urban eyed him while he
 As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be
 Familiar thus with Chiefs and thoughts of state.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

<p>They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace Betray'd the Royal Goth: sunk was that eye Of sovereignty, and on the emaciate cheek Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn . Their furrows premature, . . forestalling time, And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows Than threescore winters in their natural course Might else have sprinkled there. It seems indeed 230 That thou hast pass'd thy days in solitude, Replied the Abbot, or thou would'st not ask Of things so long gone by. Athanagild And Theudemir have taken on their necks The yoke. Sacaru play'd a nobler part. Long within Merida did he withstand The invader's hot assault; and when at length, Hopeless of all relief, he yielded up The gates, disdaining in his father's land To breathe the air of bondage, with a few 240 Found faithful till the last, indignantly Did he toward the ocean bend his way, And shaking from his feet the dust of Spain, Took ship, and hoisted sail through seas unknown To seek for freedom. Our Cantabrian Chiefs All have submitted, but the wary Moor Trusteth not all alike: At his own Court He holds Pelayo, as suspecting most That calm and manly spirit; Pedro's son There too is held as hostage, and secures</p>	<p>His father's faith; Count Eudon is 251 And so lives unmolested. When he His tribute, an uncomfortable thought May then perhaps disturb him: . . or more like He meditates how profitable 'twere To be a Moor; and if apostacy Were all, and to be unbaptized might serve, . . But I waste breath upon a wretch like this; Pelayo is the only hope of Spain, Only Pelayo. 260 If, as we believe, Said Urban then, the hand of Heaven is here, And dreadful though they be, yet for wise end Of good, these visitations do its work; And dimly as our mortal sight may scan The future, yet methinks my soul descries How in Pelayo should the purposes Of Heaven be best accomplished. All too long, Here in their own inheritance, the sons Of Spain have groan'd beneath a foreign yoke. Punic and Roman, Kelt, and Goth, and Greek: 270 This latter tempest comes to sweep away All proud distinctions which com- mingling blood And time's long course have fail'd to efface; and now Perchance it is the will of Fate to rear Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne, Restoring in Pelayo's native line The sceptre to the Spaniard. 280 Go thou, then, And seek Pelayo at the Conqueror's court.</p>
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Tell him the mountaineers are unsub-
 dued;
 The precious time they needed hath
 been gain'd 280
 By Auria's sacrifice, and all they ask
 Is to guide them on. In Odoar's
 name
 And Urban's, tell him that the hour is
 come.

Then pausing for a moment, he pur-
 sued,
 The rule which thou hast taken on thy-
 self

Toledo ratifies: 'tis meet for Spain,
 And as the will divine, to be received,
 Observed, and spread abroad. Come
 hither thou,

Who for thyself hast chosen the good
 part;

Let me lay hands on thee, and conse-
 crate 290

Thy life unto the Lord.

Me! Roderick cried;
 Me! sinner that I am! . . . and while he
 spake

His wither'd cheek grew paler, and his
 limbs

Shook. As thou goest among the
 infidels,

Pursued the Primate, many thou wilt
 find

Fallen from the faith; by weakness
 some betray'd,

Some led astray by baser hope of gain,
 And haply too by ill example led
 Of those in whom they trusted. Yet
 have these

Their lonely hours, when sorrow, or the
 touch 300

Of sickness, and that awful power
 divine

Which hath its dwelling in the heart of
 man,

Life of his soul, his monitor and judge,

Move them with silent impulse; but
 they look

For help, and finding none to succour
 them,

The irrevocable moment passeth by.

Therefore, my brother, in the name of
 Christ

Thus I lay hands on thee, that in His
 name

Thou with His gracious promises may'st
 raise

The fallen, and comfort those that are in
 need, 310

And bring salvation to the penitent.

Now, brother, go thy way: the peace
 of God

Be with thee, and his blessing prosper us!

V. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

BETWEEN St. Felix and the regal seat
 Of Abdalazis, ancient Cordoba,
 Lay many a long day's journey inter-
 posed;

And many a mountain range hath
 Roderick crost,

And many a lovely vale, ere he beheld
 Where Betis, winding through the un-
 bounded plain,

Roll'd his majestic waters. There ate eve,
 Entering an inn, he took his humble seat
 With other travellers round the crack-
 ling hearth,

Where heath and cistus gave their
 flagrant flame. 10

That flame no longer, as in other times,
 Lit up the countenance of easy mirth
 And light discourse: the talk which
 now went round

Was of the grief that press'd on every
 heart;

Of Spain subdued; the sceptre of the
 Goths

Broken; their nation and their name
 effaced;

234 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Slaughter and mourning, which had left no house
 Unvisited; and shame, which set its mark
 On every Spaniard's face. One who had seen
 His sons fall bravely at his side, bewail'd 20
 The unhappy chance which, rescuing him from death,
 Left him the last of all his family;
 Yet he rejoiced to think that none who drew
 Their blood from him remain'd to wear the yoke,
 Be at the mercant's beck, and propagate
 A breed of slaves to serve them. Here sate one
 Who told of fair possessions lost, and babes
 To goodly fortunes born, of all bereft.
 Another for a virgin daughter mourn'd,
 The lewd barbarian's spoil. A fourth had seen 30
 His only child forsake him in his age,
 And for a Moor renounce her hope in Christ.
 His was the heaviest grief of all, he said;
 And clenching as he spake his hoary locks,
 He cursed King Roderick's soul.
Oh curse him not!
 Roderick exclaim'd, all shuddering as he spake.
 Oh, for the love of Jesus, curse him not!
 Sufficient is the dreadful load of guilt
 That lies upon his miserable soul!
 O brother, do not curse that sinful soul,
 Which Jesus suffer'd on the cross to save! 41
But then an old man, who had sate thus long
 A silent listener, from his seat arose,

And moving round to Roderick took his hand;
 Christ bless thee, brother, for that Christian speech,
 He said; and shame on me that any tongue
 Readier than mine was found to utter it!
 His own emotion fill'd him while he
 So that he did not feel how Roderick's hand
 Shook like a palsied limb; and none could see 50
 How, at his well-known voice, the countenance
 Of that poor traveller suddenly was changed,
 And sunk with deadlier paleness; for the flame
 Was spent, and from behind him, on the wall
 High hung, the lamp with feeble glimmering play'd.
 Oh it is ever thus! the old man pursued,
 The crimes and woes of universal Spain
 Are charged on him; and curses which should aim
 At living heads, pursue beyond the grave
 His poor unhappy soul! As if his sin 60
 Had wrought the fall of our old monarchy!
 As if the Musselmén in their career
 Would ne'er have overleapt the gulph which parts
 Iberia from the Mauritanian shore,
 If Julian had not beckon'd them! . . .
 Alas!
 The evils which drew on our overthrow,
 Would soon by other means have wrought their end,
 Though Julian's daughter should have lived and died
 A virgin vow'd and veil'd.

Touch not on that, Shrinking with inward shiverings at the thought, 70
 The penitent exclaim'd. Oh, if thou lovest
 The soul of Roderick, touch not on that deed !
 God in his mercy may forgive it him,
 But human tongue must never speak his name
 Without reproach and utter infamy,
 For that abhorred act. Even thou . .
 But here
 Siverian taking up the word, brake off
 Unwittingly the incautious speech.
 Even I,
 Quoth he, who nursed him in his father's hall, . .
 Even I can only for that deed of shame
 Offer in agony my secret prayers. 81
 But Spain hath witness'd other crimes as foul :
 Have we not seen Favila's shameless wife,
 Throned in Witiza's ivory car, parade
 Our towns with regal pageantry, and bid
 The murderous tyrant in her husband's blood
 Dip his adulterous hand ? Did we not see
 Pelayo, by that bloody king's pursuit,
 And that unnatural mother, from the land
 With open outcry, like an outlaw'd thief, 90
 Hunted ? And saw ye not, Theodofred,
 As through the streets I guided his dark
 Roll mōurnfully toward the noon-day sun
 His blank and senseless eye-balls ?
 Spain saw this,
 And suffer'd it ! . . I seek not to excuse
 The sin of Roderick. Jesu, who beholds
 The burning tears I shed in solitude,

Knows how I plead for him in midnight prayer.
 But if, when he victoriously revenged
 The wrongs of Chindasuintho's house, his sword 100
 Had not for mercy turn'd aside its edge,
 Oh what a day of glory had there been
 Upon the banks of Chrysus ! Curse not him,
 Who in that fatal conflict to the last
 So valiantly maintain'd his country's cause ;
 But if your sorrow needs must have its vent
 In curses, let your imprecations strike
 The catiffs, who, when Roderick's horned helm
 Rose eminent amid the thickest fight,
 Betraying him who spared and trusted them, 110
 Forsook their King, their Country, and their God,
 And gave the Moor his conquest.
 Ay ! they said,
 These were Witiza's hateful progeny ;
 And in an evil hour the unhappy King
 Had spared the viperous brood. With that they talk'd
 How Sisibert and Ebba through the land
 Guided the foe : and Orpas, who had cast
 The mitre from his renegado brow,
 Went with the armies of the infidels ;
 And how in Hispalis, even where his hands 120
 Had minister'd so oft the bread of life,
 The circumcised apostate did not shame
 To shew in open day his turban'd head.
 The Queen too, Egilona, one exclaim'd ;
 Was she not married to the enemy,
 The Moor, the Misbeliever ? What a heart
 Were hers, that she could pride and plume herself
 To rank among his herd of concubines,

236 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Having been what she had been ! And The peace of Heaven, . . she then was
 who could say to the grave
 How far domestic wrongs and discon- Gone down disconsolate at last ; in this
 tent 130 Of all the woes of her unhappy life
 Had wrought upon the King ! . . Hereat Unhappiest, that she did not live to see
 the old man, God had vouchsafed repentance to her
 child.
 Raising beneath the knit and curly brow But then a hope arose that yet she lived ;
 His mournful eyes, replied, This I can The weighty cause which led Siverian
 tell, here 161
 That that unquiet spirit and unblest, Might draw him from her side ; better
 Though Roderick never told his sorrows, to know
 drove
 Rusilla from the palace of her son.
 She could not bear to see his generous The worst than fear it. And with that
 mind he bent
 Wither beneath the unwholesome in- Over the embers, and with head half
 fluence, raised
 And cankering at the core. And I know Aslant, and shadow'd by his hand, he
 well, said,
 That oft when she deplored his barren Where is King Roderick's mother ?
 bed, lives she still ?
 140
 The thought of Egilona's qualities God hath upheld her, the old man
 Came like a bitter medicine for her grief, replied ;
 And to the extinction of her husband's She bears this last and heaviest of her
 line, griefs,
 Sad consolation, reconciled her heart. Not as she bore her husband's wrongs,
 when hope
 And her indignant heart supported her ;
 But patiently, like one who finds from
 Heaven 171
 A comfort which the world can neither
 give
 Nor take away. . . Roderick inquired no
 more ;
 He breathed a silent prayer in gratitude,
 Then wrapt his cloak around him, and
 lay down
 Where he might weep unseen.
 When morning came,
 Earliest of all the travellers he went
 forth,
 And linger'd for Siverian by the way,
 Beside a fountain, where the constant
 fall 179
 Of water its perpetual gurgling made,

To the wayfaring or the musing man
Sweetest of all sweet sounds. The
Christian hand,

Whose general charity for man and
beast

Built it in better times, had with a cross
Of well-hewn stone crested the pious
work,

Which now the misbelievers had cast
down,

And broken in the dust it lay defiled.
Roderick beheld it lying at his feet,
And gathering reverently the fragments
up,

Placed them within the cistern, and
restored 190

With careful collocation its dear form, . .
So might the waters, like a crystal
shrine,

Preserve it from pollution. Kneeling
then,

O'er the memorial of redeeming love
He bent, and mingled with the fount his
tears,

And pour'd his spirit to the Crucified.

A Moor came by, and seeing him,
exclaim'd,

Ah, Kaffer! worshipper of wood and
stone,

God's curse confound thee! And as
Roderick turn'd

His face, the miscreant spurn'd him with
his foot 200

Between the eyes. The indignant King
arose,

And fell'd him to the ground. But then
the Moor

Drew forth his dagger, rising as he cried,
What, dar'est thou, thou infidel and slave,
Strike a believer? and he aim'd a blow
At Roderick's breast. But Roderick
caught his arm,

And closed, and wrench'd the dagger
from his hold, . .

Such timely strength did those emaciate
limbs

From indignation draw, . . and in his
neck

With mortal stroke he drove the
avenging steel 210

Hilt deep. Then, as the thirsty sand
drank in

The expiring miscreant's blood, he
look'd around

In sudden apprehension, lest the Moors
Had seen them; but Siverian was in
sight,

The only traveller, and he smote his
mule

And hasten'd up. Ah, brother! said
the old man,

Thine is a spirit of the ancient mould!
And would to God a thousand men like
thee

Had fought at Roderick's side on that
last day

When treason overpower'd him! Now,
alas! 220

A manly Gothic heart doth ill accord
With these unhappy times. Come, let
us hide

This carrion, while the favouring hour
permits.

So saying he alighted. Soon they
scoop'd

Amid loose-lying sand a hasty grave,
And levell'd over it the easy soil.

Father, said Roderick, as they journey'd
on,

Let this thing be a seal and sacrament
Of truth between us: Wherefore should
there be

Concealment between two right Gothic
hearts 230

In evil days like ours? What thou hast
seen

Is but the first fruit of the sacrifice,
Which on this injured and polluted soil,

238 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

As on a bloody altar, I have sworn
 To offer to insulted Heaven for Spain,
 Her vengeance and her expiation. This
 Was but a hasty act, by sudden wrong
 Provoked: but I am bound for Cordoba,
 On weighty mission from Visonia sent.
 To breathe into Pelayo's ear a voice 240
 Of spirit-stirring power, which, like the
 trump
 Of the Arch-angel, shall awake dead
 Spain.
 The northern mountaineers are unsub-
 dued;
 They call upon Pelayo for their chief;
 Odoar and Urban tell him that the hour
 Is come. Thou too, I ween, old man,
 art charged
 With no light errand, or thou wouldst
 not now
 Have left the ruins of thy master's house.

Who art thou? cried Siverian, as he
 search'd
 The wan and wither'd features of the
 King. 250
 The face is of a stranger, but thy voice
 Disturbs me like a dream.

Roderick replied,
 Thou seest me as I am, . . a stranger;
 one
 Whose fortunes in the general wreck
 were lost,
 His name and lineage utterly extinct,
 Himself in mercy spared, surviving all; . .
 In mercy, that the bitter cup might heal
 A soul diseased. Now, having cast the
 slough
 Of old offences, thou beholdest me
 A man new born; in second baptism
 named, 260
 Like those who in Judea bravely raised
 Against the Heathen's impious tyranny
 The banner of Jehovah, Maccabee;
 So call me. In that name hath Urban
 laid

His consecrating hands upon my head;
 And in that name have I myself for Spain
 Devoted. Tell me now why thou art
 sent
 To Cordoba; for sure thou goëst not
 An idle gazer to the Conqueror's court.

Thou judgest well, the old man replied.
 I too 270
 Seek the Cantabrian Prince, the hope of
 Spain,
 With other tidings charged, for other
 end
 Design'd, yet such as well may work
 with thine.
 My noble Mistress sends me to avert
 The shame that threatens his house. The
 renegade
 Numacian, he who for the infidels
 Oppresses Gegio, insolently woos
 His sister. Moulded in a wicked womb,
 The unworthy Guisla hath inherited
 Her Mother's leprous taint; and will-
 ingly 280
 She to the circumcised and upstart
 slave,
 Disdaining all admonishment, gives ear.
 The Lady Gaudiosa sees in this,
 With the quick foresight of maternal
 care,
 The impending danger to her husband's
 house,
 Knowing his generous spirit ne'er will
 brook
 The base alliance. Guisla lewdly sets
 His will at nought; but that vile rene-
 gade,
 From hatred, and from avarice, and
 from fear, 289
 Will seek the extinction of Pelayo's line.
 This too my venerable Mistress sees;
 Wherefore these valiant and high-
 minded dames
 Send me to Cordoba; that if the Prince
 Cannot by timely interdiction stop

The irrevocable act of infamy,
He may at least to his own safety look,
Being timely warn'd.

Thy Mistress sojourns then
With Gaudiosa, in Pelayo's hall ?
Said Roderick. 'Tis her natural home,
rejoin'd

Siverian : Chindasuintho's royal race
Have ever shared one lot of weal or woe :
And she who hath beheld her own fair
shoot, 301

The goodly summit of that ancient tree,
Struck by Heaven's bolt, seeks shelter
now beneath

The only branch of its majestic stem
That still survives the storm.

Thus they pursued
Their journey, each from other gathering
store

For thought, with many a silent interval
Of mournful meditation, till they saw
The temples and the towers of Cordoba
Shining majestic in the light of eve. 310
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering
stream,

In many a silvery winding traced afar
Amid the ample plain. Behind the
walls

And stately piles which crown'd its
margin, rich

With olives, and with sunny slope of
vines,

And many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
Whose citron bowers were once the
abode of peace,

Height above height, receding hills were
seen

Imbued with evening hues ; and over all
The summits of the dark sierra rose, 320
Lifting their heads amid the silent sky.
The traveller who with a heart at ease
Had seen the goodly vision, would have
loved

To linger, seeking with insatiate sight
To treasure up its image, deep impress'd,

A joy for years to come. O Cordoba,
Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are
thy towers,

How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful !

The sun who sheds on thee his parting
smiles 329

Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier, nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The
very gales

Of Eden waft not from the immortal
bowers

Odours to sense more exquisite, than
these

Which, breathing from thy groves and
gardens, now

Recall in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been when happy was
their lot

Who had their birthright here ; but
happy now

Are they who to thy bosom are gone
home,

Because they feel not in their graves
the feet 340

That trample upon Spain. 'Tis well

Hath made me like a child, that I can
weep :

My heart would else have broken, over-
charged,

And I, false servant, should lie down to
rest

Before my work is done.

Hard by their path,
A little way without the walls, there
stood

An edifice, whereto, as by a spell,
Siverian's heart was drawn. Brother,
quothe he,

'Tis like the urgency of our return
Will brook of no retardment ; and this
spot 350

It were a sin if I should pass, and leave

Unvisited. Beseech you turn with me,
The while I offer up one duteous prayer.

Roderick made no reply. He had not
dared
To turn his face toward those walls ; but
now
He follow'd where the old man led the
way.
Lord ! in his heart the silent sufferer
said,
Forgive my feeble soul, which would
have shrunk
From this, . . for what am I that I should
put
The bitter cup aside ! O let my shame
And anguish be accepted in thy sight !

VI. RODERICK IN TIMES PAST

THE mansion whitherward they went,
was one
Which in his youth Theodofred had
built :
Thither had he brought home in happy
hour
His blooming bride ; there fondled on
his knee
The lovely boy she bore him. Close
beside,
A temple to that Saint he rear'd, who
first,
As old tradition tells, proclaim'd to
Spain
The gospel-tidings ; and in health and
youth,
There mindful of mortality, he saw
His sepulchre prepared. Witiza took
For his adulterous leman and himself
The stately pile : but to that sepulchre,
When from captivity and darkness
death
Enlarged him, was Theodofred con-
sign'd ;

For that unhappy woman, wasting then
Beneath a mortal malady, at heart
Was smitten, and the Tyrant at her
prayer

This poor and tardy restitution made.
Soon the repentant sinner follow'd him ;
And calling on Pelayo ere she died, 20
For his own wrongs, and for his father's
death,
Implored forgiveness of her absent
child, . .

If it were possible he could forgive
Crimes black as hers, she said. And by
the pangs

Of her remorse, . . by her last agonies, . .
The unutterable horrors of her death, . .
And by the blood of Jesus on the cross
For sinners given, did she beseech his
prayers

In aid of her most miserable soul.
Thus mingling sudden shrieks with
hopeless vows, 30

And uttering frantically Pelayo's name,
And crying out for mercy in despair,
Here had she made her dreadful end,
and here

Her wretched body was deposited.
That presence seem'd to desecrate the
place :

Thenceforth the usurper shunn'd it with
the heart

Of conscious guilt ; nor could Rusilla bear
These groves and bowers, which, like
funereal shades,

Oppress'd her with their monumental
forms :

One day of bitter and severe delight, 40
When Roderick came for vengeance, she
endured,

And then for ever left her bridal halls.

Oh when I last beheld yon princely
pile,
Exclaim'd Siverian, with what other
thoughts

Full, and elate of spirit, did I pass
 Its joyous gates! The weedy which
 through
 The interstices of those neglected courts
 Uncheck'd had flourish'd long, and
 seeded there,
 Was trampled then and bruised beneath
 the feet
 Of thronging crowds. Here drawn in
 fair array, 50
 The faithful vassals of my master's
 house,
 Their javelins sparkling to the morning
 sun,
 Spread their triumphant banners; high-
 plumed helms
 Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing
 steeds
 Made answer to the trumpet's stirring
 voice;
 While yonder towers shook the dull
 silence off
 Which long to their deserted walls had
 clung,
 And with redoubling echoes swell'd the
 shout
 That hail'd victorious Roderick. Louder
 rose
 The acclamation, when the dust was
 seen 60
 Rising beneath his chariot-wheels far off;
 But nearer as the youthful hero came,
 All sounds of all the multitude were
 hush'd,
 And from the thousands and ten
 thousands here,
 Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent
 forth, . .
 Yea whom all Baetica, all Spain pour'd
 out
 To greet his triumph, . . not a whisper
 rose
 To Heaven, such awe and reverence
 master'd them,
 Such expectation held them motionless.

Conqueror and King he came; but with
 no joy 70
 Of conquest, and no pride of sovereignty
 That day display'd; for at his father's
 grave
 Did Roderick come to offer up his vow
 Of vengeance well perform'd. Three
 coal-black steeds
 Drew on his ivory chariot: by his side,
 Still wrapt in mourning for the long-
 deceased,
 Rusilla sate; a deeper paleness blanch'd
 Her faded countenance, but in her eye
 The light of her majestic nature shone.
 Bound, and expecting at their hands
 the death 80
 So well deserved, Witiza follow'd them;
 Aghast and trembling, first he gazed
 around,
 Wildly from side to side; then from the
 face
 Of universal execration shrunk,
 Hanging his wretched head abased;
 and poor
 Of spirit, with unmanly tears deplored
 His fortune, not his crimes. With
 bolder front,
 Confiding in his priestly character,
 Came Orpas next; and then the spurious
 race
 Whom in unhappy hour Favila's wife 90
 Brought forth for Spain. O mercy ill
 bestow'd,
 When Roderick, in compassion for their
 youth,
 And for Pelayo's sake, forbore to crush
 The brood of vipers!
 Err perchance he might,
 Replied the Goth, suppressing as he
 spake
 All outward signs of pain, though every
 word
 Went like a dagger to his bleeding
 heart; . .
 But sure, I ween, that error is not placed

242 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Among his sins. Old man, thou mayest regret
 The mercy ill deserved, and worse return'd, 100
 But not for this wouldst thou reproach the King !

 Reproach him ! cried Siverian ; . . .
 reproach
 My child, . . my noble boy, . . whom every tongue
 Bless'd at that hour, . . whose love fill'd every heart
 With joy, and every eye with joyful tears !
 My brave, my beautiful, my generous boy !
 Brave, beautiful, and generous as he was,
 Never so brave, so beautiful, so great
 As then, . . not even on that glorious day,
 When on the field of victory, elevate 110
 Amid the thousands who acclaim'd him King,
 Firm on the shield above their heads upraised,
 Erect he stood, and waved his bloody sword. . .
 Why dost thou shake thy head as if in doubt ?
 I do not dream, nor fable ! Ten short years
 Have scarcely pass'd away, since all within
 The Pyrenean hills, and the three seas
 Which girdle Spain, echoed in one response
 The acclamation from that field of fight. . .
 Or doth aught ail thee, that thy body quakes 120
 And shudders thus ?
 'Tis but a chill, replied
 The King, in passing from the open air
 Under the shadow of this thick-set grove.

 Oh ! if this scene awoke in thee such thoughts
 As swell my bosom here, the old man pursued,
 Sunshine, or shade, and all things from without,
 Would be alike indifferent. Gracious God,
 Only but ten short years, . . and all so changed !
 Ten little years since in yon court he check'd
 His fiery steeds. The steeds obey'd his hand, 130
 The whirling wheels stood still, and when he leapt
 Upon the pavement, the whole people heard,
 In their deep silence, open-ear'd, the sound.
 With slower movement from the ivory seat
 Rusilla rose, her arm, as down she stept,
 Extended to her son's supporting hand ;
 Not for default of firm or agile strength,
 But that the feeling of that solemn hour
 Subdued her then, and tears bedimm'd her sight.
 Howbeit when to her husband's grave she came, 140
 On the sepulchral stone she bow'd her head
 Awhile ; then rose collectedly, and fix'd
 Upon the scene her calm and steady eye.
 Roderick, . . oh when did valour wear a form
 So beautiful, so noble, so august ?
 Or vengeance, when did it put on before
 A character so awful, so divine ?
 Roderick stood up, and reaching to the tomb
 His hands, my hero cried, Theodofred !
 Father ! I stand before thee once again,
 According to thy prayer, when kneeling down 151

Between thy knees I took my last farewell;
 And vow'd by all thy sufferings, all thy wrongs,
 And by my mother's days and nights of woe,
 Her silent anguish, and the grief which then
 Even from thee she did not seek to hide,
 That if our cruel parting should avail
 To save me from the Tyrant's jealous guilt,
 Surely should my avenging sword fulfil
 Whate'er he omen'd. Oh that time,
 I cried, 160
 Would give the strength of manhood to
 this arm,
 Already would it find a manly heart
 To guide it to its purpose! And I swore
 Never again to see my father's face,
 Nor ask my mother's blessing, till I
 brought,
 Dead or in chains, the Tyrant to thy feet.
 Boy as I was, before all Saints in
 Heaven,
 And highest God, whose justice slumbereth not,
 I made the vow. According to thy
 prayer,
 In all things, O my father, is that vow
 Perform'd, alas too well! for thou didst
 pray, 171
 While looking up I felt the burning tears
 Which from thy sightless sockets
 stream'd, drop down, . .
 That to thy grave, and not thy living
 feet,
 The oppressor might be led. Behold
 him there, . .
 Father! Theodofred! no longer now
 In darkness, from thy heavenly seat
 look down,
 And see before thy grave thine enemy
 In bonds, awaiting judgement at my
 hand!

Thus while the hero spake, Witiza
 stood 180
 Listening in agony, with open mouth,
 And head half-raised, toward his sentence turn'd;
 His eye-lids stiffen'd and pursed up, . .
 his eyes
 Rigid, and wild, and wide; and when
 the King
 Had ceased, amid the silence which
 ensued,
 The dastard's chains were heard, link
 against link
 Clinking. At length upon his knees he
 fell,
 And lifting up his trembling hands,
 outstretch'd
 In supplication, . . Mercy! he ex-
 claim'd, . .
 Chains, dungeons, darkness, . . any
 thing but death! . . 190
 I did not touch his life.

Roderick replied,
 His hour, whenever it had come, had
 found
 A soul prepared: he lived in peace with
 Heaven,
 And life prolong'd for him, was bliss
 delay'd.
 But life, in pain and darkness and de-
 spair,
 For thee, all leprous as thou art with
 crimes,
 Is mercy. . . Take him hence, and let him
 see
 The light of day no more!

Such Roderick was
 When last I saw these courts, . . his
 theatre
 Of glory; . . such when last I visited 200
 My master's grave! Ten years have
 hardly held
 Their course, . . ten little years . . break,
 break, old heart . .
 Oh, why art thou so tough!

244 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

As thus he spake Effused. It changed the nature of his
 They reach'd the church. The door woe, 10
 before his hand Making the burthen more endurable :
 Gave way ; both blinded with their The life-long sorrow that remain'd,
 tears, they went became
 Straight to the tomb ; and there A healing and a chastening grief, and
 Siverian knelt, brought
 And bow'd his face upon the sepulchre, His soul, in close communion, nearer
 Weeping aloud ; while Roderick, over- Heaven.
 power'd, For he had been her first-born, and the
 And calling upon earth to cover him, love
 Threw himself prostrate on his father's Which at her breast he drew, and from
 grave. 210 her smiles,
 And from her voice of tenderness
 imbibed,
 Gave such unnatural horror to her
 crimes,
 That when the thought came over him,
 it seem'd
 As if the milk which with his infant life
 Had blended, thrill'd like poison
 through his frame. 21

Thus as they lay, an awful voice in
 tones
 Severe address'd them. Who are ye, it
 said,
 That with your passion thus, and on
 this night,
 Disturb my prayers ? Starting they
 rose ; there stood
 A man before them of majestic form
 And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of
 foot,
 Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his
 head.

VII. RODERICK AND PELAYO

'Twas not in vain that on her absent
 son,
 Pelayo's mother from the bed of death
 Call'd for forgiveness, and in agony
 Besought his prayers ; all guilty as she
 was,
 Sure he had not been human, if that cry
 Had fail'd to pierce him. When he
 heard the tale
 He bless'd the messenger, even while his

 Was faltering, . . while from head to
 foot he shook
 With icy feelings from his inmost heart Who now before Siverian and the King
 Stood up in sackcloth.

The old man, from fear
Recovering and from wonder, knew
him first.

It is the Prince ! he cried, and bending
down

Embraced his knees. The action and
the word 40

Awaken'd Roderick ; he shook off the
load

Of struggling thoughts, which pressing
on his heart,

Held him like one entranced ; yet, all
untaught

To bend before the face of man, confused
Awhile he stood, forgetful of his part.

But when Siverian cried, My Lord, my
Lord,

Now God be praised that I have found
thee thus,

My Lord and Prince, Spain's only hope
and mine !

Then Roderick, echoing him, exclaim'd,
My Lord

And Prince, Pelayo ! . . and approaching
near, 50

He bent his knee obeisant : but his head
Earthward inclined ; while the old man,
looking up

From his low gesture to Pelayo's face,
Wept at beholding him for grief and joy.

Siverian ! cried the chief, . . of whom
hath Death

Bereaved me, that thou comest to
Cordoba ? . .

Children, or wife ? . . Or hath the merci-

Of this abhorr'd and jealous tyranny
Made my house desolate at one wide
sweep ?

They are as thou couldst wish, the
old man replied, 60
Wert thou but lord of thine own house
again,

And Spain were Spain once more. A
tale of ill

I bear, but one that touches not the
heart

Like what thy fears forbode. The
renegade

Numacian woos thy sister, and she lends
To the vile slave, unworthily, her ear :

The Lady Gaudiosa hath in vain
Warn'd her of all the evils which await

A union thus accurst : she sets at
nought

Her faith, her lineage, and thy certain
wrath. 70

Pelayo hearing him, remain'd awhile
Silent ; then turning to his mother's
grave, . .

O thou poor dust, hath then the infec-
tious taint

Survived thy dread remorse, that it
should run

In Guisla's veins ? he cried ; . . I should
have heard

This shameful sorrow any where but
here ! . .

Humble thyself, proud heart ; thou,
gracious Heaven,

Be merciful ! . . it is the original flaw, . .
And what are we ? . . a weak unhappy
race,

Born to our sad inheritance of sin 80
And death ! . . He smote his forehead as

he spake,
And from his head the ashes fell, like
snow

Shaken from some dry beech-leaves,
when a bird

Lights on the bending spray. A little
while

In silence, rather than in thought, he
stood

Passive beneath the sorrow : turning
then,

And what doth Gaudiosa counsel me ?

246 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

He ask'd the old man; for she hath Us and our children's children to the
 ever been work
 My wise and faithful counsellor. . . He Of holy hatred. In the name of Spain
 replied, That vow hath been pronounced and
 The Lady Gaudiosa bade me say 90 register'd
 She sees the danger which on every part Above, to be the bond whereby we
 Besets her husband's house . . Here she stand
 had ceased; For condemnation or acceptance.
 But when my noble Mistress gave in Heaven 120
 charge, Received the irrevocable vow, and Earth
 How I should tell thee that in evil times Must witness its fulfilment, Earth and
 The bravest counsels ever are the best; Heaven
 Then that high-minded Lady thus re- Call upon thee, Pelayo! Upon thee
 join'd, The spirits of thy royal ancestors
 Whatever be my Lord's resolve, he Look down expectant; unto thee, from
 knows fields
 I bear a mind prepared. Laid waste, and hamlets burnt, and
 Brave spirits! cried cities sack'd,
 Pelayo, worthy to remove all stain The blood of infancy and helpless age
 Of weakness from their sex! I should Cries out; thy native mountains call
 be less 100 for thee,
 Than man, if, drawing strength where Echoing from all their arm'd sons thy
 others find name.
 Their hearts most open to assault of fear, And deem not thou that hot impatience
 I quail'd at danger. Never be it said goads 130
 Of Spain, that in the hour of her distress Thy countrymen to counsels immature.
 Her women were as heroes, but her men Odoar and Urban from Visonia's banks
 Perform'd the woman's part. Send me, their sworn and trusted mes-
 senger,
 Roderick at that
 Look'd up, and taking up the word, To summon thee, and tell thee in their
 exclaim'd, name
 O Prince, in better days the pride of That now the hour is come: For sure
 Spain, it seems,
 And prostrate as she lies, her surest Thus saith the Primate, Heaven's high
 hope, will to rear
 Hear now my tale. The fire which Upon the soil of Spain a Spanish throne,
 seem'd extinct 110 Restoring in thy native line, O Prince,
 Hath risen revigorate: a living spark The sceptre to the Spaniard. Worthy
 From Auria's ashes, by a woman's hand son
 Preserved and quicken'd, kindles far Of that most ancient and heroic race, 140
 and wide Which with unweariable endurance still
 The beacon-flame o'er all the Asturian Hath striven against its mightier
 hills. enemies,
 There hath a vow been offer'd up, Roman or Carthaginian, Greek or Goth;
 which binds So often by superior arms oppress'd,

More often by superior arts beguiled ;
 Yet amid all its sufferings, all the waste
 Of sword and fire remorselessly employ'd,
 Unconquer'd and unconquerable still ; . .
 Son of that injured and illustrious stock,
 Stand forward thou, draw forth the
 sword of Spain, 150
 Restore them to their rights, too long
 withheld,
 And place upon thy brow the Spanish
 crown.

When Roderick ceased, the princely
 Mountaineer
 Gazed on the passionate orator awhile,
 With eyes intently fix'd, and thoughtful
 brow ;
 Then turning to the altar, he let fall
 The sackcloth robe, which late with
 folded arms
 Against his heart was prest ; and
 stretching forth
 His hands toward the crucifix, ex-
 claim'd,
 My God and my Redeemer ! where but
 here, 160
 Before thy awful presence, in this garb,
 With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,
 Could I so fitly answer to the call
 Of Spain ; and for her sake, and in thy
 name,
 Accept the Crown of Thorns she proffers
 me !

And where but here, said Roderick in
 his heart,
 Could I so properly, with humbled knee
 And willing soul, confirm my for-
 feiture ? . .
 The action follow'd on that secret
 thought :
 He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and
 cried, 170
 First of the Spaniards, let me with this

Do homage to thee here, my Lord and
 King ! . .
 With voice unchanged and steady coun-
 tenance
 He spake ; but when Siverian follow'd
 him,
 The old man trembled as his lips pro-
 nounced
 The faltering vow ; and rising he ex-
 claim'd,
 God grant thee, O my Prince, a better fate
 Than thy poor kinsman's, who in hap-
 pier days
 Received thy homage here ! Grief
 choak'd his speech,
 And, bursting into tears, he sobb'd
 aloud. 180
 Tears too adown Pelayo's manly cheek
 Roll'd silently. Roderick alone ap-
 pear'd
 Unmoved and calm ; for now the royal
 Goth
 Had offer'd his accepted sacrifice,
 And therefore in his soul he felt that
 peace
 Which follows painful duty well per-
 form'd, . .
 Perfect and heavenly peace, . . the peace
 of God.

VIII. ALPHONSO

FAR would Pelayo have that hour
 obey'd
 The call, commencing his adventurous
 flight,
 As one whose soul impatiently endured
 His country's thralldom, and in daily
 prayer
 Imploring her deliverance, cried to
 Heaven,
 How long, O Lord, how long ! . . But
 other thoughts
 Curbing his spirit, made him yet awhile

248 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Sustain the weight of bondage. Him	E'er broke the prison of the grave. But
alone,	here
Of all the Gothic baronage, the Moors	Keen malice overshot its mark: the
Watch'd with regard of wary policy, .	Moor,
Knowing his powerful name, his noble	Who from the plunder of their native
mind,	land
And how in him the old Iberian blood,	Had bought the recreant crew that
Of royal and remotest ancestry,	join'd his arms,
From undisputed source flow'd unde-	Or cheaplier with their own possessions
filed ;	bribed
His mother's after-guilt attainting not	Their sordid souls, saw through the
The claim legitimate he derived from	flimsy show
her,	Of policy wherewith they sought to cloak
Her first-born in her time of innocence.	Old enmity, and selfish aims : he scorn'd
He too of Chindasuintho's regal line	To let their private purposes incline
Sole remnant now, drew after him the	His counsels, and believing Spain sub-
love	dued,
Of all true Goths, uniting in himself	Smiled, in the pride of power and
Thus by this double right, the general	victory,
heart	Disdainful at the thought of farther
Of Spain. For this the renegado crew,	strife,
Wretches in whom their conscious guilt	Howbeit he held Pelayo at his court,
and fear	And told him that until his countrymen
Engender'd cruellest hatred, still ad-	Submissively should lay their weapons
vised	down,
The extinction of Pelayo's house ; but	He from his children and paternal
most	hearth
The apostate Prelate, in iniquity	Apart must dwell ; nor hope to see again
Witiza's genuine brother as in blood,	His native mountains and their vales
Orpas, pursued his life. He never	beloved,
	Till all the Asturian and Cantabrian
	hills
With busy zeal, true traitor, to infuse	Had bow'd before the Caliph ; Cordoba
His deadly rancour in the Moorish chief ;	Must be his nightly prison till that hour.
Their only danger, ever he observed, 31	This night, by special favour from the
Was from Pelayo ; root his lineage out,	Moor
The Caliph's empire then would be	
secure,	Ask'd and vouchsafed, he pass'd without
And universal Spain, all hope of change	the walls,
Being lost, receive the Prophet's con-	Keeping his yearly vigil ; on this night
quering law.	Therefore the princely Spaniard could
Then did the Arch-villain urge the Moor	not fly,
at once	Being thus in strongest bonds by honour
To cut off future peril, telling him	held ;
Death was a trusty keeper, and that	Nor would he by his own escape expose
	to stricter bondage, or belike to death,

Count Pedro's son. The ancient enmity
 Of rival houses from Pelayo's heart
 Had, like a thing forgotten, pass'd away;
 He pitied child and parent, separated 70
 By the stern mandate of unfeeling
 power,
 And almost with a father's eyes beheld
 The boy, his fellow in captivity.
 For young Alphonso was in truth an heir
 Of nature's largest patrimony; rich
 In form and feature, growing strength
 of limb,
 A gentle heart, a soul affectionate,
 A joyous spirit fill'd with generous
 thoughts,
 And genius heightening and ennobling
 all;
 The blossom of all manly virtues made
 His boyhood beautiful. Shield, gracious
 Heaven, 81
 In this ungenial season perilous, . .
 Thus would Pelayo sometimes breathe
 in prayer
 The aspirations of prophetic hope, . .
 Shield, gracious Heaven, the blooming
 tree! and let
 This goodly promise, for thy people's

 Yield its abundant fruitage.
 When the Prince,
 With hope and fear and grief and shame
 disturb'd,
 And sad remembrance, and the shadowy
 light
 Of days before him, thronging as in
 dreams, 90
 Whose quick succession fill'd and over-
 power'd
 Awhile the unresisting faculty,
 Could in the calm of troubled thoughts
 subdued
 Seek in his heart for counsel, his first
 care
 Was for the boy; how best they might
 evade
 The Moor, and renegade's more watchful
 eye;
 And leaving in some unsuspecting guise
 The city, through what unfrequented
 track
 Safeliest pursue with speed their dan-
 gerous way.
 Consumed in cares like these, the fleet-
 ing hours 100
 Went by. The lamps and tapers now
 grew pale,
 And through the eastern window slant-
 ing fell
 The roseate ray of morn. Within those
 walls
 Returning day restored no cheerful
 sounds
 Or joyous motions of awakening life;
 But in the stream of light the speckled
 motes,
 As if in mimicry of insect play,
 Floated with mazy movement. Sloping
 down
 Over the altar pass'd the pillar'd beam,
 And rested on the sinful woman's grave
 As if it enter'd there, a light from
 Heaven. 111
 So be it! cried Pelayo, even so!
 As in a momentary interval,
 When thought expelling thought, had
 left his mind
 Open and passive to the influxes
 Of outward sense, his vacant eye was
 there, . .
 So be it, Heavenly Father, even so!
 Thus may thy vivifying goodness shed
 Forgiveness there; for let not thou the
 groans
 Of dying penitence, nor my bitter
 prayers 120
 Before thy mercy-seat, be heard in vain!
 And thou, poor soul, who from the
 dolorous house
 Of weeping and of pain, dost look to me
 To shorten and assuage thy penal term,

250 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Pardon me that these hours in other thoughts	Hew'd out a way. Methought I stabb'd a Moor
And other duties than this garb, this night	Who would have slain thee; but with that I woke
Enjoin, should thus have pass'd ! Our mother-land	For joy, and wept to find it but a dream.
Exacted of my heart the sacrifice ;	Thus as he spake a livelier glow o'er-spread
And many a vigil must thy son perform	His cheek, and starting tears again suffused
Henceforth in woods and mountain fastnesses, 130	The brightening lustre of his eyes. The Prince
And tented fields, outwatching for her sake	Regarded him a moment steadfastly,
The starry host, and ready for the work	As if in quick resolve ; then looking round
Of day, before the sun begins his course.	On every side with keen and rapid glance, 160
The noble Mountaineer, concluding then	Drew him within the church. Alphonso's heart
With silent prayer the service of the night,	Throbb'd with a joyful boding as he mark'd
Went forth. Without the porch awaiting him	The calmness of Pelayo's countenance
He saw Alphonso, pacing to and fro	Kindle with solemn thoughts, expressing now
With patient step and eye reverted oft.	High purposes of resolute hope. He
He, springing forward when he heard the door	All eagerly to hear what most he wish'd.
Move on its heavy hinges, ran to him,	If, said the Prince, thy dream were verified,
And welcomed him with smiles of youthful love. 141	And I indeed were in the field in arms
I have been watching yonder moon, quoth he,	For Spain, . . wouldst thou be at Pelayo's side ? . .
How it grew pale and paler as the sun	If I should break these bonds, and fly to rear 170
Scatter'd the flying shades ; but woe is me,	Our country's banner on our native hills,
For on the towers of Cordoba the while	Wouldst thou, Alphonso, share my dangerous flight,
That baleful crescent glitter'd in the morn,	Dear boy, . . and wilt thou take thy lot with me
And with its insolent triumph seem'd to mock	For death, or for deliverance ?
The omen I had found. . . Last night I dreamt	Shall I swear ?
That thou wert in the field in arms for Spain,	Replied the impatient boy ; and laying hand
And I was at thy side : the infidels 150	Upon the altar, on his knee he bent,
Beset us round, but we with our good swords	Looking towards Pelayo with such joy

Of reverential love, as if a God
 Were present to receive the eager vow.
 Nay, quoth Pelayo: what hast thou to
 do
 180 With oaths? . . . Bright emanation as
 thou art,
 It were a wrong to thy unsullied soul,
 A sin to nature, were I to require
 Promise or vow from thee! Enough for
 me

That thy heart answers to the stirring
 call.

Alphonso, follow thou in happy faith
 Always the indwelling voice that counsels
 thee;
 And then, let fall the issue as it may,
 Shall all thy paths be in the light of
 Heaven,
 The peace of Heaven be with thee in all
 hours. 190

How then, exclaim'd the boy, shall I
 discharge
 The burthen of this happiness, . . . how ease
 My overflowing soul! . . . Oh, gracious
 God,
 Shall I behold my mother's face again, . .
 My father's hall, . . my native hills and
 vales,
 And hear the voices of their streams
 again, . .
 And free as I was born amid those scenes
 Beloved, maintain my country's free-
 dom there, . .
 Or, failing in the sacred enterprise,
 Die as becomes a Spaniard? . . . Saying
 thus, 200
 He lifted up his hands and eyes toward
 The image of the Crucified, and cried,
 O Thou who didst with thy most pre-
 cious blood
 Redeem us, Jesu! help us while we seek
 Earthly redemption from this yoke of
 shame
 And misbelief and death.

The noble boy
 Then rose, and would have knelt again
 to clasp
 Pelayo's knees, and kiss his hand in act
 Of homage; but the Prince, preventing
 this,
 Bent over him in fatherly embrace, 210
 And breathed a fervent blessing on his
 head.

IX. FLORINDA

THERE sate a woman like a supplicant,
 Muffled and cloak'd, before Pelayo's
 gate,
 Awaiting when he should return that
 morn.
 She rose at his approach, and bow'd her
 head,
 And, with a low and trembling utterance,
 Besought him to vouchsafe her speech
 within
 In privacy. And when they were alone,
 And the doors closed, she knelt and
 claspt his knees,
 Saying, a boon! a boon! This night,
 O Prince,
 Hast thou kept vigil for thy mother's
 soul: 20
 For her soul's sake, and for the soul of
 him
 Whom once, in happier days, of all man-
 kind
 Thou heldest for thy chosen bosom
 friend,
 Oh for the sake of his poor suffering soul,
 Refuse me not!

How should I dare refuse,
 Being thus adjured? he answer'd. Thy
 request
 Is granted, woman, . . . be it what it may
 So it be lawful, and within the bounds
 Of possible achievement: . . . aught unfit
 Thou wouldst not with these adjurations
 seek. 20

252 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

But who thou art, I marvel, that dost touch
 Upon that string, and ask in Roderick's name! . .
 She bared her face, and, looking up, replied,
 Florinda! . . Shrinking then, with both her hands
 She hid herself, and bow'd her head
 Upon her knee, . . as one who, if the grave
 Had oped beneath her, would have thrown herself,
 Even like a lover, in the arms of Death.

Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen
 Count Julian's daughter since in Roderick's court, 30
 Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
 A radiant vision, in her joy she moved;
 More like a poet's dream, or form divine,
 Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
 So lovely was the presence, . . than a thing
 Of earth and perishable elements.
 Now had he seen her in her winding-sheet,
 Less painful would that spectacle have proved;
 For peace is with the dead, and picted
 Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn 40
 O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,
 Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
 Came to him like a ghost, which in the grave
 Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
 Raised her, and would have spoken;
 but his tongue
 Fail'd in its office, and could only speak
 In under tones compassionate her name.

The voice of pity soothed and melted her;
 And when the Prince bade her be comforted,
 Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er
 Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile 51
 Pass'd slowly over her pale countenance,
 Like moonlight on a marble statue.
 Heaven
 Requite thee, Prince! she answer'd.
 All I ask
 Is but a quiet resting-place, wherein
 A broken heart, in prayer and humble hope,
 May wait for its deliverance. Even this
 My most unhappy fate denies me here.
 Griefs which are known too widely and too well
 I need not now remember. I could 60
 bear
 Privation of all Christian ordinances,
 The woe which kills hath saved me too,
 and made
 A temple of this ruin'd tabernacle,
 Wherein redeeming God doth not disdain
 To let his presence shine. And I could
 bear
 To see the turban on my father's brow, . .
 Sorrow beyond all sorrows, . . shame of shames, . .
 Yet to be borne, while I with tears of blood,
 And throes of agony, in his behalf
 Implore and wrestle with offended Heaven. 70
 This I have borne resign'd: but other ills
 And worse assail me now; the which
 to bear,
 If to avoid be possible, would draw
 Damnation down. Orpas, the perjured Priest,
 The apostate Orpas, claims me for his bride.

Obdurate as he is, the wretch profanes
My sacred woe, and woos me to his bed,
The thing I am, . . the living death thou
seest !

Miscreant ! exclaim'd Pelayo. Might
I meet

That renegade, sword to scymitar, 80
In open field, never did man approach
The altar for the sacrifice in faith
More sure, than I should hew the villain
down !

But how should Julian favour his
demand ? . .

Julian, who hath so passionately loved
His child, so dreadfully revenged her
wrongs !

Count Julian, she replied, hath none
but me,

And it hath, therefore, been his heart's
desire

To see his ancient line by me preserved.
This was their covenant when in fatal
hour 90

For Spain, and for themselves, in traitor-
ous bond

Of union they combined. My father,
stung

To madness, only thought of how to
make

His vengeance sure ; the Prelate, calm
and cool,

When he renounced his outward faith in
Christ,

Indulged at once his hatred of the King,
His inbred wickedness, and a haughty
hope,

Versed as he was in treasons, to direct
The invaders by his secret policy,

And at their head, aided by Julian's
power, 100

Reign as a Moor upon that throne to
which

The priestly order else had barr'd his way.

The African hath conquer'd for himself ;
But Orpas coveteth Count Julian's
lands,

And claims to have the covenant per-
form'd.

Friendless, and worse than fatherless,
I come

To thee for succour. Send me secretly, . .
For well I know all faithful hearts must
be

At thy devotion, . . with a trusty guide
To guard me on the way, that I may
reach 110

Some Christian land, where Christian
rites are free,

And there discharge a vow, alas ! too
long,

Too fatally delay'd. Aid me in this
For Roderick's sake, Pelayo ! and thy
name

Shall be remember'd in my latest prayer.

Be comforted ! the Prince replied ;
but when

He spake of comfort, twice did he break
off

The idle words, feeling that earth had
none

For grief so irremediable as hers.

At length he took her hand, and pressing
it, 120

And forcing through involuntary tears
A mournful smile affectionate, he said,
Say not that thou art friendless while
I live !

Thou couldst not to a readier ear have
told

Thy sorrows, nor have ask'd in fitter hour
What for my country's honour, for my
rank,

My faith, and sacred knighthood, I am
bound

In duty to perform ; which not to do
Would show me undeserving of the
names

254 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Of Goth, Prince, Christian, even of Man.

This day, 130

Lady, prepare to take thy lot with me,
And soon as evening closes meet me here.

Duties bring blessings with them, and
I hold

Thy coming for a happy augury,
In this most awful crisis of my fate.

X. RODERICK AND FLORINDA

With sword and breast-plate, under
rustic weeds

Conceal'd, at dusk Pelayo pass'd the
gate,

Florinda following near, disguised alike.

Two peasants on their mules they
seem'd, at eve

Returning from the town. Not distant
far,

Alphonso by the appointed orange-
grove,

With anxious eye and agitated heart,
Watch'd for the Prince's coming.
Eagerly

At every foot-fall through the gloom he
strain'd

His sight, nor did he recognize him when
The Chieftain thus accompanied drew
nigh; 11

And when the expected signal called
him on,

Doubting this female presence, half in
fear

Obey'd the call. Pelayo too perceived
The boy was not alone; he not for that
Delay'd the summons, but lest need
should be,

Laying hand upon his sword, toward
him bent

In act soliciting speech, and low of voice
Enquired if friend or foe. Forgive me,
cried

Alphonso, that I did not tell thee this, 20

Full as I was of happiness, before.

'Tis Hoya, servant of my father's house,
Unto whose dutiful care and love, when
sent

To this vile bondage, I was given in
charge.

How could I look upon my father's face
If I had in my joy deserted him,
Who was to me found faithful?.. Right!
replied

The Prince; and viewing him with
silent joy,

Blessed the Mother, in his heart he said,
Who gave thee birth! but sure of
womankind 30

Most blessed she whose hand her happy
stars

Shall link with thine! and with that
thought the form

Of Hermesind, his daughter, to his soul
Came in her beauty.

Soon by devious tracks
They turn'd aside. The favouring
moon arose,

To guide them on their flight through
upland paths

Remote from frequentage, and dales
retired,

Forest and mountain glen. Before their
feet

The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland
shade,

Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled
round their way; 40

The timorous blackbird, starting at their
step,

Fled from the thicket with shrill note of
fear;

And far below them in the peopled dell,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had

The distant watch-dog's voice at times
was heard,

Answering the nearer wolf. All through
the night

Among the hills they travel'd silently ;
 Till when the stars were setting, at what
 hour
 The breath of Heaven is coldest, they
 beheld
 Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
 Where Roderick and his comrade
 anxiously 51
 Look'd for the appointed meeting.
 Halting there,
 They from the burthen and the bit
 relieved
 Their patient bearers, and around the
 fire
 Partook of needful food and grateful
 rest.
 Bright rose the flame replenish'd ; it
 illumed
 The cork-tree's furrow'd rind, its rifts
 and swells
 And redder scars, . . and where its aged
 boughs
 O'erbow'd the travellers, cast upon
 the leaves
 A floating, grey, unrealizing gleam. 60
 Alphonso, light of heart, upon the heath
 Lay carelessly dispread, in happy
 dreams
 Of home ; his faithful Hoya slept beside.
 Years and fatigue to old Siverian
 brought
 Easy oblivion ; and the Prince himself,
 Yielding to weary nature's gentle will,
 Forgot his cares awhile. Florinda sate
 Beholding Roderick with fix'd eyes in-
 tent,
 Yet unregardant of the countenance
 Whereon they dwelt ; in other thoughts
 absorb'd, 70
 Collecting fortitude for what she yearn'd,
 Yet trembled to perform. Her steady
 look
 Disturb'd the Goth, albeit he little
 ween'd

What agony awaited him that hour.
 Her face, well nigh as changed as his,
 was now
 Half hidden, and the lustre of her eye
 Extinct ; nor did her voice awaken in
 him
 One startling recollection when she spake,
 So altered were its tones.
 Father, she said,
 All thankful as I am to leave behind 80
 The unhappy walls of Cordoba, not less
 Of consolation doth my heart receive
 At sight of one to whom I may disclose
 The sins which trouble me, and at his
 feet
 Lay down repentantly, in Jesu's name,
 The burthen of my spirit. In his name
 Hear me, and pour into a wounded soul
 The balm of pious counsel... Saying thus,
 She drew toward the minister ordain'd,
 And kneeling by him, Father, dost thou
 know 90
 The wretch who kneels beside thee ?
 she enquired.
 He answered, Surely we are each to each
 Equally unknown.
 Then said she, Here thou seest
 One who is known too fatally for all, . .
 The daughter of Count Julian. . . Well it
 was
 For Roderick that no eye beheld him
 now ;
 From head to foot a sharper pang than
 death
 Thrill'd him ; his heart, as at a mortal
 stroke,
 Ceased from its functions : his breath
 fail'd, and when
 The power of life recovering set its
 springs 100
 Again in action, cold and clammy sweat
 Starting at every pore suffused his
 frame.
 Their presence help'd him to subdue
 himself ;

256 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

For else, had none been nigh, he would
have fallen

Before Florinda prostrate on the earth,
And in that mutual agony belike
Both souls had taken flight. She mark'd
him not ;

For having told her name, she bow'd her
head,

Breathing a short and silent prayer to
Heaven, 109

While, as a penitent, she wrought herself
To open to his eye her hidden wounds.

Father, at length she said, all tongues
amid

This general ruin shed their bitterness
On Roderick, load his memory with
reproach,

And with their curses persecute his
soul . .

Why shouldst thou tell me this ? ex-
claim'd the Goth,

From his cold forehead wiping as he spake
The death-like moisture : . . Why of
Roderick's guilt

Tell me ? Or thinkest thou I know it
not ?

Alas ! who hath not heard the hideous
tale 120

Of Roderick's shame ! Babes learn it
from their nurses,

And children, by their mothers unre-
proved,

Link their first execrations to his name.
Oh, it hath caught a taint of infamy,

That, like Iscariot's, through all time
shall last,

Reeking and fresh for ever !

There ! she cried,

Drawing her body backward where she
knelt,

And stretching forth her arms with head
upraised, .

There ! it pursues me still ! . . I came to
thee,

Father, for comfort, and thou heapest
fire 130

Upon my head. But hear me patiently,
And let me undeceive thee ; self-abased,
Not to arraign another, do I come ; . .
I come a self-accuser, self-condemn'd

To take upon myself the pain deserved ;
For I have drunk the cup of bitterness,
And having drunk therein of heavenly
grace,

I must not put away the cup of shame.

Thus as she spake she falter'd at the
close,

And in that dying fall her voice sent forth
Somewhat of its original sweetness.

Thou ! . . 141

Thou self-abased ! exclaim'd the as-
tonish'd King ; . .

Thou self-condemn'd ! . . The cup of
shame for thee !

Thee . . thee, Florinda ! . . But the very
excess

Of passion check'd his speech, restrain-
ing thus

From farther transport, which had
haply else

Master'd him ; and he sate like one
entranced,

Gazing upon that countenance so fallen,
So changed : her face, raised from its
muffler now,

Was turn'd toward him, and the fire-
light shone 150

Full on its mortal paleness ; but the shade
Conceal'd the King.

She roused him from the spell

Which held him like a statue motionless.
Thou too, quoth she, dost join the

general curse,

Like one who when he sees a felon's
grave,

Casting a stone there as he passes by,
Adds to the heap of shame. Oh what
are we,

Frail creatures as we are, that we should
sit

In judgement man on man ! and what
were we,

If the All-merciful should mete to us 160
With the same rigorous measure where-
withal

Sinner to sinner metes ! But God be-
holds

The secrets of the heart, . . therefore his
name

Is Merciful. Servant of God, see thou
The hidden things of mine, and judge
thou then

In charity thy brother who hath fallen. . .
Nay, hear me to the end ! I loved the
King, . .

Tenderly, passionately, madly loved
him.

Sinful it was to love a child of earth
With such entire devotion as I loved 170
Roderick, the heroic Prince, the glorious
Goth !

And yet methought this was its only
crime,

The imaginative passion seem'd so
pure :

Quiet and calm like duty, hope nor fear
Disturb'd the deep contentment of that
love ;

He was the sunshine of my soul, and
like

A flower, I lived and flourish'd in his
light.

Oh bear not with me thus impatiently !
No tale of weakness this, that in the act
Of penitence, indulgent to itself, 180
With garrulous palliation half repeats
The sin it ill repents. I will be brief,
And shrink not from confessing how the
love

Which thus began in innocence, betray'd
My unsuspecting heart ; nor me alone,
But him, before whom, shining as he
shone

With whatso'er is noble, whatso'er
Is lovely, whatsoever good and great,
I was as dust and ashes, . . him, alas !

This glorious being, this exalted Prince,
Even him, with all his royalty of soul,
Did this ill-omen'd, this accurs'd love,
To his most lamentable fall betray 193
And utter ruin. Thus it was : The
King,

By counsels of cold statesmen ill-ad-
vised,

To an unworthy mate had bound him-
self

In politic wedlock. Wherefore should
I tell

How Nature upon Egilona's form,
Profuse of beauty, lavishing her gifts,
Left, like a statue from the graver's
hands, 200

Deformity and hollowness beneath
The rich external ? For the love of
pomp

And emptiest vanity, hath she not in-
curr'd

The grief and wonder of good men, the
gibes

Of vulgar ribaldry, the reproach of all ;
Profaning the most holy sacrament
Of marriage, to become chief of the
wives

Of Abdalaziz, of the Infidel,
The Moor, the tyrant-enemy of Spain !
All know her now ; but they alone who
knew 210

What Roderick was can judge his
wretchedness,

To that light spirit and unfeeling heart
In hopeless bondage bound. No chil-
dren rose

From this unhappy union, towards
whom

The springs of love within his soul con-
fin'd

Might flow in joy and fulness ; nor was he
One, like Witiza, of the vulgar crew,

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

<p>Who in promiscuous appetite can find All their vile nature seeks. Alas for man ! Exuberant health diseases him, frail worm ! 220 And the slight bias of untoward chance Makes his best virtue from the even line, With fatal declination, swerve aside. Ay, thou mayest groan for poor mor- tality, . . Well, Father, mayest thou groan ! My evil fate Made me an inmate of the royal house, And Roderick found in me, if not a heart Like his, . . for who was like the heroic Goth ? . . One which at least felt his surpassing worth, And loved him for himself. . . A little yet Bear with me, reverend Father, for I touch 231 Upon the point, and this long prologue goes, As justice bids, to palliate his offence, Not mine. The passion, which I fondly thought Such as fond sisters for a brother feel, Grew day by day, and strengthen'd in its growth, Till the beloved presence had become Needful as food or necessary sleep, My hope, light, sunshine, life, and every thing. Thus lapt in dreams of bliss, I might have lived 240 Contented with this pure idolatry, Had he been happy: but I saw and knew The inward discontent and household Which he subdued in silence; and alas ! Pity with admiration mingling then, Alloy'd and lower'd and humanized my love, Till to the level of my lowliness</p>	<p>It brought him down; and in this treacherous heart Too often the repining thought arose, That if Florinda had been Roderick's Queen, 250 Then might domestic peace and happi- ness Have bless'd his home and crown'd our wedded loves. Too often did that sinful thought recur, Too feebly the temptation was repell'd. See, Father, I have probed my inmost soul ; Have search'd to its remotest source the sin ; And tracing it through all its specious forms Of fair disguisement, I present it now, Even as it lies before the eye of God, Bare and exposed, convicted and con- demn'd. 260 One eve, as in the bowers which over- hang The glen where Tagus rolls between his rocks I roam'd alone, alone I met the King. His countenance was troubled, and his speech Like that of one whose tongue to light discourse At fits constrain'd, betrays a heart disturb'd : I too, albeit unconscious of his thoughts, With anxious looks reveal'd what wandering words In vain essay'd to hide. A little while Did this oppressive intercourse endure, Till our eyes met in silence, each to each Telling their mutual tale, then con- sciously 272 Together fell abash'd. He took my hand And said, Florinda, would that thou and I Earlier had met ! oh what a blissful lot</p>
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Had then been mine, who might have
 found in thee
 The sweet companion and the friend
 endear'd,
 A fruitful wife and crown of earthly joys!
 Thou too shouldst then have been of
 womankind
 Happiest, as now the loveliest. . . And
 with that, 280
 First giving way to passion first dis-
 closed,
 He press'd upon my lips a guilty kiss, . .
 Alas! more guiltily received than given.
 Passive and yielding, and yet self-
 reproach'd,
 Trembling I stood, upheld in his em-
 brace;
 When coming steps were heard, and
 Roderick said,
 Meet me to-morrow, I beseech thee, here,
 Queen of my heart! Oh meet me here
 again,
 My own Florinda, meet me here again! . .
 Tongue, eye, and pressure of the impas-
 sion'd hand 290
 Solicited and urged the ardent suit,
 And from my hesitating hurried lips
 The word of promise fatally was drawn.
 O Roderick, Roderick! hadst thou told
 me all
 Thy purpose at that hour, from what
 a world
 Of woe had thou and I . . The bitterness
 Of that reflection overcame her then,
 And choak'd her speech. But Roderick
 sate the while
 Covering his face with both his hands
 close-prest,
 His head bow'd down, his spirit to such
 point 300
 Of sufferance knit, as one who patiently
 Awaits the uplifted sword.
 Till now, said she,
 Resuming her confession, I had lived,
 If not in innocence, yet self-deceived,

And of my perilous and sinful state
 Unconscious. But this fatal hour re-
 veal'd
 To my awakening soul her guilt and
 shame;
 And in those agonies with which remorse,
 Wrestling with weakness and with
 cherish'd sin,
 Doth triumph o'er the lacerated heart,
 That night . . that miserable night . .
 I vow'd, 311
 A virgin dedicate, to pass my life
 Immured; and, like redeemed Magdalen,
 Or that Egyptian penitent¹, whose tears
 Fretted the rock, and moisten'd round
 her cave
 The thirsty desert, so to mourn my fall.
 The struggle ending thus, the victory
 Thus, as I thought, accomplish'd, I be-
 lieved
 My soul was calm, and that the peace of
 Heaven
 Descended to accept and bless my vow;
 And in this faith, prepared to consum-
 mate 321
 The sacrifice, I went to meet the King.
 See, Father, what a snare had Satan laid!
 For Roderick came to tell me that the
 Church
 From his unfruitful bed would set him
 free,
 And I should be his Queen.
 O let me close
 The dreadful tale! I told him of my
 vow;
 And from sincere and scrupulous piety,
 But more, I fear me, in that desperate
 mood
 Of obstinate will perverse, the which,
 with pride 330
 And shame and self-reproach, doth
 sometimes make
 A woman's tongue, her own worst enemy,

¹ St. Mary the Egyptian (S.).

260 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Run counter to her dearest heart's
 desire, . .
 In that unhappy mood did I resist
 All his most earnest prayers to let the
 power
 Of holy Church, never more rightfully
 Invoked, he said, than now in our behalf,
 Release us from our fatal bonds. He
 urged
 With kindling warmth his suit, like one
 whose life
 Hung on the issue; I dissembled not 340
 My cruel self-reproaches, nor my grief,
 Yet desperately maintain'd the rash
 resolve;
 Till in the passionate argument he grew
 Incensed, inflamed, and madden'd or

For Hell too surely at that hour pre-
 vail'd,
 And with such subtle toils enveloped him,
 That even in the extremity of guilt
 No guilt he purported, but rather meant
 An ample recompence of life-long love
 For transitory wrong, which fate per-
 verse, 350
 Thus madly he deceived himself, com-
 pell'd,
 And therefore stern necessity excused.
 Here then, O Father, at thy feet I own
 Myself the guiltier; for full well I knew
 These were his thoughts, but vengeance
 master'd me,
 And in my agony I cursed the man
 Whom I loved best.
 Dost thou recall that curse?
 Cried Roderick, in a deep and inward
 voice,
 Still with his head depress'd, and
 covering still
 His countenance. Recall it! she ex-
 claim'd; 360
 Father, I come to thee because I gave
 The reins to wrath too long, . . because
 I wrought

His ruin, death, and infamy. . . O God,
 Forgive the wicked vengeance thus in-
 dulged,
 As I forgive the King! . . But teach me
 now
 What reparation more than tears and
 prayers
 May now be made; . . how shall I vindi-
 cate
 His injured name, and take upon my-
 self . . .
 Daughter of Julian, firmly he replied,
 Speak not of that, I charge thee! On
 his fame 370
 The Ethiop dye, fixed ineffaceably,
 For ever will abide; so it must be,
 So should be: 'tis his rightful punish-
 ment;
 And if to the full measure of his sin
 The punishment hath fallen, the more
 our hope
 That through the blood of Jesus he may
 find
 That sin forgiven him.

Pausing then, he raised
 His hand, and pointed where Siverian lay
 Stretch'd on the heath. To that old
 man, said he,
 And to the mother of the unhappy Goth,
 Tell, if it please thee, . . not what thou
 hast pour'd 381
 Into my secret ear, but that the child
 For whom they mourn with anguish
 unallay'd,
 Sinn'd not from vicious will, or heart
 corrupt,
 But fell by fatal circumstance betray'd.
 And if in charity to them thou sayest
 Something to palliate, something to
 excuse
 An act of sudden frenzy when the Fiend
 O'ercame him, thou wilt do for Roderick
 All he could ask thee, all that can be
 done 390
 On earth, and all his spirit could endure.

Venturing towards her an imploring
look,
Wilt thou join with me for his soul in
prayer ?
He said, and trembled as he spake.
That voice
Of sympathy was like Heaven's influence.
Wounding at once and comforting the
soul.
O Father, Christ requite thee ! she ex-
claim'd ;
Thou hast set free the springs which
withering griefs
Have closed too long. Forgive me, for
I thought 399
Thou wert a rigid and un pitying judge ;
One whose stern virtue, feeling in itself
No flaw of frailty, heard impatiently
Of weakness and of guilt. I wrong'd
thee, Father ! . .
With that she took his hand, and kissing
it,
Bathed it with tears. Then in a firmer
For Roderick, for Count Julian and
myself,
Three wretchedest of all the human race,
Who have destroyed each other and
ourselves,
Mutually wrong'd and wronging, let us
pray !

XI. COUNT PEDRO'S CASTLE

TWELVE weary days with unremitting
speed,
Shunning frequented tracks, the tra-
vellers
Pursued their way ; the mountain path
they chose,
The forest or the lonely heath wide-
spread,
Where cistus shrubs sole-seen exhaled
at noon

Their fine balsamic odour all around ;
Strew'd with their blossoms, frail as
beautiful,
The thirsty soil at eve ; and when the
sun
Relumed the gladden'd earth, opening
anew
Their stores exuberant, prodigal as frail,
Whiten'd again the wilderness. They
left 11
The dark Sierra's skirts behind, and
cross'd
The wilds where Ana in her native hills
Collects her sister springs, and hurries on
Her course melodious amid loveliest
glens,
With forest and with fruitage over-
bower'd.
These scenes profusely blest by Heaven
they left,
Where o'er the hazel and the quince the
vine
Wide-mantling spreads ; and clinging
round the cork
And ilex, hangs amid their dusky leaves
Garlands of brightest hue, with redden-
ing fruit 21
Pendant, or clusters cool of glassy green.
So holding on o'er mountain and o'er
vale,
Tagus they cross'd where midland on
his way
The King of Rivers rolls his stately
stream ;
And rude Alverches wide and stony bed,
And Duero distant far, and many a
stream
And many a field obscure, in future war
For bloody theatre of famous deeds
Foredoom'd ; and deserts where in
years to come 30
Shall populous towns arise, and crested
towers
And stately temples rear their heads on
high.

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

<p>Cautious with course circuitous they shunn'd The embattled city, which in eldest time Thrice-greatest Hermes built, so fables say, Now subjugate, but fated to behold Ere long the heroic Prince (who passing now Unknown and silently the dangerous track, Turns thither his regardant eye) come down Victorious from the heights, and bear abroad 40 Her banner'd Lion, symbol to the Moor Of rout and death through many an age of blood. Lo, there the Asturian hills! Far in the west, Huge Rabanal and Foncebadon huge, Pre-eminent, their giant bulk display, Darkening with earliest shade the dis- tant vales Of Leon, and with evening premature. Far in Cantabria eastward, the long line Extends beyond the reach of eagle's eye, When buoyant in mid-heaven the bird of Jove 50 Soars at his loftiest pitch. In the north, before The travellers the Erbasian mountains rise, Bounding the land beloved, their native land.</p> <p>How then, Alphonso, did thy eager soul Chide the slow hours and painful way, which seem'd Lengthening to grow before their lagging pace! Youth of heroic thought and high desire, 'Tis not the spur of lofty enterprize That with unequal throbbing hurries now</p>	<p>The unquiet heart, now makes it sink dismay'd; 60 'Tis not impatient joy which thus dis- turbs In that young breast the healthful spring of life; Joy and ambition have forsaken him, His soul is sick with hope. So near his home, So near his mother's arms; . . alas! perchance The long'd-for meeting may be yet far off As earth from heaven. Sorrow in these long months Of separation may have laid her low; Or what if at his flight the bloody Moor Hath sent his ministers of slaughter forth, 70 And he himself should thus have brought the sword Upon his father's head? . . Sure Hoya too The same dark presage feels, the fearful boy Said in himself; or wherefore is his brow Thus overcast with heaviness, and why Looks he thus anxiously in silence round?</p> <p>Just then that faithful servant raised his hand, And turning to Alphonso with a smile, He pointed where Count Pedro's towers far off Peer'd in the dell below; faint was the smile, 80 And while it sate upon his lips, his eye Retain'd its troubled speculation still. For long had he look'd wistfully in vain, Seeking where far or near he might espy From whom to learn if time or chance had wrought Change in his master's house: but on the hills</p>
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Nor goat-herd could he see, nor traveller,
 Nor huntsman early at his sports afield,
 Nor angler following up the mountain
 glen
 His lonely pastime ; neither could he
 hear 90
 Carol, or pipe, or shout of shepherd's boy.
 Nor woodman's axe, for not a human
 sound
 Disturb'd the silence of the solitude.

Is it the spoiler's work ? At yonder
 door
 Behold the favourite kidling bleats un-
 heard ;
 The next stands open, and the sparrows
 there
 Boldly pass in and out. Thither he
 turn'd
 To seek what indications were within ;
 The chesnut-bread was on the shelf,
 the churn,
 As if in haste forsaken, full and fresh ;
 The recent fire had moulder'd on the
 hearth ; 101
 And broken cobwebs mark'd the whiter
 space
 Where from the wall the buckler and
 the sword
 Had late been taken down. Wonder at
 first
 Had mitigated fear, but Hoya now
 Return'd to tell the symbols of good
 hope,
 And they prick'd forward joyfully. Ere
 long,
 Perceptible above the ceaseless sound
 Of yonder stream, a voice of multitudes,
 As if in loud acclaim, was heard far off ;
 And nearer as they drew, distincter
 shouts 111
 Came from the dell, and at Count Pedro's
 gate
 The human swarm were seen, . . a motley
 group,

Maids, mothers, helpless infancy, weak
 age,
 And wondering children and tumultuous
 boys,
 Hot youth and resolute manhood
 gather'd there,
 In uproar all. Anon the moving mass
 Falls in half circle back, a general cry
 Bursts forth, exultant arms are lifted up,
 And caps are thrown aloft, as through
 the gate 120
 Count Pedro's banner came. Alphonso
 shriek'd
 For joy, and smote his steed and gallop'd

Fronting the gate the standard-bearer
 holds
 His precious charge. Behind the men
 divide
 In order'd files ; green boyhood presses
 there,
 And waning eld, pleading a youthful
 soul,
 Intreats admission. All is ardour here,
 Hope and brave purposes and minds
 resolved.

Nor where the weaker sex is left apart
 Doth aught of fear find utterance,
 though perchance 130
 Some paler cheeks might there be seen,
 some eyes
 Big with sad bodings, and some natural
 tears.
 Count Pedro's war-horse in the vacant
 space
 Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden
 turf,
 And gazing round upon the martial show,
 Proud of his stately trappings, flings his
 head,
 And snorts and champs the bit, and
 neighing shrill
 Wakes the near echo with his voice of
 joy.

264 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

The page beside him holds his master's
 spear
 And shield and helmet. In the castle-
 gate 140
 Count Pedro stands, his countenance
 resolved
 But mournful, for Favina on his arm
 Hung, passionate with her fears, and held
 him back.
 Go not, she cried, with this deluded
 crew!
 She hath not, Pedro, with her frantic
 words
 Bereft thy faculty, . . she is crazed with
 grief,
 And her delirium hath infected these:
 But, Pedro, thou art calm; thou dost
 not share
 The madness of the crowd; thy sober
 mind
 Surveys the danger in its whole extent,
 And sees the certain ruin, . . for thou
 know'st 151
 I know thou hast no hope. Unhappy
 man,
 Why then for this most desperate enter-
 prize
 Wilt thou devote thy son, thine only
 child?
 Not for myself I plead, nor even for
 thee;
 Thou art a soldier, and thou canst not
 fear
 The face of death; and I should wel-
 come it
 As the best visitant whom Heaven could
 send.
 Not for our lives I speak then, . . were
 they worth
 The thought of preservation; . . Nature
 soon 160
 Must call for them; the sword that
 should cut short
 Sorrow's slow work were merciful to
 us.

But spare Alphonso! there is time and
 hope
 In store for him. O thou who gavest
 him life,
 Seal not his death, his death and mine at
 once!
 Peace! he replied: thou know'st
 there is no choice,
 I did not raise the storm; I cannot turn
 Its course aside! but where yon banner

 Thy Lord must not be absent! Spare
 me then,
 Favina, lest I hear thy honour'd name
 Now first attainted with deserved re-
 proach. 171
 The boy is in God's hands. He who of
 yore
 Walk'd with the sons of Judah in the
 fire,
 And from the lion's den drew Daniel
 forth
 Unhurt, can save him, . . if it be his
 will.
 Even as he spake, the astonish'd
 troop set up
 A shout of joy which rung through all
 the hills.
 Alphonso heeds not how they break
 their ranks
 And gather round to greet him; from
 his horse
 Precipitate and panting off he springs.
 Pedro grew pale, and trembled at his
 sight; 181
 Favina claspt her hands, and looking
 up
 To Heaven as she embraced the boy,
 exclaim'd,
 Lord God, forgive me for my sinful
 fears;
 Unworthy that I am, . . my son, my
 son!

XII. THE VOW

ALWAYS I knew thee for a generous foe,
Pelayo! said the Count; and in our
time

Of enmity, thou too, I know, didst feel
The feud between us was but of the house.
Not of the heart. Brethren in arms
henceforth

We stand or fall together: nor will I
Look to the event with one misgiving
thought, . .

That were to prove myself unworthy
now

Of Heaven's benignant providence, this
hour,

Scarcely by less than miracle, vouch-
safed.

I will believe that we have days in store
Of hope, now risen again as from the
dead, . .

Of vengeance, . . of portentous victory, . .
Yea, maugre all unlikelihoods, . . of
peace.

Let us then here indissolubly knit
Our ancient houses, that those happy
days,

When they arrive, may find us more
than friends,

And bound by closer than fraternal ties.
Thou hast a daughter, Prince, to whom
my heart

Yearns now, as if in winning infancy
Her smiles had been its daily food of
love.

I need not tell thee what Alphonso is, . .
Thou know'st the boy!

Already had that hope,
Replied Pelayo, risen within my soul.

O Thou, who in thy mercy from the
house

Of Moorish bondage hast deliver'd us,
Fulfil the pious purposes for which

Here, in thy presence, thus we pledge
our hands!

Strange hour to plight espousals!
yielding half

To superstitious thoughts, Favinia cried,
And these strange witnesses! . . The
times are strange,

With thoughtful speech composed her
Lord replies,

And what thou seest accords with them.
This day

Is wonderful; nor could auspicious
Heaven

With fairer or with fitter omen gild
Our enterprize, when strong in heart
and hope

We take the field, preparing thus for
works

Of piety and love. Unwillingly
I yielded to my people's general voice,
Thinking that she who with her power-
ful words

To this excess had roused and kindled
them,

Spake from the spirit of her griefs alone,
Not with prophetic impulse. Be that
sin

Forgiven me! and the calm and quiet
faith

Which, in the place of incredulity,
Hath fill'd me, now that seeing I believe,
Doth give of happy end to righteous
cause

A presage, not presumptuous, but
assured.

Then Pedro told Pelayo how from
vale

To vale the exalted Adosinda went, so
Exciting sire and son, in holy war
Conquering or dying, to secure their
place

In Paradise: and how reluctantly,
And mourning for his child by his own
act

Thus doom'd to death, he bade with
heavy heart

266 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

His banner be brought forth. Devoid alike
 Of purpose and of hope himself, he meant
 To march toward the western Mountaineers,
 Where Odoar by his counsel might direct
 Their force conjoin'd. Now, said he, we must haste 60
 To Cangas, there, Pelayo, to secure,
 With timely speed, I trust in God, thy house.
 Then looking to his men, he cried,
 Bring forth
 The armour which in Wamba's wars I wore. . .
 Alphonso's heart leapt at the auspicious words.
 Count Pedro mark'd the rising glow of joy, . .
 Doubly to thee, Alphonso, he pursued,
 This day above all other days is blest,
 From whence as from a birth-day thou wilt date
 Thy life in arms!
 Rejoicing in their task, 70
 The servants of the house with emulous love
 Dispute the charge. One brings the cuirass, one
 The buckler; this exultingly displays
 The sword, his comrade lifts the helm on high:
 The greaves, the gauntlets they divide; a spur
 Seems now to dignify the officious hand
 Which for such service bears it to his Lord.
 Greek artists in the imperial city forged
 That splendid armour, perfect in their craft;
 With curious skill they wrought it, framed alike 80
 To shine amid the pageantry of war,
 And for the proof of battle. Many a time
 Alphonso from his nurse's lap had stretch'd
 His infant hands toward it eagerly,
 Where gleaming to the central fire it hung
 High in the hall; and many a time had wish'd
 With boyish ardour, that the day were come
 When Pedro to his prayers would grant the boon,
 His dearest heart's desire. Count Pedro then
 Would smile, and in his heart rejoice to see 90
 The noble instinct manifest itself.
 Then too Favinia with maternal pride
 Would turn her eyes exulting to her Lord,
 And in that silent language bid him mark
 His spirit in his boy; all danger then
 Was distant, and if secret forethought faint
 Of manhood's perils, and the chance of war,
 Hatel to mothers, pass'd across her mind,
 The ill remote gave to the present hour
 A heighten'd feeling of secure delight.
 No season this for old solemnities, 100
 For wassailry and sport; . . the bath, the bed,
 The vigil, . . all preparatory rites
 Omitted now, . . here in the face of Heaven,
 Before the vassals of his father's house,
 With them in instant peril to partake
 The chance of life or death, the heroic boy
 Dons his first arms; the coated scales of steel

Which o'er the tunic to his knees depend
 The hose, the sleeves of mail; bar
 headed then ¹¹
 He stood. But when Count Pedro too
 the spurs
 And bent his knee in service to his son
 Alphonso from that gesture half dre
 back,
 Starting in reverence, and a deeper hu
 Spread o'er the glow of joy which flush'
 his cheeks.
 Do thou the rest, Pelayo! said th
 Count;
 So shall the ceremony of this hour
 Exceed in honour what in form it lacks.
 The Prince from Hoya's faithful hand
 received
 The sword; he girt it round the youth.
 and drew ¹²⁰
 And placed it in his hand; unsheathing
 then
 His own good falchion, with its burnish'd
 blade
 He touch'd Alphonso's neck, and with
 a kiss
 Gave him his rank in arms.
 Thus long the crowd
 Had look'd intently on, in silence
 hush'd;
 Loud and continuous now with one
 accord,
 Shout following shout, their acclamations
 rose;
 Blessings were breathed from every
 heart, and joy,
 Powerful alike in all, which as with force
 Of an inebriating cup inspired ¹³⁰
 The youthful, from the eye of age drew
 tears.
 The uproar died away, when standing
 forth,
 Roderick with lifted hand besought a
 pause
 For speech, and moved towards the
 youth. I too,

Young Baron, he began, must do my
 part;
 Not with prerogative of earthly power,
 But as the servant of the living God,
 The God of Hosts. This day thou
 promisest
 To die when honour calls thee for thy
 faith,
 For thy liege Lord, and for thy native
 land; ¹⁴⁰
 The duties which at birth we all con-
 tract,
 Are by the high profession of this hour
 Made thine especially. Thy noble
 blood,
 The thoughts with which thy childhood
 hath been fed,
 And thine own noble nature more than
 all,
 Are sureties for thee. But these dread-
 ful times
 Demand a farther pledge; for it hath
 pleased
 The Highest, as he tried his Saints of old,
 So in the fiery furnace of his wrath
 To prove and purify the sons of Spain;
 And they must knit their spirits to the
 proof, ¹⁵¹
 Or sink, for ever lost. Hold forth thy
 sword,
 Young Baron, and before thy people
 take
 'The vow which, in Toledo's sacred name,
 Poor as these weeds bespeak me, I am
 here
 To minister with delegated power.

With reverential awe was Roderick
 heard
 By all, so well authority became
 That mien and voice and countenance
 austere.
 Pelayo with complacent eye beheld ¹⁶⁰
 "The unlook'd-for interposal, and the
 Count

268 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Bends toward Alphonso his approving
head.

The youth obedient loosen'd from his
belt

The sword, and looking, while his heart
beat fast,

To Roderick, reverently expectant stood.

O noble youth, the Royal Goth pur-
sued,

Thy country is in bonds; an impious foe
Oppresses her; he brings with him
strange laws,

Strange language, evil customs, and
false faith,

And forces them on Spain. Swear that
thy soul

Will make no covenant with these
accursed,

But that the sword shall be from this
day forth

Thy children's portion, to be handed
down

From sire to son, a sacred heritage,
Through every generation, till the work
Be done, and this insulted land hath
drunk

In sacrifice, the last invader's blood!

Bear witness, ancient Mountains!
cried the youth,

And ye, my native Streams, who hold
your course

For ever; . . this dear Earth, and yonder
Sky,

Be witness! for myself I make the vow,
And for my children's children. Here
I stand

Their sponsor, binding them in sight of
Heaven,

As by a new baptismal sacrament,
To wage hereditary holy war,
Perpetual, patient, persevering war,
Till not one living enemy pollute
The sacred soil of Spain.

So as he ceased,

While yet toward the clear blue firma-
ment

His eyes were raised, he lifted to his lips
The sword, with reverent gesture bending

then

Devoutly kiss'd its cross.

And ye! exclaimed
Roderick, as turning to the assembled
troop

He motion'd with authoritative hand, . .
Ye children of the hills and sons of Spain!

Through every heart the rapid feeling
ran, . .

For us! they answer'd all with one
accord,

And at the word they knelt: People
and Prince,

The young and old, the father and the
son,

At once they knelt; with one accord
they cried,

For us, and for our seed! with one accord
They cross'd their fervent arms, and
with bent head

Inclined toward that awful voice from
whence

The inspiring impulse came. The Royal
Goth

Made answer, I receive your vow for
Spain

And for the Lord of Hosts: your cause
is good,

Go forward in his spirit and his strength.

Ne'er in his happiest hours had
Roderick

With such commanding majesty dis-
pens'd

His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
When with slow movement, solemnly
uprais'd,

Toward the kneeling troop he spread
his arms,

As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
 And carried to all spirits with the act
 Its effluent inspiration. Silently
 The people knelt, and when they rose,
 such awe
 Held them in silence, that the eagle's
 cry,
 Who far above them, at her highest
 flight
 A speck scarce visible, gyred round and
 round,
 Was heard distinctly; and the moun-
 tain stream, 220
 Which from the distant glen sent forth
 its sounds
 Wafted upon the wind, grew audible
 In that deep hush of feeling, like the
 voice
 Of waters in the stillness of the night.

XIII. COUNT EUDON

THAT awful silence still endured, when
 one,
 Who to the northern entrance of the
 vale
 Had turn'd his casual eye, exclaim'd,
 The Moors! . .
 For from the forest verge a troop were
 seen
 Hastening toward Pedro's hall. Their
 forward speed
 Was check'd when they beheld his ban-
 ner spread,
 And saw his order'd spears in prompt
 array
 Marshall'd to meet their coming. But
 the pride
 Of power and insolence of long com-
 mand
 Prick'd on their Chief presumptuous:
 We are come 10
 Late for prevention, cried the haughty
 Moor,
 But never time more fit for punishment!
 These unbelieving slaves must feel and
 know
 Their master's arm! . . On, faithful
 Musselmén,
 On . . on, . . and hew down the rebellious
 ! . .
 Then as he spur'd his steed, Allah is
 great!
 Mahommed is his Prophet! he exclaim'd,
 And led the charge.
 Count Pedro met the Chief
 In full career; he bore him from his
 horse
 A full spear's length upon the lance
 transfix'd; 20
 Then leaving in his breast the mortal
 shaft,
 Pass'd on, and breaking through the
 turban'd files
 Open'd a path. Pelayo, who that day
 Fought in the ranks afoot, for other war
 Yet unequipp'd, pursued and smote the
 foe,
 But ever on Alphonso at his side
 Retain'd a watchful eye. The gallant boy
 Gave his good sword that hour its
 earliest taste
 Of Moorish blood, . . that sword whose
 hungry edge,
 Through the fair course of all his glorious
 life 30
 From that auspicious day, was fed so
 well.
 Cheap was the victory now for Spain
 achieved;
 For the first fervour of their zeal
 inspired
 The Mountaineers, . . the presence of
 their Chiefs,
 The sight of all dear objects, all dear ties,
 The air they breathed, the soil whereon
 they trod,
 Duty, devotion, faith, and hope and joy.
 And little had the misbelievers ween'd

270 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

In such impetuous onset to receive
 A greeting deadly as their own intent ;
 Victims they thought to find, not men
 prepared 41
 And eager for the fight ; their confidence
 Therefore gave way to wonder, and dis-
 may
 Effected what astonishment began.
 Scatter'd before the impetuous Moun-
 taineers,
 Buckler and spear and scymitar they
 dropt,
 As in precipitate route they fled before
 The Asturian sword : the vales and hills
 and rocks
 Received their blood, and where they
 fell the wolves
 At evening found them.

 From the fight apart 50
 Two Africans had stood, who held in
 charge
 Count Eudon. When they saw their
 countrymen
 Falter, give way, and fly before the foe,
 One turn'd toward him with malignant
 rage,
 And saying, Infidel ! thou shalt not live
 To join their triumph ! aim'd against his
 neck
 The moony falchion's point. His com-
 rade raised
 A hasty hand and turn'd its edge aside,
 Yet so that o'er the shoulder glancing
 down
 It scarr'd him as it pass'd. The mur-
 derous Moor, 60
 Not tarrying to secure his vengeance,
 fled ;
 While he of milder mood, at Eudon's feet
 Fell and embraced his knees. The
 mountaineer
 Who found them thus, withheld at
 Eudon's voice
 His wrathful hand, and led them to his
 Lord.

Count Pedro and Alphonso and the
 Prince
 Stood on a little rocky eminence
 Which overlook'd the vale. Pedro had
 put
 His helmet off, and with sonorous horn
 Blew the recall ; for well he knew what
 thoughts, 70
 Calm as the Prince appear'd and undis-
 turb'd,
 Lay underneath his silent fortitude ;
 And how at this eventful juncture speed
 Imported more than vengeance. Thrice
 he sent
 The long-resounding signal forth, which
 rung
 From hill to hill, re-echoing far and
 wide.
 Slow and unwillingly his men obey'd
 The swelling horn's reiterated call ;
 Repining that a single foe escaped
 The retribution of that righteous hour.
 With lingering step reluctant from the
 chase 81
 They turn'd, . . their veins full-swoln,
 their sinews strung
 For battle still, their hearts unsatisfied ;
 Their swords were dropping still with
 Moorish blood,
 And where they wiped their reeking
 brows, the stain
 Of Moorish gore was left. But when
 they came
 Where Pedro, with Alphonso at his side,
 Stood to behold their coming, then they

 All emulous, with gratulation round,
 Extolling for his deeds that day dis-
 play'd 90
 The noble boy. Oh ! when had Heaven,
 they said,
 With such especial favour manifest
 Illustrated a first essay in arms !
 They bless'd the father from whose loins
 he sprung.

The mother at whose happy breast he
fed ;

And pray'd that their young hero's fields
might be

Many, and all like this.

Thus they indulged
The honest heart, exuberant of love,
When that loquacious joy at once was
check'd,

For Eudon and the Moor were brought
before

Count Pedro. Both came fearfully and
pale,

But with a different fear : the African
Felt at this crisis of his destiny

Such apprehension as without reproach
Might blanch a soldier's cheek, when life
and death

Hang on another's will, and helplessly
He must abide the issue. But the
thoughts

Which quail'd Count Eudon's heart, and
made his limbs

Quiver, were of his own unworthiness,
Old enmity, and that he stood in power
Of hated and hereditary foes.

I came not with them willingly ! he
cried,

Addressing Pedro and the Prince at once,
Rolling from each to each his restless
eyes

Aghast, . . the Moor can tell I had no
choice ;

They forced me from my castle : . . in
the fight

They would have slain me : . . see I
bled ! The Moor

Can witness that a Moorish scymitar
Inflicted this : . . he saved me from worse
hurt : . .

I did not come in arms : . . he knows it
all ; . .

Speak, man, and let the truth be known
to clear

My innocence !

Thus as he ceased, with fear
And rapid utterance panting open-
mouth'd,

Count Pedro half repress a mournful
smile,

Wherein compassion seem'd to mitigate
His deep contempt. Methinks, said he,
the Moor

Might with more reason look himself to
find

An intercessor, than be call'd upon
To play the pleader's part. Didst thou
then save

The Baron from thy comrades ?

Let my Lord
Show mercy to me, said the Mussulman,
As I am free from falsehood. We were
left,

I and another, holding him in charge ;
My fellow would have slain him when he
saw

How the fight fared : I turn'd the
scymitar

Aside, and trust that life will be the
meed

For life by me preserved.

Nor shall thy trust,
Rejoin'd the Count, be vain. Say
farther now,

From whence ye came ? . . your orders
what ? . . what force

In Gegio ? and if others like yourselves
Are in the field ?

The African replied,
We came from Gegio, order'd to secure
This Baron on the way, and seek thee
here

To bear thee hence in bonds. A mes-
senger

From Cordoba, whose speed denoted
well

He came with urgent tidings, was the
cause

Of this our sudden movement. We
went forth

272 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Three hundred men ; an equal force
 was sent 148
 For Cangas, on like errand as I ween.
 Four hundred in the city then were left.
 If other force be moving from the south,
 I know not, save that all appearances
 Denote alarm and vigilance.

The Prince

Fix'd upon Eudon then his eye severe ;
 Baron, he said, the die of war is cast ;
 What part art thou prepared to take ?
 against,
 Or with the oppressor ?
 Not against my friends, . .
 Not against you ! . . the irresolute wretch
 replied,
 Hasty, yet faltering in his fearful speech :
 But . . have ye weigh'd it well ? . . It is
 not yet 160
 Too late, . . their numbers, . . their vic-
 torious force,
 Which hath already trodden in the dust
 The sceptre of the Goths : . . the throne
 destroy'd, . .
 Our towns subdued, . . our country
 overrun, . .
 The people to the yoke of their new
 Lords
 Resign'd in peace. . . Can I not me-
 diate ? . .
 Were it not better through my agency
 To gain such terms, . . such honourable
 terms. . .

Terms ! cried Pelayo, cutting short at
 once

That dastard speech, and checking, ere
 it grew 170
 Too powerful for restraint, the incipient
 wrath
 Which in indignant murmurs breathing
 round,
 Rose like a gathering storm, learn thou
 what terms
 Asturias, this day speaking by my voice,

Doth constitute to be the law between
 Thee and thy Country. Our portentous
 age,
 As with an earthquake's desolating force,
 Hath loosen'd and disjointed the whole
 frame
 Of social order, and she calls not now
 For service with the force of sovereign
 will. 180
 That which was common duty in old
 times,
 Becomes an arduous, glorious virtue now ;
 And every one, as between Hell and
 Heaven,
 In free election must be left to chuse.
 Asturias asks not of thee to partake
 The cup which we have pledged ; she
 claims from none
 The dauntless fortitude, the mind
 resolved,
 Which only God can give ; . . therefore
 such peace
 As thou canst find where all around is
 war,
 She leaves thee to enjoy. But think
 not, Count, 190
 That because thou art weak, one valiant
 arm,
 One generous spirit must be lost to Spain !
 The vassal owes no service to the Lord
 Who to his Country doth acknowledge
 none.
 The summons which thou hast not heart
 to give,
 I and Count Pedro over thy domains
 Will send abroad ; the vassals who were
 thine
 Will fight beneath our banners, and our
 wants
 Shall from thy lands, as from a patri-
 mony
 Which hath reverted to the common
 stock, 200
 Be fed : such tribute, too, as to the
 Moors

Thou renderest, we will take: it is the price
 Which in this land for weakness must be paid
 While evil stars prevail. And mark me, Chief!
 Fear is a treacherous counsellor! I know
 Thou think'st that beneath his horses' hoofs
 The Moor will trample our poor numbers down;
 But join not, in contempt of us and Heaven,
 His multitudes! for if thou shouldst be found
 Against thy country, on the readiest tree 210
 Those recreant bones shall rattle in the wind,
 When the birds have left them bare.
As thus he spake,
 Count Eudon heard and trembled:
 every joint
 Was loosen'd, every fibre of his flesh
 Thrill'd, and from every pore effused,
 cold sweat
 Clung on his quivering limbs. Shame
 forced it forth,
 Envy, and inward consciousness, and fear
 Predominant, which stifled in his heart
 Hatred and rage. Before his livid lips
 Could shape to utterance their essay'd
 reply, 220
 Compassionately Pedro interposed.
 Go, Baron, to the Castle, said the Count;
 There let thy wound be look'd to, and
 consult
 Thy better mind at leisure. Let this
 Moor
 Attend upon thee there, and when thou wilt,
 Follow thy fortunes. . . To Pelayo then
 He turn'd, and saying, All-too-long, O
 Prince,

Hath this unlook'd-for conflict held thee
 here. . .
 He bade his gallant men begin their
 march.
 Flush'd with success, and in auspicious hour, 230
 The Mountaineers set forth. Blessings
 and prayers
 Pursued them at their parting, and the
 tears
 Which fell were tears of fervour, not of
 grief.
 The sun was verging to the western
 slope
 Of Heaven, but they till midnight
 travell'd on;
 Renewing then at early dawn their way,
 They held their unremitting course from
 morn
 Till latest eve, such urgent cause im-
 pell'd;
 And night had closed around, when to
 the vale
 Where Sella in her ampler bed receives
 Pionia's stream they came. Massive
 and black 241
 Pelayo's castle there was seen; its lines
 And battlements against the deep blue
 sky
 Distinct in solid darkness visible.
 No light is in the tower. Eager to know
 The worst, and with that fatal certainty
 To terminate intolerable dread,
 He spur'd his courser forward. All his
 fears
 Too surely are fulfill'd, . . for open
 stand
 The doors, and mournfully at times
 a dog 250
 Fills with his howling the deserted hall.
 A moment overcome with wretchedness,
 Silent Pelayo stood! recovering then,
 Lord God, resign'd he cried, thy will be
 done!

XIV. THE RESCUE

COUNT, said Pelayo, Nature hath
assign'd
Two sovereign remedies for human

Religion, surest, firmest, first and best,
Strength to the weak and to the wounded
balm ;

And strenuous action next. Think not
I came

With unprovided heart. My noble wife,
In the last solemn words, the last fare-
well

With which she charged her secret mes-
senger,

Told me that whatsoe'er was my resolve,
She bore a mind prepared. And well
I know 10

The evil, be it what it may, hath found
In her a courage equal to the hour.

Captivity, or death, or what worse pangs,
She in her children may be doom'd to
feel,

Will never make that steady soul repent
Its virtuous purpose. I too did not
cast

My single life into the lot, but knew
These dearer pledges on the die were set ;
And if the worst have fallen, I shall but
bear

That in my breast, which, with trans-
figuring power 20

Of piety, makes chastening sorrow take
The form of hope, and sees, in Death,
the friend

And the restoring Angel. We must rest
Perforce, and wait what tidings night
may bring.

Haply of comfort. Ho there ! kindle
fires,

And see if aught of hospitality
Can yet within these mournful walls be
found !

Thus while he spake, lights were
descried far off

Moving among the trees, and coming
sounds

Were heard as of a distant multitude. 30
Anon a company of horse and foot,
Advancing in disorderly array,
Came up the vale ; before them and
beside

Their torches flashed on Sella's rippling
stream ;

Now gleam'd through chesnut groves,
emerging now,

O'er their huge boughs and radiated
leaves

Cast broad and bright a transitory glare.
That sight inspired with strength the
mountaineers ;

All sense of weariness, all wish for
rest

At once were gone ; impatient in desire
Of second victory alert they stood ; 41
And when the hostile symbols, which
from far

Imagination to their wish had shaped,
Vanish'd in nearer vision, high-wrought
hope

Departing, left the spirit pall'd and
blank.

No turban'd race, no sons of Africa
Were they who now came winding up
the vale,

As waving wide before their horses' feet
The torch-light floated, with its hovering

Blackening the incumbent and sur-
rounding night. 50

Helmet and breast-plate glitter'd as
they came,

And spears erect ; and nearer as they
drew

Were the loose folds of female garments
seen

On those who led the company. Who
then

XIV. THE RESCUE

Had stood beside Pelayo, might have
heard

The beating of his heart.

But vainly there
Sought he with wistful eye the well-
known forms

Beloved ; and plainly might it now be
seen

That from some bloody conflict they
return'd

Victorious, . . for at every saddle-bow
A gory head was hung. Anon they
stopt,

Levelling in quick alarm their ready
spears.

Hold ! who goes there ? cried one. A
hundred tongues

Sent forth with one accord the glad reply,
Friends and Asturians. Onward moved
the lights, . .

The people knew their Lord.

Then what a shout
Rung through the valley ! From their
clay-built nests,

Beneath the overbrowing battlements,
Now first disturb'd, the affrighted mar-
tins flew,

And uttering notes of terror short and
shrill, 70

Amid the yellow glare and lurid smoke
Wheel'd giddily. Then plainly was it
shown

How well the vassals loved their generous
Lord,

How like a father the Asturian Prince
Was dear. They crowded round ; they
claspt his knees ;

They snatch'd his hand ; they fell upon
his neck, . .

They wept ; . . they blest Almighty
Providence,

Which had restored him thus from
bondage free ;

God was with them and their good cause,
they said ;

His hand was here. . . His shield was
over them, . . 80

His spirit was abroad, . . His power dis-
play'd :

And pointing to their bloody trophies
then,

They told Pelayo there he might behold
The first-fruits of the harvest they should
soon

Reap in the field of war ! Benignantly,
With voice and look and gesture, did the
Prince

To these warm greetings of tumultuous
joy

Respond ; and sure if at that moment
aught

Could for a while have overpower'd
those fears

Which from the inmost heart o'er all his
frame 90

Diffused their chilling influence, worthy
pride,

And sympathy of love and joy and
hope,

Had then possess'd him wholly. Even
now

His spirit rose ; the sense of power, the
sight

Of his brave people, ready where he led
To fight their country's battles, and the
thought

Of instant action, and deliverance, . .

If Heaven, which thus far had protected
him,

Should favour still, . . revived his heart,
and gave

Fresh impulse to its spring. In vain
he sought 100

Amid that turbulent greeting to enquire
Where Gaudiosa was, his children where,
Who call'd them to the field, who cap-
tain'd them ;

And how these women, thus with arms
and death

Environ'd, came amid their company ?

276 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

For yet, amid the fluctuating light
And tumult of the crowd, he knew them
not.

Guisla was one. The Moors had
found in her

A willing and concerted prisoner.

Gladly to Gegio, to the renegade 110

On whom her loose and shameless love
was bent,

Had she set forth ; and in her heart she
cursed

The busy spirit, who, with powerful call
Rousing Pelayo's people, led them on

In quick pursual, and victoriously

Achieved the rescue, to her mind per-
verse

Unwelcome as unlook'd for. With dis-
may

She recognized her brother, dreaded now
More than he once was dear ; her coun-
tenance

Was turn'd toward him, . . not with
eager joy 120

To court his sight, and meeting its first
glance,

Exchange delightful welcome, soul with
soul ;

Hers was the conscious eye, that cannot
chuse

But look to what it fears. She could
not shun

His presence, and the rigid smile con-
strain'd,

With which she coldly drest her features,
ill

Conceal'd her inward thoughts, and the
despite

Of obstinate guilt and unrepentant
shame.

Sullenly thus upon her mule she sate,
Waiting the greeting which she did not
dare 130

Bring on. But who is she that at her
side,

Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand ?

A helm

Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair ;
The shield is on her arm ; her breast is
mail'd ;

A sword-belt is her girdle, and right
well

It may be seen that sword hath done
its work

To-day, for upward from the wrist her
sleeve

Is stiff with blood. An unregardant eye,
As one whose thoughts were not of

earth, she cast 140

Upon the turmoil round. One coun-
tenance

So strongly mark'd, so passion-worn
was there,

That it recall'd her mind. Ha ! Mac-
cabee !

Lifting her arm, exultingly she cried,
Did I not tell thee we should meet in joy ?

Well, Brother, hast thou done thy part,
. . I too

Have not been wanting ! Now be His
the praise,

From whom the impulse came !
That startling call,

That voice so well remember'd, touch'd
the Goth

With timely impulse now ; for he had
seen 150

His Mother's face, . . and at her sight,
the past

And present mingled like a frightful
dream,

Which from some dread reality derives
Its deepest horror. Adosinda's voice

Dispersed the waking vision. Little
deem'd

Rusilla at that moment that the child,
For whom hersuppications day and night

Were offer'd, breathed the living air.
Her heart

Was calm; her placid countenance,
 though grief
 Deeper than time had left its traces
 there, 160
 Retain'd its dignity serene; yet when
 Siverian, pressing through the people,
 kiss'd
 Her reverend hand, some quiet tears ran
 down.
 As she approach'd the Prince, the crowd
 made way
 Respectful. The maternal smile which
 bore
 Her greeting, from Pelayo's heart at
 once
 Dispell'd its boding. What he would
 have asked
 She knew, and bending from her palfrey
 down,
 Told him that they for whom he look'd
 were safe,
 And that in secret he should hear the
 rest. 170

XV. RODERICK AT CANGAS

How calmly gliding through the dark-
 blue sky
 The midnight Moon ascends! Her
 placid beams
 Through thinly scatter'd leaves and
 boughs grotesque,
 Mottle with mazy shades the orchard
 slope;
 Here, o'er the chesnut's fretted foliage
 grey
 And massy, motionless they spread;
 here shine
 Upon the crags, deepening with blacker
 night
 Their chasms; and there the glittering
 argentry
 Ripples and glances on the confluent
 streams.

A lovelier, purer light than that of day
 Rests on the hills; and oh how awefully
 Into that deep and tranquil firmament
 The summits of Auseva rise serene!
 The watchman on the battlements par-
 takes
 The stillness of the solemn hour; he
 feels
 The silence of the earth, the endless
 sound
 Of flowing water soothes him, and the
 stars,
 Which in that brightest moon-light well-
 nigh quench'd,
 Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
 Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
 Draw on with elevating influence 21
 Toward eternity the attemper'd mind.
 Musing on worlds beyond the grave he
 stands,
 And to the Virgin Mother silently
 Prefers her hymn of praise.

The mountaineers

Before the castle, round their mouldering
 fires,
 Lie on the hearth outstretch'd. Pelayo's
 hall
 Is full, and he upon his careful couch
 Hears all around the deep and long-
 drawn breath
 Of sleep: for gentle night hath brought
 to these 30
 Perfect and undisturb'd repose, alike
 Of corporal powers and inward faculty.
 Wakeful the while he lay, yet more by
 hope
 Than grief or anxious thoughts pos-
 sess'd, . . . though grief
 For Guisla's guilt, which freshen'd in
 his heart
 The memory of their wretched mother's
 crime,
 Still made its presence felt, like the dull
 sense
 9 Of some perpetual inward malady;

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And the whole peril of the future lay
 Before him clearly seen. He had heard
 all; 40
 How that unworthy sister, obstinate
 In wrong and shameless, rather seem'd
 to woo
 The upstart renegado than to wait
 His wooing; how, as guilt to guilt led
 on,
 Spurning at gentle admonition first,
 When Gaudiosa hopelessly forbore
 From farther counsel, then in sullen
 mood
 Resentful, Guisla soon began to hate
 The virtuous presence before which she
 felt
 Her nature how inferior, and her fault 50
 How foul. Despiteful thus she grew,
 because
 Humbled yet unrepentant. Who could
 say
 To what excess bad passions might impel
 A woman thus possess'd? She could not
 fail
 To mark Siverian's absence, for what
 end
 Her conscience but too surely had di-
 vined;
 And Gaudiosa, well aware that all
 To the vile paramour was thus made
 known,
 Had to safe hiding-place with timely
 fear
 Removed her children. Well the event
 had proved 60
 How needful was that caution; for at
 night
 She sought the mountain solitudes, and
 morn
 Beheld Numacian's soldiers at the gate.
 Yet did not sorrow in Pelayo's heart
 For this domestic shame prevail that
 hour,
 Nor gathering danger weigh his spirit
 down.

The anticipated meeting put to flight
 These painful thoughts; to-morrow will
 restore
 All whom his heart holds dear; his wife
 beloved,
 No longer now remember'd for regret, 70
 Is present to his soul with hope and joy;
 His inward eye beholds Favila's form
 In opening youth robust, and Hermesind,
 His daughter, lovely as a budding rose;
 Their images beguile the hours of night,
 Till with the earliest morning he may
 seek
 Their secret hold.
 The nightingale not yet
 Had ceased her song, nor had the early
 lark
 Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince
 Upward beside Pionia took his way 80
 Toward Auseva. Heavily to him,
 Impatient for the morrow's happiness,
 Long night had linger'd, but it seem'd
 more long
 To Roderick's aching heart. He too
 had watch'd
 For dawn, and seen the earliest break of
 day,
 And heard its earliest sounds; and when
 the Prince
 Went forth, the melancholy man was
 seen
 With pensive pace upon Pionia's side
 Wandering alone and slow. For he had
 left
 The wearying place of his unrest, that
 morn 90
 With its cold dews might bathe his
 throbbing brow,
 And with its breath allay the feverish
 heat
 That burnt within. Alas! the gales of
 morn
 Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!
 How shall he meet his Mother's eye, how
 make

His secret known, and from that voice
revered

Obtain forgiveness, . . all that he has
now

To ask, ere on the lap of earth in peace,
He lay his head resign'd ? In silent
prayer

He supplicated Heaven to strengthen
him 100

Against that trying hour, there seeking
aid

Where all who seek shall find ; and thus
his soul

Received support, and gather'd fortitude,
Never than now more needful, for the
hour

Was nigh. He saw Siverian drawing
near,

And with a dim but quick foreboding met
The good old man ; yet when he heard
him say,

My Lady sends to seek thee, like a knell
To one expecting and prepared for
death,

But fearing the dread point that hastens
on, 110

It smote his heart. He follow'd silently
And knit his suffering spirit to the proof.

He went resolved to tell his Mother all,
Fall at her feet, and drinking the last
dregs

Of bitterness, receive the only good
Earth had in store for him. Resolved
for this

He went ; yet was it a relief to find
That painful resolution must await
A fitter season, when no eye but Heaven's
Might witness to their mutual agony. 120

Count Julian's daughter with Rusilla
sate ;

Both had been weeping, both were pale,
but calm.

With head as for humility abased

Roderick approach'd, and bending, on
his breast

He cross'd his humble arms. Rusilla rose
In reverence to the priestly character,

And with a mournful eye regarding him,
Thus she began. Good Father, I have
heard

From my old faithful servant and true
friend,

Thou didst reprove the inconsiderate
tongue, 130

That in the anguish of its spirit pour'd
A curse upon my poor unhappy child.

O Father Maccabee, this is a hard world,
And hasty in its judgements ! Time has
been,

When not a tongue within the Pyrenees
Dared whisper in dispraise of Roderick's
name,

Lest, if the conscious air had caught the
sound,

The vengeance of the honest multitude
Should fall upon the traitorous head, or
brand

For life-long infamy the lying lips. 140
Now if a voice be raised in his behalf,

'Tis noted for a wonder, and the man
Who utters the strange speech shall be
admired

For such excess of Christian charity.
Thy Christian charity hath not been
lost ; . .

Father, I feel its virtue : . . it hath been
Balm to my heart ; . . with words and
grateful tears, . .

All that is left me now for gratitude, . .
I thank thee, and beseech thee in thy
prayers

That thou wilt still remember Roderick's
name. 150

Roderick so long had to this hour
look'd on,

That when the actual point of trial
came,

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Torpid and numb'd it found him; cold he grew,	The memory of his fault, o'erpower'd and lost	180
And as the vital spirits to the heart Retreated, o'er his wither'd countenance, Deathly and damp, a whiter paleness spread.	In shuddering pity and astonishment, Fade like a feeble horror. Otherwise Seem'd good to Heaven. I murmur not, nor doubt	
Unmoved the while, the inward feeling seem'd,	The boundless mercy of redeeming love. For sure I trust that not in his offence Harden'd and reprobate was my lost son,	
Even in such dull insensibility As gradual age brings on, or slow disease, Beneath whose progress lingering life survives	A child of wrath, cut off! . . . that dread- ful thought,	160
The power of suffering. Wondering at himself,	Not even amid the first fresh wretched- ness,	
Yet gathering confidence, he raised his eyes,	When the ruin burst around me like a flood,	
Then slowly shaking as he bent his head, O venerable Lady, he replied,	Assail'd my soul. I ever deem'd his fall	190
If aught may comfort that unhappy soul,	An act of sudden madness; and this day Hath in unlook'd-for confirmation given A livelier hope, a more assur'd faith. Smiling benignant then amid her tears, She took Florinda by the hand, and said,	
It must be thy compassion, and thy prayers.	I little thought that I should live to bless Count Julian's daughter! She hath brought to me	
She whom he most hath wrong'd, she who alone	The last, the best, the only comfort earth	
On earth can grant forgiveness for his crime,	Could minister to this afflicted heart, And my grey hairs may now unto the grave	200
She hath forgiven him; and thy blessing now	Go down in peace.	
Were all that he could ask, . . . all that could bring	Happy, Florinda cried, Are they for whom the grave hath peace in store!	
Profit or consolation to his soul, If he hath been, as sure we may believe, A penitent sincere.	The wrongs they have sustain'd, the woes they bear, Pass not that holy threshold, where Death heals	
Oh had he lived, Replied Rusilla, never penitence Had equal'd his! full well I know his heart,	The broken heart. O Lady, thou may'st trust	
Vehement in all things. He would on himself	In humble hope, through Him who on the Cross	
Have wreak'd such penance as had reach'd the height	Gave his atoning blood for lost mankind,	
Of fleshly suffering . . . yea, which being told		
With its portentous rigour should have made		

To meet beyond the grave thy child
 forgiven.
 I too with Roderick there may inter-
 change
 Forgiveness. But the grief which
 wastes away 210
 This mortal frame, hastening the happy
 hour
 Of my enlargement, is but a light part
 Of what my soul endures! . . . that grief
 hath lost
 Its sting: . . . I have a keener sorrow
 here, . . .
 One which, . . . but God forefend that dire
 event, . . .
 May pass with me the portals of the grave,
 And with a thought, like sin which can-
 not die,
 Embitter Heaven. My father hath
 renounced
 His hope in Christ! It was his love for me
 Which drove him to perdition. . . . I was
 born 220
 To ruin all who loved me, . . . all I loved!
 Perhaps I sinn'd in leaving him; . . . that
 fear
 Rises within me to disturb the peace
 Which I should else have found.
 To Roderick then
 The pious mourner turn'd her suppliant
 eyes:
 O Father, there is virtue in thy prayers! . .
 I do beseech thee offer them to Heaven
 In his behalf! For Roderick's sake, for
 mine,
 Wrestle with Him whose name is Merciful,
 That Julian may with penitence be
 touch'd, 230
 And clinging to the Cross, implore that
 grace
 Which ne'er was sought in vain. For
 Roderick's sake
 And mine, pray for him! We have been
 the cause

Of his offence! What other miseries
 May from that same unhappy source
 have risen,
 Are earthly, temporal, reparable all; . .
 But if a soul be lost through our mis-
 deeds,
 That were eternal evil! Pray for him,
 Good Father Maccabee, and be thy
 prayers
 More fervent, as the deeper is the crime.

 While thus Florinda spake, the dog
 who lay 241
 Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
 And wistfully, had recognized at length,
 Changed as he was and in those sordid

 His royal master. And he rose and
 lick'd
 His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd
 up
 With eyes whose human meaning did
 not need
 The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at
 once
 To court and chide the long-withheld
 caress.
 A feeling uncommix'd with sense of
 guilt 250
 Or shame, yet painfulest, thrill'd through
 the King;
 But he to self-controul now long inured,
 Represt his rising heart, nor other tears,
 Full as his struggling bosom was, let fall
 Than seem'd to follow on Florinda's
 words.
 Looking toward her then, yet so that still
 He shunn'd the meeting of her eye, he

 Virtuous and pious as thou art, and ripe
 For Heaven, O Lady, I must think the
 man
 Hath not by his good Angel been cast off
 For whom thy supplications rise. The
 Lord 261

Whose justice doth in its unerring course
Visit the children for the sire's offence,
Shall He not in his boundless mercy
hear

The daughter's prayer, and for her sake
restore

The guilty parent? My soul shall with
thine

In earnest and continual duty join. . .
How deeply, how devoutly, He will know
To whom the cry is raised.

Thus having said,
Deliberately, in self-possession still, 270
Himself from that most painful inter-
view

Dispeeding, he withdrew. The watch-
ful dog

Follow'd his footsteps close. But he
retired

Into the thickest grove; there yielding
way

To his o'erburthen'd nature, from all
eyes

Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and
cried,

While tears stream'd down, Thou,
Theron, then hast known

Thy poor lost master, . . Theron, none
but thou!

XVI. COVADONGA

MEANTIME Pelayo up the vale pursued
Eastward his way, before the sun had
climb'd

Auseva's brow, or shed his silvering
beams

Upon Europa's summit, where the snows
Through all revolving seasons hold their
seat.

A happy man he went, his heart at rest,
Of hope and virtue and affection full,
To all exhilarating influences

Of earth and heaven alive. With kin-
dred joy

He heard the lark, who from her airy
height, 20

On twinkling pinions poised, pour'd
forth profuse,

In thrilling sequence of exuberant song,
As one whose joyous nature overflow'd
With life and power, her rich and rap-
turous strain.

The early bee, buzzing along the way,
From flower to flower, bore gladness on
its wing

To his rejoicing sense; and he pursued,
With quicken'd eye alert, the frolic hare,
Where from the green herb in her wan-
ton path

She brush'd away the dews. For he
long time, 20

Far from his home and from his native
hills,

Had dwelt in bondage; and the moun-
tain breeze,

Which he had with the breath of infancy
Inhaled, such impulse to his heart
restored,

As if the seasons had roll'd back, and life
Enjoy'd a second spring.

Through fertile fields
He went, by cots with pear-trees over-
bower'd,

Or spreading to the sun their trelliced
vines;

Through orchards now, and now by
thymy banks,

Where wooden hives in some warm nook
were hid 30

From wind and shower; and now
thro' shadowy paths,

Where hazels fringed Pionia's vocal
stream;

Till where the loftier hills to narrower
bound

Confine the vale, he reach'd those huts
remote

Which should hereafter to the noble line
 Of Soto origin and name impart :
 A gallant lineage, long in fields of war
 And faithful chronicler's enduring page
 Blazon'd : but most by him illustrated,
 Avid of gold, yet greedier of renown, 40
 Whom not the spoils of Atabalipa
 Could satisfy insatiate,¹ nor the fame
 Of that wide empire overthrown appease;
 But he to Florida's disastrous shores
 In evil hour his gallant comrades led,
 Through savage woods and swamps, and
 hostile tribes,
 The Apalachian arrows, and the snares
 Of wilier foes, hunger, and thirst, and
 toil ;
 Till from ambition's feverish dream the
 touch
 Of Death awoke him ; and when he had
 seen 50
 The fruit of all his treasures, all his toil,
 Foresight, and long endurance, fade
 away,
 Earth to the restless one refusing rest,
 In the great river's midland bed he left
 His honour'd bones.

A mountain rivulet,

Now calm and lovely in its summer
 course,
 Held by those huts its everlasting way
 Towards Pionia. They whose flocks
 and herds
 Drink of its water call it Deva. Here
 Pelayo southward up the ruder vale 60
 Traced it, his guide unerring. Amid

Of mountain wreck, on either side
 thrown high,
 The wide-spread traces of its wintry
 might,
 The tortuous channel wound ; o'er beds
 of sand

Here silently it flows ; here from the
 rock
 Rebutted, curls and eddies ; plunges here
 Precipitate ; here roaring among crags,
 It leaps and foams and whirls and
 hurries on.
 Grey alders here and bushy hazels hid
 The mossy side ; their wreath'd and
 knotted feet 70
 Bared by the current, now against its
 force
 Repaying the support they found, up-
 held
 The bank secure. Here, bending to
 the stream,
 The birch fantastic stretch'd its rugged
 trunk,
 Tall and erect, from whence, as from
 their base,
 Each like a tree, its silver branches grew.
 The cherry here hung for the birds of
 heaven
 Its rosy fruit on high. The elder there
 Its purple berries o'er the water bent,
 Heavily hanging. Here, amid the
 brook, 80
 Grey as the stone to which it clung, half
 root,
 Half trunk, the young ash rises from the
 rock ;
 And there its parent lifts a lofty head,
 And spreads its graceful boughs ; the
 passing wind
 With twinkling motion lifts the silent
 leaves,
 And shakes its rattling tufts.

Soon had the Prince

Behind him left the farthest dwelling-
 place
 Of man ; no fields of waving corn were
 here,
 Nor wicker storehouse for the autumnal
 grain ;
 Vineyard, nor bowery fig, nor fruitful
 grove ; 90

¹ Hernando de Soto (S.).

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Only the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
 Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
 Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
 Here rich with heath, that o'er some smooth ascent
 Its purple glory spread, or golden gorse ;
 Bare here, and striated with many a hue,
 Scored by the wintry rain ; by torrents here
 Riven, and with overhanging rocks abrupt.
 Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes
 Where crags loose-hanging o'er the narrow pass 100
 Impended, there beheld his country's strength
 Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced.
 Oh that the Musselman were here, he cried,
 With all his myriads ! While thy day endures,
 Moor ! thou may'st lord it in the plains ; but here
 Hath Nature for the freer and brave prepared
 A sanctuary, where no oppressor's power,
 No might of human tyranny can pierce.

 The tears which started then sprang not alone 109
 From lofty thoughts of elevating joy ;
 For love and admiration had their part,
 And virtuous pride. Here then thou hast retired,
 My Gaudiosa ! in his heart he said ;
 Excellent woman ! ne'er was richer boon
 By fate benign to favour'd man indulged,
 Than when thou wert before the face of Heaven
 Given me to be my children's mother, brave
 And virtuous as thou art ! Here thou hast fled,
 Thou who wert nurst in palaces, to dwell
 In rocks and mountain caves ! . . The thought was proud, 120
 Yet not without a sense of inmost pain ;
 For never had Pelayo till that hour
 So deeply felt the force of solitude.
 High over head the eagle soar'd serene,
 And the grey lizard on the rocks below
 Bask'd in the sun : no living creature else
 In this remotest wilderness was seen ;
 Nor living voice was there, . . only the flow
 Of Deva, and the rushing of its springs
 Long in the distance heard, which nearer now, 130
 With endless repercussion deep and loud,
 Throbb'd on the dizzy sense.
 The ascending vale,
 Long straiten'd by the narrowing mountains, here
 Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,
 Stood eminent, in height exceeding far
 All edifice of human power, by King
 Or Caliph, or barbaric Sultan rear'd,
 Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,
 Assyrian or Egyptian, in their pride ;
 Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,
 Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose. 141
 Here, in two sources, from the living rock
 The everlasting springs of Deva gush'd.
 Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,
 By Nature there as for an altar drest,
 They join'd their sister stream, which from the earth
 Well'd silently. In such a scene rude man
 With pardonable error might have knelt,
 Feeling a present Deity, and made
 His offering to the fountain Nymph devout. 150

The arching rock disclosed above the springs
 A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,
 That e'er of old in forest of romance
 'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,
 Erect within the portal might have stood.
 The broken stone allow'd for hand and foot
 No difficult ascent, above the base
 In height a tall man's stature, measured thrice.
 No holier spot than Covadonga Spain
 Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms 160
 Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom
 In elder or in later days enrich'd,
 And glorified with tales of heavenly aid
 By many a miracle made manifest;
 Nor in the heroic annals of her fame
 Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.
 Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit
 Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,
 Following the pleasure of his straggling flock,
 None knew the place.
 Pelayo, when he saw 170
 Those glittering sources and their sacred cave,
 Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,
 And with a breath long drawn and slow expired
 Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls
 Of Cangas, went to tell his glad return
 When from the chace he came. At the first sound
 Favila started in the cave, and cried,
 My father's horn! . . . A sudden flush suffused
 Hermesind's cheek, and she with quicken'd eye
 Look'd eager to her mother silently; 180
 But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,
 Doubting her sense deceived. A second time
 The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad;
 And Hermesind around her mother's neck
 Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaim'd,
 'Tis he! . . . But when a third and broader blast
 Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,
 With magic power endued, call up a sight
 So strange, as sure in that wild solitude
 It seem'd, when from the bowels of the rock 190
 The mother and her children hasten'd forth;
 She in the sober charms and dignity
 Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet
 Upon decay; in gesture like a Queen,
 Such inborn and habitual majesty
 Ennobled all her steps, . . . or Priestess, chosen
 Because within such faultless work of Heaven
 Inspiring Deity might seem to make
 Its habitation known. . . Favila such
 In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son, 200
 When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased
 Beheld the boy divine his growing strength
 Against some shaggy lionet essay,
 And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,
 Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.
 But like a creature of some higher sphere
 His sister came; she scarcely touch'd the rock,

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So light was Hermesind's aerial speed.
 Beauty and grace and innocence in her
 In heavenly union shone. One who had
 held 210
 The faith of elder Greece, would sure
 have thought
 She was some glorious nymph of seed
 divine,
 Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train
 The youngest and the loveliest: yea,
 she seem'd
 Angel, or soul beatified, from realms
 Of bliss, on errand of parental love
 To earth re-sent, . . if tears and trem-
 bling limbs
 With such celestial natures might con-
 sist.

Embraced by all, in turn embracing
 each, 219
 The husband and the father for awhile
 Forgot his country and all things beside:
 Life hath few moments of such pure
 delight,
 Such foretaste of the perfect joy of
 Heaven.
 And when the thought recurr'd of suffer-
 ings past,
 Perils which threaten'd still, and ardu-
 ous toil
 Yet to be undergone, remember'd griefs
 Heighten'd the present happiness; and
 hope
 Upon the shadows of futurity
 Shone like the sun upon the morning
 mists,
 When driven before his rising rays they
 roll, 230
 And melt and leave the prospect bright
 and clear.

When now Pelayo's eyes had drunk
 their fill
 Of love from those dear faces, he went
 up

To view the hiding-place. Spacious it
 was
 As that Sicilian cavern in the hill
 Wherein earth-shaking Neptune's giant
 son
 Duly at eve was wont to fold his flock,
 Ere the wise Ithacan, over that brute
 force
 By wiles prevailing, for a life-long night
 Seel'd his broad eye. The healthful air
 had here 240
 Free entrance, and the cheerful light of
 heaven;
 But at the end, an opening in the floor
 Of rock disclosed a wider vault below,
 Which never sun-beam visited, nor
 breath
 Of vivifying morning came to cheer.
 No light was there but that which from
 above
 In dim reflection fell, or found its way,
 Broken and quivering, through the

 Where through the rock it gush'd. That
 shadowy light
 Sufficed to show, where from their secret
 bed 250
 The waters issued; with whose rapid
 course,
 And with whose everlasting cataracts
 Such motion to the chill damp atmo-
 sphere
 Was given, as if the solid walls of rock
 Were shaken with the sound.
 Glad to respire
 The upper air, Pelayo hasten'd back
 From that drear den. Look! Herme-
 sind exclaim'd,
 Taking her father's hand, thou hast not
 seen
 My chamber: . . See! . . did ever ring-
 dove chuse
 In so secure a nook her hiding-place, 260
 Or build a warmer nest? 'Tis fragrant
 too,

As warm, and not more sweet than soft ;
 for thyme
 And myrtle with the elastic heath are
 laid,
 And, over all, this dry and pillowy
 moss. . .
 Smiling she spake. Pelayo kiss'd the
 child,
 And, sighing, said within himself, I trust
 In Heaven, whene'er thy May of life is
 come,
 Sweet bird, that thou shalt have a
 blither bower !
 Fitlier, he thought, such chamber might
 beseem 269
 Some hermit of Hilarion's school austere,
 Or old Antonius, he who from the hell
 Of his bewilder'd phantasy saw fiends
 In actual vision, a foul throng grotesque
 Of all horrific shapes and forms obscene
 Crowd in broad day before his open eyes.
 That feeling cast a momentary shade
 Of sadness o'er his soul. But deeper
 thoughts,
 If he might have foreseen the things to
 come,
 Would there have fill'd him ; for within
 that cave
 His own remains were one day doom'd
 to find 280
 Their final place of rest ; and in that spot,
 Where that dear child with innocent
 delight
 Had spread her mossy couch, the
 sepulchre
 Shall in the consecrated rock be hewn,
 Where with Alphonso, her beloved lord,
 Laid side by side, must Hermesind par-
 take
 The everlasting marriage-bed, when he,
 Leaving a name perdurable on earth,
 Hath changed his earthly for a heavenly
 crown.
 Dear child, upon that fated spot she
 stood, 290

In all the beauty of her opening youth,
 In health's rich bloom, in virgin inno-
 cence,
 While her eyes sparkled and her heart
 o'erflow'd
 With pure and perfect joy of filial love.

 Many a slow century since that day
 hath fill'd
 Its course, and countless multitudes
 have trod
 With pilgrim feet that consecrated cave ;
 Yet not in all those ages, amid all
 The untold concourse, hath one breast
 been swoln
 With such emotions as Pelayo felt 300
 That hour. O Gaudiosa, he exclaim'd,
 And thou couldst seek for shelter here,
 amid
 This awful solitude, in mountain caves !
 Thou noble spirit ! Oh when hearts like
 thine
 Grow on this sacred soil, would it not be
 In me, thy husband, double infamy,
 And tenfold guilt, if I despair'd of Spain ?
 In all her visitations, favouring Heaven
 Hath left her still the unconquerable
 mind ;
 And thus being worthy of redemption,
 sure 310
 Is she to be redeem'd.

Beholding her
 Through tears he spake, and prest upon
 her lips
 A kiss of deepest love. Think ever thus,
 She answer'd, and that faith will give
 the power
 In which it trusts. When to this moun-
 tain hold
 These children, thy dear images, I
 brought,
 I said within myself, where should they
 fly
 But to the bosom of their native hills ?
 I brought them here as to a sanctuary,

Where, for the temple's sake, the in-
dwelling God 320
Would guard his supplicants. O my
dear Lord,
Proud as I was to know that they were
thine,
Was it a sin if I almost believed,
That Spain, her destiny being link'd
with theirs,
Must save the precious charge ?
So let us think,
The Chief replied, so feel and teach and
act.
Spain is our common parent: let the
sons
Be to the parent true, and in her
strength
And Heaven, their sure deliverance
they will find.

XVII. RODERICK AND SIVERIAN

O HOLIEST Mary, Maid and Mother !
thou
In Covadonga, at thy rocky shrine,
Hast witness'd whatsoe'er of human bliss
Heart can conceive most perfect ! Faith-
ful love,
Long cros'd by envious stars, hath there
attain'd
Its crown, in endless matrimony given ;
The youthful mother there hath to the
font
Her first-born borne, and there, with
Of gratitude for that dear babe redeem'd
From threatening death, return'd to
pay her vows. 10
But ne'er on nuptial, nor baptismal day,
Nor from their grateful pilgrimage dis-
charged,
Did happier group their way down
Deva's vale
Rejoicing hold, than this blest family,
O'er whom the mighty Spirit of the
Land
Spread his protecting wings. The chil-
dren, free
In youthhead's happy season from all
cares
That might disturb the hour, yet
capable
Of that intense and unalloy'd delight
Which childhood feels when it enjoys
again 20
The dear parental presence long de-
prived ;
Nor were the parents now less bless'd
than they,
Even to the height of human happiness ;
For Gaudiosa and her Lord that hour
Let no misgiving thoughts intrude ; she
fix'd
Her hopes on him, and his were fix'd on
Heaven ;
And hope in that courageous heart
derived
Such rooted strength and confidence
assured
In righteousness, that 'twas to him like
faith . .
An everlasting sunshine of the soul, 30
Illumining and quickening all its powers.

But on Pionia's side meantime a heart
As generous, and as full of noble
thoughts,
Lay stricken with the deadliest bolts of
grief.
Upon a smooth grey stone sate Roderick
there ;
The wind above him stirr'd the hazel
boughs,
And murmuring at his feet the river ran.
He sate with folded arms and head de-
clined
Upon his breast feeding on bitter
thoughts,

Till nature gave him in the exhausted sense 40
 Of woe a respite something like repose ;
 And then the quiet sound of gentle winds
 And waters with their lulling consonance
 Beguiled him of himself. Of all within
 Oblivious there he sate, sentient alone
 Of outward nature, . . of the whispering
 leaves
 That soothed his ear, . . the genial
 breath of Heaven
 That fann'd his cheek, . . the stream's
 perpetual flow,
 That, with its shadows and its glancing
 lights,
 Dimples and thread-like motions in-
 finite, 50
 For ever varying and yet still the same,
 Like time toward eternity, ran by.
 Resting his head upon his master's knees,
 Upon the bank beside him Theron lay.
 What matters change of state and cir-
 cumstance,
 Or lapse of years, with all their dread
 events,
 To him ? What matters it that Roderick
 wears
 The crown no longer, nor the sceptre
 wilds ? . .
 It is the dear-loved hand, whose friendly
 touch
 Had flatter'd him so oft ; it is the voice,
 At whose glad summons to the field so
 oft 61
 From slumber he had started, shaking off
 Dreams of the chace, to share the actual
 joy ;
 The eye, whose recognition he was wont
 To watch and welcome with exultant
 tongue.

 A coming step, unheard by Roderick,
 roused
 His watchful ear, and turning he beheld
 Siverian. Father, said the good old man,

As Theron rose and fawn'd about his
 knees,
 Hast thou some charm, which draws
 about thee thus 70
 The hearts of all our house, . . even to
 the beast
 That lacks discourse of reason, but too
 oft,
 With uncorrupted feeling and dumb
 faith,
 Puts lordly man to shame ? . . The King
 replied,
 'Tis that mysterious sense by which
 mankind
 To fix their friendships and their loves
 are led,
 And which with fainter influence doth
 extend
 To such poor things as this. As we
 put off
 The cares and passions of this fretful
 world,
 It may be too that we thus far approach
 To elder nature, and regain in part 81
 The privilege through sin in Eden lost.
 The timid hare soon learns that she may
 trust
 The solitary penitent, and birds
 Will light upon the hermit's harmless
 hand.

 Thus Roderick answer'd in excursive
 speech,
 Thinking to draw the old man's mind
 from what
 Might touch him else too nearly, and
 himself
 Disposed to follow on the lure he threw,
 As one whom such imaginations led 90
 Out of the world of his own miseries.
 But to regardless ears his words were
 given,
 For on the dog Siverian gazed the while,
 Pursuing his own thoughts. Thou hast
 not felt,

290 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Exclaim'd the old man, the earthquake
and the storm ;

The kingdom's overthrow, the wreck of
Spain,

The ruin of thy royal master's house,
Have reach'd not thee ! . . Then turning
to the King,

When the destroying enemy drew nigh
Toledo, he continued, and we fled 100

Before their fury, even while her grief
Was fresh, my Mistress would not leave
behind

This faithful creature. Well we knew
she thought

Of Roderick then, although she named
him not ;

For never since the fatal certainty

Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,
Save in her prayers, been known to pass
her lips

Before this day. She names him now,
and weeps ;

But now her tears are tears of thankful-
ness, 109

For blessed hath thy coming been to her
And all who loved the King.

His faltering voice

Here fail'd him, and he paused : re-
covering soon,

When that poor injured Lady, he pur-
sued,

Did in my presence to the Prince absolve
The unhappy King. . .

Absolve him ! Roderick cried,
And in that strong emotion turn'd his
face

Sternly toward Siverian, for the sense
Of shame and self-reproach drove from
his mind

All other thoughts. The good old man
replied,

Of human judgements humanly I speak.
Who knows not what Pelayo's life hath
been ? 121

Not happen in all dear domestic ties,

Than worthy for his virtue of the bliss
Which is that virtue's fruit ; and yet
did he

Absolve, upon Florinda's tale, the King.
Siverian, thus he said, what most I
hoped,

And still within my secret heart believed,
Is now made certain. Roderick hath
been

More sinn'd against than sinning. And
with that

He clasp'd his hands, and, lifting them
to Heaven, 130

Cried, Would to God that he were yet
alive !

For not more gladly did I draw my
sword

Against Witiza in our common cause,
Than I would fight beneath his banners
now,

And vindicate his name !

Did he say this ?

The Prince ? Pelayo ? in astonishment
Roderick exclaim'd. . . He said it, quoth
the old man.

None better knew his kinsman's noble
heart,

None loved him better, none bewail'd
him more : 139

And as he felt, like me, for his reproach
A deeper grief than for his death, even so
He cherish'd in his heart the constant
thought

Something was yet untold, which, being
known,

Would palliate his offence, and make the
fall

Of one till then so excellently good,
Less monstrous, less revolting to belief,
More to be pitied, more to be forgiven.

While thus he spake, the fallen King
felt his face

Burn, and his blood flow fast. Down,
guilty thoughts !

Firmly he said within his soul ; lie still,
 Thou heart of flesh ! I thought thou
 hadst been quell'd, 151
 And quell'd thou shalt be ! Help me,
 O my God,
 That I may crucify this inward foe !
 Yea, thou hast help'd me, Father ! I am
 strong,
 O Saviour, in thy strength.

As he breath'd thus

His inward supplications, the old man
 Eyed him with frequent and unsteady
 looks.
 He had a secret trembling on his lips,
 And hesitated, still irresolute
 In utterance to embody the dear hope :
 Fain would he have it strengthen'd and
 assured 161
 By this concurring judgement, yet he
 fear'd
 To have it chill'd in cold accoil. At
 length
 Venturing, he brake with interrupted
 speech
 The troubled silence. Father Maccabee,
 I cannot rest till I have laid my heart
 Open before thee. When Pelayo wish'd
 That his poor kinsman were alive to rear
 His banner once again, a sudden
 thought . .
 A hope . . a fancy . . what shall it be
 call'd ? 170
 Possess'd me, that perhaps the wish
 might see
 Its glad accomplishment, . . that
 Roderick lived,
 And might in glory take the field once
 more
 For Spain. . . I see thou startest at the
 thought !
 Yet spurn it not with hasty unbelief,
 As though 'twere utterly beyond the
 scope
 Of possible contingency. I think
 That I have calmly satisfied myself

How this is more than idle fancy, more
 Than mere imaginations of a mind 180
 Which from its wishes builds a baseless
 faith.
 His horse, his royal robe, his horned
 helm,
 His mail and sword were found upon the
 field ;
 But if King Roderick had in battle
 fallen,
 That sword, I know, would only have
 been found
 Clench'd in the hand which, living,
 knew so well
 To wield the dreadful steel ! Not in the
 throng
 Confounded, nor amid the torpid stream,
 Opening with ignominious arms a way
 For flight, would he have perish'd !
 Where the strife 190
 Was hottest, ring'd about with slaugh-
 ter'd foes,
 Should Roderick have been found : by
 this sure mark
 Ye should have known him, if nought
 else remain'd,
 That his whole body had been gored
 with wounds,
 And quill'd with spears, as if the Moors
 had felt
 That in his single life the victory lay,
 More than in all the host !

Siverian's eyes

Shone with a youthful ardour while he
 spake,
 His gathering brow grew stern, and as
 he raised
 His arm, a warrior's impulse character'd
 The impassion'd gesture. But the King
 was calm 201
 And heard him with unchanging coun-
 tenance ;
 For he had taken his resolve, and felt
 Once more the peace of God within his
 soul,

292 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

As in that hour when by his father's
grave

He knelt before Pelayo.

Soon the old man
Pursued in calmer tones, . . Thus much
I dare

Believe, that Roderick fell not on that
day

When treason brought about his over-
throw.

If yet he live, for sure I think I know 210
His noble mind, 'tis in some wilderness.
Where, in some savage den inhumed,
he drags

The weary load of life, and on his flesh
As on a mortal enemy, inflicts
Fierce vengeance with immitigable hand.
Oh that I knew but where to bend my
way

In his dear search! my voice perhaps
might reach

His heart, might reconcile him to himself,
Restore him to his mother ere she dies,
His people and his country: with the
sword, 220

Them and his own good name should he
redeem.

Oh might I but behold him once again
Leading to battle these intrepid bands,
Such as he was, . . yea rising from his fall
More glorious, more beloved! Soon
I believe

Joy would accomplish then what grief
hath fail'd

To do with this old heart, and I should die
Clasping his knees with such intense
delight,

That when I woke in Heaven, even
Heaven itself

Could have no higher happiness in store.

Thus fervently he spake, and copious
tears 231

Ran down his cheeks. Full oft the
Royal Goth,

Since he came forth again among man-
kind,

Had trembled lest some curious eye
should read

His lineaments too closely; now he long'd
To fall upon the neck of that old man,
And give his full heart utterance. But
the sense

Of duty, by the pride of self-controul
Corroborate, made him steadily repress
His yearning nature. Whether Roderick
live, 240

Paying in penitence the bitter price
Of sin, he answered, or if earth hath
given

Rest to his earthly part, is only known
To him and Heaven. Dead is he to the
world;

And let not these imaginations rob
His soul of thy continual prayers, whose
aid

Too surely, in whatever world, he needs.
The faithful love that mitigates his fault,
Heavenward address, may mitigate his
doom.

Living or dead, old man, be sure his
soul, . . 250

It were unworthy else, . . doth hold with
thine

Entire communion! Doubt not he relies
Firmly on thee, as on a father's love,
Counts on thy offices, and joins with thee
In sympathy and fervent act of faith,
Though regions, or though worlds,
should intervene.

Lost as he is, to Roderick this must be
Thy first, best, dearest duty; next must
be

To hold right onward in that noble path,
Which he would counsel, could his voice
be heard. 260

Now therefore aid me, while I call upon
The Leaders and the People, that this
day

We may acclaim Pelayo for our King.

XVIII. THE ACCLAMATION

Now, when from Covadonga, down the
vale

Holding his way, the princely moun-
taineer

Came with that happy family in sight
Of Cangas and his native towers, far off
He saw before the gate, in fair array,
The assembled land. Broad banners
were display'd,

And spears were sparkling to the sun,
shields shone,

And helmets glitter'd, and the blairing
horn,

With frequent sally of impatient joy,
Provoked the echoes round. Well he
areeds,

From yonder ensigns and augmented
force,

That Odoar and the Primate from the
west

Have brought their aid; but wherefore
all were thus

Instructed as for some great festival,
He found not, till Favila's quicker eye
Catching the ready buckler, the glad boy
Leapt up, and clapping his exultant
hands,

Shouted, King! King! my father shall
be King

This day! Pelayo started at the word,
And the first thought which smote him
brought a sigh

For Roderick's fall; the second was of
hope,

Deliverance for his country, for himself
Enduring fame, and glory for his line.

That high prophetic forethought gather'd
strength,

As looking to his honour'd mate, he
read

Her soul's accordant augury; her eyes
Brighten'd; the quicken'd action of the
blood

Tinged with a deeper hue her glowing
cheek,

And on her lips there sate a smile which
spake

The honourable pride of perfect love, so
Rejoicing, for her husband's sake, to
share

The lot he chose, the perils he defied,
The lofty fortune which their faith
foresaw.

Roderick, in front of all the assembled
troops,

Held the broad buckler, following to the
end

That steady purpose to the which his
zeal

Had this day wrought the Chiefs. Tall
as himself,

Erect it stood beside him, and his hands
Hung resting on the rim. This was an
hour

That sweeten'd life, repaid and recom-
pensed

All losses; and although it could not
heal

All griefs, yet laid them for awhile to rest.
The active agitating joy that fill'd

The vale, that with contagious influence
spread

Through all the exulting mountaineers,
that gave

New ardour to all spirits, to all breasts
Inspired fresh impulse of excited hope,

Moved every tongue, and strengthen'd
every limb, . .

That joy which every man reflected saw
From every face of all the multitude, so

And heard in every voice, in every sound,
Reach'd not the King. Aloof from

sympathy,
He from the solitude of his own soul

Beheld the busy scene. None shared or
knew

His deep and incommunicable joy;

294 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

None but that heavenly Father, who
alone

Beholds the struggles of the heart, alone
Sees and rewards the secret sacrifice.

Among the chiefs conspicuous, Urban
stood,

He whom, with well-weigh'd choice, in
arduous time, 60

To arduous office the consenting Church
Had call'd when Sindered fear-smitten
fled;

Unfaithful shepherd, who for life alone
Solicitous, forsook his flock, when most
In peril and in suffering they required
A pastor's care. Far off at Rome he
dwells

In ignominious safety, while the Church
Keeps in her annals the deserter's name,
But from the service which with daily
zeal

Devout her ancient prelacy recalls, 70
Blots it, unworthy to partake her
prayers.

Urban, to that high station thus being
call'd,

From whence disanimating fear had
driven

The former primate, for the general weal
Consulting first, removed with timely
care

The relics and the written works of
Saints,

Toledo's choicest treasure prized beyond
All wealth, their living and their dead
remains;

These to the mountain fastnesses he
bore 79

Of unsubdued Cantabria, there deposed,
One day to be the boast of yet unbuilt
Oviedo, and the dear idolatry

Of multitudes unborn. To things of
state

Then giving thought mature, he held
advice

With Odoar, whom of counsel competent
And firm of heart he knew. What then
they plann'd,

Time and the course of over-ruled events
To earlier act had ripen'd, than their
hope

Had ever in its gladdest dream pro-
posed;

And here by agents unforeseen, and
means 90

Beyond the scope of foresight brought
about,

This day they saw their dearest heart's
desire

Accorded them: All-able Providence
Thus having ordered all, that Spain this
hour

With happiest omens, and on surest
base,

Should from its ruins rear again her
throne.

For acclamation and for sacring now
One form must serve, more solemn for
the breach

Of old observances, whose absence here
Deeplier impress'd the heart, than all
display 100

Of regal pomp and wealth pontifical,
Of vestments radiant with their gems,
and stiff

With ornature of gold; the glittering
train,

The long procession, and the full-voiced
choir.

This day the forms of piety and war,
In strange but fitting union must com-
bine.

Not in his alb and cope and orary
Came Urban now, nor wore he mitre
here,

Precious or auriphrygiate; bare of
head

He stood, all else in arms complete, and

His gorget's iron rings the pall was thrown
 Of wool undyed, which on the Apostle's tomb
 Gregory had laid, and sanctified with prayer;
 That from the living Pontiff and the dead
 Replete with holiness, it might impart
 Doubly derived its grace. One Page beside
 Bore his broad-shadow'd helm; another's hand
 Held the long spear, more suited in these times
 For Urban, than the crosier richly wrought
 With silver foliature, the elaborate work
 Of Grecian or Italian artist, train'd 121
 In the eastern capital, or sacred Rome,
 Still o'er the West predominant, though fallen.
 Better the spear befits the shepherd's hand
 When robbers break the fold. Now he had laid
 The weapon by, and held a natural cross
 Of rudest form, unpeel'd, even as it grew
 On the near oak that morn.
 Mutilate alike
 Of royal rites was this solemnity.
 Where was the rubied crown, the sceptre where, 130
 And where the golden pome, the proud array
 Of ermines, aureate vests, and jewelry,
 With all which Leuvigild for after kings
 Left, ostentatious of his power? The Moor
 Had made his spoil of these, and on the field
 Of Xeres, where contending multitudes
 Had trampled it beneath their bloody feet,
 The standard of the Goths forgotten lay
 Defiled, and rotting there in sun and rain.
 Utterly is it lost; nor evermore 140
 Herald or antiquary's patient search
 Shall from forgetfulness avail to save
 Those blazon'd arms, so fatally of old
 Renown'd through all the affrighted Occident.
 That banner, before which imperial Rome
 First to a conqueror bow'd her head abased;
 Which when the dreadful Hun, with all his powers,
 Came like a deluge rolling o'er the world,
 Made head, and in the front of battle broke
 His force, till then resistless; which so oft 150
 Had with alternate fortune braved the Frank:
 Driven the Byzantine from the farthest shores
 Of Spain, long lingering there, to final flight;
 And of their kingdoms and their name despoil'd
 The Vandal, and the Alan, and the Sueve;
 Blotted from human records is it now
 As it had never been. So let it rest
 With things forgotten! But Oblivion ne'er
 Shall cancel from the historic roll, nor Time,
 Who changeth all, obscure that fated sign, 160
 Which brighter now than mountain snows at noon
 To the bright sun displays its argent field.
 Rose not the vision then upon thy soul,
 O Roderick, when within that argent field

Thou saw'st the rampant Lion, red as if Of horn, shrill pipe, and tinkling cym-
 Upon some noblest quarry he had roll'd, bals' clash,
 Rejoicing in his satiate rage, and drunk And sound of deafening drum. But
 With blood and fury ? Did the auguries when the Prince
 Which open'd on thy spirit bring with Drew nigh, and Urban with the cross
 them upheld
 A perilous consolation, deadening heart Stept forth to meet him, all at once were
 And soul, yea worse than death, . . that still'd
 thou through all 171 With instantaneous hush ; as when the
 Thy chequer'd way of life, evil and good, wind,
 Thy errors and thy virtues, hadst but Before whose violent gusts the forest
 been
 The poor mere instrument of things Tossing like billows their tempestuous
 ordain'd, . . heads,
 Doing or suffering, impotent alike Roar like a raging sea, suspends its force,
 To will or act, . . perpetually bemock'd And leaves so dead a calm that not a
 With semblance of volition, yet in all leaf
 Blind worker of the ways of destiny ! Moves on the silent spray. The passing
 That thought intolerable, which in the air
 hour Bore with it from the woodland undis-
 Of woe indignant conscience had re- turb'd
 pell'd 180 The ringdove's wooing, and the quiet
 As little might it find reception now, voice
 When the regenerate spirit self-approved Of waters warbling near.
 Beheld its sacrifice complete. With Son of a race
 faith Of Heroes and of Kings ! the Primate
 Elate, he saw the banner'd Lion float thus
 Refulgent, and recall'd that thrilling Address'd him, Thou in whom the
 shout Gothic blood,
 Which he had heard when on Romano's Mingling with old Iberia's, hath restored
 grave To Spain a ruler of her native line, 211
 The joy of victory woke him from his Stand forth, and in the face of God and
 dream, man
 And sent him with prophetic hope to Swear to uphold the right, abate the
 work wrong,
 Fulfilment of the great events ordain'd, With equitable hand, protect the Cross
 There in imagination's inner world 190 Whereon thy lips this day shall seal
 Prefigured to his soul. their vow,
 Alone, advanced And underneath that hallow'd symbol,
 Before the ranks, the Goth in silence wage
 stood, Holy and inextinguishable war
 While from all voices round, loquacious Against the accurs'd nation that usurps
 joy Thy country's sacred soil !
 Mingled its buzz continuous with the So speak of me 219
 blast Now and for ever, O my countrymen !

Replied Pelayo; and so deal with me
Here and hereafter, thou, Almighty
God,

In whom I put my trust!

Lord God of Hosts,
Urban pursued, of Angels and of Men
Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,
Ruler of Earth and Heaven, . . look
down this day,

And multiply thy blessings on the head
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy
sight!

Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his
strength; 230

Crown him with justice, and with fortitude,

Defend him with thine all-sufficient
shield,

Surround him every where with the
right hand

Of thine all-present power, and with the
might

Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen Angels forth, that potently
And royally against all enemies

He may endure and triumph! Bless the
land

O'er which he is appointed; bless thou
it

With the waters of the firmament, the
springs 240

Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which
Sun

And Moon mature for man, the precious
stores

Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
Of Earth, its wealth and fulness!

Then he took
Pelayo's hand, and on his finger placed
The mystic circlet. . . With this ring,
O Prince,

To our dear Spain, who like a widow
now

Mourneth in desolation, I thee wed:

For weal or woe thou takest her, till
death

Dispart the union: Be it blest to her,
To thee, and to thy seed! 251

Thus when he ceased,
He gave the awaited signal. Roderick
brought

The buckler: Eight for strength and
stature chosen

Came to their honour'd office: Round
the shield

Standing, they lower it for the Chief-
tain's feet,

Then, slowly raised upon their shoulders,
lift

The steady weight. Erect Pelayo
stands,

And thrice he brandishes the burnish'd
sword,

While Urban to the assembled people
cries,

Spaniards, behold your King! The
multitude 260

Then sent forth all their voice with glad
acclaim,

Raising the loud *Real*; thrice did the
word

Ring through the air, and echo from the
walls

Of Cangas. Far and wide the thun-
dering shout,

Rolling among reduplicating rocks,
Peal'd o'er the hills, and up the moun-
tain vales.

The wild ass starting in the forest glade
Ran to the covert; the affrighted wolf

Skulk'd through the thicket to a closer
brake;

The sluggish bear, awaken'd in his den,
Roused up and answer'd with a sullen

growl, 271

Low-breathed and long; and at the
uproar scared,

The brooding eagle from her nest took
wing.

Heroes and Chiefs of old ! and ye who
 bore
 Firm to the last your part in that dread
 strife,
 When Julian and Witiza's viler race
 Betray'd their country, hear ye from
 yon Heaven
 The joyful acclamation which proclaims
 That Spain is born again ! O ye who
 died
 In that disastrous field, and ye who fell
 Embracing with a martyr's love your
 death 281
 Amid the flames of Auria ; and all ye
 Victims innumerable, whose cries un-
 heard
 On earth, but heard in Heaven, from
 all the land
 Went up for vengeance ; not in vain ye
 cry
 Before the eternal throne ! . . Rest
 innocent blood !
 Vengeance is due, and vengeance will
 be given,
 Rest innocent blood ! The appointed
 age is come !
 The star that harbingers a glorious day
 Hath risen ! Lo there the Avenger
 stands ! Lo there 290
 He brandishes the avenging sword ! Lo
 there
 The avenging banner spreads its argent
 field
 Refulgent with auspicious light ! . .
 Rejoice,
 O Leon, for thy banner is displayed,
 Rejoice with all thy mountains, and thy
 vales
 And streams ! And thou, O Spain,
 through all thy realms,
 For thy deliverance cometh ! Even now,
 As from all sides the miscreant hosts
 move on ; . .
 From southern Betis ; from the western
 lands,

Where through redundant vales smooth
 Minho flows, 300
 And Douro pours through vine-clad hills
 the wealth
 Of Leon's gathered waters ; from the
 plains
 Burgensian, in old time Vardulia call'd,
 But in their castellated strength ere long
 To be design'd Castille, a deathless
 name ;
 From midland regions where Toledo
 reigns
 Proud city on her royal eminence,
 And Tagus bends his sickle round the
 scene
 Of Roderick's fall ; from rich Rioja's
 fields ;
 Dark Ebro's shores ; the walls of Sal-
 duba, 310
 Seat of the Sedetanians old, by Rome
 Caesarian and August denominate,
 Now Zaragoza, in this later time
 Above all cities of the earth renown'd
 For duty perfectly perform'd ; . . East,
 West
 And South, where'er their gather'd
 multitudes
 Urged by the speed of vigorous tyranny,
 With more than with commensurable
 strength
 Haste to prevent the danger, crush the
 hopes
 Of rising Spain, and rivet round her neck
 The eternal yoke, . . the ravenous fowls
 of heaven 321
 Flock there presentient of their food
 obscene,
 Following the accursed armies, whom
 too well
 They know their purveyors long. Pursue
 their march,
 Ominous attendants ! Ere the moon
 hath fill'd
 Her horns, these purveyors shall become
 the prey,

And ye on Moorish not on Christian
flesh

Wearying your beaks, shall clog your
scaly feet

With foreign gore. Soon will ye learn
to know,

Followers and harbingers of blood, the
flag 330

Of Leon where it bids you to your
feast!

Terror and flight shall with that flag go
forth,

And Havoc and the Dogs of War and
Death.

Thou Covadonga with the tainted
stream

Of Deva, and this now rejoicing vale,
Soon its primal triumphs wilt behold!
Nor shall the glories of the noon be
less

Than such miraculous promise of the
dawn:

Witness Clavijo, where the dreadful cry
Of Santiago, then first heard, o'er-
power'd 340

The Akbar, and that holier name blas-
phemed

By misbelieving lips! Simancas, thou
Be witness! And do ye your record
bear,

Tolosan mountains, where the Almo-
hade

Beheld his myriads scatter'd and de-
stroy'd,

Like locusts swept before the stormy
North!

Thou too, Salado, on that later day
When Africa received her final foil,

And thy swoln stream incarnadined,
roll'd back

The invaders to the deep, . . there shall
they toss 350

Till on their native Mauritanian shore
The waves shall cast their bones to
whiten there.

XIX. RODERICK AND RUSILLA

WHEN all had been perform'd, the royal
Goth

Look'd up towards the chamber in the
tower

Where, gazing on the multitude below,
Alone Rusilla stood. He met her eye,

For it was singling him amid the crowd;
Obeying then the hand which beckon'd
him,

He went with heart prepared, nor
shrinking now,

But arm'd with self-approving thoughts
that hour.

Entering in tremulous haste, he closed
the door,

And turn'd to clasp her knees; but lo,
she spread 10

Her arms, and catching him in close
embrace,

Fell on his neck, and cried, My Son, my
Son! . .

Ere long, controlling that first agony
With effort of strong will, backward she
bent,

And gazing on his head now shorn and
grey,

And on his furrow'd countenance, ex-
claim'd,

Still, still, my Roderick! the same noble
mind!

The same heroic heart! Still, still, my
Son! . .

Changed, . . yet not wholly fallen, . . not
wholly lost,

He cried, . . not wholly in the sight of
Heaven 20

Unworthy, O my Mother, nor in thine!
She lock'd her arms again around his

neck,
Saying, Lord, let me now depart in
peace!

And bow'd her head again, and silently
Gave way to tears.

300 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

When that first force was spent, Fluctuates, like summer corn before the
 And passion in exhaustion found breeze; 50
 relief, . . . Quick in their hatred, quicker in their
 I knew thee, said Rusilla, when the dog love,
 Rose from my feet, and lick'd his Generous and hasty, soon would they
 master's hand. redress
 All flash'd upon me then; the instinctive All wrongs of former obloquy. . . I
 sense thought
 That goes unerringly where reason Of happiness restored, . . the broken
 fails, . . 30 heart
 The voice, the eye, . . a mother's Heal'd, . . and Count Julian, for his
 thoughts are quick, . . daughter's sake,
 Miraculous as it seem'd, . . Siverian's Turning in thy behalf against the Moors
 tale, . . His powerful sword: . . all possibilities
 Florinda's, . . every action, . . every That could be found or fancied, built
 word, . . a dream
 Each strengthening each, and all confirming Before me; such as easiest might illude
 all, A lofty spirit train'd in palaces, 60
 Reveal'd thee, O my Son! but I restrain'd And not alone amid the flatteries
 My heart, and yielded to thy holier will Of youth with thoughts of high ambition
 The thoughts which rose to tempt a soul fed
 not yet When all is sunshine, but through years
 Wean'd wholly from the world. of woe,
 What thoughts? replied When sorrow sanctified their use, upheld
 Roderick. That I might see thee yet By honourable pride and earthly hopes.
 again I thought I yet might nurse upon my
 knee
 Such as thou wert, she answer'd; not Some young Theodofred, and see in him
 alone 40 Thy Father's image and thine own
 To Heaven and me restored, but to renew'd,
 thyself, . . And love to think the little hand which
 Thy Crown, . . thy Country, . . all within there
 thy reach; Play'd with the bauble, should in after
 Heaven so disposing all things, that the days 70
 means Wield the transmitted sceptre; . . that
 Which wrought the ill, might work the through him
 remedy. The ancient seed should be perpetuate, . .
 Methought I saw thee once again the That precious seed revered so long,
 hope, . . desired
 The strength, . . the pride of Spain! The So dearly, and so wondrously preserved.
 miracle
 Which I beheld made all things possible. Nay, he replied, Heaven hath not
 I know the inconstant people, how their with its bolts
 mind, Scathed the proud summit of the tree,
 With every breath of good or ill report, and left

The trunk unflaw'd; ne'er shall it clothe
its boughs

Again, nor push again its scyons forth,
Head, root, and branch, all mortified
alike! . .

Long ere these locks were shorn had
I out off 80

The thoughts of royalty! Time might
renew

Their growth, as for Manoah's captive
son,

And I too on the miscreant race, like
him,

Might prove my strength regenerate;
but the hour,

When, in its second best nativity,

My soul was born again through grace,
this heart

Died to the world. Dreams such as
thine pass now

Like evening clouds before me; if I
think

How beautiful they seem, 'tis but to
feel

How soon they fade, how fast the night
shuts in. 90

But in that World to which my hopes
look on,

Time enters not, nor Mutability;

Beauty and goodness are unfading
there;

Whatever there is given us to enjoy,

That we enjoy for ever, still the same. . .

Much might Count Julian's sword
achieve for Spain

And me, but more will his dear daughter's
soul

Effect in Heaven; and soon will she be
there

An Angel at the throne of Grace, to
plead

In his behalf and mine.

I knew thy heart, 100
She answer'd, and subdued the vain
desire.

It was the World's last effort. Thou
hast chosen

The better part. Yes, Roderick, even
on earth

There is a praise above the monarch's
fame,

A higher, holier, more enduring praise,
And this will yet be thine!

O tempt me not,
Mother! he cried; nor let ambition
take

That specious form to cheat us! What
but this,

Fallen as I am, have I to offer Heaven?
The ancestral sceptre, public fame, con-
tent 110

Of private life, the general good report,
Power, reputation, happiness, . . what-
e'er

The heart of man desires to constitute
His earthly weal, . . unerring Justice
claim'd

In forfeiture. I with submitted soul
Bow to the righteous law and kiss the
rod.

Only while thus submitted, suffering
thus, . .

Only while offering up that name on
earth,

Perhaps in trial offer'd to my choice,
Could I present myself before thy sight;
Thus only could endure myself, or fix 121
My thoughts upon that fearful pass,
where Death

Stands in the Gate of Heaven! . . Time
passes on,

The healing work of sorrow is complete;
All vain desires have long been weeded
out,

All vain regrets subdued; the heart is
dead,

The soul is ripe and eager for her birth.

Bless me, my Mother! and come when
it will

The inevitable hour, we die in peace.

So saying, on her knees he bow'd his
 head ; 130
 She raised her hands to Heaven and
 blest her child ;
 Then bending forward, as he rose, em-
 braced
 And claspt him to her heart, and cried,
 Once more
 Theodored, with pride behold thy son !

XX. THE MOORISH CAMP

THE times are big with tidings ; every
 hour
 From east and west and south the breath-
 less scouts
 Bring swift alarums in ; the gathering
 foe,
 Advancing from all quarters to one
 point,
 Close their wide crescent. Nor was aid
 of fear
 To magnify their numbers needed now,
 They came in myriads. Africa had
 pour'd
 Fresh shoals upon the coast of wretched
 Spain ;
 Lured from their hungry deserts to the
 scene
 Of spoil, like vultures to the battle-field,
 Fierce, unrelenting, habited in crimes, 11
 Like hidden guests the mirthful ruffians
 flock
 To that free feast which in their Pro-
 phet's name
 Rapine and Lust proclaim'd. Nor were
 the chiefs
 Of victory less assured, by long success
 Elate, and proud of that o'erwhelming
 strength,
 Which, surely they believed, as it had
 roll'd
 Thus far uncheck'd would roll victorious
 on,

Till, like the Orient, the subjected West
 Should bow in reverence at Mahommed's
 name ; 20
 And pilgrims, from remotest Arctic
 shores,
 Tread with religious feet the burning
 sands
 Of Araby, and Mecca's stony soil.
 Proud of his part in Roderick's over-
 throw,
 Their leader Abulcacem came, a man
 Immitigable, long in war renown'd.
 Here Maged comes, who on the con-
 quered walls
 Of Cordoba, by treacherous fear be-
 tray'd,
 Planted the moony standard : Ibrahim
 here,
 He, who by Genil and in Darro's vales, 30
 Had for the Moors the fairest portion won
 Of all their spoils, fairest and best main-
 tain'd,
 And to the Alpuxarras given in trust
 His other name, through them preserved
 in song.
 Here too Alcahman, vaunting his late
 deeds
 At Auria, all her children by the sword
 Cut off, her bulwarks rased, her towers
 laid low,
 Her dwellings by devouring flames con-
 sumed,
 Bloody and hard of heart, he little
 ween'd,
 Vain-boastful chief ! that from those
 fatal flames 40
 The fire of retribution had gone forth
 Which soon should wrap him round.
 The renegades
 Here too were seen, Ebba and Sisibert ;
 A spurious brood, but of their parent's
 crimes
 True heirs, in guilt begotten, and in ill
 Train'd up. The same unnatural rage
 that turn'd

Their swords against their country,
 made them seek,
 Unmindful of their wretched mother's
 end,
 Pelayo's life. No enmity is like
 Domestic hatred. For his blood they
 thirst, 50
 As if that sacrifice might satisfy
 Witiza's guilty ghost, efface the shame
 Of their adulterous birth, and one crime
 more
 Crowning a hideous course, emancipate
 Thenceforth their spirits from all earthly
 fear.
 This was their only care: but other
 thoughts
 Were rankling in that elder villain's
 mind,
 Their kinsman Orpas, he of all the crew
 Who in this fatal visitation fell,
 The foulest and the falsest wretch that
 e'er 60
 Renounced his baptism. From his
 cherish'd views
 Of royalty cut off, he coveted
 Count Julian's wide domains, and hope-
 less now
 To gain them through the daughter, laid
 his toils
 Against the father's life, . . the instru-
 ment
 Of his ambition first, and now design'd
 Its victim. To this end with cautious
 hints,
 At favouring season ventured, he pos-
 sess'd
 The leader's mind; then, subtly fos-
 tering
 The doubts himself had sown, with
 bolder charge 70
 He bade him warily regard the Count,
 Lest underneath an outward show of
 faith
 The heart uncircumcised were Christian
 still:

Else, wherefore had Florinda not obey'd
 Her dear loved sire's example, and em-
 braced
 The saving truth? Else, wherefore was
 her hand,
 Plighted to him so long, so long withheld,
 Till she had found a fitting hour to fly
 With that audacious Prince, who now
 in arms,
 Defied the Caliph's power; . . for who
 could doubt 80
 That in his company she fled, perhaps
 The mover of his flight? What if the
 Count
 Himself had plann'd the evasion which
 he feign'd
 In sorrow to condemn? What if she went
 A pledge assured, to tell the moun-
 taineers
 That when they met the Musselmén in
 the heat
 Of fight, her father passing to their side
 Would draw the victory with him? . .
 Thus he breathed
 Fiend-like in Abulcacem's ear his
 schemes
 Of murderous malice; and the course
 of things, 90
 Ere long, in part approving his dis-
 course,
 Aided his aim, and gave his wishes
 weight.
 For scarce on the Asturian territory
 Had they set foot, when, with the speed
 of fear,
 Count Eudon, nothing doubting that
 their force
 Would like a flood sweep all resistance
 down,
 Hasten'd to plead his merits; . . he
 alone,
 Found faithful in obedience through
 reproach
 And danger, when the madden'd multi-
 tude

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Hurried their chiefs along, and high and low
 With one infectious frenzy seized, provoked
 The invincible in arms. Pelayo led
 The raging crew, . . he doubtless the
 prime spring
 Of all these perilous movements; and
 'twas said
 He brought the assurance of a strong
 support,
 Count Julian's aid, for in his company
 From Cordoba, Count Julian's daughter

 Thus Eudon spake before the assembled chiefs;
 When instantly a stern and wrathful
 voice
 Replied, I know Pelayo never made
 That senseless promise! He who raised
 the tale
 Lies foully; but the bitterest enemy
 That ever hunted for Pelayo's life
 Hath never with the charge of falsehood
 touch'd
 His name.
 The Baron had not recognized
 Till then, beneath the turban's shadow-
 ing folds,
 Julian's swart visage, where the fiery

 Of Africa, through many a year's long
 course,
 Had set their hue inburnt. Something
 he sought
 In quick excuse to say of common fame,
 Lightly believed and busily diffused,
 And that no enmity had moved his
 speech
 Repeating rumour's tale. Julian replied,
 Count Eudon, neither for thyself nor me
 Excuse is needed here. The path I
 tread
 Is one wherein there can be no return.

 No pause, no looking back! A choice
 like mine
 For time and for eternity is made,
 Once and for ever! and as easily
 The breath of vain report might build
 again
 The throne which my just vengeance
 overthrew,
 As in the Caliph and his Captain's mind
 Affect the opinion of my well-tried
 truth.
 The tidings which thou givest me of my
 child
 Touch me more vitally; bad though
 they be,
 A secret apprehension of aught worse
 Makes me with joy receive them.
 Then the Count
 To Abulcacem turn'd his speech, and
 said,
 I pray thee, Chief, give me a messenger
 By whom I may to this unhappy child
 Dispatch a father's bidding, such as yet
 May win her back. What I would say
 requires
 No veil of privacy; before ye all
 The errand shall be given.
 Boldly he spake,
 Yet wary in that show of open truth,
 For well he knew what dangers girt him
 round
 Amid the faithless race. Blind with
 revenge,
 For them in madness had he sacrificed
 His name, his baptism, and his native
 land,
 To feel, still powerful as he was, that life
 Hung on their jealous favour. But his
 heart
 Approved him now, where love, too
 long restrain'd,
 Resumed its healing influence, leading
 him
 Right on with no misgiving. Chiefs, he
 said,

Hear me, and let your wisdom judge
 between
 Me and Prince Orpas! . . Known it is to
 all,
 Too well, what mortal injury provoked
 My spirit to that vengeance which your
 aid
 So signally hath given. A covenant
 We made when first our purpose we
 combined, 160
 That he should have Florinda for his
 wife,
 My only child, so should she be, I thought,
 Revenged and honour'd best. My
 word was given
 Truly, nor did I cease to use all means
 Of counsel or command, entreating her
 Sometimes with tears, seeking some-
 times with threats
 Of an offended father's curse to enforce
 Obedience; that, she said, the Christian
 law
 Forbade, moreover she had vow'd her-
 self 169
 A servant to the Lord. In vain I strove
 To win her to the Prophet's saving faith,
 Using perhaps a rigour to that end
 Beyond permitted means, and to my
 heart,
 Which loved her dearer than its own
 life-blood,
 Abhorrent. Silently she suffer'd all,
 Or when I urg'd her with most vehe-
 mence,
 Only replied, I knew her fix'd resolve,
 And craved my patience but a little
 while
 Till death should set her free. Touch'd
 as I was,
 I yet persisted, till at length to escape
 The ceaseless importunity, she fled: 181
 And verily I fear'd until this hour,
 My rigour to some fearfuller resolve
 Than flight, had driven my child. Chiefs.
 I appeal

To each and all, and Orpas to thyself
 Especially, if, having thus essay'd
 All means that law and nature have
 allow'd
 To bend her will, I may not rightfully
 Hold myself free, that promise being
 void
 Which cannot be fulfill'd.
 Thou sayest then, 190
 Orpas replied, that from her false belief
 Her stubborn opposition drew its force
 I should have thought that from the
 ways corrupt
 Of these idolatrous Christians, little care
 Might have sufficed to wean a duteous
 child,
 The example of a parent so beloved
 Leading the way; and yet I will not
 doubt
 Thou didst enforce with all sincerity
 And holy zeal upon thy daughter's mind
 The truths of Islam.
 Julian knit his brow, 200
 And scowling on the insidious renegade
 He answered, By what reasoning my
 poor mind
 Was from the old idolatry reclaim'd,
 None better knows than Seville's mitred
 chief,
 Who first renouncing errors which he
 taught,
 Led me his follower to the Prophet's
 pale.
 Thy lessons I repeated as I could;
 Of graven images, unnatural vows,
 False records, fabling creeds, and
 juggling priests, 209
 Who, making sanctity the cloak of sin,
 Laugh'd at the fools on whose credulity
 They fatten'd. To these arguments,
 whose worth
 Prince Orpas, least of all men, should
 impeach.
 I added, like a soldier bred in arms,
 And to the subtleties of schools unused,

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The flagrant fact, that Heaven with
 victory,
 Where'er they turn'd, attested and ap-
 proved
 The chosen Prophet's arms. If thou
 wert still
 The mitred Metropolitan, and I
 Some wretch of Arian or of Hebrew race,
 Thy proper business then might be to
 pry, 221
 And question me for lurking flaws of
 faith.
 We Musselmén, Prince Orpas, live be-
 neath
 A wiser law, which with the iniquities
 Of thine old craft, hath abrogated this
 Its foulest practice !
 As Count Julian ceased,
 From underneath his black and gather'd
 brow
 There went a look, which with these
 wary words
 Bore to the heart of that false renegade
 Their whole envenom'd meaning.
 Haughtily 230
 Withdrawing then his alter'd eyes, he
 said,
 Too much of this ! return we to the sum
 Of my discourse. Let Abulcacem say,
 In whom the Caliph speaks, if with all
 faith
 Having essay'd in vain all means to win
 My child's consent, I may not hold
 henceforth
 The covenant discharged.
 The Moor replied,
 Well hast thou said, and rightly may'st
 assure
 Thy daughter that the Prophet's holy
 law
 Forbids compulsion. Give thine errand
 now ; 240
 The messenger is here.
 Then Julian said,
 Go to Pelayo, and from him entreat
 Admittance to my child, where'er she be.
 Say to her, that her father solemnly
 Annuls the covenant with Orpas
 Nor with solicitations, nor with threats,
 Will urge her more, nor from that
 liberty
 Of faithrestrain her, which the Prophet's
 law,
 Liberal as Heaven from whence it came,
 to all
 Indulges. Tell her that her father says
 His days are number'd, and beseeches
 her 251
 By that dear love, which from her in-
 fancy
 Still he hath borne her, growing as she
 grew,
 Nursed in our weal and strengthen'd in
 our woe,
 She will not in the evening of his life
 Leave him forsaken and alone. Enough
 Of sorrow, tell her, have her injuries
 Brought on her father's head ; let not
 her act
 Thus aggravate the burden. Tell her
 too,
 That when he pray'd her to return, he
 wept 260
 Profusely as a child ; but bitterer tears
 Than ever fell from childhood's eyes
 were those
 Which traced his hardy cheeks.
 With faltering voice
 He spake, and after he had ceased from
 His lip was quivering still. The
 Moorish chief
 Then to the messenger his bidding gave.
 Say, cried he, to these rebel infidels,
 Thus Abulcacem in the Caliph's name
 Exhorteth them : Repent and be for-
 given !
 Nor think to stop the dreadful storm of
 war, 270

Which conquering and to conquer must
fulfil

Its destined circle, rolling eastward now
Back from the subjugated west, to sweep
Thrones and dominions down, till in the
bond

Of unity all nations join, and Earth
Acknowledge, as she sees one Sun in
heaven,
One God, one Chief, one Prophet, and
one Law.

Jerusalem, the holy City, bows
To holier Mecca's creed; the Crescent
shines

Triumphant o'er the eternal pyramids;
On the cold altars of the worshippers 281
Of Fire moss grows, and reptiles leave
their slime;

The African idolatries are fallen,
And Europe's senseless gods of stone
and wood

Have had their day. Tell these mis-
guided men,

A moment for repentance yet is left,
And mercy the submitted neck will
spare

Before the sword is drawn: but once
unsheath'd,

Let Auria witness how that dreadful
sword

Accomplisheth its work! They little
know 290

The Moors who hope in battle to with-
stand

Their valour, or in flight escape their
rage!

Amid our deserts we hunt down the birds
Of heaven, . . wings do not save them!
Nor shall rocks,

And holds, and fastnesses, avail to save
These mountaineers. Is not the Earth
the Lord's?

And we, his chosen people, whom he
sends

To conquer and possess it in his name?

XXI. THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST

THE second eve had closed upon their
march

Within the Asturian border, and the
Moors

Had pitch'd their tents amid an open
wood

Upon the mountain side. As day grew
dim,

Their scatter'd fires shone with distincter
light

Among the trees, above whose top the
smoke

Diffused itself, and stain'd the evening
sky.

Ere long the stir of occupation ceased,
And all the murmur of the busy host
Subsiding died away, as through the
camp 10

The crier from a knoll proclaim'd the
hour

For prayer appointed, and with sonorous
voice,

Thrice in melodious modulation full,
Pronounced the highest name. There
is no God

But God, he cried; there is no God but
God!

Mahommed is the Prophet of the
Lord!

Come ye to prayer! to prayer! The
Lord is great!

There is no God but God! . . Thus he
pronounced

His ritual form, mingling with holiest
truth

The audacious name accurs'd. The
multitude 20

Made their ablutions in the mountain
stream

Obedient, then their faces to the earth
Bent in formality of easy prayer

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An arrow's flight above that mountain stream
 There was a little glade, where underneath
 A long smooth mossy stone a fountain rose.
 An oak grew near, and with its ample boughs
 O'ercanopied the spring; its fretted roots
 Emboss'd the bank, and on their tufted bark
 Grew plants which love the moisture and the shade;
 Short ferns, and longer leaves of wrinkled green
 Which bent toward the spring, and when the wind
 Made itself felt, just touch'd with gentle dip
 The glassy surface, ruffled ne'er but then,
 Save when a bubble rising from the depth
 Burst, and with faintest circles mark'd its place,
 Or if an insect skimm'd it with its wing,
 Or when in heavier drops the gather'd rain
 Fell from the oak's high bower. The mountain roe,
 When, having drank there, he would bound across,
 Drew up upon the bank his meeting feet,
 And put forth half his force. With silent lapse
 From thence through mossy banks the water stole,
 Then murmuring hasten'd to the glen below.
 Diana might have loved in that sweet spot
 To take her noontide rest; and when she stoopt
 Hot from the chase to drink, well pleased had seen
 Her own bright crescent, and the brighter face
 It crown'd, reflected there.
 Beside that spring
 Count Julian's tent was pitch'd upon the glade;
 There his ablutions Moor-like he perform'd,
 And Moor-like knelt in prayer, bowing his head
 Upon the mossy bank. There was a sound
 Of voices at the tent when he arose,
 And lo! with hurried step a woman came
 Toward him; rightly then his heart
 And ere he could behold her countenance,
 Florinda knelt, and with uplifted arms
 Embraced her sire. He raised her from the ground,
 Kiss'd her, and clasp'd her to his heart, and said,
 Thou hast not then forsaken me, my child!
 Howe'er the inexorable will of Fate
 May in the world which is to come, divide
 Our everlasting destinies, in this
 Thou wilt not, O my child, abandon me!
 And then with deep and interrupted voice,
 Nor seeking to restrain his copious tears,
 My blessing be upon thy head, he cried,
 A father's blessing! Though all faiths were false,
 It should not lose its worth! . . She lock'd her hands
 Around his neck, and gazing in his face
 Through streaming tears, exclaim'd, Oh never more,
 Here or hereafter, never let us part!
 And breathing then a prayer in silence forth,
 The name of Jesus trembled on her tongue.

Whom hast thou there ? cried Julian,
 and drew back,
 Seeing that near them stood a meagre
 man
 In humble garb, who rested with raised
 hands
 On a long staff, bending his head like
 one
 Who when he hears the distant vesper-
 bell, 80
 Halts by the way, and, all unseen of men,
 Offers his homage in the eye of Heaven.
 She answered, Let not my dear father
 frown
 In anger on his child ! Thy messenger
 Told me that I should be restrain'd no
 more
 From liberty of faith, which the new law
 Indulged to all ; how soon my hour
 might come
 I knew not, and although that hour will
 bring
 Few terrors, yet methinks I would not
 be
 Without a Christian comforter in death.

A Priest ! exclaimed the Count, and
 drawing back, 91
 Stoopt for his turban that he might not
 lack
 Some outward symbol of apostacy ;
 For still in war his wonted arms he wore,
 Nor for the scymitar had changed the
 sword
 Accustomed to his hand. He covered
 now
 His short grey hair, and under the white
 folds
 His swarthy brow, which gather'd as he
 rose,
 Darken'd. Oh frown not thus ! Flor-
 inda said,
 A kind and gentle counsellor is this, 100
 One who pours balm into a wounded
 soul,

And mitigates the griefs he cannot heal.
 I told him I had vow'd to pass my days
 A servant of the Lord, yet that my
 heart,
 Hearing the message of thy love, was
 drawn
 With powerful yearnings back. Follow
 thy heart, . .
 It answers to the call of duty here,
 He said, nor canst thou better serve the
 Lord
 Than at thy father's side.

Count Julian's brow,
 While thus she spake, insensibly relax'd.
 A Priest, cried he, and thus with even
 hand 111
 Weigh vows and natural duty in the
 scale ?
 In what old heresy hath he been train'd ?
 Or in what wilderness hath he escaped
 The domineering Prelate's fire and
 sword ?
 Come hither, man, and tell me who
 thou art !

A sinner, Roderick, drawing nigh,
 replied ;
 Brought to repentance by the grace of
 God,
 And trusting for forgiveness through the
 blood
 Of Christ in humble hope.

A smile of scorn 120
 Julian assumed, but merely from the
 lips
 It came ; for he was troubled while he
 On the strong countenance and thought-
 ful eye
 Before him. A new law hath been
 proclaim'd,
 Said he, which overthrows in its career
 The Christian altars of idolatry.
 What think'st thou of the Prophet ? . .
 Roderick

Made answer, I am in the Moorish camp,
And he who asketh is a Musselman.

How then should I reply ? . . . Safely,
rejoin'd 130

The renegade, and freely may'st thou

To all that Julian asks. Is not the yoke
Of Mecca easy, and its burden light? . .
Spain hath not found it so, the Goth
replied.

And groaning, turn'd away his countenance.

Count Julian knit his brow, and stood
awhile

Regarding him with meditative eye
In silence. Thou art honest too! he
cried:

Why'twas in quest of such a man as this
That the old Grecian search'd by lantern
light

In open day the city's crowded streets,
So rare he deem'd the virtue. Honesty
And sense of natural duty in a Priest !
Now for a miracle, ye Saints of Spain !
I shall not pry too closely for the wires,
For, seeing what I see, ye have me now
In the believing mood !

O blessed Saints,
Florinda cried, 'tis from the bitterness,
Not from the hardness of the heart, he

Hear him ! and in your goodness give
the scoff

The virtue of a prayer ! So saying, she
raised

Her hands in fervent action clasp'd to
Heaven :

Then as, still clasp'd, they fell, toward
her sire

She turn'd her eyes, beholding him
through tears.

The look, the gesture, and that silent woe,
Softened her father's heart, which in this
hour

Was open to the influences of love.

Priest, thy vocation were a blessed one,
Said Julian, if its mighty power were
used

To lessen human misery, not to swell 160
The mournful sum, already all-too-great.

If, as thy former counsel should imply,
Thou art not one who would for his
craft's sake

Fret with corrosives and inflame the wound.

Which the poor sufferer brings to thee
in trust

That thou with virtuous balm wilt bind
it up. . .

If, as I think, thou art not one of those
Whose villainy makes honest men turn
Moors.

Thou then wilt answer with unbiass'd
mind

What I shall ask thee, and exorcise thus
The sick and feverish conscience of my
child.

From inbred phantoms, fiend-like, which
possess

Her innocent spirit. Children we are all
Of one great Father, in whatever clime
Nature or chance hath cast the seeds of
life.

All tongues, all colours: neither after
death

Shall we be sorted into languages
And tints, . . white, black, and tawny,
Greek and Goth.

Northmen and offspring of hot Africa;
The All-Father, He in whom we live and
move. 180

He the indifferent Judge of all, regards
Nations, and hues, and dialects alike ;
According to their works shall they be
judged.

When even-handed Justice in the scale
Their good and evil weighs. All creeds,
I ween,

Agree in this, and hold it orthodox.

Roderick, perceiving here that Julian
 paused,
 As if he waited for acknowledgement
 Of that plain truth, in motion of assent
 Inclined his brow complacently, and
 said, 190
 Even so: What follows? . . This, re-
 sumed the Count,
 That creeds like colours being but acci-
 dent,
 Are therefore in the scale imponder-
 able; . .
 Thou seest my meaning; . . that from
 every faith
 As every clime, there is a way to Heaven,
 And thou and I may meet in Paradise.

Oh grant it, God! cried Roderick,
 fervently,
 And smote his breast. Oh grant it,
 gracious God!
 Through the dear blood of Jesus, grant
 that he
 And I may meet before the Mercy-
 throne! 200
 That were a triumph of Redeeming
 Love,
 For which admiring Angels would renew
 Their hallelujahs through the choir of
 Heaven!
 Man! quoth Count Julian, wherefore
 art thou moved
 To this strange passion? I require of
 thee
 Thy judgement, not thy prayers!
 Be not displeased!
 In gentle voice subdued the Goth
 replies;
 A prayer, from whatsoever lips it flow,
 By thine own rule should find the way
 to Heaven,
 So that the heart in its sincerity 210
 Straight forward breathe it forth. I,
 like thyself,
 Am all untrain'd to subtleties of speech,

Nor competent of this great argument
 Thou openest; and perhaps shall answer
 thee
 Wide of the words, but to the purport
 home.
 There are to whom the light of gospel
 truth
 Hath never reach'd; of such I needs
 must deem
 As of the sons of men who had their day
 Before the light was given. But, Count,
 for those
 Who, born amid the light, to darkness
 turn, 220
 Wilful in error, . . I dare only say,
 God doth not leave the unhappy soul
 without
 An inward monitor, and till the grave
 Open, the gate of mercy is not closed.

Priest-like! the renegade replied, and
 shook
 His head in scorn. What is not in the
 craft
 Is error, and for error there shall be
 No mercy found in Him whom yet ye
 name
 The Merciful!
 Now God forbid, rejoin'd
 The fallen King, that one who stands in
 need 230
 Of mercy for his sins should argue thus
 Of error! Thou hast said that thou
 and I,
 Thou dying in name a Musselman, and I
 A servant of the Cross, may meet in
 Heaven.
 Time was when in our fathers' ways we
 walk'd
 Regardlessly alike; faith being to
 each, . .
 For so far thou hast reason'd rightly, . .
 like
 Our country's fashion and our mother-
 tongue,

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

<p>Of mere inheritance, . . no thing of choice In judgement fix'd, nor rooted in the heart. 240 Me have the arrows of calamity Sore stricken ; sinking underneath the weight Of sorrow, yet more heavily oppress'd Beneath the burthen of my sins, I turn'd In that dread hour to Him who from the Cross Calls to the heavy-laden. There I found Relief and comfort ; there I have my hope, My strength and my salvation ; there, the grave Ready beneath my feet, and Heaven in view, I to the King of Terrors say, Come, Death, . . 250 Come quickly ! Thou too wert a stricken deer, Julian, . . God pardon the unhappy hand That wounded thee ! . . but whither didst thou go For healing ? Thou hast turn'd away from Him, Who saith, Forgive as ye would be for- given ; And that the Moorish sword might do thy work, Received the creed of Mecca : with what fruit For Spain, let tell her cities sack'd, her sons Slaughter'd, her daughters than thine own dear child More foully wrong'd, more wretched ! For thyself, 260 Thou hast had thy fill of vengeance, and perhaps The cup was sweet : but it hath left behind A bitter relish ! Gladly would thy soul Forget the past ; as little canst thou bear</p>	<p>To send into futurity thy thoughts : And for this Now, what is it, Count, but fear . . However bravely thou may'st bear thy front, . . Danger, remorse, and stinging obloquy ? One only hope, one only remedy, One only refuge yet remains. . . My life Is at thy mercy, Count ! Call, if thou wilt, 271 Thy men, and to the Moors deliver me ! Or strike thyself ! Death were from any hand A welcome gift ; from thine, and in this cause, A boon indeed ! My latest words on earth Should tell thee that all sins may be effaced, Bid thee repent, have faith, and be for- given ! Strike, Julian, if thou wilt, and send my soul To intercede for thine, that we may meet, Thou and thy child and I, beyond the grave. 280 Thus Roderick spake, and spread his arms as if He offer'd to the sword his willing breast, With looks of passionate persuasion fix'd Upon the Count, who in his first access Of anger, seem'd as though he would have call'd His guards to seize the Priest. The attitude Disarm'd him, and that fervent zeal sincere, And more than both, the look and voice, which like A mystery troubled him. Florinda too Hung on his arm with both her hands, and cried, 290 O father, wrong him not ! he speaks from God !</p>
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XXI. THE FOUNTAIN IN THE FOREST 313

Life and salvation are upon his tongue ! Judge thou the value of that faith whereby,
 Reflecting on the past, I murmur not,
 And to the end of all look on with joy
 Of hope assured !

Peace, innocent ! replied

The Count, and from her hold withdrew
 his arm.
 Then with a gather'd brow of mournful-
 ness
 Rather than wrath, regarding Roderick,
 said,
 Thou preachest that all sins may be
 effaced : 300
 Is there forgiveness, Christian, in thy
 creed
 For Roderick's crime ? . . For Roderick
 and for thee,
 Count Julian, said the Goth, and as he
 spake
 Trembled through every fibre of his
 frame,
 The gate of Heaven is open. Julian
 threw
 His wrathful hand aloft, and cried,
 Away !
 Earth could not hold us both, nor can
 one Heaven
 Contain my deadliest enemy and me !

My father, say not thus ! Florinda
 cried ;
 I have forgiven him ! I have pray'd for
 him ! 310
 For him, for thee, and for myself I pour
 One constant prayer to Heaven ! In
 passion then
 She knelt, and bending back, with arms
 and face
 Raised toward the sky, the supplicant
 exclaim'd,
 Redeemer, heal his heart ! It is the grief
 Which festers there that hath bewilder'd
 him !

Save him, Redeemer ! by thy precious
 death
 Save, save him, O my God ! Then on her
 face
 She fell, and thus with bitterness pur-
 sued
 In silent throes her agonizing prayer. 320

Afflict not thus thyself, my child, the
 Count
 Exclaim'd ; O dearest, be thou com-
 comforted ;
 Set but thy heart at rest, I ask no more !
 Peace, dearest, peace ! . . and weeping
 as he spake,
 He knelt to raise her. Roderick also
 knelt ;
 Be comforted, he cried, and rest in faith
 That God will hear thy prayers ! they
 must be heard.
 He who could doubt the worth of prayers
 like thine
 May doubt of all things ! Sainted as
 thou art 329
 In sufferings here, this miracle will be
 Thy work and thy reward !

Then raising her,

They seated her upon the fountain's
 brink,
 And there beside her sate. The moon
 had risen,
 And that fair spring lay blacken'd half
 in shade,
 Half like a burnish'd mirror in her light.
 By that reflected light Count Julian saw
 That Roderick's face was bathed with
 tears, and pale
 As monumental marble. Friend, said he,
 Whether thy faith be fabulous, or sent
 Indeed from Heaven, its dearest gift to
 man, 340
 Thy heart is true : and had the mitred
 Priest
 Of Seville been like thee, or hadst thou
 held

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The place he fill'd; . . but this is idle talk, . .
 Things are as they will be; and we, poor slaves,
 Fret in the harness as we may, must
 The Car of Destiny where'er she drives,
 Inexorable and blind!
 Oh wretched man!
 Cried Roderick, if thou seekest to assuage
 Thy wounded spirit with that deadly
 drug,
 Hell's subtlest venom; look to thine
 own heart, 350
 Where thou hast Will and Conscience
 to belie
 This juggling sophistry, and lead thee
 yet
 Through penitence to Heaven!
 Whate'er it be
 That governs us, in mournful tone the
 Count
 Replied, Fate, Providence, or Allah's will,
 Or reckless Fortune, still the effect the
 same,
 A world of evil and of misery!
 Look where we will we meet it; where-
 soe'er
 We go we bear it with us. Here we sit
 Upon the margin of this peaceful spring,
 And oh! what volumes of calamity 360
 Would be unfolded here, if either heart
 Laid open its sad records! Tell me not
 Of goodness! Either in some freak of
 power
 This frame of things was fashion'd, then
 cast off
 To take its own wild course, the sport
 of chance;
 Or the bad Spirit o'er the Good prevails,
 And in the eternal conflict hath arisen
 Lord of the ascendant!
 Rightly would'st thou say
 Were there no world but this! the Goth
 replied. 370

The happiest child of earth that e'er was
 mark'd
 To be the minion of prosperity,
 Richest in corporal gifts and wealth of
 mind,
 Honour and fame attending him abroad,
 Peace and all dear domestic joys at
 home,
 And sunshine till the evening of his days
 Closed in without a cloud, . . even such
 a man
 Would from the gloom and horror of his
 heart
 Confirm thy fatal thought, were this
 world all!
 Oh! who could bear the haunting
 mystery, 380
 If death and retribution did not solve
 The riddle, and to heavenliest harmony
 Reduce the seeming chaos! . . Here we
 see
 The water at its well-head; clear it is,
 Not more transpicuous the invisible air;
 Pure as an infant's thoughts; and here
 to life
 And good directed all its uses serve.
 The herb grows greener on its brink;
 sweet flowers
 Bend o'er the stream that feeds their
 freshened roots;
 The red-breast loves it for his wintry
 haunts; 390
 And when the buds begin to open forth,
 Builds near it with his mate their brood-
 ing nest;
 The thirsty stag with widening nostrils
 there
 Invigorated draws his copious draught;
 And there amid its flags the wild-boar
 stands,
 Nor suffering wrong nor meditating hurt.
 Through woodlands wild and solitary
 fields
 Unsullied thus it holds its bounteous
 course;

But when it reaches the resorts of men,
 The service of the city there defiles 400
 The tainted stream; corrupt and foul
 it flows
 Through loathsome banks and o'er a bed
 impure,
 Till in the sea, the appointed end to
 which
 Through all its way it hastens, 'tis
 received,
 And, losing all pollution, mingles there
 In the wide world of waters. So is it
 With the great stream of things, if all
 were seen;
 Good the beginning, good the end shall
 be,
 And transitory evil only make
 The good end happier. Ages pass away,
 Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and
 worlds 411
 Grow old and go to wreck; the soul
 alone
 Endures, and what she chuseth for her-
 self,
 The arbiter of her own destiny,
 That only shall be permanent.
 But guilt,
 And all our suffering? said the Count.
 The Goth
 Replied, Repentance taketh sin away,
 Death remedies the rest. . . Soothed by
 the strain
 Of such discourse, Julian was silent then,
 And sate contemplating. Florinda too
 Was calm'd: If sore experience may be
 thought 421
 To teach the uses of adversity,
 She said, alas! who better learn'd than I
 In that sad school! Methinks if ye
 would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye
 there!
 Look yonder at that cloud, which through
 the sky

Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 The rolling Moon! I watch'd it as it
 came,
 And deem'd the deep opake would blot
 her beams; 430
 But, melting like a wreath of snow, it
 hangs
 In folds of wavy silver round, and
 clothes
 The orb with richer beauties than her
 own,
 Then passing, leaves her in her light
 serene.
 Thus having said, the pious sufferer
 sate,
 Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely
 orb,
 Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
 The broken moonbeams. They too by
 the toil
 Of spirit, as by travail of the day
 Subdued, were silent, yielding to the
 hour. 440
 The silver cloud diffusing slowly pass'd,
 And now into its airy elements
 Resolved is gone; while through the
 azure depth
 Alone in heaven the glorious Moon pur-
 sues
 Her course appointed, with indifferent
 beams
 Shining upon the silent hills around,
 And the dark tents of that unholy host,
 Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
 Take their last slumber there. The
 camp is still;
 The fires have moulder'd, and the breeze
 which stirs 450
 The soft and snowy embers, just lays
 bare
 At times a red and evanescent light,
 Or for a moment wakes a feeble flame.
 They by the fountain hear the stream
 below,

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Whose murmurs, as the wind arose or
 fell,
 Fuller or fainter reach the ear attuned.
 And now the nightingale, not distant far,
 Began her solitary song; and pour'd
 To the cold moon a richer, stronger
 strain
 Than that with which the lyric lark
 salutes 460
 The new-born day. Her deep and
 thrilling song
 Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
 The soul, and in mysterious unison
 Blend with all thoughts of gentleness
 and love.
 Their hearts were open to the healing
 power
 Of nature; and the splendour of the
 night,
 The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay
 Came to them like a copious evening
 dew
 Falling on vernal herbs which thirst for

And he who late had in the Caliph's
 name
 Ruled from the Ocean to the Pyrenees,
 A mutilate and headless carcass now,
 From pitying hands received beside the
 road
 A hasty grave, scarce hidden there from
 And ravens, nor from wintry rains
 secure.
 She, too, who in the wreck of Spain
 preserved
 Her queenly rank, the wife of Roderick
 first,
 Of Abdalaziz after, and to both 20
 Alike unhappy, shared the ruin now
 Her counsels had brought on; for she
 had led
 The infatuate Moor, in dangerous
 vauntory,
 To these aspiring forms, . . so should he
 gain
 Respect and honour from the Musselmén,
 She said, and that the obedience of the
 Goths
 Follow'd the sceptre. In an evil hour
 She gave the counsel, and in evil hour
 He lent a willing ear; the popular rage
 Fell on them both; and they to whom
 her name 30
 Had been a mark for mockery and
 reproach,
 Shudder'd with human horror at her
 fate.
 Ayub was heading the wild anarchy;
 But where the cement of authority
 Is wanting, all things there are dislocate:
 The mutinous soldiery, by every cry
 Of rumour set in wild career, were
 driven
 By every gust of passion, setting up
 One hour, what in the impulse of the
 next,
 Equally unreasoning, they destroy'd:
 thus all 40

XXII. THE MOORISH COUNCIL

THUs they beside the fountain sate, of
 food
 And rest forgetful, when a messenger
 Summon'd Count Julian to the Leader's
 tent.
 In council there at that late hour he
 found
 The assembled Chiefs, on sudden tidings
 call'd
 Of unexpected weight from Cordoba.
 Jealous that Abdalaziz had assumed
 A regal state, affecting in his court
 The forms of Gothic sovereignty, the
 Moors,
 Whom artful spirits of ambitious mould
 Stirr'd up, had risen against him in
 revolt:

Was in misrule where uproar gave the law,
 And ere from far Damascus they could learn
 The Caliph's pleasure, many a moon must pass.
 What should be done ? should Abulcace-
 cem march
 To Cordoba, and in the Caliph's name
 Assume the power which to his rank in
 arms
 Rightly devolved, restoring thus the
 reign
 Of order ? or pursue with quicken'd speed
 The end of this great armament, and
 crush
 Rebellion first, then to domestic ills 50
 Apply his undivided mind and force
 Victorious ? What in this emergency
 Was Julian's counsel, Abulcace ask'd.
 Should they accomplish soon their enter-
 prize ?
 Or would the insurgent infidels prolong
 The contest, seeking by protracted war
 To weary them, and trusting in the
 strength
 Of these wild hills ?
 Julian replied, The Chief
 Of this revolt is wary, resolute,
 Of approved worth in war : a desperate 60
 part
 He for himself deliberately hath chosen,
 Confiding in the hereditary love
 Borne to him by these hardy moun-
 taineers,
 A love which his own noble qualities
 Have strengthen'd so that every heart
 is his.
 When ye can bring them to the open
 proof
 Of battle, ye will find them in his cause
 Lavish of life ; but well they know the
 strength
 Of their own fastnesses, the mountain
 paths
 Impervious to pursuit, the vantages 70
 Of rock, and pass, and woodland, and
 ravine ;
 And hardly will ye tempt them to forego
 These natural aids wherein they put
 their trust
 As in their stubborn spirit, each alike
 Deem'd by themselves invincible, and so
 By Roman found and Goth . . beneath
 Slowly persuaded rather than subdued
 They came, and still through every
 change retain'd
 Their manners obstinate and barbarous
 speech.
 My counsel, therefore, is, that we secure
 With strong increase of force the adja-
 cent posts, 81
 And chiefly Gegio, leaving them so
 mann'd
 As may abate the hope of enterprize
 Their strength being told. Time in a
 strife like this
 Becomes the ally of those who trust in
 him :
 Make then with Time your covenant.
 Old feuds
 May disunite the chiefs : some may be
 gain'd
 By fair entreaty, others by the stroke
 Of nature, or of policy, cut off.
 This was the counsel which in Cordoba
 I offer'd Abdalaziz : in ill hour 91
 Rejecting it, he sent upon this war
 His father's faithful friend ! Dark are
 the ways
 Of destiny ! had I been at his side
 Old Muza would not now have mourn'd
 his age
 Left childless, nor had Ayub dared defy
 The Caliph's represented power. The
 case
 Calls for thine instant presence, with
 the weight
 Of thy legitimate authority.

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Julian, said Orpas, turning from
 beneath 100
 His turban to the Count a crafty eye,
 Thy daughter is return'd; doth she not
 bring
 Some tidings of the movements of the
 foe?
 The Count replied, When child and
 parent meet
 First reconciled from discontents which
 wrung
 The hearts of both, ill should their con-
 verse be
 Of warlike matters! There hath been
 no time
 For such inquiries, neither should I think
 To ask her touching that for which
 I know 109
 She hath neither eye nor thought.
 There was a time,
 Orpas with smile malignant thus replied,
 When in the progress of the Caliph's
 arms
 Count Julian's daughter had an interest
 Which touch'd her nearly! But her
 turn is served,
 And hatred of Prince Orpas may beget
 Indifference to the cause. Yet Destiny
 Still guideth to the service of the faith
 The wayward heart of woman; for as
 one
 Delivered Roderick to the avenging
 sword,
 So hath another at this hour betray'd
 Pelayo to his fall. His sister came 121
 At nightfall to my tent a fugitive.
 She tells me that on learning our
 approach
 The rebel to a cavern in the hills
 Had sent his wife and children, and with
 them
 Those of his followers, thinking there
 conceal'd
 They might be safe. She, moved, by
 injuries
 Which stung her spirit, on the way
 escaped,
 And for revenge will guide us. In
 reward
 She asks her brother's forfeiture of lands
 In marriage with Numacian: some-
 thing too 131
 Touching his life, that for her services
 It might be spared, she said; . . an after-
 thought
 To salve decorum, and if conscience wake
 Serve as a sop: but when the sword shall
 smite
 Pelayo and his dangerous race, I ween
 That a thin kerchief will dry all the tears
 The Lady Guisla sheds!
 'Tis the old taint!
 Said Julian mournfully; from her
 mother's womb
 She brought the inbred wickedness
 which now 140
 In ripe infection blossoms. Woman,
 woman,
 Still to the Goths art thou the instru-
 ment
 Of overthrow; thy virtue and thy vice
 Fatal alike to them!
 Say rather, cried
 The insidious renegade, that Allah thus
 By woman punisheth the idolatry
 Of those who raise a woman to the rank
 Of godhead, calling on their Mary's name
 With senseless prayers. In vain shall
 they invoke
 Her trusted succour now! like silly
 birds 150
 By fear betray'd, they fly into the toils;
 And this Pelayo, who in lengthen'd war
 Baffling our force, has thought perhaps
 to reign
 Prince of the Mountains, when we hold
 his wife
 And offspring at our mercy, must him-
 self
 Come to the lure,

Enough, the Leader said ;
 This unexpected work of favouring Fate
 Opens an easy way to our desires,
 And renders farther counsel needless
 now.
 Great is the Prophet whose protecting
 power
 Goes with the faithful forth ! the rebels'
 Are number'd ; Allah hath deliver'd
 them
 Into our hands !

So saying he arose ;
 The Chiefs withdrew, Orpas alone
 remain'd
 Obedient to his indicated will.
 The event, said Abulcacem, hath ap-
 proved
 Thy judgement in all points ; his
 daughter comes
 At the first summons, even as thou
 saidst ;
 Her errand with the insurgents done,
 she brings
 Their well-concerted project back, a
 safe
 And unexpected messenger ; . . the
 Moor, . .
 The shallow Moor, . . must see and not
 perceive ;
 Must hear and understand not ; yea
 must bear,
 Poor easy fool, to serve their after mirth,
 A part in his own undoing ! But just
 Heaven
 With this unlook'd-for incident hath
 marr'd
 Their complots, and the sword shall cut
 this web
 Of treason.

Well, the renegade replied,
 Thou knowest Count Julian's spirit,
 quick in wiles,
 In act audacious. Baffled now, he
 thinks

Either by instant warning to apprise
 The rebels of their danger, or preserve
 The hostages when fallen into our power,
 Till secret craft contrive, or open force
 Win their enlargement. Haply too he
 dreams
 Of Cordoba, the avenger and the friend
 Of Abdalaziz, in that cause to arm
 Moor against Moor, preparing for him-
 self
 The victory o'er the enfeebled con-
 querors.
 Success in treason hath embolden'd him,
 And power but serves him for fresh
 treachery, false
 To Roderick first, and to the Caliph now.

The guilt, said Abulcacem, is con-
 firm'd,
 The sentence pass'd ; all that is now
 required
 Is to strike sure and safely. He hath
 with him
 A veteran force devoted to his will,
 Whom to provoke were perilous ; nor
 less
 Of peril lies there in delay : what course
 Between these equal dangers should we
 steer ?

They have been train'd beneath him
 in the wars
 Of Africa, the renegade replied ;
 Men are they who, from their youth up,
 have found
 Their occupation and their joy in arms ;
 Indifferent to the cause for which they
 fight,
 But faithful to their leader, who hath
 won
 By licence largely given, yet temper'd
 still
 With exercise of firm authority,
 Their whole devotion. Vainly should

320 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

By proof of Julian's guilt to pacify
Such martial spirits, unto whom all
creeds 210

And countries are alike: but take away
The head, and forthwith their fidelity
Goes at the market price. The act must
be

Sudden and secret; poison is too slow.
Thus it may best be done; the Moun-
taineers,

Doubtless, ere long will rouse us with
some spur

Of sudden enterprize: at such a time
A trusty minister approaching him
May smite him, so that all shall think
the spear

Comes from the hostile troops.

Right counsellor!

Cried Abulcacem, thou shalt have his
lands, 221

The proper meed of thy fidelity:
His daughter thou may'st take or leave.
Go now

And find a faithful instrument to put
Our purpose in effect! . . . And when 'tis
done,

The Moor, as Orpas from the tent with-
drew,

Muttering pursued, . . . look for a like
reward

Thyself! that restless head of wicked-
ness

In the grave will brood no treasons.
Other babes

Scream when the Devil, as they spring
to life, 230

Infects them with his touch; but thou
didst stretch

Thine arms to meet him, and like
mother's milk

Suck the congenial evil! Thou hast
tried

Both laws, and were there aught to gain,
would st prove

A third as readily; but when thy sins

Are weigh'd, 'twill be against an
empty scale,
And neither Prophet will avail thee
then!

XXIII. THE VALE OF COVADONGA

THE camp is stirring, and ere day hath
dawn'd

The tents are struck. Early they rise
whom hope

Awakens, and they travel fast with
whom

She goes companion of the way. By
noon

Hath Abulcacem in his speed attain'd
The vale of Cangas. Well the trusty
scouts

Observe his march, and fleet as moun-
tain roes,

From post to post with instantaneous
speed

The warning bear: none else is nigh;
the vale

Hath been deserted, and Pelayo's hall 10
Is open to the foe, who on the tower

Hoist their white signal-flag. In Sella's
stream

The misbelieving multitudes perform,
With hot and hasty hand, their noon-
tide rite,

Then hurryingly repeat the Impostor's
prayer.

Here they divide; the Chieftain halts
with half

The host, retaining Julian and his men,
Whom where the valley widen'd he dis-

Liab to first attack, that so the deed
Of murder plann'd with Orpas might be

done. 20

The other force the Moor Alcahman led
Whom Guisla guided up Pionia's stream

Eastward to Soto. Ibrahim went with
him,

Proud of Granada's snowy heights sub-
dued,

And boasting of his skill in mountain
war ;

Yet sure he deem'd an easier victory
Awaited him this day. Little, quoth

he,
Weens the vain Mountaineer who puts
his trust

In dens and rocky fastnesses, how close
Destruction is at hand ! Belike he

thinks 30

The Humma's happy wings have sha-
dow'd him,

And therefore Fate with royalty must
crown

His chosen head ! Pity the scymitar
With its rude edge so soon should inter-

rupt
The pleasant dream !

There can be no escape
For those who in the cave seek shelter,

cried
Alcahman ; yield they must, or from
their holes

Like bees we smoke them out. The
Chief perhaps

May reign awhile King of the wolves and
bears,

Till his own subjects hunt him down, or
kites 40

And crows divide what hunger may have
left

Upon his ghastly limbs. Happier for
him

That destiny should this day to our
hands

Deliver him ; short would be his suffer-
ings then ;

And we right joyfully should in one hour
Behold our work accomplish'd, and his

race
Extinct.

Thus these in mockery and in
thoughts

Of bloody triumph, to the future blind,
Indulged the scornful vein ; nor deem'd

that they
Whom to the sword's unsparing edge

they doom'd, 50

Even then in joyful expectation pray'd
To Heaven for their approach, and at
their post

Prepared, were trembling with excess
of hope.

Here in these mountain straits the
Mountaineer

Had felt his country's strength insuper-
able ;

Here he had pray'd to see the Musselman
With all his myriads ; therefore had he

look'd
To Covadonga as a sanctuary

Apt for concealment, easy of defence ;
And Guisla's flight, though to his heart

it sent 60
A pang more poignant for their mother's
sake,

Yet did it further in its consequence
His hope and project, surer than decoy

Well-laid, or best-concerted stratagem.
That sullen and revengeful mind, he

knew,
Would follow to the extremity of guilt

Its long fore-purposed shame : the toils
were laid,

And she who by the Musselmen full sure
Thought on her kindred her revenge to

wreak,
Led the Moors in.

Count Pedro and his son
Were hovering with the main Asturian

force 71
In the wider vale to watch occasion

there,
And with hot onset when the alarm

began
Pursue the vantage. In the fated straits

322 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Of Deva had the King disposed the rest : And haply with the clang of instruments,
 Amid the hanging woods, and on the cliffs, Might drown all other signal, this is
 sure ;
 A long mile's length on either side its bed, But wait it calmly ; it will not be given
 They lay. The lever and the axe and Till the whole line hath enter'd in the
 saw toils.
 Had skilfully been plied ; and trees and Comrades, be patient, so shall none
 stones, escape
 A dread artillery, ranged on crag and Who once set foot within these straits of
 shelf 80 death.
 And steep descent, were ready at the Thus had Pelayo on the Mountaineers
 word With frequent and impressive charge
 Precipitate to roll resistless down. enforced
 The faithful maiden not more wistfully The needful exhortation. This alone
 Looks for the day that brings her lover He doubted, that the Musselmen might
 home ; . . see 111
 Scarce more impatiently the horse en- The perils of the vale, and warily
 dures Forbear to enter. But they thought to
 The rein, when loud and shrill the find,
 hunter's horn
 Rings in his joyous ears, than at their As Guisla told, the main Asturian force
 post Seeking concealment there, no other aid
 The Mountaineers await their certain Soliciting from these their native hills ;
 prey ; And that the babes and women having
 Yet mindful of their Prince's order, oft fallen
 And solemnly enforced, with eagerness In thralldom, they would lay their
 weapons down,
 Subdued by minds well-master'd, they And supplicate forgiveness for their
 expect 91 sake.
 The appointed signal. Nor did the Moors perceive in what a
 Hand must not be raised, strait 120
 Foot stirr'd, nor voice be utter'd, said They enter'd ; for the morn had risen
 the Chief, o'ercastr,
 Till the word pass : impatience would And when the Sun had reach'd the
 mar all. height of heaven,
 God hath deliver'd over to your hands Dimly his pale and beamless orb was
 His enemies and ours, so we but use seen
 The occasion wisely. Not till the word Moving through mist. A soft and
 pass gentle rain,
 From man to man transmitted, ' In the Scarce heavier than the summer's even-
 name ing dew,
 Of God, for Spain and Vengeance ! ' let Descended, . . through so still an atmo-
 a hand sphere,
 Be lifted ; on obedience all depends, 100 That every leaf upon the moveless trees
 Their march below with noise of horse Was studded o'er with rain-drops,
 and foot bright and full,

None falling till from its own weight
o'erswain 129

The motion came.

Low on the mountain side
The fleecy vapour hung, and in its veil
With all their dreadful preparations
wrapt

The Mountaineers; . . in breathless hope
they lay,

Some blessing God in silence for the
power

This day vouchsafed; others with
ferveny

Of prayer and vow invoked the Mother-
Maid,

Beseeching her that in this favouring
hour

She would be strongly with them. From
below

Meantime distinct they heard the pass-
ing tramp

Of horse and foot, continuous as the
sound 140

Of Deva's stream, and barbarous tongues
commixt

With laughter, and with frequent
shouts, . . for all

Exultant came, expecting sure success;
Blind wretches over whom the ruin
hung!

They say, quoth one, that though the
Prophet's soul

Doth with the black-eyed Houris bathe
in bliss,

Life hath not left his body, which bears
up

By its miraculous power the holy tomb,
And holds it at Medina in the air

Buoyant between the temple's floor and
roof: 150

And there the Angels fly to him with
news

From East, West, North, and South, of
what befalls

His faithful people. If when he shall
hear

The tale of this day's work, he should
for joy

Forget that he is dead, and walk
abroad, . .

It were as good a miracle as when
He sliced the moon! Sir Angel hear

me now,

Whoe'er thou be'st who are about to
speed

From Spain to Araby! when thou hast
got

The Prophet's ear, be sure thou tellest
him 160

How bravely Ghauleb did his part to-
day,

And with what special reverence he
alone

Desired thee to commend him to his
grace! . .

Fie on thee, scoffer that thou art!
replied

His comrade; thou wilt never leave
these gibes

Till some commission'd arrow through
the teeth

Shall nail the offending tongue. Hast
thou not heard

How when our clay is leaven'd first with
life,

The ministering Angel brings it from
that spot

Whereon 'tis written in the eternal book
That soul and body must their parting
take, 171

And earth to earth return? How
knowest thou

But that the Spirit who compounded
thee,

To distant Syria from this very vale
Bore thy component dust, and Azrael

here

Awaits thee at this hour? . . Little
thought he

324 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Who spake, that in that valley at that hour	There was a stirring in the air, the sun Prevail'd, and gradually the brightening mist
One death awaited both !	Began to rise and melt. A jutting crag
Thus they pursued	Upon the right projected o'er the stream,
Toward the cave their inauspicious way.	Not farther from the cave than a strong hand
Weak childhood there and ineffective age 180	Expert, with deadly aim, might cast the spear,
In the chambers of the rock were placed secure ;	Or a strong voice, pitch'd to full com- pass, make
But of the women, all whom with the babes	Its clear articulation heard distinct. 210
Maternal care detain'd not, were aloft To aid in the destruction ; by the side	A venturous dalesman, once ascending there
Of fathers, brethren, husbands, sta- tion'd there,	To rob the eagle's nest, had fallen, and hung
They watch and pray. Pelayo in the cave	Among the heather, wondrously pre- served :
With the venerable Primate took his post.	Therefore had he with pious gratitude Placed on that overhanging brow a
Ranged on the rising cliffs on either hand,	Tall as the mast of some light fisher's skiff,
Vigilant sentinels with eye intent	And from the vale conspicuous. As the Moors
Observe his movements, when to take the word 190	Advanced, the Chieftain in the van was seen,
And pass it forward. He in arms com- plete	Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Stands in the portal : a stern majesty	Pronounced his name, . . Alcahman !
Reign'd in his countenance severe that hour,	hoa, look up, 220
And in his eye a deep and dreadful joy	Alcchman ! As the floating mist drew up,
Shone, as advancing up the vale he saw	It had divided there, and open'd round The Cross ; part clinging to the rock beneath,
The Moorish banners. God hath blinded them !	Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
He said ; the measure of their crimes is full !	A canopy of silver light condensed
O Vale of Deva, famous shalt thou be	To shape and substance. In the midst there stood
From this day forth for ever ; and to these	A female form, one hand upon the Cross,
Thy springs shall unborn generations come 200	
In pilgrimage, and hallow with their prayers	
The cradle of their native monarchy !	

The other raised in menacing act ; below
 Loose flow'd her raiment, but her
 breast was arm'd,
 And helmeted her head. The Moor
 turn'd pale, 230
 For on the walls of Auria he had seen
 That well-known figure, and had well
 believed
 She rested with the dead. What, ho !
 she cried,
 Alcahman ! In the name of all who fell
 At Auria in the massacre, this hour
 I summon thee before the throne of
 God
 To answer for the innocent blood ! This
 hour,
 Moor, Miscreant, Murderer, Child of
 Hell, this hour
 I summon thee to judgement ! . . In the
 name
 Of God ! for Spain and Vengeance !
 Thus she closed
 Her speech ; for taking from the Pri-
 mate's hand 241
 That oaken cross which at the sacring
 rites
 Had served for crosier, at the cavern's
 mouth
 Pelayo lifted it and gave the word.
 From voice to voice on either side it
 pass'd
 With rapid repetition, . . In the name
 Of God ! for Spain and Vengeance !
 and forthwith
 On either side along the whole defile
 The Asturians shouting in the name of
 God,
 Set the whole ruin loose ! huge trunks
 and stones, 250
 And loosen'd crags, down down they
 roll'd with rush
 And bound, and thundering force. Such
 was the fall
 As when some city by the labouring
 earth
 Heaved from its strong foundations is
 cast down,
 And all its dwellings, towers, and
 palaces,
 In one wide desolation prostrated.
 From end to end of that long strait, the
 crash
 Was heard continuous, and commixt
 with sounds
 More dreadful, shrieks of horror and
 despair,
 And death, . . the wild and agonizing
 cry 260
 Of that whole host in one destruction
 whelm'd.
 Vain was all valour there, all martial
 skill ;
 The valiant arm is helpless now ; the
 feet
 Swift in the race avail not now to save ;
 They perish, all their thousands perish
 there, . .
 Horsemen and infantry, they perish
 all, . .
 The outward armour and the bones
 within
 Broken and bruised and crush'd. Echo
 prolong'd
 The long uproar : a silence then ensued,
 Through which the sound of Deva's
 stream was heard, 270
 A lonely voice of waters, wild and
 sweet ;
 The lingering groan, the faintly-utter'd
 prayer,
 The louder curses of despairing death,
 Ascended not so high. Down from the
 cave
 Pelayo hastes, the Asturians hasten
 down,
 Fierce and immitigable down they

 On all sides, and along the vale of blood
 The avenging sword did mercy's work
 that hour.

XXIV. RODERICK AND
COUNT JULIAN

THoT hast been busy, Death! this day,
 and yet
 But half thy work is done; the Gates of
 Hell
 Are throng'd, yet twice ten thousand
 spirits more,
 Who from their warm and healthful
 tenements
 Fear no divorce, must ere the sun go
 down
 Enter the world of woe! the Gate of
 Heaven
 Is open too, and Angels round the throne
 Of Mercy on their golden harps this day
 Shall sing the triumphs of Redeeming
 Love.

There was a Church at Cangas dedi-
 cate 10
 To that Apostle unto whom his Lord
 Had given the keys; a humble edifice,
 Whose rude and time-worn structure
 suited well
 That vale among the mountains. Its
 low roof
 With stone plants and with moss was
 overgrown,
 Short fern, and richer weeds which from
 the caves
 Hung their long tresses down. White
 lichens clothed
 The sides, save where the ivy spread,
 which bower'd
 The porch, and clustering round the
 pointed wall,
 Wherein two bells, each open to the
 wind, 20
 Hung side by side, threaded with hairy
 shoots
 The double nich; and climbing to the
 cross,

Wreathed it and half conceal'd its sacred
 form
 With bushy tufts luxuriant. Here in
 the font, . .
 Borne hither with rejoicing and with
 prayers
 Of all the happy land who saw in him
 The lineage of their ancient Chiefs
 renew'd, . .
 The Prince had been immersed: and
 here within
 An oaken galilee, now black with age,
 His old Iberian ancestors were laid. 30

Two stately oaks stood nigh, in the
 full growth
 Of many a century. They had flourish'd
 there
 Before the Gothic sword was felt in
 Spain,
 And when the ancient sceptre of the
 Goths
 Was broken, there they flourish'd still.
 Their boughs
 Mingled on high, and stretching wide
 around,
 Form'd a deep shade, beneath which
 canopy
 Upon the ground Count Julian's board
 was spread,
 For to his daughter he had left his tent
 Pitch'd for her use hard by. He at the
 board 40
 Sate with his trusted Captains, Gun-
 derick,
 Felix and Miro, Theudered and Paul,
 Basil and Cottila, and Virimar,
 Men through all fortunes faithful to
 their Lord,
 And to that old and tried fidelity,
 By personal love and honour held in ties
 Strong as religious bonds. As there
 they sate,
 In the distant vale a rising dust was
 seen,

And frequent flash of steel, . . the flying
 fight
 Of men who, by a fiery foe pursued, 50
 Put forth their coursers at full speed, to
 reach
 The aid in which they trust. Up sprung
 the Chiefs,
 And hastily taking helm and shield, and
 spear,
 Sped to their post.
 Amid the chesnut groves
 On Sella's side, Alphonso had in charge
 To watch the foe; a prowling band
 came nigh,
 Whom with the ardour of impetuous
 youth
 He charged and followed them in close
 pursuit:
 Quick succours join'd them; and the
 strife grew hot, 59
 Ere Pedro hastening to bring off his son,
 Or Julian and his Captains, . . bent alike
 That hour to abstain from combat, (for
 by this
 Full sure they deem'd Alcahman had
 secured
 The easy means of certain victory,) . .
 Could reach the spot. Both thus in
 their intent
 According, somewhat had they now
 allay'd
 The fury of the fight, though still spears
 flew,
 And strokes of sword and mace were
 interchanged,
 When passing through the troop a Moor
 came up
 On errand from the Chief, to Julian
 sent; 70
 A fatal errand fatally perform'd
 For Julian, for the Chief, and for himself,
 And all that host of Musselmen he
 brought;
 For while with well-dissembled words
 he lured

The warrior's ear, the dexterous ruffian
 mark'd
 The favouring moment and unguarded
 place,
 And plunged a javelin in his side. The
 Count
 Fell, but in falling called to Cottila,
 Treachery! the Moor! the Moor! . .
 He too on whom
 He call'd had seen the blow from whence
 it came, 80
 And seized the murderer. Miscreant!
 he exclaim'd,
 Who set thee on? The Musselman, who
 saw
 His secret purpose baffled, undismayed,
 Replies, What I have done is authorized;
 To punish treachery and prevent worse
 ill
 Orpas and Abulcacem sent me here;
 The service of the Caliph and the Faith
 Required the blow.
 The Prophet and the Fiend
 Reward thee then! cried Cottila;
 meantime
 Take thou from me thy proper earthly
 meed; 90
 Villain! . . and lifting as he spake the
 sword,
 He smote him on the neck: the tren-
 chant blade
 Through vein and artery pass'd and
 yielding bone;
 And on the shoulder, as the assassin
 dropt,
 His head half-severed fell. The curse
 of God
 Fall on the Caliph and the Faith and thee;
 Stamping for anguish, Cottila pursued!
 African dogs, thus is it ye requite
 Our services? . . But dearly shall ye pay
 For this day's work! . . O Fellow-
 soldiers, here, 100
 Stretching his hands toward the host,
 he cried,

328 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS

Behold your noble leader basely slain !
 He who for twenty years hath led us forth
 To war, and brought us home with victory,
 Here he lies foully murdered, . . by the Moors, . .
 Those whom he trusted, whom he served so well !
 Our turn is next ! but neither will we wait
 Idly, nor tamely fall !

Amid the grief,

Tumult, and rage, of those who gather'd round,
 When Julian could be heard, I have yet life, . . .
 He said, for vengeance. Virimar, speed thou
 To yonder Mountaineers, and tell their Chiefs
 That Julian's veteran army joins this day
 Pelayo's standard ! The command devolves
 On Gunderick. Fellow-soldiers, who so well
 Redress'd the wrongs of your old General,
 Ye will not let this death go unrevenged ! . .
 Tears then were seen on many an iron cheek,
 And groans were heard from many a resolute heart,
 And vows with imprecations mix'd went forth, 120
 And curses check'd by sobs. Bear me apart,
 Said Julian, with a faint and painful voice,
 And let me see my daughter ere I die.

Scarce had he spoken when the pitying throng
 Divide before her. Eagerly she came ;

A deep and fearful lustre in her eye,
 A look of settled woe, . . pale, deadly pale,
 Yet to no lamentations giving way,
 Nor tears nor groans ; . . within her breaking heart
 She bore the grief, and kneeling solemnly 130
 Beside him, raised her awful hands to heaven,
 And cried, Lord God ! be with him in this hour !
 Two things have I to think of, O my child,
 Vengeance and thee ; said Julian. For the first
 I have provided : what remains of life
 As best may comfort thee may so be best
 Employ'd ; let me be borne within the church,
 And thou, with that good man who follows thee,
 Attend me there.

Thus when Florinda heard
 Her father speak, a gleam of heavenly joy 140
 Shone through the anguish of her countenance.
 O gracious God, she cried, my prayers are heard ;
 Now let me die ! . . They raised him from the earth ;
 He, knitting as they lifted him his brow,
 Drew in through open lips and teeth firm-closed
 His painful breath, and on the lance laid hand,
 Lest its long shaft should shake the mortal wound.
 Gently his men with slow and steady step
 Their suffering burthen bore, and in the Church
 Before the altar laid him down, his head
 Upon Florinda's knees. . . Now, friends, said he, 151

Farewell. I ever hoped to meet my A soldier's habits, he pursued, have
death steel'd 180

Among ye, like a soldier, . . . but not thus ! My spirit, and perhaps I do not fear
This passage as I ought. But if to feel

Go, join the Asturians; and in after years,
That I have sinn'd, and from my soul renounce

When of your old commander ye shall talk, The Impostor's faith, which never in
that soul

How well he loved his followers, what he Obtain'd a place, . . if at the Saviour's
was feet.

In battle, and how basely he was slain, Laden with guilt, to cast myself and cry,
Let not the tale its fit completion lack, Lord, I believe! help thou my un-
But say how bravely was his death belief!..

revenge.

Vengeance! in that good word doth Sufficeth, . . . Father, let me from thy lips
Julian make 160 Receive the assurances with which the

His testament; your faithful swords Church 190
must give Doth bless the dying Christian.

The will its full performance. Leave Roderick raised
me now, His eyes to Heaven, and crossing on his

I have done with worldly things. Com-
rades, farewell,

And love my memory ! And merciful, O gracious Lord ! he cried,
They with copious tears Who to this end hast thus been pleased

Of burning anger, grief exasperating to lead
Their rage, and fury giving force to grief, My wandering steps ! O Father, this thy

Hasten'd to form their ranks against the son
Moors. Hath sinn'd and gone astray: but hast

Julian meantime toward the altar turn'd not Thou
His languid eyes : That Image, is it not Said, When the sinner from his evil ways

St. Peter, he inquired, he who denied
His Lord and was forgiven ? . . Roderick

Turneth, that he shall save his soul
alive,

9

rejoin'd, 171 And Angels at the sight rejoice in
It is the Apostle; and may that same Heaven? 200

Lord,	Therefore do I, in thy most holy name,
O Julian, to thy soul's salvation bless	Into thy family receive again

The seasonable thought! Him who was lost, and in that name
The dying Count absolve

Then fix'd upon the Goth his earnest eyes. The Penitent. . . So saying on the head
Of Julian solemnly he laid his hands.

330 RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

In silence reverently the Count partook	Passing his hand across his cold damp
The reconciling rite, and to his lips 210	brow, . .
Roderick then held the consecrated cup.	Thou tamest the strong limb, and conquerest
Me too! exclaim'd Florinda, who till	The stubborn heart! But yesterday
then	I said
Had listen'd speechlessly; Thou Man	One Heaven could not contain mine
of God,	enemy
I also must partake! The Lord hath	And me: and now I lift my dying voice
heard	To say, Forgive me, Lord, as I forgive
My prayers! one sacrament, . . one	Him who hath done the wrong! . . He
hour, . . one grave, . .	closed his eyes
One resurrection!	A moment; then with sudden impulse
That dread office done,	cried, . . 240
Count Julian with amazement saw the	Roderick, thy wife is dead, . . the Church
Priest	hath power
Kneel down before him. By the sacra-	To free thee from thy vows, . . the broken
ment	heart
Which we have here partaken, Roderick	Might yet be heal'd, the wrong redress'd,
cried,	the throne
In this most awful moment; by that	Rebuilt by that same hand which pull'd
hope, . . 220	it down,
That holy faith which comforts thee in	And these cursed Africans. . . Oh for a
death,	month
Grant thy forgiveness, Julian, ere thou	Of that waste life which millions mis-
diest!	bestow! . .
Behold the man who most hath injured	His voice was passionate, and in his eye
thee!	With glowing animation while he spake
Roderick, the wretched Goth, the guilty	The vehement spirit shone: its effort
cause	soon
Of all thy guilt, . . the unworthy instru-	Was pass'd, and painfully with feeble
ment	breath 250
Of thy redemption, . . kneels before thee	In slow and difficult utterance he pur-
here,	sued, . .
And prays to be forgiven!	Vain hope, if all the evil was ordain'd,
Roderick! exclaim'd	And this wide wreck the will and work
The dying Count, . . Roderick! . . and	of Heaven,
from the floor	We but the poor occasion! Death will
With violent effort half he raised him-	make
self;	All clear, and joining us in better worlds,
The spear hung heavy in his side, and	Complete our union there! Do for me now
pain 230	One friendly office more: draw forth the
And weakness overcame him, that he fell	spear,
Back on his daughter's lap. O Death,	And free me from this pain! . . Receive
cried he, . .	his soul,

Saviour! exclaim'd the Goth, as he per- Of Xeres, when the sceptre from the
form'd Goths 10
The fatal service. Julian cried, O By righteous Heaven was reft. Others
friend! . . . 260 had fallen
True friend! . . and gave to him his Consumed in sieges, alway by the Moor
dying hand. To the front of war opposed. The
Then said he to Florinda, I go first, policy,
Thou followest! . . kiss me, child! . . and With whatsoever show of honour
now good night! cloak'd,
When from her father's body she arose, Was gross, and this surviving band had
Her cheek was flush'd, and in her eyes oft
there beam'd At their carousals, of the flagrant wrong,
A wilder brightness. On the Goth she Held such discourse as stirs the mount-
gazed ing blood,
While underneath the emotions of that The common danger with one discontent
hour Affecting chiefs and men. Nor had the
Exhausted life gave way. O God! she bonds
said, Of rooted discipline and faith attach'd,
Lifting her hands, thou hast restored Thus long restrain'd them, had they not
me all, . . known well 21
All . . in one hour! . . and round his neck That Julian in their just resentment
she threw shared, 270
Her arms and cried, My Roderick! And fix'd their hopes on him. Slight
mine in Heaven! impulse now
Groaning, he clasp'd her close, and in Sufficed to make these fiery martialists
that act Break forth in open fury; and though
And agony her happy spirit fled. first

XXV. RODERICK IN BATTLE

EIGHT thousand men had to Asturias A second legate follow'd Virimar,
march'd And then a third, and saw the turbu-
Beneath Count Julian's banner; the lence 30
remains Of the camp, and how against the Moors
Of that brave army which in Africa in haste
So well against the Musselman made They form'd their lines, he knew that
head, Providence
Till sense of injuries insupportable, This hour had for his country interposed,
And raging thirst of vengeance, over- And in such faith advanced to use the
threw aid
Their leader's noble spirit. To revenge Thus wondrously ordain'd. The eager
His quarrel, twice that number left their Chiefs
bones, Hasten to greet him, Cottila and Paul,
Slain in unnatural battle, on the field Basil and Miro, Theudered, Gunderick,

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Felix, and all who held authority ;	As Pedro would have answer'd, a loud
The zealous services of their brave host	cry
They proffer'd, and besought him instantly	Of menacing imprecation from the troops
To lead against the African their force	Arose ; for Orpas, by the Moorish Chief
Combined, and in good hour assail a foe	Sent to allay the storm his villainy
Divided, nor for such attack prepared.	Had stirr'd, came hastening on a milk-
	white steed,
	And at safe distance having check'd the
	rein,
While thus they communed, Roderick	Beckon'd for parley. 'Twas Orelia
from the church	On which he rode, Roderick's own
Came forth, and seeing Pedro, bent his	battle-horse,
way	Who from his master's hand had wont
Toward them. Sirs, said he, the Count	to feed,
is dead ;	And with a glad docility obey
He died a Christian, reconciled to	His voice familiar. At the sight the
Heaven,	Goth
In faith; and when his daughter had	Started, and indignation to his soul
received	Brought back the thoughts and feelings
His dying breath, her spirit too took	of old times.
flight.	Suffer me, Count, he cried, to answer
One sacrament, one death, united them ;	him,
And I beseech ye, ye who from the work	And hold these back the while ! Thus
Of blood which lies before us may	having said,
return, . .	He waited no reply, but as he was,
If, as I think, it should not be my fate . .	Bareheaded, in his weeds, and all un-
That in one grave with Christian cere-	arm'd,
monies	Advanced toward the renegade. Sir
Ye lay them side by side. In Heaven	Priest,
I ween	Quoth Orpas as he came, I hold no talk
They are met through mercy : . . ill befall	With thee ; my errand is with Gun-
the man	derick
Who should in death divide them ! . .	And the Captains of the host, to whom
Then he turn'd	I bring
His speech to Pedro in an under voice ;	Such liberal offers and clear proof . .
The King, said he, I know with noble	The Goth,
mind	Breaking with scornful voice his speech,
Will judge of the departed ; Christian	exclaim'd,
like	What, could no steed but Roderick's
He died, and with a manly penitence :	serve thy turn ?
They who condemn him most should	I should have thought some sleek and
call to mind	sober mule
How grievous was the wrong which	Long train'd in shackles to procession
madden'd him ;	pace,
Be that remember'd in his history,	More suited to my lord of Seville's use
And let no shame be offer'd his remains.	

Than this good war-horse, . . he who
 never bore
 A villain, until Orpas cross'd his back ! . .
 Wretch ! cried the astonish'd renegade,
 and stoopt,
 Foaming with anger, from the saddle-
 bow
 To reach his weapon. Ere the hasty
 hand
 Trembling in passion could perform its
 will,
 Roderick had seized the reins. How
 now, he cried,
 Orelia ! old companion, . . my good
 horse, . . 100
 Off with this recreant burthen ! . . And
 with that
 He raised his hand, and rear'd and
 back'd the steed,
 To that remember'd voice and arm of
 power
 Obedient. Down the helpless traitor
 fell
 Violently thrown, and Roderick over
 him
 Thrice led with just and unrelenting
 hand
 The trampling hoofs. Go join Witiza
 now,
 Where he lies howling, the avenger cried,
 And tell him Roderick sent thee !
 At that sight,
 Count Julian's soldiers and the Asturian
 host 110
 Set up a shout, a joyful shout, which
 rung
 Wide through the welkin. Their exult-
 ing cry
 With louder acclamation was renew'd,
 When from the expiring miscreant's
 neck they saw
 That Roderick took the shield, and
 round his own
 Hung it, and vaulted in the seat. My
 horse !

My noble horse ! he cried, with flatter-
 ing hand
 Patting his high-arch'd neck ! the rene-

 I thank him for't, hath kept thee
 daintily !
 Orelia, thou art in thy beauty still, 120
 Thy pride and strength ! Orelia, my
 good horse,
 Once more thou bearest to the field thy
 Lord,
 He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd
 thee,
 He for whose sake, wherever thou wert
 seen,
 Thou wert by all men honour'd. Once
 again
 Thou hast thy proper master ! Do thy
 part
 As thou wert wont ; and bear him glori-
 ously,
 My beautiful Orelia, . . to the last, . .
 The happiest of his fields ! . . Then he
 drew forth
 The scymitar, and waving it aloft, 130
 Rode toward the troops ; its unaccus-
 tom'd shape
 Disliked him ; Renegade in all things !
 cried
 The Goth, and cast it from him ; to the
 Chiefs
 Then said, If I have done ye service
 here,
 Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish
 sword !
 The trustiest blade that e'er in Bilbilis
 Was dipt, would not to-day be mis-
 bestowed
 On this right hand ! . . Go some one,
 Gunderick cried,
 And bring Count Julian's sword. Who-
 e'er thou art,
 The worth which thou hast shown
 avenging him 140
 Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest

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For battle unequipp'd; . . haste there and strip	Armour was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
Yon villain of his armour!	And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Late he spake,	Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,	Chiefs 171
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,	Of Julian's army in that hour support
Who in no better armour cased this day	Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found	there
In the hottest battle, yet bring off un- touch'd	Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
The unguarded life he ventures. . .	Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife.
Taking then	Alphonso through the host of infidels
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist 150	Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
The chain, and eyeing the elaborate steel	But there was worst confusion and up- roar,
With stern regard of joy, The African	There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,	Of his recover'd Lord, Orelia plunged
Who tastes thy edge! . . Make ready for the charge!	Through thickest ranks, trampling be- neath his feet 181
They come . . they come! . . On, breth- ren, to the field! . .	The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
The word is Vengeance!	The Moors divide and fly. What man is this,
Vengeance was the word;	Appall'd they say, who to the front of war
From man to man, and rank to rank it	Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
By every heart enforced, by every voice	Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.	Like some destroying Angel! Sure his lips
The enemy in shriller sounds return'd	Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name. 161	Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!
The horsemen lower'd their spears, the infantry	They said, this is no human foe! . . Nor less 190
Deliberately with slow and steady step	Of wonder fill'd the Spaniards when they saw
Advanced; the bowstrings twang'd, and arrows hiss'd,	How flight and terror went before his way,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts	And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man	With what command and knightly ease he sits
Conflicting; shield struck shield, and sword and mace	The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rang;	

His dreadful blows ! Not Roderick in his
power

Bestrode with such command and
majesty

That noble war-horse. His loose robe
this day

Is death's black banner, shaking from
its folds 199

Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
Is he who in that garb of peace affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter
where he turns !

Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and
some Saint

Revisits earth !

Ay, cries another, Heaven
Hath ever with especial bounty blest
Above all other lands its favour'd Spain;
Chusing her children forth from all man-
kind

For its peculiar people, as of yore
Abraham's ungrateful race beneath the
Law.

Who knows not how on that most holy
night 210

When peace on Earth by Angels was
proclaim'd,

The light which o'er the fields of Bethle-
hem shone,

Irradiated whole Spain ? not just dis-
play'd,

As to the Shepherds, and again with-
drawn ;

All the long winter hours from eve till
morn

Her forests and her mountains and her
plains,

Her hills and valleys were embathed in
light,

A light which came not from the sun or
moon

Or stars, by secondary powers dis-
persed,

But from the fountain-springs the Light
of Light 220

Effluent. And wherefore should we not
believe

That this may be some Saint or Angel,
charged

To lead us to miraculous victory ?

Hath not the Virgin Mother oftentimes
Descending, clothed in glory, sanctified

With feet adorable our happy soil ? . .
Mark'd ye not, said another, how he cast

In wrath the unhallow'd scymitar
away,

And called for Christian weapon ? Oh
be sure

This is the aid of Heaven ! On, com-
rades, on ! 230

A miracle to-day is wrought for Spain !

Victory and Vengeance ! Hew the mis-
creants down,

And spare not ! hew them down in
sacrifice !

God is with us ! his Saints are in the
field !

Victory ! miraculous Victory !

Thus they
Inflamed with wild belief the keen desire
Of vengeance on their enemies abhor'd.
The Moorish chief, meantime, o'erlook'd
the fight

From an eminence, and cursed the
renegade

Whose counsels sorting to such ill effect
Had brought this danger on. Lo, from
the East 241

Comes fresh alarm ! a few poor fugitives
Well-nigh with fear exanimate came up,

From Covadonga flying, and the rear
Of that destruction, scarce with breath

to tell
Their dreadful tale. When Abulcacer

heard,
Stricken with horror, like a man bereft

Of sense, he stood. O Prophet, he
exclaim'd,

A hard and cruel fortune hast thou
brought 249

This day upon thy servant ! Must I then
 Here with disgrace and ruin close a life
 Of glorious deeds ? But how should man
 resist
 Fate's irreversible decrees, or why
 Murmur at what must be ? They who
 survive
 May mourn the evil which this day
 begins :
 My part will soon be done ! . . Grief then
 gave way
 To rage, and cursing Guisla, he pursued,
 Oh that that treacherous woman were
 but here !
 It were a consolation to give her
 The evil death she merits !
 That reward
 She hath had, a Moor replied. For
 when we reach'd
 The entrance of the vale, it was her
 choice
 There in the farthest dwellings to be
 left,
 Lest she should see her brother's face ;
 but thence
 We found her flying at the overthrow,
 And visiting the treason on her head,
 Pierced her with wounds. . . Poor ven-
 geance for a host
 Destroyed ! said Abulcacem in his soul.
 Howbeit, resolving to the last to do
 His office, he roused up his spirit. Go,
 Strike off Count Eudon's head ! he
 cried ; the fear
 Which brought him to our camp will
 bring him else
 In arms against us now ; For Sisibert
 And Ebba, he continued thus in thought,
 Their uncle's fate for ever bars all plots
 Of treason on their part ; no hope have
 they
 Of safety but with us. He call'd them
 then
 With chosen troops to join him in the
 front
 Of battle, that by bravely making head,
 Retreat might now be won. Then
 fiercer raged
 The conflict, and more frequent cries of
 death,
 Mingling with imprecations and with
 prayers,
 Rose through the din of war.
 By this the blood
 Which Deva down her fatal channel
 pour'd,
 Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd
 and stain'd
 The wider stream of Sella. Soon far off
 The frequent glance of spears and gleam
 of arms
 Were seen, which sparkled to the
 westerling orb,
 Where down the vale impatient to com-
 plete
 The glorious work so well that day
 begun,
 Pelayo led his troops. On foot they
 came,
 Chieftains and men alike ; the Oaken
 Cross
 Triumphant borne on high, precedes
 their march,
 And broad and bright the argent banner
 shone.
 Roderick, who dealing death from side
 to side,
 Had through the Moorish army now
 made way,
 Beheld it flash, and judging well what
 aid
 Approach'd, with sudden impulse that
 way rode,
 To tell of what had pass'd, . . lest in the
 strife
 They should engage with Julian's men,
 and mar
 The mighty consummation. One ran on
 To meet him fleet of foot, and having
 given

His tale to this swift messenger, the
 Goth
 Halted awhile to let Orelío breathe.
 Siverian, quoth Pelayo, if mine eyes
 Deceive me not, yon horse, whose reek-
 ing sides
 Are red with slaughter, is the same on
 whom
 The apostate Orpas in his vauntory
 Wont to parade the streets of Cordoba.
 But thou shouldst know him best;
 regard him well : 310
 Is't not Orelío ?

Either it is he,

The old man replied, or one so like to
 him,
 Whom all thought matchless, that
 similitude
 Would be the greater wonder. But
 behold,
 What man is he who in that disarray
 Doth with such power and majesty
 bestride
 The noble steed, as if he felt himself
 In his own proper seat Look how he
 leans
 To cherish him; and how the gallant
 horse
 Curves up his stately neck, and bends
 his head, 320
 As if again to court that gentle touch,
 And answer to the voice which praises
 him.
 Can it be Maccabee ? rejoin'd the King,
 Or are the secret wishes of my soul
 Indeed fulfill'd, and hath the grave
 given up
 Its dead ? . . So saying, on the old man
 he turn'd
 Eyes full of wide astonishment, which
 told
 The incipient thought that for incredible
 He spake no farther. But enough had
 pass'd, 329
 For old Siverian started at the words

Like one who sees a spectre, and ex-
 claim'd,
 Blind that I was to know him not till
 now !
 My Master, O my Master !
 He meantime
 With easy pace moved on to meet their
 march.
 King, to Pelayo he began, this day
 By means scarce less than miracle, thy
 throne
 Is establish'd, and the wrongs of Spain
 revenged.
 Orpas the accursed, upon yonder field
 Lies ready for the ravens. By the
 Moors
 Treacherously slain, Count Julian will
 be found 340
 Before Saint Peter's altar; unto him
 Grace was vouchsafed; and by that
 holy power
 Which at Visonia from the Primate's
 hand
 Of his own proper act to me was given,
 Unworthy as I am, . . yet sure I think
 Not without mystery as the event hath
 shown, . .
 Did I accept Count Julian's penitence,
 And reconcile the dying man to Heaven.
 Beside him hath his daughter fallen
 asleep;
 Deal honourably with his remains, and
 let 350
 One grave with Christian rites receive
 them both.
 Is it not written that as the Tree falls
 So it shall lie ?
 In this and all things else,
 Pelayo answer'd, looking wistfully
 Upon the Goth, thy pleasure shall be
 done.
 Then Roderick saw that he was known,
 and turn'd
 His head away in silence. But the old

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Laid hold upon his bridle, and look'd up
 In his master's face, weeping and
 silently.
 Thereat the Goth with fervent pressure
 took 360
 His hand, and bending down toward him
 said,
 My good Siverian, go not thou this day
 To war! I charge thee keep thyself
 from harm!
 Thou art past the age for battles, and
 with whom
 Hereafter should thy mistress talk of me
 If thou wert gone? . . . Thou seest I am
 unarm'd;
 Thus disarray'd as thou beholdest me,
 Clean through yon miscreant army have
 I cut
 My way unhurt; but being once by
 Heaven
 Preserved, I would not perish with the
 guilt 370
 Of having wilfully provoked my death.
 Give me thy helmet and thy cuirass! . .
 nay, . .
 Thou wert not wont to let me ask in
 vain,
 Nor to gainsay me when my will was
 known!
 To thee methinks I should be still the
 King.

Thus saying, they withdrew a little
 way
 Within the trees. Roderick alighted
 there,
 And in the old man's armour dight him-
 self.
 Dost thou not marvel by what wondrous
 chance,
 Said he, Orelia to his master's hand 380
 Hath been restored? I found the
 renegade
 Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him
 down

Headlong to the earth. The noble
 animal
 Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
 His recreant burthen off, and trample out
 The life which once I spared in evil hour.
 Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
 In yonder field, and then I may go rest
 In peace, . . my work is done!
 And nobly done!
 Exclaim'd the old man. Oh! thou art
 greater now 390
 Than in that glorious hour of victory
 When grovelling in the dust Witiza lay,
 The prisoner of thy hand! . . Roderick
 replied,
 O good Siverian, happier victory
 Thy son hath now achieved! . . the
 victory
 Over the world, his sins, and his despair.
 If on the field my body should be found,
 See it, I charge thee, laid in Julian's
 grave,
 And let no idle ear be told for whom
 Thou mournest. Thou wilt use Orelia
 As doth beseech the steed which hath
 so oft 401
 Carried a King to battle; . . he hath
 done
 Good service for his rightful Lord to-
 day,
 And better yet must do. Siverian, now
 Farewell! I think we shall not meet
 again
 Till it be in that world where never
 change
 Is known, and they who love shall part
 no more.
 Commend me to my mother's prayers,
 and say
 That never man enjoy'd a heavenlier
 Than Roderick at this hour. O faithful
 friend, 410
 How dear thou art to me these tears
 may tell!

With that he fell upon the old man's
 neck;
 Then vaulted in the saddle, gave the
 reins,
 And soon rejoin'd the host. On, com-
 rades, on!
 Victory and Vengeance! he exclaim'd.
 and took
 The lead on that good charger, he alone
 Horsed for the onset. They with one
 consent
 Gave all their voices to the inspiring cry,
 Victory and Vengeance! and the hills
 and rocks
 Caught the prophetic shout and roll'd
 it round. 420
 Count Pedro's people heard amid the
 heat
 Of battle, and return'd the glad acclaim.
 The astonish'd Musselmén, on all sides
 Hear that tremendous cry; yet man-
 fully
 They stood, and everywherewith gallant
 front
 Opposed in fair array the shock of war.
 Desperately they fought, like men ex-
 pert in arms,
 And knowing that no safety could be
 found,
 Save from their own right hands. No
 former day 429
 Of all his long career had seen their chief
 Approved so well; nor had Witiza's sons
 Ever before this hour achieved in fight
 Such feats of resolute valour. Sisibert
 Beheld Pelayo in the field afoot,
 And twice essay'd beneath his horse's
 feet
 To thrust him down. Twice did the
 Prince evade
 The shock, and twice upon his shield
 received
 The fratricidal sword. Tempt me no
 more,
 Son of Witiza, cried the indignant chief,
 Lest I forget what mother gave thee
 birth! 440
 Go meet thy death from any hand but
 mine!
 He said, and turn'd aside. Fittest from
 me!
 Exclaim'd a dreadful voice, as through
 the throng
 Orelío forced his way; fittest from me
 Receive the rightful death too long with-
 held!
 'Tis Roderick strikes the blow! And as
 he spake,
 Upon the traitor's shoulder fierce he
 drove
 The weapon, well-bestow'd. He in the
 seat
 Totter'd and fell. The Avenger has-
 ten'd on
 In search of Ebba; and in the heat of
 fight 450
 Rejoicing and forgetful of all else,
 Set up his cry as he was wont in youth,
 Roderick the Goth! . . his war-cry
 known so well.
 Pelayo eagerly took up the word,
 And shouted out his kinsman's name
 beloved,
 Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic-
 tory!
 Roderick and Vengeance! Odoar gave
 it forth;
 Urban repeated it, and through his ranks
 Count Pedro sent the cry. Not from
 the field
 Of his great victory, when Witiza fell,
 With louder acclamations had that
 name 461
 Been borne abroad upon the winds of
 heaven.
 The unreflecting throng, who yesterday,
 If it had pass'd their lips, would with
 a curse
 Have clogg'd it, echoed it as if it came

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From some celestial voice in the air, reveal'd	Diminish'd. Many a frustrate stroke was dealt
To be the certain pledge of all their hopes.	On either part, and many a foin and thrust
Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic- tory!	Aim'd and rebated; many a deadly blow,
Roderick and Vengeance! O'er the field it spread,	Straight, or reverse, delivered and repell'd.
All hearts and tongues uniting in the cry; 470	Roderick at length with better speed hath reach'd
Mountains and rocks and vales re- echoed round;	The apostate's turban, and through all its folds
And he, rejoicing in his strength, rode on,	The true Cantabrian weapon making way Attain'd his forehead. Wretch! the avenger cried,
Laying on the Moors with that good sword, and smote,	It comes from Roderick's hand! Roderick the Goth,
And overthrew, and scatter'd, and destroy'd.	Who spared, who trusted thee, and was betray'd! 500
And trampled down; and still at every blow	Go tell thy father now how thou hast sped
Exultingly he sent the war-cry forth, Roderick the Goth! Roderick and Vic- tory!	With all thy treasons! Saying thus he seized
Roderick and Vengeance!	The miserable, who, blinded now with blood,
Thus he made his way, Smiting and slaying through the as- tonish'd ranks. 479	Reel'd in the saddle; and with sidelong step
Till he beheld, where on a fiery barb, Ebba, performing well a soldier's part, Dealt to the right and left his deadly blows.	Backing Orelia, drew him to the ground. He shrieking, as beneath the horse's feet He fell, forgot his late-learned creed, and called
With mutual rage they met. The renegade	On Mary's name. The dreadful Goth pass'd on,
Displays a scymitar, the splendid gift Of Walid from Damascus sent; its hilt Emboss'd with gems, its blade of perfect steel,	Still plunging through the thickest war, and still
Which, like a mirror sparkling to the sun	Scattering, where'er he turn'd, the affrighted ranks. 500
With dazzling splendour, flash'd. The Goth objects	O who could tell what deeds were wrought that day;
His shield, and on its rim received the	Or who endure to hear the tale of rage, Hatred, and madness, and despair, and fear,
Driven from its aim aside, and of its force 490	Horror, and wounds, and agony, and death,

The cries, the blasphemies, the shrieks, and groans,	Beneath an impious faith, which sanctifies
And prayers, which mingled with the din of arms	To them all deeds of wickedness and blood. . .
In one wild uproar of terrific sounds ; While over all predominant was heard.	Yea, and halloos them on, . . here are they met
Reiterate from the conquerors o'er the field,	To be conjoin'd in punishment this hour.
Roderick the Goth ! Roderick and Vic- tory ! 520	For plunder, violation, massacre, All hideous, all unutterable things,
Roderick and Vengeance ! . . Woe for Africa !	The righteous, the immitigable sword Exacts due vengeance now ! the cry of blood
Woe for the circumcised ! Woe for the faith	Is heard : the measure of their crimes is full ; 550
Of the lying Ishmaelite that hour ! The Chiefs	Such mercy as the Moor at Auria gave, Such mercy hath he found this dreadful hour !
Have fallen ; the Moors, confused and captainless,	
And panic-stricken, vainly seek to escape The inevitable fate. Turn where they will,	The evening darken'd, but the aveng- ing sword
Strong in his cause, rejoicing in success, Insatiate at the banquet of revenge,	Turn'd not away its edge till night had closed
The enemy is there ; look where they will,	Upon the field of blood. The Chieftains then
Death hath environed their devoted ranks : 530	Blew the recall, and from their perfect work
Fly where they will, the avenger and the sword	Return'd rejoicing, all but he for whom All look'd with most expectance. He full sure
Await them, . . wretches ! whom the righteous arm	Had thought upon that field to find his end
Hath overtaken ! . . Join'd in bonds of faith	Desired, and with Florinda in the grave 560
Accurs'd, the most flagitious of mankind From all parts met are here ; the apos- tate Greek,	Rest, in indissoluble union join'd. But still where through the press of war he went
The vicious Syrian, and the sullen Copt, The Persian cruel and corrupt of soul, The Arabian robber, and the prowling sons	Half-arm'd, and like a lover seeking death,
Of Africa, who from their thirsty sands Pray that the locusts on the peopled plain 540	The arrows pass'd him by to right and left,
May settle and prepare their way. Con- joined	The spear-point pierced him not, the scymitar Glanced from his helmet ; he, when he beheld

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The rout complete, saw that the shield of Heaven	To call the master whom he loved so well,
Had been extended over him once more, And bowed before its will. Upon the banks	And who had thus again forsaken him. Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
Of Sella was Orelia found, his legs 570 And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smeared	Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
With froth and foam and gore, his silver mane	Had wielded it so well that glorious day? . .
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,	Days, months, and years, and genera- tions pass'd,
Aspersed like dew-drops; trembling there he stood	And centuries held their course, before, far off
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth	Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls A humble tomb was found, which bore inscribed
His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,	In ancient characters King Roderick's name.
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seem'd	

SELECTED MINOR POEMS

THE HOLLY TREE

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Dec. 17, 1798, afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree?

The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's
sophistries.

2

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are
seen

Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly
round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to
fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves
appear.

3

I love to view these things with curious
eyes,

And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant
rhyme,
One which may profit in the after time.

4

Thus, though abroad perchance I might
appear

Harsh and austere,

20

To those who on my leisure would in-
trude

Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt
I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should
be

Like the high leaves upon the Holly
Tree.

30

6

And as when all the summer trees are
seen

So bright and green,
The Holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we
see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly
Tree?

So serious should my youth appear
among

The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and
gay

More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

40

Westbury, 1798.

THE DEAD FRIEND

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799,
and in *Metrical Tales*, 1803.]

1

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my
Soul,

Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear

The Spirit is not there
Which kindled that dead eye,
Which throbb'd in that cold heart,
Which in that motionless hand

Hath met thy friendly grasp.
The Spirit is not there !

It is but lifeless perishable flesh 10
That moulders in the grave ;
Earth, air, and water's ministering
particles

Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my
Soul,

Follow thy friend beloved,
The spirit is not there !

2

Often together have we talk'd of death ;

How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear ; 20

How sweet it were with powers
Such as the Cherubim,

To view the depth of Heaven !

O Edmund ! thou hast first

Begun the travel of Eternity !

I look upon the stars,

And think that thou art there,

Unfetter'd as the thought that follows
thee.

And we have often said how sweet it
were

With unseen ministry of angel power 30
To watch the friends we loved.

Edmund ! we did not err !

Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou
hast given

A birth to holy thought,
Has kept me from the world unstain'd
and pure.

Edmund ! we did not err !

Our best affections here

They are not like the toys of infancy ;
The Soul outgrows them not ;

We do not cast them off ; 40

Oh if it could be so,

It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

4

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my
Soul,

Follow thy friend beloved !

But in the lonely hour,

But in the evening walk,

Think that he companies thy solitude ;

Think that he holds with thee

Mysterious intercourse ;

And though remembrance wake a tear,

There will be joy in grief. 51

Westbury, 1799.

TO MARY

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
Oct. 20, 1803, under the title : 'Stanzas
written after a Long Absence.']

MARY ! ten chequer'd years have past
Since we beheld each other last ;
Yet, Mary, I remember thee,
Nor canst thou have forgotten me.

The bloom was then upon thy face,
Thy form had every youthful grace ;
I too had then the warmth of youth,
And in our hearts was all its truth.

We conversed, were there others by,
With common mirth and random eye ;
But when escaped the sight of men, 11
How serious was our converse then !

Our talk was then of years to come,
Of hopes which ask'd a humble doom,
Themes which to loving thoughts might
 move,
Although we never spake of love.

At our last meeting sure thy heart
Was even as loth as mine to part ;
And yet we little thought that then
We parted . . not to meet again.

Long, Mary ! after that adieu,
My dearest day-dreams were of you ;
In sleep I saw you still, and long
Made you the theme of secret song.

When manhood and its cares came on,
The humble hopes of youth were gone ;
And other hopes and other fears
Effaced the thoughts of happier years.

Meantime through many a varied year
Of thee no tidings did I hear, 30
And thou hast never heard my name
Save from the vague reports of fame.

But then I trust detraction's lie
Hath kindled anger in thine eye ;
And thou my praise wert proud to see, . .
My name should still be dear to thee.

Ten years have held their course ; thus
 late
I learn the tidings of thy fate ;
A Husband and a Father now,
Of thee, a Wife and Mother thou. 40

And, Mary, as for thee I frame
A prayer which hath no selfish aim,
No happier lot can I wish thee
Than such as Heaven hath granted me.

London, 1802.

FUNERAL SONG, FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES

[Published in *The Annual Register* for
1827 and in *Friendship's Offering* for 1828.]

In its summer pride array'd,
Low our Tree of Hope is laid !
Low it lies : . . in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levell'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(This the end of pomp and power !)
Have the rites of death been paid :
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid ! 20

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground !
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summon'd to the untimely tomb ?
Late with youth and splendour crown'd,
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyance blest !
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest. 20

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave
Nativity and name, and grave ;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth ;
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited :
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resign'd, 30
And fix'd on heaven his heavenly mind,
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now may he in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,
 Lies his bold dethroner too ;
 A dreadful debt did he inherit
 To his injured lineage due ;
 Ill-starr'd prince, whose martial merit 40
 His own England long might rue !
 Mournful was that Edward's fame,
 Won in fields contested well,
 While he sought his rightful claim :
 Witness Aire's unhappy water,
 Where the ruthless Clifford fell ;
 And when Wharfe ran red with
 slaughter,
 On the day of Towton's field,
 Gathering, in its guilty flood,
 The carnage and the ill-spilt blood 50
 That forty thousand lives could yield.
 Cressy was to this but sport, . .
 Poitiers but a pageant vain ;
 And the victory of Spain
 Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,
 And the work of Agincourt
 Only like a tournament ;
 Half the blood which there was spent,
 Had sufficed again to gain
 Anjou and ill-yielded Maine, 60
 Normandy and Aquitaine,
 And Our Lady's ancient towers,
 Maugre all the Valois' powers,
 Had a second time been ours. . .
 A gentle daughter of thy line,
 Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here ;
 Thou to whom all griefs were known ;
 Who wert placed upon the bier
 In happier hour than on the throne. 70
 Fatal daughter, fatal mother,
 Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
 Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
 Mourn'd in blood her elevation !
 Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
 To thine offspring thou may'st say,
 Early death is happiness ;
 And favour'd in their lot are they

Who are not left to learn below
 That length of life is length of woe. 80
 Lightly let this ground be prest ;
 A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
 Such as sisters use at meeting,
 Joy, and sympathy, and love,
 Wilt hail her in the seats above.
 Like in loveliness were ye,
 By a like lamented doom,
 Hurried to an early tomb.
 While together, spirits blest, 90
 Here your earthly relics rest,
 Fellow angels shall ye be
 In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part ;
 At the gentle Seymour's side,
 With his best beloved bride,
 Cold and quiet, here are laid
 The ashes of that fiery heart.
 Not with his tyrannic spirit,
 Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit ; 100
 No, by Fisher's hoary head,—
 By More, the learned and the good,—
 By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's
 blood,—
 By the life so basely shed
 Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
 By the axe so often red,
 By the fire with martyrs fed,
 Hateful Henry, not with thee
 May her happy spirit be ! 109

And here lies one whose tragic name
 A reverential thought may claim ;
 That murder'd Monarch, whom the
 grave,
 Revealing its long secret, gave
 Again to sight, that we might spy
 His comely face and waking eye !
 There, thrice fifty years, it lay,
 Exempt from natural decay,
 Unclosed and bright, as if to say,

Mountains and vales and waters all
imbued
With beauty, and in quietness ; and she,
Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.
But soon a wasting malady began
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,
Yet with such flattering intervals as
mock 20
The hopes of anxious love, and most of all
The sufferer, self-deceived. During
those days
Of treacherous respite, many a time
hath he,
Who leaves this record of his friend,
drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death ; and
then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-look'd-for tidings came
at last,
That, all her sufferings ended, she was
laid 30
Amid Madeira's orange groves to rest.
O gentle Emma ! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine, Earth never closed ; nor
e'er did Heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world.
Keswick, 1810.

(3) AT BARROSA

THOUGH the four quarters of the world
have seen
The British valour proved triumphantly
Upon the French, in many a field far-
famed,
Yet may the noble Island in her rolls
Of glory write Barrosa's name. For
there,
Not by the issue of deliberate plans
Consulted well, was the fierce conflict
won,

Nor by the leader's eye intuitive,
Nor force of either arm of war, nor art
Of skill'd artillerist, nor the discipline 10
Of troops to absolute obedience train'd ;
But by the spring and impulse of the
heart,
Brought fairly to the trial, when all else
Seem'd, like a wrestler's garment,
thrown aside ;
By individual courage and the sense
Of honour, their old country's, and
their own,
There to be forfeited, or there upheld ; . .
This warm'd the soldier's soul, and gave
his hand
The strength that carries with it victory.
More to enhance their praise, the day
was fought 20
Against all circumstance ; a painful
march,
Through twenty hours of night and day
prolong'd.
Forespent the British troops ; and hope
delay'd
Had left their spirits pall'd. But when
the word
Was given to turn, and charge, and win
the heights,
The welcome order came to them, like
rain
Upon a traveller in the thirsty sands.
Rejoicing, up the ascent, and in the
front
Of danger, they with steady step
advanced,
And with the insupportable bayonet 30
Drove down the foe. The vanquish'd
Victor saw
And thought of Talavera, and deplored
His eagle lost. But England saw well-
pleased
Her old ascendancy that day sustain'd ;
And Scotland, shouting over all her hills,
Among her worthies rank'd another
Graham.

(4) EPITAPH

[Published in *The Literary Souvenir*, 1827, under the title of 'A Soldier's Epitaph'.]

STEEP is the soldier's path ; nor are the heights

Of glory to be won without long toil
And arduous efforts of enduring hope ;
Save when Death takes the aspirant by the hand,

And cutting short the work of years, at once

Lifts him to that conspicuous eminence.
Such fate was mine.—The standard of the Buffs

I bore at Albuhera, on that day
When, covered by a shower, and fatally
For friends misdeem'd, the Polish
lancers fell

Upon our rear. Surrounding me, they claim'd

My precious charge.—' Not but with life !' I cried,

And life was given for immortality.
The flag which to my heart I held, when wet

With that heart's blood, was soon victoriously

Regain'd on that great day. In former times,

Marlborough beheld it borne at Ramillies ;

For Brunswick and for liberty it waved
Triumphant at Culloden ; and hath seen
The lilies on the Caribbean shores
Abased before it. Then too in the front

Of battle did it flap exultingly,
When Douro, with its wide stream inter-

Saved not the French invaders from attack,

Discomfiture, and ignominious rout.
My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I

Transmitted it. He who in days to come

May bear the honour'd banner to the field,

Will think of Albuhera, and of me.

(5) EPITAPH

[First published in *The Literary Souvenir*, 1828.]

TIME and the world, whose magnitude and weight

Bear on us in this Now, and hold us here

To earth enthrall'd, . . what are they in the Past ?

And in the prospect of the immortal Soul

How poor a speck ! Not here her resting-place,

Her portion is not here ; and happiest they

Who, gathering early all that Earth can give,
Shake off its mortal coil, and speed for Heaven.

Such fate had he whose relics moulder here.

Few were his years, but yet enough to teach

Love, duty, generous feelings, high desires,

Faith, hope, devotion : and what more could length

Of days have brought him ? What, but vanity,

Joys frailer even than health or human life ;

Temptation, sin and sorrow, both too sure,

Evils that wound, and cares that fret the heart.

Repine not, therefore, ye who love the dead.

DEDICATION OF THE AUTHOR'S
COLLOQUIES ON THE PRO-
GRESS AND PROSPECTS OF
SOCIETY

TO THE
MEMORY OF THE REVEREND
HERBERT HILL,

Formerly Student of Christ Church, Oxford ;
successively Chaplain to the British Fac-
tories at Porto and at Lisbon ; and late
Rector of Streatham ; who was released
from this life, Sept. 19, 1828, in the 80th
year of his age.

Nor upon marble or sepulchral brass
Have I the record of thy worth in-
scribed,

Dear Uncle ! nor from Chantrey's chisel
ask'd

A monumental statue, which might wear
Through many an age thy venerable
form.

Such tribute, were I rich in this world's
wealth,

Should rightfully be rendered, in dis-
charge

Of grateful duty, to the world evinced
When testifying so by outward sign

Its deep and inmost sense. But what
I can

Is rendered piously, prefixing here
Thy perfect lineaments, two centuries
Before thy birth by Holbein's happy
hand

Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture
Of More, the mild, the learned, and the
good ;

Traced in that better stage of human
life,

When vain imaginations, troublous
thoughts,

And hopes and fears have had their
course, and left

The intellect composed, the heart at
rest,

Nor yet decay hath touch'd our mortal
frame.

Such was the man whom Henry, of
desert

Appreciant alway, chose for highest
trust ;

Whom England in that eminence ap-
proved ;

Whom Europe honoured, and Erasmus
loved.

Such was he ere heart-hardening
bigotry

Obscured his spirit, made him with
himself

Discordant, and contracting then his
brow,

With sour defeature marr'd his counten-
ance.

What he was, in his best and happiest
time,

Even such wert thou, dear Uncle ! such
thy look

Benign and thoughtful ; such thy
placid mien ;

Thine eye serene, significant and strong,
Bright in its quietness, yet brightening
oft

With quick emotion of benevolence,
Or flash of active fancy, and that mirth

Which aye with sober wisdom well
accords.

Nor ever did true Nature, with more
nice

Exactitude, fit to the inner man
The fleshly mould, than when she

stampt on thine
Her best credentials, and bestow'd on

thee
An aspect, to whose sure benignity

Beasts with instinctive confidence could
trust,

Which at a glance obtain'd respect from
men,

And won at once good will from all the
good.

Such as in semblance, such in word
 and deed
 Lisbon beheld him, when for many a year
 The even tenour of his spotless life
 Adorn'd the English Church, . . her
 minister
 In that strong hold of Rome's Idolatry,
 To God and man approved. What
 Englishman, 50
 Who in those peaceful days of Portugal
 Resorted thither, curious to observe
 Her cities, and the works and ways of
 men,
 But sought him, and from his abundant
 stores
 Of knowledge profited? What stricken
 one,
 Sent thither to protract a living death,
 Forlorn perhaps, and friendless else, but
 found
 A friend in him? What mourners, . .
 who had seen
 The object of their agonizing hopes
 In that sad cypress ground deposited, &c
 Wherein so many a flower of British
 growth,
 Untimely faded and cut down, is laid,
 In foreign earth compress'd, . . but bore
 away
 A life-long sense of his compassionate
 care,
 His Christian goodness? Faithful shep-
 herd he,
 And vigilant against the wolves, who
 there,
 If entrance might be won, would
 straight beset
 The dying stranger, and with merciless
 zeal
 Bay the death-bed. In every family
 Throughout his fold was he the welcome
 guest, 70
 Alike to every generation dear,
 The children's favourite, and the grand-
 sire's friend,

Tried, trusted and beloved. So liberal
 too
 In secret alms, even to his utmost
 means,
 That they who served him, and who
 saw in part
 The channels where his constant bounty
 ran,
 Maugre their own uncharitable faith,
 Believed him, for his works, secure of
 Heaven.
 It would have been a grief for me to
 think
 The features, which so perfectly
 express'd 80
 That excellent mind, should irre-
 trievably
 From earth have pass'd away, existing
 now
 Only in some few faithful memories
 Insoul'd, and not by any limner's skill
 To be imbodied thence. A blessing
 then
 On him, in whose prophetic counterfeit
 Preserved, the children now, who were
 the crown
 Of his old age, may see their father's
 face,
 Here to the very life pourtray'd, as
 when
 Spain's mountain passes, and her ilex
 woods, 90
 And fragrant wildernesses, side by side,
 With him I traversed, in my morn of
 youth,
 And gather'd knowledge from his full
 discourse.
 Often in former years I pointed out,
 Well-pleased, the casual portrait, which
 so well
 Assorted in all points; and haply since,
 While lingering o'er this meditative
 work,
 Sometimes that likeness, not uncon-
 sciously,

Hath tinged the strain; and therefore,
for the sake

Of this resemblance, are these volumes
now 100

Thus to his memory properly inscribed.

O friend! O more than father! whom
I found

Forbearing always, always kind; to
whom

No gratitude can speak the debt I owe;
Far on their earthly pilgrimage advanced
Are they who knew thee when we drew
the breath

Of that delicious clime! The most are
gone;

And whoso yet survive of those who then
Were in their summer season, on the
tree

Of life hang here and there like wintry
leaves, 110

Which the first breeze will from the
bough bring down.

I, too, am in the sear, the yellow leaf.
And yet, (no wish is nearer to my heart,)
One arduous labour more, as unto thee
In duty bound, full fain would I com-
plete,

(So Heaven permit,) recording faithfully
The heroic rise, the glories, the decline,
Of that fallen country, dear to us,
wherein

The better portion of thy days was

And where, in fruitful intercourse with
thee, 120

My intellectual life received betimes
The bias it hath kept. Poor Portugal,
In us thou harbouredst no ungrateful
guests!

We loved thee well; Mother magnani-
mous

Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts...
For such in other times thou wert, nor
yet

To be despair'd of, for not yet, me-
thinks,

Degenerate wholly, . . yes, we loved
thee well!

And in thy moving story, (so but life
Be given me to mature the gathered
store 130

Of thirty years,) poet and politick,
And Christian sage, (only philosopher
Who from the Well of living water
drinks

Never to thirst again,) shall find, I ween,
For fancy, and for profitable thought,
Abundant food.

Alas! should this be given,
Such consummation of my work will
now

Be but a mournful close, the one being
gone,

Whom to have satisfied was still to me
A pure reward, outweighing far all
breath 140

Of public praise. O friend revered, O
guide

And fellow-labourer in this ample field,
How large a portion of myself hath

With thee, from earth to Heaven!..

Thus they who reach
Grey hairs die piecemeal. But in good
old age

Thou hast departed; not to be be-
wail'd, ..

Oh no! The promise on the Mount
vouchsafed,

Nor abrogate by any later law
Reveal'd to man, . . that promise, as by
thee

Full piously deserved, was faithfully 150
In thee fulfill'd, and in the land thy
days

Were long. I would not, as I saw thee
last,

For a king's ransom, have detain'd thee
here, ..

Bent, like the antique sculptor's limb-
less trunk,

By chronic pain, yet with thine eye
unquench'd,

The ear undimm'd, the mind retentive
still,

The heart unchanged, the intellectual
lamp

Burning in its corporeal sepulchre.

No; not if human wishes had had power
To have suspended Nature's constant
work, 160

Would they who loved thee have
detain'd thee thus,

Waiting for death.

That trance is over. Thou
Art enter'd on thy heavenly heritage;
And I, whose dial of mortality
Points to the eleventh hour, shall follow
soon.

Meantime, with dutiful and patient
hope,

I labour that our names conjoin'd may
long

Survive, in honour one day to be held
Where old Lisboa from her hills o'er-
looks

Expanded Tagus, with its populous
shores 170

And pine woods, to Palmella's crested
height:

Nor there alone; but in those rising
realms

Where now the offsets of the Lusian tree
Push forth their vigorous shoots, . .
from central plains,

Whence rivers flow divergent, to the
gulph

Southward, where wild Parana disem-
bogues

A sea-like stream; and northward, in
a world

Of forests, where huge Orellana clips
His thousand islands with his thousand

LITTLE BOOK, IN GREEN AND GOLD

[Printed by Southey's cousin and son-in-law, Herbert Hill, in *Oliver Newman: With Other Poetical Remains*, in 1845.]

LITTLE Book, in green and gold,

Thou art thus bedight to hold

ROBERT SOUTHEY'S Album Rhymes,

Wrung from him in busy times:

Not a few to his vexation,

By importune application;

Some in half-sarcastic strain,

More against than with the grain;

Other some, he must confess,

Bubbles blown in idleness; 20

Some in earnest, some in jest,

Good for little at the best:

Yet, because his Daughter dear

Would collect them fondly here,

Little Book, in gold and green,

Thou art not unfitly seen

Thus apparell'd for her pleasure,

Like the casket of a treasure.

Other owner, well I know,

Never more can prize thee so. 20

Little Book, when thou art old,

Time will dim thy green and gold.

Little Book, thou wilt outlive

The pleasure thou wert made to give:

Dear domestic recollections,

Home-born loves, and old affections,

Incommunicable they:

And when these have past away,

As perforce they must, from earth,

Where is then thy former worth? 30

Other value, then, I ween,

Little Book, may supervene,

Happily if unto some

Thou in due descent shouldst come,

Who would something find in thee

Like a relic's sanctity,

And in whom thou may'st awake,
For thy former owner's sake,
A pious thought, a natural sigh,
A feeling of mortality.

When those feelings, and that race,
Have in course of time given place,
Little worth, and little prized,
Disregarded or despised,
Thou wilt then be bought and sold,
In thy faded green and gold.
Then, unless some curious eye
Thee upon the shelf should spy,
Dust will gather on thee there,
And the worms, that never spare, 50
Feed their fill within, and hide,
Burrowing safely in thy side,
Till transfigured out they come
From that emblem of the tomb:
Or, by mould and damp consumed,
Thou to perish may'st be doom'd.

But if some collector find thee,
He will, as a prize, re-bind thee;
And thou may'st again be seen
Gayly drest in gold and green. 60

9th September, 1831.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF ROTH A QUILLINAN

[Printed, like the preceding poem, with
Oliver Newman, in 1845].

ROTH A, after long delays,
Since thy book must cross the Raise,
Down I sit to turn a stave,
Be it gay or be it grave.

Wiser wish than what thy name
Prompts for thee I cannot frame;
No where find a better theme
Than thy native namesake stream.
Lovelier river is there none
Underneath an English sun; 10

From its source it issues bright
Upon hoar Hellvellyn's height,
Flowing where its summer voice
Makes the mountain herds rejoice;
Down the dale it issues then,
Not polluted there by men;
While its lucid waters take
Their pastoral course from lake to lake,
Please the eye in every part,
Lull the ear, and soothe the heart, 20
Till into Windermere sedate
They flow and uncontaminate.
Rotha, such from youth to age
Be thy mortal pilgrimage;
Thus in childhood blithe and free,
Thus in thy maturity,
Blest and blessing, may it be;
And a course, in welfare past,
Thus serenely close at last.

ODE

WRITTEN DURING THE NEGOTIATIONS
WITH BUONAPARTE, IN JANUARY,
1814 60

[First published in *The Courier*, Feb. 3,
1814, with a number of slight variations
from the present text. Republished in *The
Times*, April 21, 1814, in its present form.]

Who counsels peace at this momentous
hour,
When God hath given deliverance to
the oppress'd,
And to the injured power?
Who counsels peace, when Vengeance
like a flood
Rolls on, no longer now to be repress'd;
When innocent blood
From the four corners of the world
cries out
For justice upon one accursed head;
When Freedom hath her holy banners
spread 9

Over all nations, now in one just cause
 United ; when with one sublime accord
 Europe throws off the yoke abhorr'd,
 And Loyalty and Faith and Ancient Laws
 Follow the avenging sword !

Woe, woe to England ! woe and endless
 shame,

If this heroic land,
 False to her feelings and unspotted fame,
 Hold out the olive to the Tyrant's hand !
 Woe to the world, if Buonaparte's throne
 Be suffer'd still to stand ! 2c

For by what names shall Right and
 Wrong be known, . .

What new and courtly phrases must
 we feign

For Falsehood, Murder, and all mon-
 strous crimes,

If that perfidious Corsican maintain
 Still his detested reign,

And France, who yearns even now to
 break her chain,

Beneath his iron rule be left to groan ?

No ! by the innumerable dead,

Whose blood hath for his lust of power
 been shed,

Death only can for his foul deeds atone ;
 That peace which Death and Judgement

can bestow, 3c

That peace be Buonaparte's, . . that
 alone !

For sooner shall the Ethiop change his
 skin,

Or from the Leopard shall her spots
 depart,

Than this man change his old flagitious
 heart.

Have ye not seen him in the balance
 weigh'd,

And there found wanting ? On the
 stage of blood

Foremost the resolute adventurer stood ;
 And when, by many a battle won,
 He placed upon his brow the crown, 4c
 Curbing delirious France beneath his
 sway,

Then, like Octavius in old time,
 Fair name might he have handed down,
 Effacing many a stain of former crime.

Fool ! should he cast away that
 bright renown !

Fool ! the redemption proffer'd should
 he lose !

When Heaven such grace vouchsafed
 him that the way

To Good and Evil lay

Before him, which to choose.

4

But Evil was his Good, 5c

For all too long in blood had he been
 nurst,

And ne'er was earth with verier tyrant
 curst.

Bold man and bad,

Remorseless, godless, full of fraud
 and lies,

And black with murders and with
 perjuries,

Himself in Hell's whole panoply he clad ;
 No law but his own headstrong will

he knew,

No counsellor but his own wicked heart.
 From evil thus portentous strength
 he drew,

And trampled under foot all human ties,
 All holy laws, all natural charities. 6c

O France ! beneath this fierce Bar-
 barian's sway

Disgraced thou art to all succeeding
 times ;

Rapine, and blood, and fire have mark'd
 thy way,

All loathsome, all unutterable crimes.

A curse is on thee, France ! from far
 and wide
 It hath gone up to Heaven. All lands
 have cried
 For vengeance upon thy detested head !
 All nations curse thee, France ! for
 wheresoe'er
 In peace or war thy banner hath
 been spread, 70
 All forms of human woe have follow'd
 there.

The Living and the Dead
 Cry out alike against thee ! They who
 bear,
 Crouching beneath its weight, thine
 iron yoke,
 Join in the bitterness of secret prayer
 The voice of that innumerable throng,
 Whose slaughter'd spirits day and
 night invoke
 The Everlasting Judge of right and
 wrong,
 How long, O Lord ! Holy and Just,
 how long !

6
 A merciless oppressor hast thou been, 80
 Thyself remorselessly oppress'd
 meantime ;
 Greedy of war, when all that thou
 couldst gain
 Was but to dye thy soul with deeper
 crime,
 And rivet faster round thyself the chain.
 O blind to honour, and to interest
 blind,
 When thus in abject servitude resign'd
 To this barbarian upstart, thou
 couldst brave
 God's justice, and the heart of human
 kind !
 Madly thou thoughtest to enslave the
 world,
 Thyself the while a miserable slave. 90
 Behold the flag of vengeance is unfurl'd !

The dreadful armies of the North
 advance ;
 While England, Portugal, and Spain
 combined,
 Give their triumphant banners to the
 wind,
 And stand victorious in the fields of
 France.

7
 One man hath been for ten long
 wretched years
 The cause of all this blood and all these
 tears ;
 One man in this most awful point
 of time
 Draws on thy danger, as he caused thy
 crime.

Wait not too long the event, 100
 For now whole Europe comes against
 thee bent,
 His wiles and their own strength the
 nations know :
 Wise from past wrongs, on future peace
 intent,
 The People and the Princes, with one
 mind,
 From all parts move against the general
 foe :
 One act of justice, one atoning blow,
 One execrable head laid low,
 Even yet, O France ! averts thy
 punishment.
 Open thine eyes ! too long hast thou
 been blind ;
 Take vengeance for thyself, and for
 mankind ! 110

8
 France ! if thou lovest thine ancient
 fame,
 Revenge thy sufferings and thy
 shame !
 By the bones which bleach on Jaffa's
 beach ;

By the blood which on Domingo's shore
Hath clogg'd the carrion-birds with
gore ;

By the flesh which gorged the wolves
of Spain,

Or stiffen'd on the snowy plain
Of frozen Moscovy ;

By the bodies which lie all open to the
sky,

Tracking from Elbe to Rhine the
Tyrant's flight : 120

By the widow's and the orphan's cry ;

By the childless parent's misery ;

By the lives which he hath shed ;

By the ruin he hath spread ;

By the prayers which rise for curses on
his head ;

Redeem, O France ! thine ancient
fame,

Revenge thy sufferings and thy
shame,

Open thine eyes ! . . too long hast thou
been blind ;

Take vengeance for thyself, and for
mankind !

By those horrors which the night 130

Witness'd, when the torches' light

To the assembled murderers show'd

Where the blood of Condé flow'd ;

By thy murder'd Pichegru's fame ;

By murder'd Wright, . . an English
name ;

By murder'd Palm's atrocious doom ;

By murder'd Hofer's martyrdom ;

Oh ! by the virtuous blood thus vilely
spilt,

The Villain's own peculiar private
guilt,

Open thine eyes ! too long hast thou
been blind ! 140

Take vengeance for thyself and for
mankind !

Keswick.

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW

[First published in *The Courier*, June 23,
1814, and afterwards in 1837-1838, among
the *Ballads and Metrical Tales*.]

1

THE Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow ;
The fields were green, and the sky was
blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

2

Four hundred thousand men and more
Must go with him to Moscow :

There were Marshals by the dozen,

And Dukes by the score ;

Princes a few, and Kings one or two ; 10

While the fields are so green, and the
sky so blue,

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

3

There was Junot and Augereau,

Heigh-ho for Moscow !

Dombrowsky and Poniatowsky,

Marshal Ney, lack-a-day !

General Rapp and the Emperor Nap ;

Nothing would do

While the fields were so green, and the
sky so blue, 20

Morbleu ! Parbleu !

Nothing would do

For the whole of this crew,

But they must be marching to Moscow.

4

The Emperor Nap he talk'd so big

That he frighten'd Mr. Roscoe.

John Bull, he cries, if you'll be wise,

Ask the Emperor Nap if he will please

To grant you peace upon your knees,

Because he is going to Moscow ! 30

He'll make all the Poles come out of
 their holes,
 And beat the Russians and eat the
 Prussians,
 For the fields are green, and the sky is
 blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 And he'll certainly march to Moscow !

5

And Counsellor Brougham was all in
 a fume
 At the thought of the march to Moscow :
 The Russians, he said, they were undone,
 And the great Fee-Faw-Fum
 Would presently come 40
 With a hop, step, and jump unto London.
 For as for his conquering Russia,
 However some persons might scoff it,
 Do it he could, and do it he would,
 And from doing it nothing would come
 but good,
 And nothing could call him off it.
 Mr. Jeffrey said so, who must certainly
 know,
 For he was the Edinburgh Prophet.
 They all of them knew Mr. Jeffrey's

Review,

Which with Holy Writ ought to be
 reckon'd : 50
 It was through thick and thin to its
 party true ;
 Its back was buff, and its sides were blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu ! [too,
 It served them for Law and for Gospel

6

But the Russians stoutly they turned-to
 Upon the road to Moscow.
 Nap had to fight his way all through ;
 They could fight, though they could not
 parlez-vous,
 But the fields were green, and the sky
 was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu ! 60
 And so he got to Moscow.

He found the place too warm for him,
 For they set fire to Moscow.
 To get there had cost him much
 ado,
 And then no better course he
 knew,
 While the fields were green, and the sky
 was blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 But to march back again from
 Moscow.

8

The Russians they stuck close to him
 All on the road from Moscow. 70
 There was Tormazow and Jemalow
 And all the others that end in ow ;
 Milarodovitch and Jaladovitch
 And Karatschkowitch,
 And all the others that end in itch ;
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff,
 And Schepaleff,
 And all the others that end in eff ;
 Wasiltchikoff, Kostomarooff,
 And Tchoglokooff, 80
 And all the others that end in off ;
 Rajeffsky and Novereffsky
 And Rieffsky,
 And all the others that end in effsky ;
 Oscharoffsky and Rostoffsky,
 And all the others that end in offsky ;
 And Platoff he play'd them off,
 And Shouvaloff he shovell'd them off,
 And Markoff he mark'd them off,
 And Kroenoff he cross'd them off, 90
 And Tuchkoff he touch'd them off,
 And Boroskoff he bored them off,
 And Kutousoff he cut them off,
 And Parenzoff he pared them off,
 And Worronzoff he worried them off,
 And Doctoroff he doctor'd them off,
 And Rodionoff he flogg'd them off.
 And last of all an Admiral came,
 A terrible man with a terrible name,

A name which you all know by sight
very well ; 10
But which no one can speak, and no one
can spell. [might,
They stuck close to Nap with all their
They were on the left and on the right,
Behind and before, and by day and by
night,
He would rather parlez-vous than fight ;
But he look'd white and he look'd blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !
When parlez-vous no more would do,
For they remember'd Moscow.

9
And then came on the frost and snow
All on the road from Moscow. ***
The wind and the weather he found in
that hour
Cared nothing for him nor for all
his power ;
For him who, while Europe crouch'd
under his rod,
Put his trust in his fortune, and not in
his God.

Worse and worse every day the
elements grew, [so blue,
The fields were so white and the sky
Sacrebleu ! Ventrebleu !
What a horrible journey from Moscow !

10

What then thought the Emperor Nap
Upon the road from Moscow ? 121
Why, I ween he thought it small delight
To fight all day, and to freeze all night :
And he was besides in a very great fright,
For a whole skin he liked to be in ;
And so, not knowing what else to do,
When the fields were so white and the
sky so blue,
Morbieu ! Parbleu !

He stole away, I tell you true,
Upon the road from Moscow. 130
'Tis myself, quoth he, I must mind most;
So the Devil may take the hindmost.

11
Too cold upon the road was he,
Too hot had he been at Moscow ;
But colder and hotter he may be,
For the grave is colder than Muscovy :
And a place there is to be kept in view
Where the fire is red and the brimstone
blue.

Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 Which he must go to, 140
 If the Pope say true,
 If he does not in time look about him ;
 Where his namesake almost
 He may have for his Host,
 He has reckon'd too long without him ;
 If that host get him in Purgatory,
 He won't leave him there alone with his
 glory ;
 But there he must stay for a very
 long day,
 For from thence there is no stealing
 away 149
 As there was on the road from Moscow.
Keswick. 1813.

LORD WILLIAM

[First published in *The Morning Post*, March 16, 1798, with the omission of Stanza 23; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799.]

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their Lord,
And he as rightful heir possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood in a fair domain,
 And Severn's ample waters near
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund's scream. 20

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam;

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair; 30
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul;

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day. 40

A fearful day was that; the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came, 50
With cold and death-like feeling seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep, . .
To sleep . . but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand; 60

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

'I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard; . .
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge
Take now thy due reward.'

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear; 70
He only heard the storm of night, . .
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals;
'What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!'

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear; [now,
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight
No human aid was near. 80

He heard a shout of joy, for now
A boat approach'd the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

'My boat is small,' the boatman cried,
'Twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay.'

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice
Even in that hour of woe, 90
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore ;
'Thou shalt have half my gold,' he cried,
'Haste . . . haste to yonder shore.'

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream ;
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream. 100

The boatman paused, 'Methought I heard
A child's distressful cry !'
''Twas but the howling wind of night,'
Lord William made reply.

'Haste . . . haste . . . ply swift and strong
the oar ;
Haste . . . haste across the stream !'
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

'I heard a child's distressful voice,'
The boatman cried again. 110
'Nay, hasten on . . . the night is dark . . .
And we should search in vain.'

'O God ! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die ?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry ?

'How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the closing stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream !' 120

The shriek again was heard : it came
More deep, more piercing loud ;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud ;

And near them they beheld a child ;
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place ; 130
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

'Now reach thine hand !' the boatman
cried,

'Lord William, reach and save !'
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd ; the hands he
felt
Were cold and damp and dead !
He held young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead. 140

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream ;
He rose, he shriek'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

Westbury, 1798.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
Dec. 3, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual An-*
thology, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

'I know not whether it be worth the
reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the
parish of St. Neots, a Well, arched over with
the robes of four kinds of trees, withy, oak,
elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The
reported virtue of the water is this, that
whether husband or wife come first to drink
thereof, they get the mastery thereby.'—
Fuller.

This passage in one of the folios of the
Worthy old Fuller, who, as he says, knew
not whether it were worth the reporting,
suggested the following Ballad : and the
Ballad has produced so many imitations
that it may be prudent here thus to assert
its originality, lest I should be accused here-
after of having committed the plagiarism
which has been practised upon it.

A WELL there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne;
 Joyfully he drew nigh, 10
 For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
 And there was not a cloud in the sky.
 He drank of the water so cool and clear,
 For thirsty and hot was he,
 And he sat down upon the bank
 Under the willow-tree.
 There came a man from the house hard
 by
 At the Well to fill his pail;
 On the Well-side he rested it,
 And he bade the Stranger hail. 20
 Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?'
 quoth he,
 'For an if thou hast a wife,
 The happiest draught thou hast drank
 this day
 That ever thou didst in thy life.

'Or has thy good woman, if one thou

Ever here in Cornwall been?
 For an if she have, I'll venture my life
 She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.'

'I have left a good woman who never
 was here,'

The Stranger he made reply, 30
 'But that my draught should be the
 better for that,
 I pray you answer me why?'

'St. Keyne,' quoth the Cornish-man,
 'many a time

Drank of this crystal Well,
 And before the Angel summon'd her,
 She laid on the water a spell.

'If the Husband of this gifted Well
 Shall drink before his Wife,
 A happy man thenceforth is he,
 For he shall be Master for life. 40

'But if the Wife should drink of it first, . .
 God help the Husband then!'

The Stranger stoopt to the Well of St.
 Keyne,

And drank of the water again.

'You drank of the Well I warrant be-
 times?'

He to the Cornish-man said:
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the
 Stranger spake,

And sheepishly shook his head.

'I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was
 done,

And left my Wife in the porch; 50
 But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
 For she took a bottle to Church.'

Westbury, 1798.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 August 9, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual*
Anthology, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

1

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

2

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found; 10
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And, with a natural sigh,
 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
 'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about ; 20
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out !
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

5

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin, he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.' 30

6

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out ;
But every body said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.'

7

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.'

8

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a chiding mother then,
And new-born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.'

9

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ; 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.'

10

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.'
'Why 'twas a very wicked thing !'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.' 60

11

'And every body praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last ?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why that I cannot tell,' said he
'But 'twas a famous victory.'
Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY, A BALLAD,

SHewing HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE
DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE
HER.

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The history of this ballad is described by Southey in the Preface to the Sixth Volume of the Collected Edition of his Poems (vide pp. 13, 14).]

'A.D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quaedam malefica, in villa quae Berkeleyia dicitur degens, gulæ amatrix ac petulantiae, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Haec die quadam cum sederet ad prandium, cornicula quam pro delitiis pascebat, nescio quid garrive coepit ; quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere coepit, et emissio rugitus, Hodie, inquit, accipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncios doloris intravit ; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, Affer, inquit, tibi filii tui obitum et totius familiae ejus ex subita ruina interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata ; sentiensque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos quos habuit superstites, monachum videlicet et monacham, per epistolam invitavit ; advenientes autem voce singultiente alloquitur. Ego, inquit, o pueri, meo miserabili fato daemoniis

Away they sent the sacrament,
 The fit it left her weak,
 She look'd at her children with ghastly
 eyes,
 And faintly struggled to speak.

'All kind of sin I have rioted in,
 And the judgement now must be,
 But I secured my children's souls,
 Oh! pray, my children, for me!

'I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,
 The fiends have been my slaves, 30
 From sleeping babes I have suck'd the
 breath,
 And breaking by charms the sleep of
 death,
 I have call'd the dead from their
 graves.

'And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
 My witchcrafts to atone;
 And I who have troubled the dead man's
 grave
 Shall never have rest in my own.

'Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet,
 My children, I beg of you;
 And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
 And sprinkle my coffin too. 42

'And let me be chain'd in my coffin of
 stone,
 And fasten it strong, I implore,
 With iron bars, and with three chains,
 Chain it to the church floor.

'And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
 And let fifty Priests stand round,
 Who night and day the mass may say
 Where I lie on the ground.

'And see that fifty Choristers 50
 Beside the bier attend me,
 And day and night by the tapers' light,
 With holy hymns defend me.

'Let the church bells all, both great and
 small,
 Be toll'd by night and day,
 To drive from thence the fiends who
 come
 To bear my body away.

'And ever have the church door barr'd
 After the even-song;
 And I beseech you, children dear, 60
 Let the bars and bolts be strong.

'And let this be three days and nights
 My wretched corpse to save;
 Till the fourth morning keep me safe,
 And then I may rest in my grave.'

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her
 down,
 And her eyes grew deadly dim,
 Short came her breath, and the struggle
 of death
 Did loosen every limb.

They blest the old woman's winding
 sheet 70
 With rites and prayers due,
 With holy water they sprinkled her
 shroud,
 And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of
 stone,
 And with iron barr'd it down,
 And in the church with three strong
 chains
 They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled
 them,
 And fifty Priests stood round,
 By night and day the mass to say 80
 Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred Choristers
 Beside the bier attend her,
 Who day and night by the tapers' light
 Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the Priests and Choristers
 It was a goodly sight,
 Each holding, as it were a staff,
 A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and
 small, 90
 Did toll so loud and long ;
 And they have barr'd the church door
 hard,
 After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light
 Burnt steadily and clear,
 But they without a hideous rout
 Of angry fiends could hear ;

A hideous roar at the church door
 Like a long thunder peal ;
 And the Priests they pray'd, and the
 Choristers sung 100
 Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the Priests pray'd
 well,
 The tapers they burnt bright,
 The Monk her son, and her daughter the
 Nun,
 They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew
 From the voice of the morning away ;
 Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing,
 And the fifty Priests they pray ;
 As they had sung and pray'd all night,
 They pray'd and sung all day. 111

The second night the tapers' light
 Burnt dismally and blue,
 And every one saw his neighbour's face
 Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise
 That the stoutest heart might shock,
 And a deafening roaring like a cataract
 pouring
 Over a mountain rock.

The Monk and Nun they told their
 beads 120
 As fast as they could tell,
 And aye as louder grew the noise
 The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the Choristers sung
 As they trembled more and more,
 And the Priests as they pray'd to heaven
 for aid,
 They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the Fiends they flew
 From the voice of the morning away ;
 Then undisturb'd the Choristers sing, 130
 And the fifty Priests they pray ;
 As they had sung and pray'd all night,
 They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers'
 flame
 A frightful stench did make ;
 And they burnt as though they had been
 dipt
 In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rush-
 ing of ocean,
 Grew momentarily more and more ;
 And strokes as of a battering ram 140
 Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen, they for very fear
 Could toll the bell no longer ;
 And still as louder grew the strokes
 Their fear it grew the stronger.

The Monk and Nun forgot their beads,
 They fell on the ground in dismay ;
 There was not a single Saint in heaven
 To whom they did not pray.

And the Choristers' song, which late was
 so strong, 150
 Falter'd with consternation,
 For the church did rock as an earth-
 quake shock
 Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast,
That shall one day wake the dead ;

The strong church door could bear no more,
And the bolts and the bars they fled ;

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,
And the choristers faintly sung.

And the Priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd, ¹⁶⁰

And on all Saints in heaven for aid
They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame,
The Devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glow'd
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid, which was barr'd so firm,

He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise, ¹⁷¹

And come with her Master away ;
A cold sweat started on that cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
And a groan like that which the Old Woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd her Master to the church door,

There stood a black horse there ; 180
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The Devil he flung her on the horse,
And he leapt up before, [went,
And away like the lightning's speed they
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mothers' breast

Started, and scream'd with fear. 190

Hereford, 1798.

GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Nov. 27, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

' Here followeth the History of HATTO, Archbishop of Mentz.

' It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the Bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the Archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine afore-mentioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a Barne, and, like a most accused and mercilesse caitiffe, burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelat to commit that execrable impiety was, because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to Mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny, this most detestable fact, unpunished. For he mustered up an army of Mice against the Archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the Prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of Mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and

GOD'S JUDGEMENT ON A WICKED BISHOP 371

sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of Mice chased him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and knawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the Mice is shewn to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious Prelate, being situate in a little green Island in the midst of the Rhine near to the towne of Bingen, and is commonly called in the German Tongue the *Mowse-turm*.—*Coryat's Crudities*, pp. 571, 572.

Other authors who record this tale say that the Bishop was eaten by Rats.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,

That in winter the corn was growing yet.
Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great Barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

'Ifaith 'tis an excellent bonfire!'
quoth he,

'And the country is greatly obliged to me,

For ridding it in these times forlorn
Of Rats that only consume the corn.'

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;

But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm—

He had a countenance white with alarm;
'My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,
And the Rats had eaten all your corn.'

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
'Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly,' quoth he,
'Ten thousand Rats are coming this way, . . .'
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!'⁴¹

'I'll go to my tower on the Rhine,'
replied he,

'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high and the shores are steep,
And the stream is strong and the water deep.'

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ; . . They have whetted their teeth against
 But soon a scream made him arise, the stones,
 He started and saw two eyes of flame And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
 On his pillow from whence the screaming They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,
 came. For they were sent to do judgement on
 him ! 80

He listen'd and look'd ; . . it was only
 the Cat ;

But the Bishop he grew more fearful for
 that,

For she sat screaming, mad with fear
 At the Army of Rats that were drawing
 near.

For they have swum over the river so
 deep,

And they have climb'd the shores so
 steep, 60

And up the Tower their way is bent,
 To do the work for which they were sent.

They are not to be told by the dozen or
 score,

By thousands they come, and by myriads
 and more,

Such numbers had never been heard of
 before,

Such a judgement had never been
 witness'd of yore.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
 And faster and faster his beads did he
 tell,

As louder and louder drawing near 69
 The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the
 door,

And through the walls helter-skelter
 they pour,

And down from the ceiling and up
 through the floor,

From the right and the left, from behind
 and before,

From within and without, from above
 and below,

And all at once to the Bishop they go.

Westbury, 1799.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 Oct. 19, 1803. The Ballad was reprinted,
 with a number of unauthorized variations,
 in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1810,
 without Southey's knowledge or consent.]

An old writer mentions a curious tradition
 which may be worth quoting. ' By east the
 Isle of May,' says he, ' twelve miles from all
 land in the German seas, lyes a great hidden
 rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for
 navigators, because it is overflowed everie
 tide. It is reported in old times, upon the
 saide rock there was a bell, fixed upon a tree
 or timber, which rang continually, being
 moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers
 of the danger. This bell or clocke was put
 there and maintained by the Abbot of
 Aberbrothok, and being taken down by a
 sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon
 the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the
 righteous judgement of God.'—STODDART,
Remarks on Scotland.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no mo-
 tion,

Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their
 shock

The waves flow'd over the Inchcape
 Rock ;

So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok

Had placed that bell on the Inchcape
 Rock ; 10

On a buoy in the storm it floated and
 swung,

And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's
 swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell;
 And then they knew the perilous
 Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The Sun in heaven was shining gay.
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd
 round,
 And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was
 seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker
 speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him
 sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, 'My men, put out the
 boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aber-
 brothok.'

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the Bell from the Inchcape
 float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling
 sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, 'The next who comes
 to the Rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok.'

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
 He scour'd the seas for many a day;
 And now grown rich with plunder'd
 store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
 They cannot see the Sun on high;
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, 'It will be lighter
 soon,
 For there is the dawn of the rising
 Moon.'

'Canst hear,' said one, 'the breakers
 roar?
 For methinks we should be near the
 shore.'
 'Now where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape
 Bell.'

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen they drift
 along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering
 shock,—
 'Oh Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!'

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He curst himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
 One dreadful sound could the Rover
 hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell,
 The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Bristol, 1802.

QUEEN ORRACA

AND

THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO

[First published in *The Morning Post*, Sept. 1, 1803. Afterwards published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1806, and in Ballantyne's *English Minstrelsy*, 1810.]

This Legend is related in the Chronicle of Affonso II, and in the *Historia Serafica* of Fr. Manoel da Esperança.

THE Friars five have girt their loins,
And taken staff in hand;
And never shall those Friars again
Hear mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca,
To thank her and bless her then;
And Queen Orraca in tears
Knelt to the holy men.

'Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophesy to you:
Hear us, in the name of God!
For time will prove them true.

'In Morocco we must martyr'd be;
Christ hath vouchsafed it thus:
We shall shed our blood for Him
Who shed his blood for us.

'To Coimbra shall our bodies be
brought,
Such being the will divine;
That Christians may behold and feel
Blessings at our shrine.

'And when unto that place of rest
Our bodies shall draw nigh,
Who sees us first, the King or you,
That one that night must die.

'Fare thee well, Queen Orraca!
For thy soul a mass we will say,
Every day as long as we live,
And on thy dying day.'

The Friars they blest her, one by one,
Where she knelt on her knee,
And they departed to the land
Of the Moors beyond the sea.

'What news, O King Affonso,
What news of the Friars five?
Have they preach'd to the Miramamolin;
And are they still alive?'

'They have fought the fight, O Queen!
They have run the race;
In robes of white they hold the palm
Before the throne of Grace.

'All naked in the sun and air
Their mangled bodies lie;
What Christian dared to bury them,
By the bloody Moors would die.'

'What news, O King Affonso,
Of the Martyrs five what news?
Doth the bloody Miramamolin
Their burial still refuse?'

'That on a dunghill they should rot,
The bloody Moor decreed;
That their dishonour'd bodies should
The dogs and vultures feed:

'But the thunder of God roll'd over
them,
And the lightning of God flash'd round;
Nor thing impure, nor man impure,
Could approach the holy ground.

'A thousand miracles appall'd
The cruel Pagan's mind;
Our brother Pedro brings them here,
In Coimbra to be shrined.'

Every altar in Coimbra
Is drest for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra
Are dight in their richest array;

Every bell in Coimbra
Doth merrily, merrily, ring ;
The Clergy and the Knights await,
To go forth with the Queen and the
King.

'Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca !
We make the procession stay.' 70
'I beseech thee, King Affonso,
Go you alone to-day.

'I have pain in my head this morning,
I am ill at heart also :
Go without me, King Affonso,
For I am too faint to go.'

'The relics of the Martyrs five
All maladies can cure ;
They will requite the charity
You shew'd them once, be sure : 80

'Come forth then, Queen Orraca !
You make the procession stay :
It were a scandal and a sin
To abide at home to-day.'

Upon her palfrey she is set,
And forward then they go ;
And over the long bridge they pass,
And up the long hill wind slow.

'Prick forward, King Affonso,
And do not wait for me ; 90
To meet them close by Coimbra,
It were discourtesy ;

'A little while I needs must wait,
Till this sore pain be gone ; . .
I will proceed the best I can,
But do you and your Knights prick
on.'

The King and his Knights prick'd up
the hill
Faster than before ;
The King and his Knights have topt the
hill,
And now they are seen no more. 100

As the King and his Knights went down
the hill
A wild boar crost the way ;
'Follow him ! follow him !' cried the
King ;
'We have time by the Queen's delay !'

A-hunting of the boar astray
Is King Affonso gone :
Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears
Between the olive-trees : 110
Queen Orraca alighted then,
And fell upon her knees.

The Friars of Alanquer came first,
And next the relics past ; . .
Queen Orraca look'd to see
The King and his Knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind ;
At that she turn'd her face :
King Affonso and his Knights came up
All panting from the chase. 120

'Have pity upon my poor soul,
Holy Martyrs five !' cried she :
'Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Virgin, pray for me !'

That day in Coimbra
Many a heart was gay ;
But the heaviest heart in Coimbra,
Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,
The sun hath sunk in the west ; 130
All the people in Coimbra
Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's Father Confessor
At midnight is awake ;
Kneeling at the Martyr's shrine,
And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight hour, when all

Was still as still could be,
Into the Church of Santa Cruz,
Came a saintly company :

All in robes of russet grey,
Poorly were they dight ;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a Friar Minorite.

But from those robes of russet grey,
There flow'd a heavenly light ;
For each one was the blessed soul
Of a Friar Minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
Among the beautiful band ;
Five were there who each did bear
A palm branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
A living man was he ;
And yet he shone the brightest
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,
Each one bow'd his head ;
And then with solemn voice they sung
The Service of the Dead.

' And who are ye, ye blessed Saints ? '
The Father Confessor said ;
' And for what happy soul sing ye
The Service of the Dead ? '

' These are the souls of our brethren in
bliss,

The Martyrs five are we :
And this is our father Francisco,
Among us bodily !

' We are come hither to perform
Our promise to the Queen ;
Go thou to King Affonso,
And say what thou hast seen.'

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled ;
And the porter called to the Confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.
Bristol, 1808.

BROUGH BELLS

140 ' The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome ancient building. The steeple is not so old, having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one Brunskill, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his Bull fell a bellowing, which in the dialect of the country is called cruning, this being the genuine Saxon word to denote that vociferation. Thereupon he said to one of his neighbours, " Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes ? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither ? " He answered, " Yea." " Well, then," says Brunskill, " I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all, and with the price thereof he bought the said bells (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger). There is a monument in the body of the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second window, and in which it is said the said Brunskill was the last that was interred.'—*Nicolson and Burn's History and Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. i, p. 571.

ONE day to Helbeck I had stroll'd
Among the Crossfell hills,
And resting in its rocky grove
Sat listening to the rills ;

The while to their sweet undersong
The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind awoke the wood
To an intermitting sound.

170 Louder or fainter as it rose,
Or died away, was borne
The harmony of merry bells,
From Brough that pleasant morn.

10 ' Why are the merry bells of Brough,
My friend, so few ? ' said I,
' They disappoint the expectant ear,
Which they should gratify.

- 'One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;
'Tis still one, two, three, four.
Mellow and silvery are the tones;
But I wish the bells were more!' 20
- 'What! art thou critical?' quoth he;
'Eschew that heart's disease
That seeketh for displeasure where
The intent hath been to please.
- 'By those four bells there hangs a tale,
Which being told, I guess,
Will make thee hear their scanty peal
With proper thankfulness.
- 'Not by the Cliffords were they given,
Nor by the Tuftons' line; 30
Thou hearest in that peal the crune
Of old John Brunskill's kine.
- 'On Stanemore's side one summer eve,
John Brunskill sate to see
His herds in yonder Borrodale
Come winding up the lea.
- 'Behind them on the lowland's verge,
In the evening light serene,
Brough's silent tower, then newly built
By Blenkinsop, was seen. 40
- 'Slowly they came in long array,
With loitering pace at will;
At times a low from them was heard,
Far off, for all was still.
- 'The hills return'd that lonely sound
Upon the tranquil air;
The only sound it was, which then
Awoke the echoes there.
- "Thou hear'st that lordly Bull of
mine,
Neighbour," quoth Brunskill then; 50
"How loudly to the hills he crunes,
That crune to him again.
- "Think'st thou if yon whole herd at
once
Their voices should combine,
Were they at Brough, that we might not
Hear plainly from this upland spot
That cruning of the kine?"
- "That were a crune, indeed," replied
His comrade, "which, I ween,
Might at the Spital well be heard, 60
And in all dales between.
- "Up Mallerstang to Eden's springs
The eastern wind upon its wings
The mighty voice would bear;
And Appleby would hear the sound,
Methinks, when skies are fair."
- "Then shall the herd," John Brunskill
cried,
"From yon dumb steeple crune,
And thou and I, on this hill-side,
Will listen to their tune. 70
- "So while the merry Bells of Brough
For many an age ring on,
John Brunskill will remember'd be,
When he is dead and gone;
- "As one who in his latter years,
Contented with enough,
Gave freely what he well could spare
To buy the Bells of Brough."
- "Thus it hath proved: three hundred
years
Since then have pass'd away, 80
And Brunskill's is a living name
Among us to this day."
- "More pleasure," I replied, "shall I
From this time forth partake,
When I remember Helbeck woods,
For old John Brunskill's sake.
- "He knew how wholesome it would be,
Among these wild wide fells,
And upland vales, to catch, at times,
The sound of Christian bells; 90

' What feelings and what impulses
 Their cadence might convey,
 To herdsman or to shepherd boy,
 Whiling in indolent employ
 The solitary day ;

' That when his brethren were convened
 To meet for social prayer,
 He, too, admonish'd by the call,
 In spirit might be there.

' Or when a glad thanksgiving sound, 100
 Upon the winds of Heaven,
 Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
 For some great blessing given—

' For victory by sea or land,
 And happy peace at length ;
 Peace by his country's valour won,
 And 'stablish'd by her strength ;

' When such exultant peals were borne
 Upon the mountain air,
 The sound should stir his blood, and
 give 110
 An English impulse there.'

Such thoughts were in the old man's
 mind,

When he that eve look'd down
 From Stanemore's side on Borrodale,
 And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
 Another herd of kine,
 John Brunskill, I would freely give,
 That they might crune with thine.

Keswick, 1828.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COFFEE-POT

[Printed in a note in *Selections, From the Letters of Robert Southey*, ed. J. W. Warton, vol. iv, pp. 203, 204.]

A GOLDEN medal was voted to me
 By a certain Royal Society :
 'Twas not a thing at which to scoff,
 For fifty guineas was the cost thereof :
 On one side a head of the king you
 might see,
 And on the other was Mercury !
 But I was scant of worldly riches,
 And moreover the Mercury had no
 breeches ;
 So, thinking of honour and utility
 too,
 And having modesty also in view, 120
 I sold this medal, (why should I not ?)
 And with the money which for it
 I got,

I purchased this silver coffee-pot :
 Which I trust my son will preserve with
 care,
 To be handed down from heir to heir.
 These verses are engraven here,
 That the truth of the matter may
 appear,
 And I hope the society will be so
 wise,
 As in future to dress their Mercuries !

SONNETS

[As two of the Sonnets have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems (pp. 349, 350), and three of those published in 1837-1838 have been omitted, it has been necessary to make some alteration in the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done the number in brackets () at the head of a sonnet denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.

Of the Sonnets printed below, numbers I to IV inclusive (as numbered in the present edition) were published in *Poems*, 1797; the remainder were published in *Metrical Tales*, 1805. Sonnets V, VI, VII, VIII, and XII were included in *The Annual Anthology*, 1790; Sonnets IX, X, XI, XIV, XV, appeared in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800.]

I (IV) CORSTON

As thus I stand beside the murmuring
stream
And watch its current, memory here
pours
Scenes faintly form'd of half-forgotten
days,
Like far-off woodlands by the moon's
bright beam
Dimly descried, but lovely. I have
worn
Amid these haunts the heavy hours
away,
When childhood idled through the
Sabbath-day;
Risen to my tasks at winter's earliest
morn;
And when the summer twilight darken'd
here,
Thinking of home, and all of heart for-
lorn,
Have sigh'd and shed in secret many a
tear.
Dream-like and indistinct those days
appear,
As the faint sounds of this low brooklet,
borne
Upon the breeze, reach fitfully the ear.
1794.

II (VI)

With many a weary step, at length I gain
Thy summit, Lansdown; and the cool
breeze plays
Gratefully round my brow, as hence
I gaze
Back on the fair expanse of yonder
plain.
'Twas a long way and tedious; to the
Though fair the extended vale, and fair
to view
The autumnal leaves of many a faded
hue,
That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
Even so it fared with life: in discontent
Restless through Fortune's mingled
scenes I went.
Yet wept to think they would return no
more.
But cease, fond heart, in such sad
thoughts to roam;
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy
home,
And pleasant is the way that lies before.
1794.

III (VII)

Fair is the rising morn when o'er the sky
The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the musing poet's eye
Fades the soft radiance of departing day;
But fairer is the smile of one we love,
Than all the scenes in Nature's ample
sway,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
The voice that bids us welcome. Such
delight,
Edith! is mine, escaping to thy sight
From the cold converse of the indifferent
throng:
Too swiftly then toward the silent night,
Ye hours of happiness, ye speed along,
Whilst I, from all the world's dull cares
apart,
Pour out the feelings of my burthen'd
heart.
1794.

IV (VIII)

How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain
frowns
The gather'd tempest ! from that lurid
cloud
The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful
and loud
Though distant ; while upon the misty
downs [rain.
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting
I never saw so terrible a storm !
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in
vain
Wraps his thin raiment round his
shivering form,
Cold even as hope within him. I the
while
Pause here in sadness, though the sun-
beams smile¹⁰
Cheerily round me. Ah ! that thus my
lot [sign'd,
Might be with Peace and Solitude as-
Where I might from some little quiet cot
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of man-
kind.

1794.

V (IX)

[First p
May 29, 1799.]

O THOU sweet Lark, who in the heaven
so high [fully,
Twinkling thy wings dost sing so joy-
I watch thee soaring with a deep delight,
And when at last I turn mine aching eye
That lags below thee in the Infinite,
Still in my heart receive thy melody.
O thou sweet Lark, that I had wings
like thee !
Not for the joy it were in yon blue light
Upward to mount, and from my
heavenly height
Gaze on the creeping multitude below ;
But that I soon would wing my eager
flight¹¹
To that loved home where Fancy even
now
Hath fled, and Hope looks onward
through a tear, [here.
Counting the weary hours that hold her

VI (X)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
May 21, 1799.]

THOU lingerest, Spring ! still wintry is
the scene, [wear ;
The fields their dead and sapless russet
Scarce doth the glossy celandine appear
Starring the sunny bank, or early green
The elder yet its circling tufts put forth.
The sparrow tenants still the eaves-built
nest [breast
Where we should see our martin's snowy
Oft darting out. The blasts from the
bleak north [blow.
And from the keener east still frequent
Sweet Spring, thou lingerest ; and it
should be so. . .¹⁰
Late let the fields and gardens blossom
out ! [is drest,
Like man when most with smiles thy face
'Tis to deceive, and he who knows ye
best, [doubt.
When most ye promise, ever most must
Westbury, 1799.

VII (XI)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
November 23, 1798.]

BEWARE a speedy friend, the Arabian
said,
And wisely was it he advised distrust :
The flower that blossoms earliest fades
the first. [head,
Look at yon Oak that lifts its stately
And dallies with the autumnal storm,
whose rage [it rose,
Tempests the great sea-waves ; slowly
Slowly its strength increased through
many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves disclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest
green.
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season
bland¹¹
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs
the last.

1798.

VIII (XII) TO A GOOSE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
January 10, 1799.]

If thou didst feed on western plains of
yore;
Or waddle wide with flat and flabby feet
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy
moor;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsy thieves, and foxes sly and
fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided,
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched
race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and
Wailing the rigour of his lady fair;
Or if, the drudge of housemaid's daily
toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white
besoil,
Departed Goose! I neither know nor
But this I know, that we pronounced
thee fine,
Season'd with sage and onions, and port
London, 1798.

X (XIV)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
December 28, 1798.]

FAIR be thy fortunes in the distant land,
Companion of my earlier years and
friend!
Go to the Eastern world, and may the
hand
Of Heaven its blessing on thy labour
And may I, if we ever more should meet,
See thee with affluence to thy native
shore
Return'd: . . I need not pray that I may
The same untainted goodness as before.
Long years must intervene before that
day;
And what the changes Heaven to each
may send,
It boots not now to bode: O early
friend!
Assured, no distance e'er can wear away
Esteem long rooted, and no change
remove
The dear remembrance of the friend we
[love.]

IX (XIII)

I MARVEL not, O Sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
And pour his prayers of mingled awe
and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
Beauty, and life, and joyance from
above.
No longer let these mists thy radiance
These cold raw mists that chill the com-
fortless day;
But shed thy splendour through the
opening cloud
And cheer the earth once more. The
languid flowers
Lie scentless, beaten down with heavy
rain;
Earth asks thy presence, saturate with
showers;
O Lord of Light! put forth thy beams
again,
For damp and cheerless are the gloomy
Westbury, 1798.

XI (XVI)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
August 26, 1799.]

PORLOCK, thy verdant vale so fair to
sight,
Thy lofty hills which fern and furze
embrown,
The waters that roll musically down
Thy woody glens, the traveller with
delight
Recalls to memory, and the channel
Circling its surges in thy level bay.
Porlock, I also shall forget thee not,
Here by the unwelcome summer rain
confined;
But often shall hereafter call to mind
How here, a patient prisoner, 'twas my
lot
To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,
Making my Sonnet by the alehouse fire,
Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire
Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours
away.
August 9, 1799.

XII (XVII)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
December 14, 1798.]

STately yon vessel sails adown the tide,
To some far distant land adventurous
bound;

The sailors' busy cries from side to side
Pealing among the echoing rocks re-
sound:

A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring
band,

Joyful they enter on their ocean way.
With shouts exulting leave their native
land, [day]

And know no care beyond the present
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
Who sorrows for a child or husband
there?

Who at the howling of the midnight
wind [prayer?

Will wake and tremble in her boding
So may her voice be heard, and Heaven
be kind! [fair!

Go, gallant Ship, and be thy fortune
Westbury, 1799.

XIII (XVIII)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
December 1, 1798.]

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful
hour

On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless
power. [waves]

What were it now to toss upon the
The madden'd waves, and know no
succour near;

The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest
raves;

To gaze amid the horrors of the night
And only see the billow's gleaming light;
Then in the dread of death to think of
her 11

Who, as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes
pale? . .

O God! have mercy on the mariner!

Westbury, 1799.

XIV (XIX)

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
August 9, 1799.]

SHE comes majestic with her swelling
sails, [way]

The gallant Ship; along her watery
Homeward she drives before the favour-
ing gales;

Now flirting at their length the streamers
play, [breeze.

And now they ripple with the ruffling
Hark to the sailors' shouts! the rocks
rebound, [sound.

Thundering in echoes to the joyful
Long have they voyaged o'er the distant
seas, [last,

And what a heart-delight they feel at
So many toils, so many dangers past, to
To view the port desired, he only knows
Who on the stormy deep for many a day
Hath tost, aweary of his watery way,
And watch'd, all anxious, every wind
that blows.

Westbury, 1799.

XV (XX)

FAREWELL my home, my home no
longer now,

Witness of many a calm and happy day;
And thou fair eminence, upon whose
brow [ray,

Dwells the last sunshine of the evening
Farewell! These eyes no longer shall
pursue

The western sun beyond the farthest
height, [light.

When slowly he forsakes the fields of
No more the freshness of the falling dew,
Cool and delightful, here shall bathe my
head,

As from this western window dear, I
lean, 10

Listening, the while I watch the placid
scene, [shed.

The martins twittering underneath the
Farewell, dear home! where many a
day has past

In joys whose loved remembrance long
shall last.

Westbury, 1799.

LYRIC POEMS

TO CONTEMPLATION

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

Καὶ παγὰς φιλέοιμι τὸν ἐγγύθεν ἦχον ἀκούειν,
 * Ἄ τέρπει ψοφέουσα τὸν ἀγκυλόν, οὐχὶ
 ταρασσεί. MOSCHUS.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance
 through the sky,
 The sober twilight dimly darkens
 round ;

In short quick circles the shrill bat
 flits by, [ground.

And the slow vapour curls along the

Now the pleased eye from yon lone cot-
 tage sees

On the green mead the smoke long-
 shadowing play ; [spray

The Red-breast on the blossom'd
 Warbles wild her latest lay ;

And lo ! the Rooks to yon high-tufted
 trees

Wing in long files vociferous their
 way. 10

Calm CONTEMPLATION, 'tis thy favourite
 hour !

Come, tranquillizing Power !

I view thee on the calm shore
 When Ocean stills his waves to rest ;

Or when slow-moving on the surges
 hoar

Meet with deep hollow roar

And whiten o'er his breast ;

And when the Moon with softer radiance
 gleams, [beams.

And lovelier heave the billows in her

When the low gales of evening moan
 along, 20

I love with thee to feel the calm cool
 breeze, [among,

And roam the pathless forest wilds
 Listening the mellow murmur of the

trees [on high,

Full-foliaged, as they wave their heads
 And to the winds respond in symphony.

Or lead me where amid the tranquil
 vale

The broken streamlet flows in silver
 light ;

And I will linger where the
 gale

O'er the bank of violets sighs,
 Listening to hear its soften'd sounds

arise ; 30
 And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy

flight,
 And watch'd the tube-eyed

snail
 Creep o'er his long moon-glittering

trail,
 And mark where radiant through the

night
 Shines in the grass-green hedge the glow-
 worm's living light.

Thee, meekest Power ! I love to
 meet,

As oft with solitary pace

The ruin'd Abbey's hallowed rounds
 I trace,

And listen to the echoings of my
 feet.

Or on some half-demolish'd tomb,
 Whose warning texts anticipate my

doom, 42
 Mark the clear orb of night

Cast through the ivy'd arch a broken
 light.

Nor will I not in some more gloomy
 hour

Invoke with fearless awe thine holier
 power,

Wandering beneath the sacred
 pile

When the blast moans along the dark-
 some aisle,

And clattering patters all
 around

The midnight shower with dreary
 sound.

But sweeter 'tis to wander wild 50
 By melancholy dreams beguiled,
 While the summer moon's pale ray
 Faintly guides me on my way
 To some lone romantic glen
 Far from all the haunts of men ;
 Where no noise of uproar rude
 Breaks the calm of solitude ;
 But soothing Silence sleeps in all,
 Save the neighbouring waterfall,
 Whose hoarse waters falling near 60
 Load with hollow sounds the ear,
 And with down-dasht torrent white
 Glean hoary through the shades of
 night.

Thus wandering silent on and slow,
 I'll nurse Reflection's sacred woe,
 And muse upon the happier day
 When Hope would weave her visions
 gay.
 Ere Fancy, chill'd by adverse fate,
 Left sad Reality my mate.

O CONTEMPLATION ! when to Memory's
 eyes 70
 The visions of the long-past days
 arise,
 Thy holy power imparts the best relief,
 And the calm'd Spirit loves the joy of
 grief.

Bristol, 1792.

REMEMBRANCE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 May 26, 1798 ; afterwards in *The Annual*
Anthology, 1799.]

The remembrance of Youth is a sigh.
 ALL.

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
 As through the world he wends,
 On every stage from youth to age
 Still discontent attends ;
 With heaviness he casts his eye
 Upon the road before,
 And still remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
 Torn from his mother's arms, . . 10
 What then shall soothe his earliest
 woes,

When novelty hath lost its charms ?
 Condemn'd to suffer through the day
 Restraints which no rewards repay,
 And cares where love has no concern,
 Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
 Before his wish'd return.
 From hard controul and tyrant rules,
 The unfeeling discipline of schools,
 In thought he loves to roam, 20
 And tears will struggle in his eye
 While he remembers with a sigh
 The comforts of his home.

Youth comes ; the toils and cares of life
 Torment the restless mind ;
 Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
 Its consolation find ?
 Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
 Life's summer prime of joy ?
 Ah no ! for hopes too long delay'd 30
 And feelings blasted or betray'd,
 Its fabled bliss destroy ;
 And Youth remembers with a sigh
 The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
 And other thoughts come on,
 But with the baseless hopes of Youth
 Its generous warmth is gone ;
 Cold calculating cares succeed,
 The timid thought, the wary deed, 40
 The dull realities of truth ;
 Back on the past he turns his eye,
 Remembering with an envious sigh
 The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
 Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
 With feeble step and slow ;
 New ills that latter stage await,
 And old Experience learns too late
 That all is vanity below. 50
 Life's vain delusions are gone by
 Its idle hopes are o'er,
 Yet age remembers with a sigh
 The days that are no more.

Westbury, 1798.

THE WIDOW

SAPPHICS

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast
the snow fell,

Wide were the downs and shelterless and
naked,

When a poor Wanderer struggled on her
journey,
Weary and way-sore.

Dreary were the downs, more dreary her
reflections ;

Cold was the night-wind, colder was her
bosom :

She had no home, the world was all
before her,
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by
her,

'Pity me!' feebly cried the lonely
wanderer ; 10

'Pity me, strangers ! lest with cold and
hunger

Here I should perish.

'Once I had friends,—though now by
all forsaken !

Once I had parents,—they are now in
Heaven !

I had a home once—I had once a hus-
band—

Pity me, strangers !

'I had a home once—I had once a
husband—

I am a widow, poor and broken-
hearted !

Loud blew the wind, unheard was her
complaining,

On drove the chariot. 20

Then on the snow she laid her down to
rest her ;

She heard a horseman, 'Pity me !' she
groan'd out ;

Loud was the wind, unheard was her
complaining,

On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil and cold
and hunger,

Down sunk the Wanderer, sleep had
seized her senses ;

There did the traveller find her in the
morning ;

God had released her.

Bristol, 1795.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799.]

SWEET to the morning traveller

The song amid the sky,

Where twinkling in the dewy light
The skylark soars on high.

And cheering to the traveller

The gales that round him play,

When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun

Full wearily toils he, 10

The flowing water makes to him

A soothing melody.

And when the evening light decays,

And all is calm around.

There is sweet music to his ear

In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

But oh ! of all delightful sounds

Of evening or of morn,

The sweetest is the voice of Love,

That welcomes his return. 20

Westbury, 1798.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
January 17, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

You are old, Father William, the young
man cried,

The few locks which are left you are
grey ;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty
old man,

Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
 replied,
 I remember'd that youth would fly
 fast.
 And abused not my health and my
 vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last.
 You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 And pleasures with youth pass away ;
 And yet you lament not the days that
 are gone, 11
 Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William
 replied,
 I remember'd that youth could not
 last ;
 I thought of the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past.
 You are old, Father William, the young
 man cried,
 And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse
 upon death,
 Now tell me the reason, I pray. 20

I am cheerful, young man, Father
 William replied,
 Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remember'd
 my God !
 And He hath not forgotten my age.
Westbury, 1799.

TO A SPIDER

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 March 23, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual*
Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

I

SPIDER ! thou need'st not run in fear
 about
 To shun my curious eyes ;
 I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
 Lest thou should'st eat the flies ;
 Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd
 delight
 Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
 For there is One who might
 One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore
 perplex,
 The subject of his verse ; 10
 There's many a one who on a better
 text
 Perhaps might comment worse.
 Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from
 my view,
 But quietly like me spin out the line ;
 Do thou thy work pursue
 As I will mine. 11

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the
 ways
 Of Satan, Sire of lies ;
 Hell's huge black Spider, for mankind
 he lays
 His toils, as thou for flies. 20
 When Betty's busy eye runs round
 the room,
 Woe to that nice geometry, if seen !
 But where is He whose broom
 The earth shall clean ?

Spider ! of old thy flimsy webs were
 thought,
 And 'twas a likeness true,
 To emblem laws in which the weak
 are caught,
 But which the strong break through :
 And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
 Like some poor client is that wretched
 fly ; 30
 I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
 His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human
 schemes
 And care on earth employ'd ?
 Such are young hopes and Love's
 delightful dreams
 So easily destroyed !
 So does the Statesman, whilst the
 Avengers sleep,
 Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret
 lay,
 Soon shall destruction sweep
 His work away. 40

Thou busy labourer ! one resemblance
more

May yet the verse prolong,
For, Spider, thou art like the Poet
poor,

Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as Nature taught, with
ceaseless pains :

Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

Westbury, 1798.

THE EBB TIDE

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
June 25, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,
1805.]

SLOWLY thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon ! scarcely did mine
eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood
side,
Perceive its gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied
their oars,
Yet little way they made, though la-
bouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along ;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide, ¹¹
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars ;
Fast flow thy waters on their seaward
way
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon ! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way ;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay. ²⁰

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd
at last,

Thus from the summit of high fortune's
flood
They ebb to ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied
stage ;

Alas ! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age !

Westbury, 1799.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
June 29, 1798 ; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii,
1799.]

AND wherefore do the Poor complain ?
The Rich Man ask'd of me ; . .
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
His locks were thin and white ; ¹⁰
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night ;

The cold was keen indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold ;
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold ; ²⁰

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast ;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there
 When the night-wind was so chill ; 30
 She turn'd her head and bade the child
 That scream'd behind, be still ;

Then told us that her husband served,
 A soldier, far away,
 And therefore to her parish she
 Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose
 And sunken was her eye,
 Who with a wanton's hollow voice
 Address'd the passers-by ; 40

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
 That could her heart allure
 To shame, disease, and late remorse ;
 She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the Rich Man then,
 For silently stood he, . .
 You ask'd me why the Poor complain.
 And these have answer'd thee !

London, 1798.

TO A FRIEND

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY
 YOUTH AGAIN

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 May 27, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual*
Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,
 1805.]

I

Do I regret the past ?
 Would I again live o'er
 The morning hours of life ?
 Nay, William ! nay, not so !
 In the warm joyance of the summer
 sun

I do not wish again
 The changeful April day.
 Nay, William ! nay, not so !
 Safe haven'd from the sea,

I would not tempt again 10
 The uncertain ocean's wrath.
 Praise be to Him who made me what
 I am,
 Other I would not be.

Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
 Of days that are no more ?
 When in his own dear home
 The traveller rests at last,
 And tells how often in his wanderings
 The thought of those far off
 Hath made his eyes o'erflow 20
 With no unmanly tears ;
 Delighted he recalls
 Through what fair scenes his lingering
 feet have trod ;
 But ever when he tells of perils past
 And troubles now no more,
 His eyes are brightest, and a readier
 joy
 Flows thankful from his heart.

No, William ! no, I would not live
 again
 The morning hours of life ;
 I would not be again 30
 The slave of hope and fear ;
 I would not learn again
 The wisdom by Experience hardly
 taught.

To me the past presents
 No object for regret ;
 To me the present gives
 All cause for full content.
 The future ? . . it is now the cheerful
 noon,
 And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
 With eyes alive to joy ; 40
 When the dark night descends,
 I willingly shall close my weary lids,
 In sure and certain hope to wake again.
 Westbury, 1798.

OCCASIONAL PIECES

ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

<p>GASPAR ! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes Beguile the lonely hour ! I sit and gaze With lingering eye, till dreaming Fancy makes The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul From the foul haunts of herded human- kind Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes The untainted air, that with the lively hue Of health and happiness illumines the cheek Of mountain Liberty. My willing soul All eager follows on thy faery flights, 10 Fancy ! best friend ; whose blessed witcheries With cheering prospects cheat the traveller O'er the long wearying desert of the world. Nor dost thou, Fancy ! with such magic mock My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew, Or Alquif, or Zarzafiel's sister sage, Who in her vengeance for so many a year Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced Lisuart the pride of Grecian chivalry. Friend of my lonely hours ! thou leade'st me 20 To such calm joys as Nature, wise and good, Proffers in vain to all her wretched sons, . .</p>	<p>Her wretched sons who pine with want amid The abundant earth, and blindly bow them down Before the Moloch shrines of Wealth and Power, Authors of Evil. Well it is sometimes That thy delusions should beguile the heart, Sick of reality. The little pile That tops the summit of that craggy hill Shall be my dwelling : craggy is the hill And steep ; yet through yon hazels up- ward leads 31 The easy path, along whose winding way Now close embower'd I hear the unseen stream Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam Gleam through the thicket ; and ascend- ing on Now pause me to survey the goodly vale That opens on my prospect. Half way up Pleasant it were upon some broad smooth rock To sit and sun myself, and look below. And watch the goatherd down yon high- bank path 40 Urging his flock grotesque ; and bidding now His lean rough dog from some near cliff go drive The straggler ; while his barkings loud and quick Amid their tremulous bleat arising oft, Fainter and fainter from the hollow road Send their far echoes, till the waterfall, Hoarse bursting from the cavern'd cliff beneath, Their dying murmurs drown. A little yet</p>
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Onward, and I have gain'd the utmost
height.

Fair spreads the vale below : I see the
stream ⁵⁰

Stream radiant on beneath the noon-
tide sky.

A passing cloud darkens the bordering
steep,

Where the town-spires behind the castle-
towers

Rise graceful ; brown the mountain in
its shade,

Whose circling grandeur, part by mists
conceal'd,

Part with white rocks resplendent in the
sun,

Should bound mine eyes, . . ay, and my
wishes too,

For I would have no hope or fear
beyond.

The empty turmoil of the worthless
world,

Its vanities and vices would not vex ⁶⁰
My quiet heart. The traveller, who
beheld

The low tower of the little pile, might
deem

It were the house of God ; nor would
he err

So deeming, for that home would be the
home

Of Peace and Love, and they would
hallow it

To Him. Oh, life of blessedness ! to
reap

The fruit of honourable toil, and bound
Our wishes with our wants ! Delightful
thoughts,

That soothe the solitude of weary Hope,
Ye leave her to reality awaked, ⁷⁰

Like the poor captive, from some fleeting
dream

Of friends and liberty and home
restored,

Startled, and listening as the midnight
storm

Beats hard and heavy through his
dungeon bars.

Bath, 1795.

II

WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY,
1795

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797.]

How many hearts are happy at this
hour

In England ! Brightly o'er the cheerful
hall

Flares the heaped hearth, and friends
and kindred meet,

And the glad mother round her festive
board

Beholds her children, separated long
Amid the wide world's ways, assembled
now,

A sight at which affection lightens up
With smiles the eye that age has long
bedimm'd.

I do remember when I was a child
How my young heart, a stranger then
to care, ¹⁰

With transport leap'd upon this holy-
day,

As o'er the house, all gay with ever-
greens,

From friend to friend with joyful speed
I ran,

Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
Those years are past ; their pleasures
and their pains

Are now like yonder convent-crested hill
That bounds the distant prospect, indis-
tinct,

Yet pictured upon memory's mystic
glass

In faint fair hues. A weary traveller
now

I journey o'er the desert mountain
tracks ²⁰

Of Leon, wilds all drear and comfortless,
Where the grey lizards in the noontide
sun

Sport on the rocks, and where the goat-
herd starts,

Roused from his sleep at midnight when
he hears

The prowling wolf, and falters as he calls
On Saints to save. Here of the friends
I think

Who now, I ween, remember me, and fill

The glass of votive friendship. At the
 name
 Will not thy cheek, Beloved, change its
 hue,
 And in those gentle eyes uncall'd-for
 tears
 Tremble? I will not wish thee not to
 weep;
 Such tears are free from bitterness, and
 they
 Who know not what it is sometimes to
 wake
 And weep at midnight, are but instru-
 ments
 Of Nature's common work. Yes, think
 of me,
 My Edith, think that, travelling far
 away,
 Thus I beguile the solitary hours
 With many a day-dream, picturing
 scenes as fair
 Of peace, and comfort, and domestic bliss
 As ever to the youthful poet's eye
 Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,
 Though absent, thine; and if a sigh
 will rise,
 And tears, unbidden, at the thought
 steal down,
 Sure hope will cheer thee, and the happy
 hour
 Of meeting soon all sorrow overpay.

III

WRITTEN AFTER VISITING THE CONVENT OF ARRABIDA

NEAR SETUBAL
 MARCH 22, 1796

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797. The original version has been largely rewritten.]

HAPPY the dwellers in this holy house:
 For surely never worldly thoughts in-
 trude
 On this retreat, this sacred solitude,
 Where Quiet with Religion makes her
 home.
 And ye who tenant such a goodly scene,
 How should ye be but good, where all is
 fair,

And where the mirror of the mind re-
 flects
 Serenest beauty? O'er these mountain
 wilds
 The insatiate eye with ever new delight
 Roams raptur'd, marking now where to
 the wind
 The tall tree bends its many-tinted
 boughs
 With soft accordant sound; and now
 the sport
 Of joyous sea-birds o'er the tranquil
 deep,
 And now the long-extending stream of
 light
 Where the broad orb of day refulgent
 sinks
 Beneath old Ocean's line. To have no
 cares
 That eat the heart, no wants that to
 the earth
 Chain the reluctant spirit, to be freed
 From forced communion with the selfish
 tribe
 Who worship Mammon,—yea, emanci-
 pate
 From this world's bondage, even while
 the soul
 Inhabits still its corruptible clay, . .
 Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house,
 Almost I envy you. You never see
 Pale Misery's asking eye, nor roam about
 Those huge and hateful haunts of
 crowded men,
 Where Wealth and Power have built
 their palaces,
 Fraud spreads his snares secure, man
 preys on man,
 Iniquity abounds, and rampant Vice,
 With an infection worse than mortal,
 taints
 The herd of humankind.

I too could love,
 Ye tenants of this sacred solitude,
 Here to abide, and when the sun rides
 high
 Seek some sequester'd dingle's coolest
 shade;
 And at the breezy hour, along the beach
 Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the
 deep,
 And while the breath of evening fann'd
 my brow,

And the wild waves with their continuous sound
 Soothed my accustom'd ear, think thankfully
 That I had from the crowd withdrawn in time, 40
 And found an harbour. . . Yet may yonder deep
 Suggest a less unprofitable thought, Monastic brethren. Would the mariner, Though storms may sometimes swell the mighty waves,
 And o'er the reeling bark with thundering crash
 Impel the mountainous surge, quit yonder deep,
 And rather float upon some tranquil sea, Whose moveless waters never feel the gale, [soul!
 In safe stagnation? Rouse thyself my No season this for self-deluding dreams; It is thy spring-time; sow, if thou would'st reap; 51
 Then, after honest labour, welcome rest, In full contentment not to be enjoy'd Unless when duly earn'd. O happy then To know that we have walked among mankind
 More sinn'd against than sinning! Happy then
 To muse on many a sorrow overpast, And think the business of the day is done, [close,
 And as the evening of our lives shall The peaceful evening, with a Christian's hope 60
 Expect the dawn of everlasting day.
Lisbon, 1796.

IV

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE
 TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

AND I was once like this! that glowing cheek
 Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
 Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze [years
 Dies o'er the sleeping surface! . . Twenty

Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
 Who once so dearly prized this miniature, And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
 To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
 Beholding me, with quick-averted glance [hues
 Pass on the other side. But still these Remain unalter'd, and these features wear 11
 The look of Infancy and Innocence. I search myself in vain, and find no trace
 Of what I was: those lightly arching lines
 Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face
 Settled in these strong lineaments! . . There were
 Who form'd high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
 Young Robert! for thine eye was quick to speak
 Each opening feeling: should they not have known,
 If the rich rainbow on a morning cloud Reflects its radiant dyes, the husband-man 21
 Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees Impending storms! . . They augured happily,
 That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
 Of faery fiction, and thine infant tongue Lisp'd with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
 And rising Rome; therefore they deem'd, forsooth,
 That thou shouldst tread Preferment's pleasant path.
 Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
 Stray in the pleasant paths of Poesy, 30
 And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,
 There didst thou love to linger out the day,
 Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade. [wrong?
 SPIRIT OF SPENSER! was the wanderer
Bristol, 1796.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAY'S
JOURNEY IN SPAIN

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797, under the title 'Retrospective Musings'. The original version has been practically rewritten.]

Nor less delighted do I call to mind,
Land of Romance, thy wild and lovely
scenes,
Than I beheld them first. Pleased I
retrace
With memory's eye the placid Minho's
course,
And catch its winding waters gleaming
bright
Amid the broken distance. I review
Leon's wide wastes, and heights pre-
cipitous,
Seen with a pleasure not unmix'd with
dread,
As the sagacious mules along the brink
Wound patiently and slow their way
secure;
And rude Galicia's hovels, and huge
rocks
And mountains, where, when all beside
was dim,
Dark and broad-headed the tall pines
erect
Rose on the farthest eminence distinct,
Cresting the evening sky.
Rain now falls thick,
And damp and heavy is the unwhole-
some air;
I by this friendly hearth remember Spain,
And tread in fancy once again the road,
Where twelve months since I held my
way, and thought
Of England, and of all my heart held
dear,
And wish'd *this* day were come.

The morning mist,
Well I remember, hover'd o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we
left
The solitary Venta.¹ Soon the Sun
Rose in his glory; scatter'd by the
breeze

¹ Venta de Peralbanegas.

The thin fog roll'd away, and now
emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Tower'd dark, and dimly seen; and now
we pass'd
Torvalva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paused frequently, look'd back, and
gazed around,
Then journey'd on, yet turn'd and gazed
again,
So lovely was the scene. That ducal
pile
Of the Toledos now with all its towers
Shone in the sunlight. Half way up the
hill,
Embower'd in olives, like the abode of
Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool fresh gale
Bending the young corn on the gradual
slope
Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A convent near, and could almost have
thought
The dwellers there must needs be holy
men,
For as they look'd around them all they
saw
Was good.
But when the purple eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my
heart!
Trees scatter'd among peering rocks
adorn'd
The near ascent; the vale was over-
spread
With ilex in its wintry foliage gay,
Old cork trees through their soft and
swelling bark
Bursting, and glaucous olives, under-
neath
Whose fertilizing influence the green herb
Grows greener, and with heavier ears
enrich'd
The healthful harvest bends. Pelliucid
streams
Through many a vocal channel from the
hills
Wound through the valley their melo-
dious way;
And o'er the intermediate woods de-
scribed,
Naval-Moral's church tower announced
to us

Our resting-place that night,—a welcome mark ;
 Though willingly we loiter'd to behold
 In long expanse Plasencia's fertile plain,
 And the high mountain range which bounded it,
 Now losing fast the roseate hue that eve
 Shed o'er its summit and its snowy breast,
 For eve was closing now. Faint and more faint
 The murmurs of the goatherd's scatter'd flock
 Were borne upon the air, and sailing slow
 The broad-wing'd stork sought on the church tower top
 His consecrated nest. O lovely scenes !
 I gazed upon you with intense delight,
 And yet with thoughts that weigh the spirit down.
 I was a stranger in a foreign land,
 And knowing that these eyes should never more
 Behold that glorious prospect, Earth itself
 Appear'd the place of pilgrimage it is
Bristol, Jan. 15, 1797.

VI TO MARGARET HILL

WRITTEN FROM LONDON. 1798.

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799, under the title, 'Metrical Letter, Written from London.']

MARGARET ! my Cousin, . . nay, you must not smile,
 I love the homely and familiar phrase
 And I will call thee Cousin Margaret,
 However quaint amid the measured line
 The good old term appears. Oh ! looks ill
 When delicate tongues disclaim old terms of kin,
 Sir-ing and Madam-ing as civilly
 As if the road between the heart and lip
 Were such a weary and Laplandis' way,

That the poor travellers came to the red gates
 Half frozen. Trust me, Cousin Margaret,
 'or many a day my memory hath play'd
 'he creditor with me on your account,
 and made me shame to think that I should owe
 So long the debt of kindness. But in truth,
 Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
 So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
 toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
 Time leaves me distanced. Loth indeed were I
 That for a moment you should lay to me
 Unkind neglect ; mine, Margaret, is a heart
 That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some
 Who know its genuine warmth. I am not one
 Who can play off my smiles and courtesies
 To every Lady of her lap-dog tired
 Who wants a play-thing ; I am no sworn friend
 Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love ;
 Mine are no mushroom feelings, which spring up
 At once without a seed and take no root,
 Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
 The little circle of domestic life,
 I would be known and loved : the world beyond
 Is not for me. But, Margaret, sure I think
 That you should know me well, for you and I
 Grew up together, and when we look back
 Upon old times, our recollections paint
 The same familiar faces. Did I wield
 The wand of Merlin's magic, I would make
 Brave witchcraft. We would have a faery ship,

Ay, a new Ark, as in that other flood 40
Which swept the sons of Anak from the
earth;

The Sylphs should waft us to some
goodly isle

Like that where whilom old Apollidon,
Retiring wisely from the troublous
world,

Built up his blameless spell; and I would
bid

The Sea-Nymphs pile around their
coral bowers,

That we might stand upon the beach,
and mark

The far-off breakers shower their silver
spray,

And hear the eternal roar, whose
pleasant sound

Told us that never mariner should
reach 50

Our quiet coast. In such a blessed
isle

We might renew the days of infancy,
And Life like a long childhood pass
away,

Without one care. It may be, Margaret,
That I shall yet be gather'd to my
friends;

For I am not of those who live estranged
Of choice, till at the last they join their
race

In the family-vault. If so, if I should
lose,

Like my old friend the Pilgrim, this huge
pack 59

So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.

If not, if I should never get beyond
This Vanity-town, there is another
world

Where friends will meet. And often,
Margaret,

I gaze at night into the boundless sky,
And think that I shall there be born
again,

The exalted native of some better star;
And, like the untaught American, I look
To find in Heaven the things I loved on
earth.

VII HISTORY

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
January 16, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual
Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*,
1805.]

THOU chronicle of crimes! I'll read no
more;

For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow-kind. O gentle Poesy,

Receive me from the court's polluted
scenes,

From dungeon horrors, from the fields of
war,

Receive me to your haunts, . . that I may
nurse

My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!

I spake, when lo!
There stood before me, in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed Muse. Upon her
brow 10

Sate a calm anger. Go, young man, she
cried,

Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy
soul

Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
That love-sick Maids may weep upon
thy page,

Soothed with delicious sorrow. Oh
shame! shame!

Was it for this I waken'd thy young
mind?

Was it for this I made thy swelling
heart

Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy
boy's eye

So kindle when that glorious Spartan
died?

Boy! boy! deceive me not! . . What
if the tale 20

Of murder'd millions strike a chilling
pang;

What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou
not risen

With nobler feelings, . . with a deeper
love

For freedom? Yes, if righteously thy
soul

Loathes the black history of human
 crimes
 And human misery, let that spirit fill
 Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy !
 to raise
 Strains such as Cato might have deign'd
 to hear, ³⁰
 As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

Westbury, 1798.

VIII

WRITTEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER READING THE SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET

ON HIS TRIAL AND CONVICTION FOR HIGH
 TREASON, SEPT., 1803

'LET no man write my epitaph ; let
 my grave
 Be uninscribed, and let my memory rest
 Till other times are come, and other men,
 Who then may do me justice.'¹
 Emmet, no !
 No withering curse hath dried my spirit
 up,
 That I should now be silent, . . that my
 soul
 Should from the stirring inspiration
 shrink,
 Now when it shakes her, and withhold
 her voice,
 Of that divinest impulse never more
 Worthy, if impious I withheld it now, to
 Hardening my heart. Here, here in this
 free Isle,
 To which in thy young virtue's erring
 zeal

¹ These were the words in his speech :
 ' Let there be no inscription upon my tomb.
 Let no man write my epitaph. No man
 can write my epitaph. I am here ready to
 die. I am not allowed to vindicate my
 character ; and when I am prevented from
 vindicating myself, let no man dare to
 calumniate me. Let my character and my
 motives repose in obscurity and peace, till
 other times and other men can do them
 justice. Then shall my character be vindicated ;
 then may my epitaph be written.
 I HAVE DONE.'

Thou wert so perilous an enemy,
 Here in free England shall an English
 hand
 Build thy imperishable monument ;
 O, . . to thine own misfortune and to
 ours,
 By thine own deadly error so beguiled,
 Here in free England shall an English
 voice
 Raise up thy mourning-song. For thou
 hast paid
 The bitter penalty of that misdeed ; so
 Justice hath done her unrelenting part,
 If she in truth be Justice who drives on,
 Bloody and blind, the chariot wheels of
 death.

So young, so glowing for the general
 good,
 Oh what a lovely manhood had been
 thine,
 When all the violent workings of thy
 youth
 Had pass'd away, hadst thou been wisely
 spared,
 Left to the slow and certain influences
 Of silent feeling and maturing thought.
 How had that heart, . . that noble heart
 of thine, ³⁰
 Which even now had snapt one spell,
 which beat
 With such brave indignation at the
 shame
 And guilt of France, and of her mis-
 creant Lord,
 How had it clung to England ! With
 what love,
 What pure and perfect love, return'd
 to her,
 Now worthy of thy love, the champion
 now
 For freedom, . . yea, the only champion
 now,
 And soon to be the Avenger. But the
 blow
 Hath fallen, the indiscriminating blow,
 That for its portion to the Grave con-
 sign'd ⁴⁰
 Youth, Genius, generous Virtue. Oh,
 grief, grief !
 Oh, sorrow and reproach ! Have ye to
 learn,
 Deaf to the past, and to the future blind,

Ye who thus irremissibly exact
The forfeit life, how lightly life is staked,
When in distemper'd times the feverish
mind

To strong delusion yields? Have ye to
learn

With what a deep and spirit-stirring voice
Pity doth call Revenge? Have ye no
hearts

To feel and understand how Mercy
tames

The rebel nature, madden'd by old
wrongs,

And binds it in the gentle bands of love,
When steel and adamant were weak to
hold

That Samson-strength subdued!

Let no man write
Thy epitaph! Emmet, nay; thou
shalt not go

Without thy funeral strain! O young
and good

And wise, though erring here, thou shalt
not go

Unhonour'd nor unsung. And better
thus

Beneath that indiscriminating stroke,
Better to fall, than to have lived to
mourn,

As sure thou wouldst, in misery and
remorse,

Thine own disastrous triumph; to have
seen,

If the Almighty at that awful hour
Had turn'd away his face, wild Ignor-
ance

Let loose, and frantic Vengeance, and
dark Zeal,

And all bad passions tyrannous, and
the fires

Of Persecution once again ablaze.

How had it sunk into thy soul to see,
Last curse of all, the ruffian slaves of
France

In thy dear native country lording it! 70
How happier thus, in that heroic mood
That takes away the sting of death, to
die,

By all the good and all the wise for-
Yea, in all ages by the wise and good
To be remember'd, mourn'd, and
honour'd still.

Keswick.

IX VERSES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD,
UPON THE INSTALLATION OF LORD
GRENVILLE

GRENVILLE, few years have had their
course, since last

Exulting Oxford view'd a spectacle
Like this day's pomp; and yet to those
who throng'd

These walls, which echo'd then with
Portland's praise,

What change hath interven'd! The
bloom of spring

Is fled from many a cheek, where roseate
joy

And beauty bloom'd; the inexorable
Grave

Hath claimed its portion; and the
band of youths,

Who then, collected here as in a port
From whence to launch on life's adven-
turous sea,

Stood on the beach, ere this have found
their lots

Of good or evil. Thus the lapse of years,
Evolving all things in its quiet course,

Hath wrought for them; and though
those years have seen

Fearful vicissitudes, of wilder change
Than history yet had learnt, or old
romance

In wildest mood imagined, yet these too,
Portentous as they seem, not less have
risen

Each of its natural cause the sure effect,
All righteously ordain'd. Lo! king-
doms wreck'd,

Thrones overturn'd, built up, then swept
away

Like fabrics in the summer clouds, dis-
persed

By the same breath that heap'd them;
rightful kings,

Who, from a line of long-drawn ancestry
Held the transmitted sceptre, to the axe
Bowing the anointed head; or dragg'd
away

To eat the bread of bondage; or escaped

Beneath th' shadow of Britannia's shield,
 There only safe. Such fate have vicious courts,
 Statesmen corrupt, and fear-struck policy,
 Upon themselves drawn down; till Europe, bound
 In iron chains, lies bleeding in the dust,
 Beneath the feet of upstart tyranny :
 Only the heroic Spaniard, he alone
 Yet unsubdued in these degenerate days,
 With desperate virtue, such as in old time
 Hallow'd Saguntum and Numantia's name,
 Stands up against the oppressor undis-
 may'd.
 So may the Almighty bless the noble race,
 And crown with happy end their holiest cause !

40
 Deem not these dread events the monstrous birth
 Of chance ! And thou, O England, who dost ride
 Serene amid the waters of the flood,
 Preserving, even like the Ark of old,
 Amid the general wreck, thy purer faith,
 Domestic loves, and ancient liberty,
 Look to thyself, O England ! for be sure,
 Even to the measure of thine own desert,
 The cup of retribution to thy lips
 Shall soon or late be dealt ! . . a thought
 that well

50
 Might fill the stoutest heart of all thy sons
 With awful apprehension. Therefore, they
 Who fear the Eternal's justice, bless thy name,
 Grenville, because the wrongs of Africa
 Cry out no more to draw a curse from Heaven
 On England !—for if still the trooping sharks
 Track by the scent of death the accursed ship
 Freight with human anguish, in her wake
 Pursue the chace, crowd round her keel,
 and dart

Toward the sound contending, when they hear
 The frequent carcass from her guilty deck
 Dash in the opening deep, no longer now
 The guilt shall rest on England ; but if yet
 There be among her children, hard of heart
 And sear'd of conscience, men who set at nought
 Her laws and God's own word, upon themselves
 Their sin be visited ! . . the red-cross flag,
 Redeem'd from stain so foul, no longer now
 Covereth the abomination.
 This thy praise,
 O Grenville, and while ages roll away

70
 This shall be thy remembrance. Yea, when all
 For which the tyrant of these abject times
 Hath given his honourable name on earth,
 His nights of innocent sleep, his hopes of heaven ;
 When all his triumphs and his deeds of blood,
 The fretful changes of his feverish pride,
 His midnight murders and perfidious plots,
 Are but a tale of years so long gone by,
 That they who read distrust the hideous truth,
 Willing to let a charitable doubt

80
 Abate their horror ; Grenville, even then
 Thy memory will be fresh among mankind ;
 Afric with all her tongues will speak of thee,
 With Wilberforce and Clarkson, he whom Heaven,
 To be the apostle of this holy work,
 Raised up and strengthen'd, and upheld through all
 His arduous toil. To end the glorious task,
 That blessed, that redeeming deed was thine :
 Be it thy pride in life, thy thought in death,

Thy praise beyond the tomb. The
statesman's fame ⁹⁰
Will fade, the conqueror's laurel crown
grow sere;
Fame's loudest trump upon the ear of
Time
Leaves but a dying echo; they alone
Are held in everlasting memory,
Whose deeds partake of heaven. Long
ages hence,
Nations unborn, in cities that shall rise
Along the palmy coast, will bless thy
name;
And Senegal and secret Niger's shore.
And Calabar, no longer startled then
With sounds of murder, will, like Isis
now, ¹⁰⁰
Ring with the songs that tell of Gren-
ville's praise.

Keswick, 1810.

X

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY

[Written for Music, and composed by
Shield.]

GLORY to Thee in thine omnipotence,
O Lord, who art our shield and our
defence,
And dost dispense,
As seemeth best to thine unerring will
(Which passeth mortal sense),
The lot of Victory still;
Edging sometimes with might the
sword unjust;
And bowing to the dust
The rightful cause, that so much
seeming ill
May thine appointed purposes fulfil;
Sometimes, as in this late auspicious
hour ¹¹
For which our hymns we raise,
Making the wicked feel thy present
power;
Glory to thee and praise,
Almighty God, by whom our strength
was given!
Glory to thee, O Lord of Earth and
Heaven!

Keswick, 1815.

XI

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN LADY LONSDALE'S ALBUM,
AT LOWTHER CASTLE, OCTOBER 13,
1821

[First published in Joanna Baillie's *A
Collection of Poems, chiefly Manuscript*, in
1823.]

SOMETIMES in youthful years,
When in some ancient ruin I have
stood,
Alone and musing, till with quiet tears
I felt my cheeks bedew'd,
A melancholy thought hath made me
grieve
For this our age, and humbled me in
mind,
That it should pass away and leave
No monuments behind.

Not for themselves alone
Our fathers lived; nor with a niggard
hand ¹⁰
Raised they the fabrics of enduring
stone,
Which yet adorn the land;
Their piles, memorials of the mighty
dead,
Survive them still, majestic in decay;
But ours are like ourselves, I said,
The creatures of a day.

With other feelings now,
Lowther! have I beheld thy stately
walls,
Thy pinnacles, and broad embattled
brow,
And hospitable halls. ²⁰
The sun those wide-spread battlements
shall crest,
And silent years unharmed shall go by
Till centuries in their course invest
Thy towers with sanctity.

But thou the while shalt bear,
 To after-times, an old and honour'd
 name,
 And to remote posterity declare
 Thy Founder's virtuous fame.
 Fair structure ! worthy the triumphant
 age
 Of glorious England's opulence and
 power, 30
 Peace be thy lasting heritage,
 And happiness thy dower !

XII

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO W. R. TURNER, ESQ., R.A.,
 ON HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE
 FROM THE TOWN OF ARONA

[First published in *The Keepsake*, 1829.]

1

TURNER, thy pencil brings to mind
 a day
 When from Laveno and the Beuscer
 hill
 I over Lake Verbanus held my way
 In pleasant fellowship, with wind at
 will ;
 Smooth were the waters wide, the sky
 serene,
 And our hearts gladden'd with the
 joyful scene ;

Joyful, . . for all things minister'd de-
 light, . .
 The lake and land, the mountains and
 the vales ;
 The Alps their snowy summits rear'd in
 light,
 Tempering with gelid breath the
 summer gales ; 10
 And verdant shores and woods refresh'd
 the eye
 That else had ached beneath that bril-
 liant sky.

To that elaborate island were we bound
 Of yore the scene of Borromean
 pride, . .
 Folly's prodigious work ; where all
 around,
 Under its coronet and self-belied,
 Look where you will, you cannot choose
 but see
 The obtrusive motto's proud 'HET-
 MILITY !'

Far off the Borromean saint was seen,
 Distinct though distant, o'er his native
 town, 20
 Where his Colossus with benignant
 mien
 Looks from its station on Arona down :
 To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes,
 From the wide lake, when perilous
 storms arise.

But no storm threaten'd on that
 summer-day ;
 The whole rich scene appear'd for
 joyance made ;
 With many a gliding bark the mere was
 gay,
 The fields and groves in all their
 wealth array'd ;
 I could have thought the Sun beheld
 with smiles
 Those towns and palaces and populous
 isles. 30

6

From fair Arona, even on such a day,
 When gladness was descending like
 a shower,
 Great painter, did thy gifted eye survey
 The splendid scene ; and, conscious
 of its power,
 Well hath thine hand inimitable given
 The glories of the lake, and land, and
 heaven.

Keswick, 1828.

XIII

ON A PICTURE BY J. M. WRIGHT,
ESQ.

[First published in *The Keepsake* for 1829,
under the title of 'Lucy and her Bird'.]

1

THE sky-lark hath perceived his prison-
door

Unclosed; for liberty the captive
tries:

Puss eagerly hath watched him from
the floor,
And in her grasp he flutters, pants,
and dies.

2

Lucy's own Puss, and Lucy's own dear
Pird,

Her foster'd favourites both for many
a day,
That which the tender-hearted girl pre-
ferr'd,
She in her fondness knew not sooth
to say.

3

For if the sky-lark's pipe were shrill and
strong,

And its rich tones the thrilling ear
might please,

Yet Pussybel could breathe a fireside
song

As winning, when she lay on Lucy's

Both knew her voice, and each alike
would seek

Her eye, her smile, her fondling touch
to gain:

How faintly then may words her sorrow
speak,

When by the one she sees the other

The flowers fall scatter'd from her lifted
hands;

A cry of grief she utters in affright;
And self-condemn'd for negligence she
stands

Aghast and helpless at the cruel sight.

Come, Lucy, let me dry those tearful
eyes;

Take thou, dear child, a lesson not
unholy

From one whom nature taught to mora-
lize

Both in his mirth and in his melan-
choly.

I will not warn thee not to set thy
heart

Too fondly upon perishable things;

In vain the earnest preacher spends his
art

Upon that theme; in vain the poet
sings.

8

It is our nature's strong necessity,

And this the soul's unerring instincts
tell:

Therefore I say, let us love worthily,
Dear child, and then we cannot love
too well.

9

Better it is all losses to deplore,

Which dutiful affection can sustain,

Than that the heart should, in its inmost
core,

Harden without it, and have lived in
vain.

10

This love which thou hast lavish'd, and
the woe

Which makes thy lip now quiver with
distress,

Are but a vent, an innocent overflow,
From the deep springs of female ten-
derness.

11

And something I would teach thee from
the grief

That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes
with tears,

The which may be thy sober, sure
relief

When sorrow visits thee in after
years.

12

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
That lit the eye which there in death
is seal'd ;
Our Father hath not made that mystery
known ;
Needless the knowledge, therefore not
reveal'd.

13

But didst thou know in sure and sacred
truth,
It had a place assign'd in yonder skies,
There through an endless life of joyous
youth.
To warble in the bowers of Paradise ;

14

Lucy, if then the power to thee were
given
In that cold form its life to re-engage,
Wouldst thou call back the warbler from
its Heaven,
To be again the tenant of a cage ?

15

Only that thou might'st cherish it again
Wouldst thou the object of thy lov-
recall
To mortal life, and chance, and change,
and pain,
And death, which must be suffered
once by all ?

16

Oh, no, thou say'st : oh, surely not, no
so !
I read the answer which those look
express :
For pure and true affection well I know
Leaves in the heart no room for
selfishness.

17

Such love of all our virtues is the gem
We bring with us the immortal seed
at birth :
Of heaven it is, and heavenly ; woe t
them
Who make it wholly earthly and o
earth !

18

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love and not our own, being ready
thus
Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd, to make ;
That which is best for it, is best for us.

19

O Lucy ! treasure up that pious
thought !
It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest
darts ;
And with true comfort thou wilt find it
fraught,
If grief should reach thee in thy heart
of hearts.

Buckland, 1828.

XIV

TO CHARLES LAMB

ON THE REVIEWAL OF HIS 'ALBUM
VERSES' IN 'THE LITERARY GAZETTE'

[Published in *The Times*, August 6, 1830.]

CHARLES LAMB, to those who know thee
justly dear
For rarest genius, and for sterling
worth,
Unchanging friendship, warmth of heart
sincere,
And wit that never gave an ill thought
birth,
Nor ever in its sport infix'd a sting ;
To us, who have admired and loved thee
long,
It is a proud as well as pleasant thing
To hear thy good report, now borne
along
Upon the honest breath of public praise:
We know that with the elder sons of
song,
In honouring whom thou hast delighted
still,
Thy name shall keep its course to after
days.
The empty pertness, and the vulgar
wrong,
The flippant folly, the malicious will,

Which have assailed thee, now, or heretofore,
 Find, soon or late, their proper meed of shame :
 The more thy triumph, and our pride the more,
 When witting critics to the world proclaim,
 In lead, their own dolt incapacity.
 Matter it is of mirthful memory 20

To think, when thou wert early in the field,
 How doughtily small Jeffrey ran at thee
 A-tilt, and broke a bulrush on thy shield.
 And now, a veteran in the lists of fame,
 I ween, old Friend ! thou art not worse
 bested
 When with a maudlin eye and drunken
 aim [head.
 Dulness hath thrown a *jerdan* at thy

THE RETROSPECT

[Published in *Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey*, 1795. In its present form the poem has been completely rewritten.]

ON as I journey through the vale of
 years,
 By hopes enliven'd, or deprest by
 fears,
 Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured
 store,
 To view the days that will return no
 more.
 And yes ! before thine intellectual
 ray,
 The clouds of mental darkness melt
 away !
 As when, at earliest day's awakening
 dawn,
 The hovering mists obscure the dewy
 lawn,
 O'er all the landscape spread their
 influence chill,
 Hang o'er the vale and wood, and
 hide the hill, 10
 Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of
 day,
 Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll
 away,
 The prospect opens on the traveller's
 sight,
 And hills and vales and woods reflect the
 living light.

O thou, the mistress of my future days,
 Accept thy minstrel's retrospective
 lays ;

To whom the minstrel and the lyre
 belong,
 Accept, my EDITH, Memory's pensive
 song.
 Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
 Or thought and grief, or happiness and
 you ; 20
 Ere yet my infant heart had learnt
 to prove
 The cares of life, the hopes and fears
 of love.

Corston, twelve years in various
 fortunes fled
 Have pass'd with restless progress
 o'er my head,
 Since in thy vale beneath the master's
 rule
 I dwell an inmate of the village
 school.
 Yet still will Memory's busy eye re-
 trace
 Each little vestige of the well-known
 place ;
 Each wonted haunt and scene of
 youthful joy,
 Where merriment has cheer'd the
 careless boy ; 30
 Well-pleased will fancy still the spot
 survey
 Where once he triumph'd in the boy-
 ish play,
 Without one care where every morn
 he rose,
 Where every evening sunk to calm
 repose.

Large was the house, though fallen
 in course of fate
 From its old grandeur and manorial
 state. [Squire
 Lord of the manor, here the jovial
 Once called his tenants round the
 crackling fire;
 Here while the glow of joy suffused
 his face,
 He told his ancient exploits in the
 chase, 40
 And, proud his rival sportsmen to
 surpass,
 He lit again the pipe, and fill'd again
 the glass.

But now no more was heard at early
 morn [horn;
 The echoing clangor of the huntsman's
 No more the eager hounds with
 deepening cry
 Leapt round him as they knew their
 pastime nigh;
 The Squire no more obey'd the
 morning call,
 Nor favourite spaniels fill'd the sports-
 man's hall;
 For he, the last descendant of his race,
 Slept with his fathers, and forgot the
 chase. 50
 There now in petty empire o'er the
 school
 The mighty master held despotic rule;
 Trembling in silence all his deeds we
 saw. [law;
 His look a mandate, and his word a
 Severe his voice, severe and stern his
 mien,
 And wondrous strict he was, and won-
 drous wise, I ween.

Even now through many a long long
 year I trace
 The hour when first with awe I view'd
 his face;
 Even now recall my entrance at the
 dome, . .
 'Twas the first day I ever left my
 home! 60
 Years intervening have not worn
 away
 The deep remembrance of that
 wretched day,

Nor taught me to forget my earliest
 fears, [tears;
 A mother's fondness, and a mother's
 When close she prest me to her
 sorrowing heart.
 As loth as even I myself to part;
 And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
 With painful effort hid my inward

But time to youthful troubles brings
 relief,
 And each new object weans the child
 from grief. 70
 Like April showers the tears of youth
 descend. [end,
 Suddenly they fall, and suddenly they
 And fresher pleasure cheers the fol-
 lowing hour,
 As brighter shines the sun after the
 April shower.

Methinks even now the interview I
 see,
 The Mistress's glad smile, the Master's
 glee;
 Much of my future happiness they
 said,
 Much of the easy life the scholars led,
 Of spacious play-ground and of whole-
 some air,
 The best instruction and the tenderest
 care; 80
 And when I followed to the garden-
 door
 My father, till through tears I saw no
 more. . .
 How civilly they sooth'd my parting
 pain.
 And never did they speak so civilly
 again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to
 dwell,
 When Memory spreads around her
 saddening spell,
 When discontent, with sullen gloom
 o'ercast,
 Turns from the present and prefers
 the past?
 Why calls reflection to my pensive
 view
 Each trifling act of infancy anew, 90

Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,
Even at the time when trifles please
no more ?

Yet is remembrance sweet, though
well I know [woe ;
The days of childhood are but days of
Some rude restraint, some petty
tyrant sours

What else should be our sweetest
blithest hours ;

Yet is it sweet to call those hours to
mind, . .

Those easy hours for ever left behind ;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress,
When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remem-
ber'd years 101

When two small acres bounded all my
fears ; [call

And therefore still with pleasure I re-
The tapestried school, the bright
brown-boarded hall,

The murmuring brook, that every
morning saw

The due observance of the cleanly
law ;

The walnuts, where, when favour
would allow,

Full oft I went to search each well-
stript bough ;

The crab-tree, which supplied a secret
hoard

With roasted crabs to deck the wintry
board ; 110

These trifling objects then my heart

These trifling objects still remain
imprest ; [hind

So when with unskill'd hand some idle
Carves his rude name within a sap-
ling's rind,

In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows
the tree ;

Though every winter's desolating
sway

Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the
leaves away, [last,

That rude inscription uneffaced will
Unalter'd by the storm or wintry
blast. 120

Oh while well pleased the letter'd
traveller roams

Among old temples, palaces, and
domes,

Strays with the Arab o'er the wreck
of time

Where erst Palmyra's towers arose
sublime, [pride,

Or marks the lazy Turk's lethargic
And Grecian slavery on Ilyssus' side,

Oh be it mine, aloof from public
strife,

To mark the changes of domestic life,
The alter'd scenes where once I bore
a part,

Where every change of fortune strikes
the heart ; 130

As when the merry bells with echoing
sound

Proclaim the news of victory around,
Rejoicing patriots run the news to

Of glorious conquest and of thousands
dead,

All join the loud huzzah with eager
breath,

And triumph in the tale of blood and
death ;

But if extended on the battle-plain,
Cut off in conquest some dear friend

be slain, [eye,

Affection then will fill the sorrowing
And suffering Nature grieve that one
should die. 140

Cold was the morn, and bleak the
wintry blast

Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw
thee last.

My bosom bounded as I wander'd
round

With silent step the long-remember'd
ground, [hour,

Where I had loiter'd out so many an
Chased the gay butterfly, and cull'd
the flower,

Sought the swift arrow's erring course
to trace,

Or with mine equals vied amid the
chase. [away

I saw the church where I had slept
The tedious service of the summer
day ; 150

Or, hearing sadly all the preacher told,
 In winter waked and shiver'd with
 the cold.
 Oft have my footsteps roam'd the
 sacred ground
 Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep
 around;
 Oft traced the mouldering castle's
 ivied wall,
 Or aged convent tottering to its fall;
 Yet never had my bosom felt such
 pain, [again;
 As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes
 For many a long-lost pleasure came
 to view,
 For many a long-past sorrow rose
 anew; 160
 Where whilom all were friends I stood
 alone, [known.
 Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw un-

 There, where my little hands were
 wont to rear
 With pride the earliest salad of the
 year;

Where never idle weed to spring was
 seen,
 Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their
 heads obscene.
 Still all around and sad, I saw no more
 The playful group, nor heard the
 playful roar;
 There echoed round no shout of mirth
 and glee,
 It seem'd as though the world were
 changed like me! 170

Enough! it boots not on the past
 to dwell, . . . [well!
 Fair scene of other years, a long fare-
 Rouse up, my soul! it boots not to
 repine,
 Rouse up! for worthier feelings should
 be thine;
 Thy path is plain and straight, . . that
 light is given, . .
 Onward in faith, . . and leave the rest
 to Heaven.

Oxford, 1794.

HYMN TO THE PENATES

'Remove far from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me.'—THE WORDS OF AGUR.

ΟΙΚΟΙ βέλτερον εἶναι, ἐπεὶ βλαβερὸν τὸ θύρηφι.—HESIOD.

[Published in *Poems*, 1797.]

YET one Song more! one high and
 solemn strain
 Ere, Phoebus! on thy temple's ruin'd
 wall
 I hang the silent harp: there may its
 strings,
 When the rude tempest shakes the aged
 pile,
 Make melancholy music. One song
 more!
 PENATES, hear me! for to you I hymn
 The votive lay; whether, as sages deem,
 Ye dwell in inmost Heaven, the Coun-
 sellors
 Of Jove; or if, Supreme of Deities,
 All things are yours, and in your holy
 train 10

Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-
 arm'd Queen,
 And wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid
 Athenian Pallas. Venerable Powers,
 Harken your hymn of praise! Though
 from your rites
 Estranged, and exiled from your altars
 long,
 I have not ceased to love you, House-
 hold Gods!
 In many a long and melancholy hour
 Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart
 With earnest longings pray'd to rest at
 length
 Beside your hallow'd hearth, . . for
 Peace is there! 20
 Yes, I have loved you long! I call on ye
 Yourselves to witness with what holy
 joy,

Shunning the common herd of human-kind,

I have retired to watch your lonely fires
And commune with myself : . . delightful hours,

That gave mysterious pleasure, made me know

Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,

Taught me to cherish with devoutest care
Its deep unworldly feelings, taught me too

The best of lessons—to *respect myself*. 30

Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you,

Domestic Deities ! from the first dawn
Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth

Even to this better day, when on mine ear

The uproar of contending nations sounds
But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse

To tumult. When a child . . (for still I love

To dwell with fondness on my childish years,)

When first, a little one, I left my home,
I can remember the first grief I felt, 40

And the first painful smile that clothed my front

With feelings not its own : sadly at night

I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth ;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,

First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew

In years and knowledge, and the course of time

Developed the young feelings of my heart,

When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom ; or where the rocks

Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave 50

Recluse to sit and brood the future song, . .

Yet not the less, PENATES, loved I then
Your altars ; not the less at evening hour

Loved I beside the well-trimm'd fire to sit,

Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys . . deceitful dreams, . .

And yet not vain ; for painting purest bliss,

They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgey side, and in the meads

Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects 60

The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,

In the noon-tide hour, and when the night-mist rose,

I have remember'd you ; and when the noise

Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sat,

Musing on days when man should be redeem'd

From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,

I bless'd you, Household Gods ! because I loved

Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven 70

Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the world ; still, still my heart

Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined ;

And loathing human converse, I have stray'd

Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the blast,

And gazed upon the world of waves, and wish'd

That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,

In woodland haunts, a sojourner with Peace.

Not idly did the ancient poets dream,
Who peopled earth with Deities. They trod 80

The wood with reverence where the Dryads dwelt ;

At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour

They saw the Oreads on their mountain
 haunts,
 And felt their holy influence; nor im-
 pure
 Of thought, nor ever with polluted
 hands,
 Touch'd they without a prayer the
 Naiad's spring;
 Nor without reverence to the River God
 Cross'd in unhappy hour his limpid
 stream.
 Yet was this influence transient; such
 brief awe
 Inspiring as the thunder's long loud
 peal
 Strikes to the feeble spirit. Household
 Gods,
 Not such your empire! in your votaries'
 breasts
 No momentary impulse ye awake;
 Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
 The deep devotion that your fanes
 impart.
 O ye whom Youth has wilder'd on your
 way,
 Or Pleasure with her syren song hath
 lured,
 Or Fame with spirit-stirring trump hath
 call'd
 To climb her summits, . . to your House-
 hold Gods
 Return; for not in Pleasure's gay
 abodes,
 Nor in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame
 Doth Happiness abide. O ye who
 grieve
 Much for the miseries of your fellow-
 kind,
 More for their vices; ye whose honest
 eyes
 Scowl on Oppression,—ye whose honest
 hearts
 Beat high when Freedom sounds her
 dread alarm;
 O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
 Crusading for mankind . . a spaniel race
 That lick the hand that beats them, or
 tear all
 Alike in frenzy; to your Household
 Gods
 Return! for by their altars Virtue
 dwells,
 And Happiness with her; for by their

Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,
 Sits silent, listening to the pattering
 shower;
 For, so Suspicion sleep not at the gate
 Of Wisdom, Falsehood shall not enter
 there.
 As on the height of some huge emi-
 nence,
 Reach'd with long labour, the way-
 faring man
 Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain
 With many a sore step travell'd, turns
 him then
 Serious to contemplate the onward road,
 And calls to mind the comforts of his
 home,
 And sighs that he has left them, and
 resolves
 To stray no more: I on my way of life
 Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest
 faith
 Devote myself to you. I will not quit,
 To mingle with the crowd, your calm
 abodes,
 Where by the evening hearth Content-
 ment sits
 And hears the cricket chirp; where
 Love delights
 To dwell, and on your altars lays his
 torch
 That burns with no extinguishable flame.
 Hear me, ye Powers benignant! there
 is one
 Must be mine inmate, . . for I may not
 choose
 But love him. He is one whom many
 wrongs
 Have sicken'd of the world. There was
 a time
 When he would weep to hear of wicked-
 ness,
 And wonder at the tale; when for the
 oppress
 He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
 A good man's honest anger. His quick
 eye
 Betray'd each rising feeling; every
 thought
 Leapt to his tongue. When first among
 mankind
 He mingled, by himself he judged of

And loved and trusted them, to Wisdom
deaf,

And took them to his bosom. False-
hood met

Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Apega's sculptured form,
Like that false image caught his warm
embrace,

And pierced his open breast. The
reptile race

Clung round his bosom, and with viper
folds

Encircling, stung the fool who foster'd
them. 150

His mother was Simplicity, his sire
Benevolence; in earlier days he bore
His father's name; the world who in-
jured him

Call him Misanthropy. I may not choose
But love him, Household Gods! for we
grew up [bred,

Together, and in the same school were
And our poor fortunes the same course
have held,

Up to this hour.

Penates! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven
ye dwell,

Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his Guardian Gods; wiselier
they deem 161

A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the Spirits of the
Dead.

No mortal eye may pierce the invisible
world,

No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where Truth lies hid. Yet to
this faith

My heart with instant sympathy assents;
And I would judge all systems and all
faiths

By that best touchstone, from whose
test Deceit

Shrinks like the Arch-Fiend at Ithuriel's
spear; 170

And Sophistry's gay glittering bubble
bursts,

As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel, with her pro-
totype

Set side by side, in her unreal charms,
Dissolved away.

Nor can the halls of Heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred
joy,

As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it
feels,

When with the breeze it dwells around
the brow

Of one beloved on earth; or when at
night

In dreams it comes, and brings with it
the Days 180

And Joys that are no more. Or when,
perchance

With power permitted to alleviate ill
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,

Somestranger presage the Spirit breathes,
and fills [it

The breast with ominous fear, preparing
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires

With heavenly hope. Even as a child
delights

To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual
growth, 190

And watch all-anxious for the promised
flower;

Thus to the blest spirit in innocence
And pure affections like a little child,

Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved; then sweetest, if, as duty

prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts
have sown

The seeds of Truth and Virtue, holy
flowers

Whose odour reacheth Heaven.

When my sick Heart
(Sick with hope long delay'd, than which

no care
Weighs on the spirit heavier,) from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I

deem'd 201

That thou didst witness every inmost
thought,

SEWARD! my dear! dear friend! For
not in vain,

O early summon'd on thy heavenly
course,

Was thy brief sojourn here; me didst
thou leave

With strengthen'd step to follow the
right path,

Till we shall meet again. Meantime
 I soothe
 The deep regret of nature, with belief,
 O EDMUND! that thine eye's celestial
 ken
 Pervades me now, marking with no
 mean joy 210
 The movements of the heart that loved
 thee well!

Such feelings Nature prompts, and
 hence your rites,
 Domestic Gods! arose. When for his
 son
 With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd,
 Mourning his age left childless, and his
 wealth
 Heapt for an alien, he with obstinate eye
 Still on the imaged marble of the dead
 Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither
 from his wrath,
 A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
 And garlanded the statue, and implored
 His young lost lord to save. Remem-
 brance then 22
 Soften'd the father, and he loved to see
 The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich
 smoke
 Curl from the costly censer slow and
 sweet.
 From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing
 rites
 Divulging spread; before your idol
 forms
 By every hearth the blinded Pagan
 knelt,
 Pouring his prayers to these, and offer-
 ing there
 Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
 With human blood your sanctuary
 defiled: 230
 Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering
 chief,
 Arose; he first the impious rites put
 down, [died,
 He fittest, who for Freedom lived and
 The friend of humankind. Then did
 your feasts
 Frequent recur and blameless; and
 when came
 The solemn festival,¹ whose happiest rites

Emblem'd Equality, the holiest truth,
 Crown'd with gay garlands were your
 statues seen,
 To you the fragrant censer smoked, to
 you
 The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifice!
 For not the poppy wreath nor fruits nor
 wine 240
 Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleansed
 With many a mystic form; ye ask the
 heart
 Made pure, and by domestic Peace and
 Love
 Hallow'd to you.
 Harken your hymn of praise,
 Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,
 There only to be found. Often at eve,
 As in my wanderings I have seen far off
 Some lonely light that spake of comfort
 there, 249
 It told my heart of many a joy of home,
 When I was homeless. Often as I gazed
 From some high eminence on goodly
 vales
 And cots and villages embower'd below,
 The thought would rise that all to me
 was strange
 Amid the scene so fair, nor one small
 spot
 Where my tired mind might rest, and
 call it *Home*.
 There is a magic in that little word:
 It is a mystic circle that surrounds
 Comforts and virtues never known
 beyond
 The hallowed limit. Often has my
 heart 260
 Ached for that quiet haven! Haven'd
 now, [ness
 I think of those in this world's wilder-
 Who wander on and find no home of
 rest
 Till to the grave they go: them Poverty,
 Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth
 and Power,
 Bad offspring of worst parents, aye
 afflicts,
 Cankering with her foul mildews the
 chill'd heart; . .
 Them Want with scorpion scourge
 drives to the den
 Of Guilt: . . them Slaughter for the
 price of death

¹ The Saturnalia.

Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on
 them, ²⁷⁰
 God of eternal Justice! not on them
 Let fall thy thunder!

Household Deities!
 Then only shall be Happiness on earth
 When man shall feel your sacred power,
 and love

Your tranquil joys; then shall the city
 stand

A huge void sepulchre, and on the site
 Wherefortresses and palaces have stood,
 The olive grow, there shall the Tree of
 Peace

Strike its roots deep and flourish. This
 the state

Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man,
 when Wealth ²⁸⁰

And Power and all their hideous progeny
 Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind
 Live in the equal brotherhood of love.

Heart-calming hope, and sure! for
 hitherward

Tend all the tumults of the troubled
 world,

Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
 Alike; . . so He hath will'd, whose will is
 just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting
 all

In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods!
 Studious of other lore than song, I
 come. ²⁹⁰

Yet shall my Heart remember the past
 years

With honest pride, trusting that not in
 vain

Lives the pure song of Liberty and
 Truth.

Bristol, 1796.

ENGLISH ECLOGUES

[The first three of the following Eclogues were published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799, Eclogue II under the title of 'The Funeral'. Eclogue IV was published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808.]

THE following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by what was told me of the German Idylls by my friend Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. So far, therefore, these pieces may be deemed imitations, though I am not acquainted with the German language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strephons and Thirsisses. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, 'more silly than their sheep,' have, like their sheep, gone on in the same track one after another. Gay struck into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when

I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for an essay, but this is not the place for it.

1799.

THE OLD MANSION-HOUSE

STRANGER

OLD friend! why you seem bent on
 parish duty,
 Breaking the highway stones, . . and
 'tis a task
 Somewhat too hard methinks for age
 like yours!

OLD MAN

Why yes! for one with such a weight of
 years
 Upon his back! . . I've lived here, man
 and boy,
 In this same parish, well nigh the full
 age
 Of man, being hard upon threescore and
 ten.

Come! come! all is not wrong;
Those old dark windows. . .

OLD MAN

They're demolish'd too, . . 60
As if he could not see through casement

The very red-breasts, that so regular
Came to my Lady for her morning
crumbs,
Won't know the windows now!

STRANGER

Nay they were small.
And then so darken'd round with jessamine,
Harbouring the vermin; . . yet I could
have wish'd
That jessamine had been saved, which
canopied
And bower'd and lined the porch.

OLD MAN

It did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in
blossom.
There was a sweet-briar too that grew
beside; 70
My Lady loved at evening to sit there
And knit; and her old dog lay at her
feet
And slept in the sun; 'twas an old
favourite dog, . .
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire-side: and when he died at
last
She made me dig a grave in the garden
for him.
For she was good to all! a woeful day
'Twas for the poor when to her grave
she went!

STRANGER

They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN

You're a stranger here, so
Oryou wouldn't ask that question. Were
they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the Doctors.
Then at winter,

When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to
hear

The blessings on her! and I warrant
them

They were a blessing to her when her
wealth

Had been no comfort else. At Christ-
mas, Sir!

It would have warm'd your heart if you
had seen

Her Christmas kitchen, . . how the
blazing fire 90

Made her fine pewter shine, and holly
boughs

So cheerful red, . . and as for misseltoe, . .
The finest bush that grew in the country
round

Was mark'd for Madam. Then her old
ale went

So bountiful about! a Christmas cask.
And 'twas a noble one! . . God help me,
Sir!

But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER

Things may be better yet than you
suppose,
And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN

It don't look well, . .
These alterations, Sir! I'm an old
man, 100

And love the good old fashions; we
don't find

Old bounty in new houses. They've
destroy'd

All that my Lady loved; her favourite
walk

Grubb'd up, . . and they do say that the
great row

Of elms behind the house, which meet
a-top,

They must fall too. Well! well! I did
not think

To live to see all this, and 'tis perhaps
A comfort I shan't live to see it long.

STRANGER

But sure all changes are not needs for
the worse.
My friend?

OLD MAN

May-hap they mayn't, Sir ; .
 for all that 110
 I like what I've been used to. I re-
 member
 All this from a child up, and now to
 lose it,
 'Tis losing an old friend. There's
 nothing left
 As 'twas ; . . I go abroad and only
 meet
 With men whose fathers I remember
 boys ;
 The brook that used to run before my
 door,
 That's gone to the great pond ; the
 trees I learnt
 To climb are down ; and I see nothing
 now
 That tells me of old times, . . except the
 stones
 In the churchyard. You are young,
 Sir, and I hope 120
 Have many years in store, . . but pray
 to God
 You mayn't be left the last of all your
 friends.

STRANGER

Well ! well ! you've one friend more
 than you're aware of.
 If the Squire's taste don't suit with
 yours, I warrant
 That's all you'll quarrel with : walk in
 and taste
 His beer, old friend ! and see if your old
 Lady
 E'er broach'd a better cask. You did
 not know me,
 But we're acquainted now. 'Twould
 not be easy
 To make you like the outside ; but
 within,
 That is not changed, my friend ! you'll
 always find 130
 The same old bounty and old welcome
 there.

Westbury, 1798.

II

HANNAH

PASSING across a green and lonely lane
 A funeral met our view. It was not here
 A sight of every day, as in the streets
 Of some great city, and we stopt and
 ask'd
 Whom they were bearing to the grave.
 A girl,
 They answer'd, of the village, who had
 pined
 Through the long course of eighteen
 painful months
 With such slow wasting, that the hour
 of death
 Came welcome to her. We pursued our
 way
 To the house of mirth, and with that
 idle talk 10
 Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
 We wore away the time. But it was
 eve
 When homewardly I went, and in the air
 Was that cool freshness, that dis-
 colouring shade
 Which makes the eye turn inward :
 hearing then
 Over the vale the heavy toll of death
 Sound slow, it made me think upon the
 dead ;
 I question'd more, and learnt her mourn-
 ful tale.

She bore unhusbanded a mother's
 pains,
 And he who should have cherish'd her,
 far off 20
 Sail'd on the seas. Left thus, a wretched
 one,
 Scorn made a mock of her, and evil
 tongues
 Were busy with her name. She had to
 bear
 The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
 Whom she had loved too dearly. Once
 he wrote,
 But only once that drop of comfort
 came
 To mingle with her cup of wretchedness ;
 And when his parents had some tidings
 from him,

There was no mention of poor Hannah
there,

Or 'twas the cold inquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined
away,

And for herself and baby toil'd and
toil'd;

Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with lifted
arms,

Till she sunk with very weakness. Her
old mother

Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and pro-
long

The pains of grief and sickness. Thus
she lay

On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those pain-
ful thoughts

Which at her heart were rankling, and
so weak,

That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced
her,

Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But
she too

Had grown indifferent to all things of
earth,

Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched
rest.

There had she now, in that last home,
been laid,

And all was over now, . . sickness and
grief,

Her shame, her suffering, and her peni-
tence, . .

Their work was done. The school-boys
as they sport

In the churchyard, for awhile might
turn away

From the fresh grave till grass should
cover it;

Nature would do that office soon; and
none

Who trod upon the senseless turf would
think

Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

III

THE RUINED COTTAGE

AY, Charles! I knew that this would
fix thine eye; . .

This woodbine wreathing round the
broken porch,

Its leaves just withering, yet one
autumn flower

Still fresh and fragrant; and yon holly-
hock

That through the creeping weeds and
nettles tall

Peers taller, lifting, column-like, a stem
Bright with its roseate blossoms. I have
seen

Many an old convent reverend in decay,
And many a time have trod the castle
courts

And grass-green halls, yet never did
they strike

Home to the heart such melancholy
thoughts

As this poor cottage. Look! its little
hatch

Fleeced with that grey and wintry moss;
the roof

Part moulder'd in, the rest o'ergrown
with weeds,

House-leek, and long thin grass, and
greener moss;

So Nature steals on all the works of man,
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to her-
self

His perishable piles.

I led thee here,

Charles, not without design; for this
hath been

My favourite walk even since I was a
boy;

And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,
The neatest comfortable dwelling-place!

That when I read in those dear books
which first

Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,

And Calidore for a fair shepherdess
Forsook his quest to learn the shepherd's

lore,
My fancy drew from this the little hut
Where that poor princess wept her hope-
less love,

Or where the gentle Calidore at eve 30
Led Pastorella home. There was not
then

A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden-wall; but sweet-briar,
scenting sweet

The morning air; rosemary and mar-
joram,

All wholesome herbs; and then, that
woodbine wreathed

So lavishly around the pillar'd porch
Its fragrant flowers, that when I pass'd
this way,

After a truant absence hastening home,
I could not chuse but pass with slacken'd
speed

By that delightful fragrance. Sadly
changed 40

Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers,
Charles! . .

Theirs is a simple melancholy tale, . .
There's scarce a village but can fellow it:
And yet, methinks, it will not weary
thee,

And should not be untold.

A widow here
Dwelt with an orphan grandchild: just
removed

Above the reach of pinching poverty,
She lived on some small pittance which
sufficed,

In better times, the needful calls of life,
Not without comfort. I remember her
Sitting at even in that open doorway, 51
And spinning in the sun. Methinks I
see her

Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spec-
tacles

To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread; or in
the garden,

On some dry summer evening, walking
round

To view her flowers, and pointing as she
lean'd

Upon the ivory handle of her stick,
To some carnation whose o'erheavy
head

Needed support; while with the water-
ing-pot 60

Joanna follow'd, and refresh'd and
trimm'd [child,

The drooping plant; Joanna, her dear

As lovely and as happy then as youth
And innocence could make her.

Charles, it seems
As though I were a boy again, and all
The mediate years with their vicissitudes
A half-forgotten dream. I see the Maid
So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,
Her bright brown hair, wreathed in con-
tracting curls;

And then her cheek! it was a red and
white 70

That made the delicate hues of art look
loathsome.

The countrymen who on their way to
church

Were leaning o'er the bridge, loitering
to hear

The bell's last summons, and in idleness
Watching the stream below, would all
look up

When she pass'd by. And her old
Grandam, Charles, . .

When I have heard some erring infidel
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,
Inspiring superstitious wretchedness,
Her figure has recurr'd; for she did love
The Sabbath-day; and many a time
hath cross'd 81

These fields in rain and through the
winter snows,

When I, a graceless boy, and cold of foot,
Wishing the weary service at its end,
Have wonder'd wherefore that good
dame came there,

Who, if it pleased her, might have staid
beside

A comfortable fire.

One only care
Hung on her aged spirit. For herself,
Her path was plain before her, and the
close

Of her long journey near. But then her
child 90

Soon to be left alone in this bad world, . .
That was a thought which many a
winter night

Had kept her sleepless: and when pru-
dent love

In something better than a servant's
state

Had placed her well at last, it was a pang
Like parting life to part with her dear
girl.

One summer, Charles, when at the holidays
 Return'd from school, I visited again
 My old accusom'd walks, and found in them 99
 A joy almost like meeting an old friend,
 I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
 Already crowding the neglected flowers.
 Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,
 Had play'd the wanton, and that blow
 had reach'd
 Her grandam's heart. She did not
 suffer long ;
 Her age was feeble, and this mortal grief
 Brought her grey hairs with sorrow to
 the grave.

I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,
 And think of other days. It wakes in
 me
 A transient sadness ; but the feelings,
 Charles, 110
 Which ever with these recollections rise,
 I trust in God they will not pass away.
Westbury, 1799.

IV

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL

STRANGER

WHOM are they ushering from the
 world, with all
 This pageantry and long parade of
 death ?

TOWNSMAN

A long parade, indeed, Sir, and yet here
 You see but half ; round yonder bend
 it reaches
 A furlong further, carriage behind
 carriage.

STRANGER

'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the
 pomp
 Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN

Yonder schoolboy
 Who plays the truant, says the procla-
 mation
 Of peace was nothing to the show ; and

The chairing of the members at election
 Would not have been a finer sight than
 this ; 11
 Only that red and green are prettier
 colours
 Than all this mourning. There, Sir,
 you behold
 One of the red-gown'd worthies of the
 city,
 The envy and the boast of our ex-
 change ; . .
 Ay, what was worth, last week, a good
 half-million,
 Screw'd down in yonder hearse !

STRANGER

Then he was born
 Under a lucky planet, who to-day
 Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN

When first I heard his death, that very
 wish 20
 Leapt to my lips ; but now the closing
 scene
 Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser
 thoughts ;
 And I bless God, that, when I go to the
 grave,
 There will not be the weight of wealth
 like his
 To sink me down.

STRANGER

The camel and the needle, . .
 Is that then in your mind ?

TOWNSMAN

Even so. The text
 Is Gospel-wisdom. I would ride the
 camel, . .
 Yea leap him flying, through the
 needle's eye,
 As easily as such a pamper'd soul
 Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER

Your pardon, Sir, 30
 But sure this lack of Christian charity
 Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN

Your pardon too, Sir,
 If, with this text before me, I should
 feel
 In the preaching mood ! But for these
 barren fig-trees,
 With all their flourish and their leafiness,
 We have been told their destiny and
 use,
 When the axe is laid unto the root, and
 they
 Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER

Was his wealth
 Stored fraudfully, . . the spoil of orphans
 wrong'd,
 And widows who had none to plead their
 right ?

TOWNSMAN

All honest, open, honourable gains,
 Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
 Ships to the East and West.

STRANGER

Why judge you then
 So hardly of the dead ?

TOWNSMAN

For what he left
 Undone ; . . for sins, not one of which is
 written
 In the Ten Commandments. He,
 warrant him,
 Believed no other Gods than those o
 the Creed ;
 Bow'd to no idols, . . but his money
 bags ;
 Swore no false oaths, except at the cus
 tom-house ;
 Kept the Sabbath idle ; built a monu
 ment
 To honour his dead father ; did n
 murder ;
 Never sustain'd an action for crim-con,
 Never pick'd pockets ; never bore false
 witness ;
 And never, with that all-commanding
 wealth,
 Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox,
 nor ass !

STRANGER

'ou knew him then it seems ?

TOWNSMAN

As all men know
 he virtues of your hundred-thou
 sanders ;
 They never hide their lights beneath a
 bushel.

STRANGER

Nay, nay, uncharitable Sir ! for often
 Doth bounty like a streamlet flow un
 seen,
 Freshening and giving life along its
 course.

TOWNSMAN

We track the streamlet by the brighter
 green
 And livelier growth it gives ; . . but as
 for this . .
 This was a pool that stagnated and
 stunk ;
 The rains of heaven engendered nothing
 in it
 But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER

Yet even these
 Are reservoirs whence public charity
 Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN

Now, Sir, you touch
 Upon the point. This man of half a
 million
 Had all these public virtues which you
 praise :
 But the poor man rung never at his
 door,
 And the old beggar, at the public gate,
 Who, all the summer long, stands hat in
 hand,
 He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
 To that hard face. Yet he was always
 found
 Among your ten and twenty pound
 subscribers,
 Your benefactors in the newspapers.
 His alms were money put to interest
 In the other world, . . donations to keep
 open

A running charity account with
 heaven, . . . ⁸⁰
 Retaining fees against the Last Assizes,
 When, for the trusted talents, strict
 account
 Shall be required from all, and the old
 Arch-Lawyer
 Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STRANGER

I must needs
 Believe you, Sir : . . these are your wit-
 nesses,
 These mourners here, who from their
 carriages
 Gape at the gaping crowd. A good
 March wind
 Were to be pray'd for now, to lend their
 eyes
 Some decent rheum ; the very hiring
 mute
 Bears not a face more blank of all emo-
 tion ⁹⁰
 Than the old servant of the family !
 How can this man have lived, that thus
 his death
 Costs not the soiling one white handker-
 chief !

TOWNSMAN

Who should lament for him, Sir, in
 whose heart
 Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
 The parlour spaniel, when she heard his
 step,
 Rose slowly from the hearth, and stole
 aside
 With creeping pace ; she never raised
 her eyes
 To woo kind words from him, nor laid
 her head
 Upraised upon his knee, with fondling
 whine. ¹⁰⁰
 How could it be but thus ? Arithmetic

Was the sole science he was ever taught ;
 The multiplication-table was his Creed,
 His Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
 When yet he was a boy, and should have
 breathed

The open air and sunshine of the fields,
 To give his blood its natural spring and
 play,

He in a close and dusky counting-
 house

Smoke-dried and sear'd and shrivell'd
 up his heart.

So from the way in which he was train'd
 up ¹¹⁰

His feet departed not ; he toil'd and
 moil'd,

Poor muck-worm ! through his three-
 score years and ten ;

And when the earth shall now be
 shovell'd on him,

If that which served him for a soul were
 still

Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to
 dirt.

STRANGER

Yet your next newspapers will blazon
 him

For industry and honourable wealth
 A bright example.

TOWNSMAN

Even half a million
 Gets him no other praise. But come

this way
 Some twelve months hence, and you will
 find his virtues ¹²⁰

Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
 Faith with her torch beside, and little

Cupids
 Dropping upon his urn their marble
 tears.

Bristol 1803.

THE DEVIL'S WALK

ADVERTISEMENT

AFTER the Devil's Thoughts had been published by Mr. Coleridge in the collection of his Poetical Works, and the statement with which he accompanied it, it might have been supposed that the joint authorship of that Siamese production had been sufficiently authenticated, and that no supposititious claim to it would again be advanced. The following extract, however, appeared in the *John Bull* of Feb. 14, 1830:—

‘In the *Morning Post* of Tuesday, we find the following letter:—

“To the Editor of the *Morning Post*.

“SIR,—Permit me to correct a statement which appeared in a recent number of the *John Bull*, wherein it is made to appear that Dr. Southey is the author of the Poem entitled *The Devil's Walk*. I have the means of settling this question; since I possess the identical MS. copy of verses, as they were written by my uncle, the late Professor Porson, during an evening party at Dr. Beloe's.

“I am Sir, your very obedient Servant,

“R. C. PORSON.

“*Bayswater Terrace*, Feb. 6, 1830.”

‘We are quite sure that Mr. Porson, the writer of the above letter, is convinced of the truth of the statement it contains; but although *The Devil's Walk* is perhaps not a work of which either Mr. Southey or Mr. Porson need be very proud, we feel it due to ourselves to re-state the fact of its being from the pen of Mr. Southey. If we are wrong, Mr. Porson may apply to Mr. Southey; for although Mr. Porson's eminent uncle is dead, the Poet Laureate is alive and merry.

‘The Lines—Poem which can scarcely be called—were written by Mr. Southey, one morning before breakfast, the idea having struck him while he was shaving; they

were subsequently shown to Mr. Coleridge, who, we believe, pointed some of the stanzas, and perhaps added one or two.

‘We beg to assure Mr. R. C. Porson that we recur to this matter out of no disrespect either to the memory of his uncle, which is not likely to be affected one way or another by the circumstance; or to his own veracity, being, as we said, quite assured that he believes the statement he makes: our only object is to set ourselves right.’

‘Our readers, perhaps, may smile at the following, which appears in yesterday's *Court Journal*:—

“We have received a letter, signed ‘W. Marshall,’ and dated ‘York’; claiming for its writer the long-contested authorship of those celebrated verses, which are known by the title of *The Devil's Walk on Earth*, and to which attention has lately been directed anew, by Lord Byron's imitation of them. There have been so many mystifications connected with the authorship of these clever verses, that, for any thing we know to the contrary, this letter may be only one more.”

A week afterwards there was the following notice:—‘We cannot waste any more time about *The Devil's Walk*. We happen to know that it is Mr. Southey's; but, as he is alive, we refer any body, who is not yet satisfied, to the eminent person himself—we do not mean the Devil—but the Doctor.’

The same newspaper contained the ensuing advertisement:—‘On Tuesday next, uniform with Robert Cruikshank's Monsieur Tonson, price one shilling: *The Devil's Walk*, a Poem, by Professor Porson. With additions and variations by Southey and Coleridge; illustrated by seven engravings from R. Cruikshank. London, Marsh and Miller, 137 Oxford Street; and Constable and Co., Edinburgh.’

Professor Porson never had any part in these verses as a *writer*, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the *subject* of two or three stanzas written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them during an evening party at Dr. Vincent's (for that was the original *habitat* of this falsehood) was revived. A friend of one of the authors, more jealous for him than he has ever been for himself, urged him then to put the

matter out of doubt (for it was before Mr. Coleridge had done so); and as much to please that friend, as to amuse himself and his domestic circle, in a sportive mood, the part which relates the rise and progress of the Poem was thrown off, and that also touching the aforesaid Professor. The old vein having thus been opened, some other passages were added; and so it grew to its present length.

THE DEVIL'S WALK

[First printed in *The Morning Post*, September 6, 1799. See Notes.]

I

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
A walking the Devil is gone,
To look at his little snug farm of the
World,
And see how his stock went on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain;
And backward and forward he swish'd
his tail,
As a gentleman swishes a cane.

3

How then was the Devil drest?
Oh, he was in his Sunday's best, 20
His coat was red and his breeches were
blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came
through.

A lady drove by in her pride,
In whose face an expression he spied
For which he could have kiss'd her;
Such a flourishing, fine, clever creature
was she,
With an eye as wicked as wicked can
be,
I should take her for my Aunt, thought
he,
If my dam had had a sister.

He met a lord of high degree, 20
No matter what was his name;
Whose face with his own when he came
to compare
The expression, the look, and the
air,
And the character too, as it seem'd to
a hair,—
Such a twin-likeness there was in the
pair
That it made the Devil start and
stare,
For he thought there was surely a
looking-glass there,
But he could not see the frame.

He saw a Lawyer killing a viper
On a dunghill beside his stable; 30
Ho! quoth he, thou put'st me in mind
Of the story of Cain and Abel.

An Apothecary on a white horse
Rode by on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend
Death in the Revelation.

8

He pass'd a cottage with a double coach-
house,
A cottage of gentility!
And he own'd with a grin
That his favourite sin 40
Is pride that apes humility.

He saw a pig rapidly
Down a river float ;
The pig swam well, but every stroke
Was cutting his own throat ;

10

And Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration ;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.

11

Well enough, in sooth, he liked that
truth,⁵⁰
And nothing the worse for the jest ;
But this was only a first thought
And in this he did not rest :
Another came presently into his head,
And here it proved, as has often been
said,
That second thoughts are best.

12

For as Piggy plied with wind and tide,
His way with such celerity,
And at every stroke the water dyed
With his own red blood, the Devil cried,
Behold a swinish nation's pride⁶¹
In cotton-spun prosperity.

13

He walk'd into London leisurely,
The streets were dirty and dim :
But there he saw Brothers the Prophet,
And Brothers the Prophet saw him.¹

14

He entered a thriving bookseller's shop ;
Quoth he, We are both of one college,
For I myself sate like a Cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge.⁷⁰

15

As he passed through Cold-Bath Fields
he look'd
At a solitary cell ;
And he was well-pleased, for it gave him
a hint
For improving the prisons of Hell.

¹ ' After this I was in a vision, having the angel of God near me, and saw Satan walking leisurely into London.'—*Brothers' Prophesies*, part i, p. 41.

16

He saw a turnkey tie a thief's hands
With a cordial tug and jerk ;
Nimble, quoth he, a man's fingers move
When his heart is in his work.

17

He saw the same turnkey unfettering a
man
With little expedition ;⁸⁰
And he chuckled to think of his dear
slave trade,
And the long debates and delays that
were made
Concerning its abolition.

18

He met one of his favourite daughters
By an Evangelical Meeting ;
And forgetting himself for joy at her
sight,
He would have accosted her outright,
And given her a fatherly greeting.

19

But she tipt him a wink, drew back, and
cried,
Avaunt ! my name's Religion !⁹⁰
And then she turn'd to the preacher
And leer'd like a love-sick pigeon.

20

A fine man and a famous Professor was
he,
As the great Alexander now may be,
Whose fame not yet o'erpast is ;
Or that new Scotch performer
Who is fiercer and warmer,
The great Sir Arch-Bombastes.

21

With throbs and throes, and ahs and ohs,
Far famed his flock for frightening ;
And thundering with his voice, the
while¹⁰¹
His eyes zigzag like lightning.

22

This Scotch phenomenon, I trow,
Beats Alexander hollow ;
Even when most tame
He breathes more flame
Than ten Fire-Kings could swallow.

23

Another daughter he presently met :
 With music of life and drum,
 And a consecrated flag, 110
 And shout of tag and rag,
 And march of rank and file,
 Which had fill'd the crowded aisle
 Of the venerable pile,
 From church he saw her come.

24

He call'd her aside, and began to chide,
 For what dost thou here ? said he ;
 My city of Rome is thy proper home,
 And there's work enough there for
 thee.

Thou hast confessions to listen,
 And bells to christen, 121
 And altars and dolls to dress ;
 And fools to coax,
 And sinners to hoax,
 And beads and bones to bless ;
 And great pardons to sell
 For those who pay well,
 And small ones for those who pay less.

26

Nay, Father, I boast, that this is my
 post,
 She answered ; and thou wilt allow,
 That the great Harlot, 131
 Who is clothed in scarlet,
 Can very well spare me now.

27

Upon her business I am come here,
 That we may extend her powers ;
 Whatever lets down this church that
 we hate,
 Is something in favour of ours.

You will not think, great Cosmocrat !
 That I spend my time in fooling ;
 Many irons, my Sire, have we in the fire,
 And I must leave none of them
 cooling ; 141
 For you must know state-councils here
 Are held which I bear rule in.

When my liberal notions
 Produce mischievous motions,
 There's many a man of good intent,
 In either house of Parliament,
 Whom I shall find a tool in ;
 And I have hopeful pupils too
 Who all this while are schooling.

Fine progress they make in our liberal
 opinions, 151
 My Utilitarians,
 My all sorts of —inians
 And all sorts of —arians ;
 My all sorts of —ists,
 And my Prigs and my Whigs
 Who have all sorts of twists
 Train'd in the very way, I know,
 Father, you would have them go ;
 High and low, 160
 Wise and foolish, great and small,
 March-of-Intellect-Boys all.

30

Well pleased wilt thou be at no very far
 day
 When the caldron of mischief boils,
 And I bring them forth in battle array
 And bid them suspend their broils,
 That they may unite and fall on the
 prey,
 For which we are spreading our
 toils.
 How the nice boys all will give mouth
 at the call,
 Hark away ! hark away to the
 spoils ! 170
 My Macs and my Quacks and my law-
 less-Jacks,
 My Sheils and O'Connells, my pious
 Mac-Donnells,
 My joke-smith Sydney, and all of his
 kidney,
 My Humes and my Broughams,
 My merry old Jerry,
 My Lord Kings, and my Doctor
 Doyles !

31

At this good news, so great
 The Devil's pleasure grew,
 That with a joyful swish he rent
 The hole where his tail came through.

32

His countenance fell for a moment 181
 When he felt the stitches go ;
 Ah ! thought he, there's a job now
 That I've made for my tailor below.

33

Great news! bloody news! cried a news-
 man ;
 The Devil said, Stop, let me see !
 Great news ? bloody news ? thought
 the Devil,
 The bloodier the better for me.

34

So he bought the newspaper, and no
 news
 At all for his money he had. 190
 Lying varlet, thought he, thus to take in
 old Nick !
 But it's some satisfaction, my lad,
 To know thou art paid beforehand for
 the trick,
 For the sixpence I gave thee is bad.

35

And then it came into his head
 By oracular inspiration,
 That what he had seen and what he had
 said,
 In the course of this visitation,
 Would be published in the Morning Post
 For all this reading nation. 200

36

Therewith in second-sight he saw
 The place and the manner and time,
 In which this mortal story
 Would be put in immortal rhyme.

37

That it would happen when two poets
 Should on a time be met,
 In the town of Nether Stowey,
 In the shire of Somerset:

38

There while the one was shaving
 Would he the song begin ; 210
 And the other when he heard it at
 breakfast,
 In ready accord join in.

39

So each would help the other
 Two heads being better than one ;
 And the phrase and conceit
 Would in unison meet,
 And so with glee the verse flow free,
 In ding-dong chime of sing-song
 rhyme,
 Till the whole were merrily done.

40

And because it was set to the razor,
 Not to the lute or harp, 221
 Therefore it was that the fancy
 Should be bright, and the wit be sharp.

41

But then, said Satan to himself,
 As for that said beginner,
 Against my infernal Majesty
 There is no greater sinner.

42

He hath put me in ugly ballads
 With libellous pictures for sale ;
 He hath scoff'd at my hoofs and my
 horns, 230
 And has made very free with my tail.

43

But this Mister Poet shall find
 I am not a safe subject for whim ;
 For I'll set up a School of my own,
 And my Poets shall set upon him.

44

He went to a coffee-house to dine,
 And there he had soy in his dish ;
 Having ordered some soles for his
 dinner,
 Because he was fond of flat fish.

45

They are much to my palate, thought
 he, 240
 And now guess the reason who can,
 Why no bait should be better than
 place,
 When I fish for a Parliament-man.

46

But the soles in the bill were ten shillings;
 Tell your master, quoth he, what I say;
 If he charges at this rate for all things,
 He must be in a pretty good way.

47

But mark ye, said he to the waiter,
 I'm a dealer myself in this line,
 And his business, between you and me,
 Nothing like so extensive as mine. 251

48

Now soles are exceedingly cheap;
 Which he will not attempt to deny,
 When I see him at my fish-market,
 I warrant him, by and by.

49

As he went along the Strand
 Between three in the morning and four
 He observed a queer-looking person
 Who stagger'd from Perry's door.

50

And he thought that all the world over
 In vain for a man you might seek, 261
 Who could drink more like a Trojan
 Or talk more like a Greek.

51

The Devil then he prophesied
 It would one day be matter of talk,
 That with wine when smitten,
 And with wit moreover being happily
 bitten,
 This erudite bibber was he who had
 written
 The story of this walk.

52

A pretty mistake, quoth the Devil;
 A pretty mistake I opine! 271
 I have put many ill thoughts in his
 mouth,
 He will never put good ones in mine.

53

And whoever shall say that to Porson
 These best of all verses belong,
 He is an untruth-telling whoreson,
 And so shall be call'd in the song.

54

And if seeking an illicit connection with
 fame,
 Any one else should put in a claim,
 In this comical competition; 280
 That excellent poem will prove
 A man-trap for such foolish ambi-
 tion,
 Where the silly rogue shall be caught by
 the leg,
 And exposed in a second edition.

55

Now the morning air was cold for
 him
 Who was used to a warm abode;
 And yet he did not immediately wish
 To set out on his homeward road.

56

For he had some morning calls to
 make
 Before he went back to Hell; 290
 So, thought he, I'll step into a gaming-
 house,
 And that will do as well;
 But just before he could get to the
 door
 A wonderful chance befell.

57

For all on a sudden, in a dark place,
 He came upon General ——'s burning
 face;
 And it struck him with such conster-
 nation,
 That home in a hurry his way did he
 take,
 Because he thought by a slight mis-
 take
 'Twas the general conflagration. 300

INSCRIPTIONS

* The three utilities of Poetry : the praise of Virtue and Goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the Affections.—*Welsh Triad*.

[As five of the inscriptions have been inserted among the Selected Minor Poems, it has been necessary in some instances to alter the numbering of those here printed. Where this has been done, a number in brackets () at the head of an inscription denotes its number in the edition of 1837-1838.

Inscriptions I-VI inclusive were published in *Poems*, 1797. I, II, and III have been almost rewritten.]

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY

Callest thou thyself a Patriot? . . On
this field

Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the
brave.

Beneath the banners of that Charles
whom thou

Abhorrest for a Tyrant. Dost thou
boast

(Of loyalty ? The field is not far off
Where in rebellious arms against his

King
Hambden was kill'd, that Hambden at

The heart of many an honest English-

man
Beats with congenial pride. Both un-

corrupt,
Friends to their common country both.

they fought, to
They died in adverse armies. Traveller!

If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not
accord,

Remember these, our famous country-
men,

And quell all angry and injurious
thoughts.

Bristol, 1796.

11

FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS
THE RIVER AVON

ENTER this cavern, Stranger! Here
awhile

Respiring from the long and steep ascent.

Thou may'st be glad of rest, and haply
too

Of shade, if from the summer's wester-
ing sun

Shelter'd beneath this beetling vault of
rock.

Round the rude portal clasping its
rough arms

The antique ivy spreads a canopy,
From whose grey blossoms the wild bees

collect
In autumn their last store. The Muses

love 9
This spot: believe a Poet who hath felt

Their visitation here. The tide below
Rising or reflux scarcely sends its

Of waters up: and from the heights

beyond
Where the high-hanging forest waves

and sways,
Varying before the wind its verdant

The voice is music here. Here thou

may'st feel
How good, how lovely, Nature! And

when hence
Returning to the city's crowded streets.

Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
From scenes of vice and wretchedness.

That Man creates the evil he endures.

Bristol, 1796.

III

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-
HILL

THIS mound in some remote and date-
less day
Rear'd o'er a Chieftain of the Age of
Hills,
May here detain thee, Traveller! from
thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some warrior sleeps below, whose gal-
lant deeds

Haply at many a solemn festival
The Scald hath sung; but perish'd is
the song

Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren
downs

The wind that passes and is heard no
more.

Go, Traveller, and remember when the
pomp

Of earthly Glory fades, that one good
deed,

Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven.

Bristol, 1796.

IV

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW
FOREST

THIS is the place where William's kingly
power

Did from their poor and peaceful homes

Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The habitants of all the fertile track

Far as these wilds extend. He levell'd
down

Their little cottages, he bade their
fields

Lie waste, and forested the land, that so
More royally might he pursue his
sports.

If that thine heart be human, Pas-
senger!

Sure it will swell within thee, and thy
lips

Will mutter curses on him. Think thou
then

What cities flame, what hosts unsepul-
chred

Pollute the passing wind, when raging
Power

Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase
of Man;

And as thy thoughts anticipate that
day

When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

Bristol, 1796.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS
OF A STREAM

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy
bank

Recline thee. If the Sun rides high, the
breeze,

That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the
cool sound

Of running waters soothe thee. Mark
how clear

They sparkle o'er the shallows, and
behold

Where o'er their surface wheels with
restless speed

Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How its swift shadow flits. In solitude

The rivulet is pure, and trees and
herbs

Bend o'er its salutary course refresh'd.
But passing on amid the haunts of
men,

It finds pollution there, and rolls from
thence

A tainted stream. Seek'st thou for
HAPPINESS?

Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland
cot

Of INNOCENCE, and thou shalt find her
there.

Bristol, 1796.

VI

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT
ERMENONVILLE

STRANGER! the MAN of NATURE lies
not here:

Enshrin'd far distant by the Scoffer's
side

His relics rest, there by the giddy throng
With blind idolatry alike revered.

Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet
Explored the scenes of Ermenonville.

ROUSSEAU

Loved these calm haunts of Solitude and
Peace;

Here he has heard the murmurs of the
lake,

And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,
When o'er its bending boughs the pass-
ing wind

Swept a grey shade. Here, if thy breast¹⁰
be full,

If in thine eye the tear devout should
gush,

His SPIRIT shall behold thee, to thine
home

From hence returning, purified of heart.

Bristol, 1796.

VII

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD

[First published in *The Oracle*, afterwards
in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in
Metrical Tales, 1805.]

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast
walk'd

Uprightly through the world, just
thoughts of joy

May fill thy breast in contemplating
here

Congential virtue. But if thou hast
swerved

From the straight path of even rectitude,
Fearful in trying seasons to assert

The better cause, or to forsake the
worse

¹ Voltaire.

Reluctant, when perchance therein en-
thrall'd

Slave to false shame, oh! thankfully
receive

The sharp compunctious motions that¹⁰
this spot

May wake within thee, and be wise in
time,

And let the future for the past atone.

Bath, 1797.

VIII

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE
OF EWIAS

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
December 21, 1798; afterwards in *The*
Annual Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical*
Tales, 1805.]

HERE was it, Stranger, that the patron
Saint

Of Cambria pass'd his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made

His hermitage, the roots his food, his
drink

Of Hodney's mountain stream. Per-
chance thy youth

Has read with eager wonder how the
Knight

Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted
bower

Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy
veins

Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that
blood

Hath flow'd with quicker impulse at the
tale

Of David's deeds, when through the¹⁰
press of war

His gallant comrades follow'd his green
crest

To victory. Stranger! Hatterill's moun-
tain heights

And this fair vale of Ewias, and the
stream

Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will
rise

More grateful, thus associate with the
name

Of David and the deeds of other days.

Bath, 1798.

IX

EPITAPH ON ALGERNON SIDNEY

[First published in *The Morning Post*, December 25, 1798; afterwards in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

HERE Sidney lies, he whom perverted
law,
The pliant jury and the bloody judge,
Doom'd to a traitor's death. A tyrant
King
Required, an abject country saw and
shared
The crime. The noble cause of Liberty
He loved in life, and to that noble cause
In death bore witness. But his country
rose
Like Samson from her sleep, and broke
her chains,
And proudly with her worthies she en-
roll'd
Her murder'd Sidney's name. The
voice of man ^{io}
Gives honour or destroys; but earthly
power
Gives not, nor takes away, the self-
applause
Which on the scaffold suffering virtue
feels,
Nor that which God appointed its
reward.
Westbury, 1798.

EPITAPH ON KING JOHN

[First published in *The Morning Post*, May 28, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

JOHN rests below. A man more in-
famous
Never hath held the sceptre of these
realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of
Power
The oppressed men of England. Eng-
lishman!

Curse not his memory. Murderer as he
was,
Coward and slave, yet he it was who
sign'd
That Charter which should make thee
morn and night
Be thankful for thy birth-place: . .
Englishman!
That holy Charter, which, shouldst thou
permit
Force to destroy, or Fraud to under-
mine, ^{io}
Thy children's groans will persecute thy
soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy
crime.

Westbury, 1798.

XI (XII)

FOR A MONUMENT AT
TORDESILLAS

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797.]

SPANIARD! if thou art one who bows
the knee
Before a despot's footstool, hie thee
hence!
This ground is holy: here Padilla died,
Martyr of Freedom. But if thou dost
love
Her cause, stand then as at an altar
here,
And thank the Almighty that thine
honest heart,
Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,
Revolts against oppression. Not un-
heard
Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer
Ascend; for honest impulses will rise, ^{io}
Such as may elevate and strengthen
thee
For virtuous action. Relics silver-
shrined,
And chaunted mass, would wake within
the soul
Thoughts valueless and cold compared
with these.

Bristol, 1796.

XII (XIII)

FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO

[Published in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797.]

PIZARRO here was born ; a greater name
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and
Pain,

Famine and hostile Elements, and
Hosts

Embattled, fail'd to check him in his
course,

Not to be wearied, not to be deterr'd,
Not to be overcome. A mighty realm
He over-ran, and with relentless arm
Slew or enslaved its unoffending sons.
And wealth, and power, and fame, were
his rewards.

There is another world, beyond the
Grave, ¹⁰
According to their deeds where men are
judged.

O Reader ! if thy daily bread be earn'd
By daily labour, . . yea, however low,
However painful be thy lot assign'd,
Thank thou, with deepest gratitude, the
God

Who made thee, that thou art not such
as he.

Bristol, 1796.

XIII (XIV)

FOR THE CELL OF HONORIUS, AT
THE CORK CONVENT, NEAR
CINTRA

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
November 5, 1798.]

HERE cavern'd like a beast Honorius
pass'd

In self-affliction, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted
out

All human feelings from his heart, and
fled

With fear and loathing from all human
joys.

Not thus in making known his will
divine

Hath Christ enjoin'd. To aid the father-
less,

Comfort the sick, and be the poor man's
friend.

And in the wounded heart pour gospel-
balm ;

These are the injunctions of his holy
law,

Which whoso keeps shall have a joy on
earth,

Calm, constant, still increasing, pre-
luding

The eternal bliss of Heaven. Yet mock
not thou,

Stranger, the Anchorite's mistaken zeal !
He painfully his painful duties kept.

Sincere though erring : Stranger, do
thou keep

Thy better and thine easier rule as well.

Bristol, 1798.

XIV (XV)

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
July 6, 1799 ; afterwards in *The Annual
Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,
1805.]

THEY suffer'd here whom Jefferies
doom'd to death

In mockery of all justice, when the
Judge

Unjust, subservient to a cruel King,
Perform'd his work of blood. They

suffer'd here
The victims of that Judge, and of that
King ;

In mockery of all justice here they
bled,

Unheard. But not unpitied, nor of
God

Unseen, the innocent suffered ; not un-
heard

The innocent blood cried vengeance ;
for at length,

The indignant Nation in its power
arose, ¹⁰

Resistless. Then that wicked Judge
took flight,

Disguised in vain : . . not always is the
Lord

Slow to revenge! A miserable man
 He fell beneath the people's rage, and
 still
 The children curse his memory. From
 the throne
 The obdurate bigot who commission'd
 him,
 Inhuman James, was driven. He lived
 to drag
 Long years of frustrate hope, he lived
 to load
 More blood upon his soul. Let tell the
 Boyne,
 Let Londonderry tell his guilt and
 shame;
 And that immortal day when on thy
 shores,
 La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the
 dead!

Westbury, 1798.

XV (XVI)

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 December 7, 1798; afterwards in *The*
Annual Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical*
Tales, 1805.]

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,
 O Reader? Hast thou let the midnight
 hour
 Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy
 lived
 With high-born beauties and enamour'd
 chiefs,
 Sharing their hopes, and with a breath-
 less joy
 Whose expectation touch'd the verge of
 pain,
 Following their dangerous fortunes? If
 such lore
 Hath ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt
 tread,
 As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts,
 The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here
 was born.
 Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver
 man
 His own delightful genius ever feign'd,
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady

With courteous courage and with loyal
 loves.

Upon his natal day an acorn here
 Was planted: it grew up a stately oak,
 And in the beauty of its strength it
 stood
 And flourish'd, when his perishable part
 Had moulder'd, dust to dust. That
 stately oak
 Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's
 fame
 Endureth in his own immortal works.

Westbury, 1799.

XVI (XVII)

EPITAPH

THIS to a mother's sacred memory
 Her son hath hallow'd. Absent many
 a year
 Far over sea, his sweetest dreams were
 still
 Of that dear voice which soothed his
 infancy;
 And after many a fight against the Moor
 And Malabar, or that fierce cavalry
 Which he had seen covering the bound-
 less plain,
 Even to the utmost limits where the eye
 Could pierce the far horizon, . . his first
 thought
 In safety was of her, who when she
 heard
 The tale of that day's danger, would
 retire
 And pour her pious gratitude to Heaven
 In prayers and tears of joy. The lin-
 gering hour
 Of his return, long-look'd-for, came at
 length,
 And full of hope he reach'd his native
 shore.
 Vain hope that puts its trust in human
 life!
 For ere he came, the number of her days
 Was full. O Reader, what a world
 were this,
 How unendurable its weight, if they
 Whom Death hath sunder'd did not
 meet again!

Keswick, 1810.

XVII (XIX)

FOR A MONUMENT AT ROLISSA

Time has been when Rolissa was a
 name
 Ignoble, by the passing traveller heard
 And then forthwith forgotten; now in
 war
 It is renown'd. For when to her
 ally,
 In bondage by perfidious France oppress'd
 England sent succour, first within this
 realm
 The fated theatre of their long strife
 Confronted, here the hostile nations
 met.
 Laborde took here his stand; upon yon
 point
 Of Mount Saint Anna was his Eagle
 fix'd;
 The veteran chief, disposing well all
 aid
 Of height and glen, possess'd the mountain
 straits,
 A post whose strength thus mann'd and
 profited
 Seem'd to defy the enemy and make
 The vantage of assailing numbers
 vain.
 Here, too, before the sun should bend
 his course
 Adown the slope of heaven, so had their
 plans
 Been timed, he look'd for Loison's army,
 rich
 With spoils from Evora and Beja
 sack'd.
 That hope the British Knight areeding
 well,
 With prompt attack prevented; and
 nor strength
 Of ground, nor leader's skill nor
 discipline
 Of soldiers practised in the ways of
 war,
 Avail'd that day against the British
 arm.

Resisting long, but beaten from their
 stand,
 The French fell back; they join'd their
 greater host
 To suffer fresh defeat, and Portugal
 First for Sir Arthur wreathed her
 laurels here.

XVIII (XX)

FOR A MONUMENT AT VIMEIRO

This is Vimeiro; yonder stream which
 flows
 Westward through heathery highlands
 to the sea,
 Is call'd Maceira, till of late a name,
 Save to the dwellers of this peaceful
 vale,
 Known only to the coasting mariner;
 Now in the bloody page of war in-
 scribed.
 When to the aid of injured Portugal
 Struggling against the intolerable yoke
 Of treacherous France, England, her old
 ally,
 Long tried and always faithful found,
 went forth,
 The embattled hosts in equal strength
 array'd,
 And equal discipline, encountered here.
 Junot, the mock Abrantes, led the
 French,
 And confident of skill so oft approved,
 And vaunting many a victory, advanced
 Against an untried foe. But when the
 ranks
 Met in the shock of battle, man to
 man,
 And bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 The flower of France, cut down along
 their line,
 Fell like ripe grass before the mower's
 For the strong arm and rightful cause
 prevail'd.
 That day deliver'd Lisbon from the
 yoke,
 And babes were taught to bless Sir
 Arthur's name.

XIX (XXI)

AT CORUÑA

WHEN from these shores the British
army first

Boldly advanced into the heart of Spain,
The admiring people who beheld its
march

Call'd it 'the Beautiful'. And surely
well

Its proud array, its perfect discipline,
Its ample furniture of war complete,
Its powerful horse, its men of British
mould,

All high in heart and hope, all of them-

Assured, and in their leaders confident,
Deserved the title. Few short weeks

Ere hither that disastrous host return'd,
A fourth of all its gallant force consumed

In hasty and precipitate retreat,
Stores, treasure, and artillery, in the
wreck

Left to the fierce pursuer, horse and man
Founder'd, and stiffening on the mountain
snows.

But when the exulting enemy approached

Boasting that he would drive into the
sea

The remnant of the wretched fugitives,
Here, ere they reach'd their ships, they
turn'd at bay. 20

Then was the proof of British courage
seen;

Against a foe far overnumbering them,
An insolent foe, rejoicing in pursuit,
Sure of the fruit of victory, what-
soever

Might be the fate of battle, here they
stood,

And their safe embarkation, . . all they
sought,

Won manfully. That mournful day
avenged

Their sufferings, and redeem'd their
country's name;

And thus Coruña, which in this retreat
Had seen the else indelible reproach 30
Of England, saw the stain effaced in
blood.

XX (XXII)

EPITAPH

HE who in this unconsecrated ground
Obtain'd a soldier's grave, hath left a
name

Which will endure in history: the
remains

Of Moore, the British General, rest below.

His early prowess Corsica beheld,

When, at Mozello, bleeding, through the
breach

He passed victorious; the Columbian
isles

Then saw him tried; upon the sandy
downs

Of Holland was his riper worth approved;
And leaving on the Egyptian shores his
blood. 10

He gathered there fresh palms. High
in repute

A gallant army last he led to Spain,
In arduous times; for moving in his
strength,

With all his mighty means of war complete,

The Tyrant Buonaparte bore down all
Before him; and the British Chief be-
held,

Where'er he look'd, rout, treason, and
dismay,

All sides with all embarrassments beset,
And danger pressing on. Hither he
came

Before the far out-numbering hosts of
France 20

Retreating to her ships, and close pur-

Nor were there wanting men who coun-
sell'd him

To offer terms, and from the enemy
Purchase a respite to embark in peace,

At price of such abasement, . . even to
this,

Brave as they were, by hopelessness
subdued.

That shameful counsel Moore, in happy
hour

Remembering what was due to Eng-
land's name,

Refused: he fought, he conquer'd, and
he fell.

XXI (XXIII)

TO THE MEMORY OF PAUL
BURRARDMORTALLY WOUNDED IN THE BATTLE OF
CORUÑA[Published in *The Literary Souvenir* for
1826.]

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Providence!—

Old men who have grown grey in camps,
and wish'd,And pray'd, and sought in battle to lay
downThe burthen of their age, have seen the
youngFall round, themselves untouch'd; and
balls besideThe graceless and the unblest head have
press'd,Harmless as hail, to reach some precious
life,

For which clasp'd hands, and supplicating eyes,

Duly at morn and eve were raised to
Heaven;And, in the depth and loneliness of the
soul(Then boding all too truly), midnight
prayersBreathed from an anxious pillow we
with tears.But blessed, even amid their grief, are
theyWho, in the hour of visitation, bow
Beneath the unerring will, and look
towardTheir Heavenly Father, merciful as
just!They, while they own his goodness, feel
that whomHe chastens, them he loves. The cup
he gives,Shall they not drink it? Therefore dot
the draughtResent of comfort in its bitterness, ²⁰
And carry healing with it. What but
thisCould have sustain'd the mourners who
were left,With life-long yearnings, to remember
himWhose early death this monumental
verseRecords? For never more auspicious
hopesWere nipt in flower, nor finer qualities
From goodliest fabric of mortalityDivorced, nor virtues worthier to adorn
The world transferr'd to heaven, thanwhen, ere time
Had measured him the space of nine-
teen years, ³⁰Paul Burrard on Coruña's fatal field
Received his mortal hurt. Not unpre-
paredThe heroic youth was found: for in the
waysOf piety had he been trained; and
whatThe dutiful child upon his mother's
kneesHad learnt, the soldier faithfully ob-
served.In chamber or in tent, the Book of
GodWas his beloved manual; and his life
Besecm'd the lessons which from thence
he drew.For, gallant as he was, and blithe of
heart, ⁴⁰Expert of hand, and keen of eye, and
promptIn intellect, religion was the crown
Of all his noble properties. When Paul
Was by, the scoffer, self-abased, re-
strain'dThe license of his speech; and ribaldry
Before his virtuous presence sate
rebuked.And yet so frank and affable a form
His virtue wore, that wheresoe'er he
movedA sunshine of good-will and cheerfulness
Enliven'd all around. Oh! marvel ⁵⁰not,
If, in the morning of his fair career,
Which promised all that honour could
bestowOn high desert, the youth was sum-
mon'd hence!

His soul required no farther discipline,
Pure as it was, and capable of Heaven.
'Upon the spot from whence he just had
seen

His General borne away, the appointed
ball

Reach'd him. But not on that Galli-
cian ground

Was it his fate, like many a British
heart,

To mingle with the soil: the sea re-
ceived

His mortal relics. . . to a watery grave
Consign'd so near his native shore, so
near

His father's house, that they who loved
him best,

Unconscious of its import, heard the
gun

Which fired his knell.—Alas! if it were
known,

When, in the strife of nations, dreadful
Death

Mows down with indiscriminating
sweep

His thousands ten times told. . . if it
were known

What ties are sever'd then, what ripen-
ing hopes

Blasted, what virtues in their bloom cut
off;

How far the desolating scourge extends;
How wide the misery spreads; what
hearts beneath

Their grief are broken, or survive to
feel

Always the irremediable loss;
Oh! who of woman born could bear the
thought?

Who but would join with fervent piety
The prayer that asketh in our time for
peace?—

Nor in our time alone!—Enable us,
Father which art in heaven! but to
receive

And keep thy word: thy kingdom then
should come,

Thy will be done on earth; the victory
Accomplished over Sin as well as
Death,

And the great scheme of Providence
fulfill'd.

XXII (XXIV)

FOR THE BANKS OF THE DOURO

CROSSING in unexampled enterprize
This great and perilous stream, the
English host

Effected here their landing, on the day
When Soult from Porto with his troops
was driven.

No sight so joyful ever had been seen
From Douro's banks. . . not when the
mountains sent

Their generous produce down, or home-
ward fleets

Entered from distant seas their port
desired;

Nor e'er were shouts of such glad
mariners

So gladly heard, as then the cannon's
peal,

And short sharp strokes of frequent
musketry,

By the delivered habitants that hour.
For they who beaten then and routed
fled

Before victorious England, in their day
Of triumph, had, like fiends let loose
from hell,

Fill'd yon devoted city with all forms
Of horror, all unutterable crimes;

And vengeance now had reach'd the
inhuman race

Accurst. Oh what a scene did Night
behold

Within those rescued walls, when festal
fires,

And torches, blazing through the bloody
streets,

Stream'd their broad light where horse
and man in death

Unheeded lay outstretch'd! Eyes which
had wept

In bitterness so long, shed tears of joy,
And from the broken heart thanksgiving
mix'd

With anguish rose to Heaven. Sir
Arthur then

Might feel how precious in a righteous
cause

Is victory, how divine the soldier's meed,
When grateful nations bless the aveng-
ing sword!

XXIII (XXV)

TALAVERA

FOR THE FIELD OF BATTLE

YON wide-extended town, whose roofs
and towers

And poplar avenues are seen far off,
In goodly prospect over scatter'd woods
Of dusky ilex, boasts among its sons
Of Mariana's name, . . he who hath
made

The splendid story of his country's wars
Through all the European kingdoms
known.

Yet in his ample annals thou canst find
No braver battle chronicled, than here
Was waged, when Joseph of the stolen
crown

Against the hosts of England and of
Spain

His veteran armies brought. By
veteran chiefs

Captain'd, a formidable force they came,
Full fifty thousand. Victor led them on,
A man grown grey in arms, nor e'er in
aught

Dishonoured, till by this opprobrious
cause.

He over rude Alverche's summer
stream

Winning his way, made first upon the
right

His hot attack, where Spain's raw levies,
ranged

In double line, had taken their strong
stand

In yonder broken ground, by olive
groves

Cover'd and flank'd by Tagus. Soon
from thence,

As one whose practised eye could appre-
hend

All vantages in war, his troops he drew ;
And on this hill, the battle's vital point,

Bore with collected power, outnum-
bering

The British ranks twice told. Such
fearful odds

Were balanced by Sir Arthur's master
mind

And by the British heart. Twice during
night

The fatal spot they storm'd, and twice
fell back,

Before the bayonet driven. Again at
morn

They made their fiery onset, and again
Repell'd, again at noon renew'd the
strife.

Yet was their desperate perseverance
vain,

Where skill by equal skill was counter-
vail'd,

And numbers by superior courage foil'd ;
And when the second night drew over
them

Its sheltering cope, in darkness they
retired,

At all points beaten. Long in the red
page

Of war shall Talavera's famous name
Stand forth conspicuous. While that
name endures,

Bear in thy soul, O Spain, the memory
Of all thou sufferdest from perfidious

France,
Of all that England in thy cause achieved.

XXIV (XXVI)

FOR THE DESERTO DE BUSACO

READER, thou standest upon holy
ground

Which Penitence hath chosen for itself,
And war disturbing the deep solitude

Hath left it doubly sacred. On these
heights

The host of Portugal and England stood,
Arrayed against Massena, when the
chief

Proud of Rodrigo and Almeida won,
Press'd forward, thinking the devoted

realm

Full sure should fall a prey. He in his
pride

Scorn'd the poor numbers of the English
foe,

And thought the children of the land
would fly

From his advance, like sheep before the
wolf,

Scattering, and lost in terror. Ill he
knew

The Lusitanian spirit ! Ill he knew
 The arm, the heart of England ! Ill he
 knew
 Her Wellington ! He learnt to know
 them here.
 That spirit and that arm, that heart,
 that mind,
 Here on Busaco gloriously display'd,
 When hence repulsed the beaten boaster
 wound
 Below, his course circuitous, and left so
 His thousands for the beasts and
 ravenous fowl.
 The Carmelite who in his cell recluse
 Was wont to sit, and from a skull receive
 Death's silent lesson, wheresoe'er he
 walk
 Henceforth may find his teachers. He
 shall find
 The Frenchmen's bones in glen and
 grove, on rock
 And height, where'er the wolves and
 carrion birds
 Have strewn them, wash'd in torrents,
 bare and bleach'd
 By sun and rain and by the winds of
 heaven.

XXV (XXVII)

FOR THE LINES OF TORRES
 VEDRAS

THROUGH all Iberia, from the Atlantic
 shores
 To far Pyrene, Wellington hath left
 His trophies ; but no monument records
 To after-time a more enduring praise,
 Than this which marks his triumph here
 attain'd
 By intellect, and patience to the end
 Holding through good and ill its course
 The stamp and seal of greatness. Here
 the chief
 Perceived in foresight Lisbon's sure
 defence,
 A vantage ground for all reverse pre-
 pared, 10
 Where Portugal and England might
 defy
 All strength of hostile numbers. Not
 for this

Of hostile enterprise did he abate,
 Or gallant purpose : witness the proud
 day
 Which saw Soult's murderous host from
 Porto driven ;
 Bear witness Talavera, made by him
 Famous for ever ; and that later fight,
 When from Busaco's solitude the birds,
 Then first affrighted in their sanctuary,
 Fled from the thunders and the fires of
 war. 20
 But when Spain's feeble counsels, in
 delay
 As erring, as in action premature,
 Had left him in the field without sup-
 port,
 And Buonaparte, having trampled down
 The strength and pride of Austria, this
 way turn'd
 His single thought and undivided power,
 Retreating hither the great General
 came ;
 And proud Massena, when the boastful
 chief
 Of plundered Lisbon dreamt, here found
 himself
 Stopt suddenly in his presumptuous
 course. 30
 From Ericcya on the western sea,
 By Mafra's princely convent, and the
 heights
 Of Montichique, and Bucellas famed
 For generous vines, the formidable
 works
 Extending, rested on the guarded shores
 Of Tagus, that rich river who received
 Into his ample and rejoicing port
 The harvests and the wealth of distant
 lands,
 Secure, insulting with the glad display
 The robber's greedy sight. Five months
 the foe 40
 Beheld these lines, made inexpugnable
 By perfect skill, and patriot feelings here
 With discipline conjoin'd, courageous
 hands,
 True spirits, and one comprehensive
 mind
 All overseeing and pervading all.
 Five months, tormenting still his heart
 with hope,
 He saw his projects frustrated ; the
 power

Of the blaspheming tyrant whom he
 served
 Fail in the proof; his thousands disap-
 pear,
 In silent and inglorious war consumed;
 Till hence retreating, madden'd with
 despite, 51
 Here did the self-styled Son of Victory
 leave.
 Never to be redeem'd, that vaunted
 name.

XXVI (XXVIII)

AT SANTAREM

Four months Massena had his quarters
 here,
 When by those lines deterr'd where
 Wellington
 Defied the power of France, but loth to
 leave
 Rich Lisbon yet unsack'd, he kept his
 ground,
 Till from impending famine, and the
 force
 Array'd in front, and that consuming
 war
 Which still the faithful nation, day and
 night,
 And at all hours was waging on his rear,
 He saw no safety, save in swift retreat.
 Then of his purpose frustrated, this
 child
 Of Hell, . . so fitlier than of Victory
 call'd, 11
 Gave his own devilish nature scope, and
 let
 His devilish army loose. The mournful
 rolls
 That chronicle the guilt of humankind
 Tell not of aught more hideous than the
 deeds
 With which this monster and his kindred
 troops
 Track'd their inhuman way; all cruel-
 ties,
 All forms of horror, all deliberate crimes,
 Which tongue abhors to utter, ear to
 hear. 19
 Let this memorial bear Massena's name
 For everlasting infamy inscribed.

XXVII (XXIX)

AT FUENTES D'ONORO

The fountains of Onoro which give name
 To this poor hamlet, were distain'd with
 blood,
 What time Massena, driven from Por-
 tugal
 By national virtue in endurance proved,
 And England's faithful aid, against the
 land
 Not long delivered, desperately made
 His last fierce effort here. That day,
 bestreak'd
 With slaughter Coa and Agueda ran,
 So deeply had the open veins of war
 Purpled their mountain feeders. Strong
 in means, 10
 With rest, and stores, and numbers rein-
 forced,
 Came the ferocious enemy, and ween'd
 Beneath their formidable cavalry
 To trample down resistance. But there
 fought
 Against them here, with Britons side by
 side,
 The children of regenerate Portugal.
 And their own crimes, and all-beholding
 Heaven.
 Beaten, and hopeless thenceforth of
 success
 The inhuman Marshal, never to be
 named
 By Lusitanian lips without a curse 20
 Of clinging infamy, withdrew and left
 These Fountains famous for his over-
 throw.

XXVIII (XXXI)

FOR A MONUMENT AT ALBUHERA

Seven thousand men lay bleeding on
 these heights,
 When Beresford in strenuous conflict
 strove
 Against a foe whom all the accidents
 Of battle favoured, and who knew full
 well
 To seize all offers that occasion gave.
 Wounded or dead, seven thousand here
 were stretch'd,

And on the plain around a myriad
 more,
 Spaniard and Briton and true Portu-
 gueze,
 Alike approved that day; and in the
 cause
 Of France, with her flagitious sons com-
 pell'd,¹⁰
 Pole and Italian, German, Hollander,
 Men of all climes and countries, hither
 brought,
 Doing and suffering, for the work of
 war.
 This point by her superior cavalry
 France from the Spaniard won, the
 elements
 Aiding her powerful efforts; here
 awhile
 She seem'd to rule the conflict; and
 from hence
 The British and the Lusitanian arm
 Dislodged with irresistible assault
 The enemy, even when he deem'd the
 day²⁰
 Was written for his own. But not for
 Soul,
 But not for France was that day in the
 rolls
 Of war to be inscribed by Victory's
 hand,
 Not for the inhuman chief, and cause
 unjust;
 She wrote for aftertimes in blood the
 names
 Of Spain and England, Blake and
 Beresford.

And all allurements of that happy land,
 His ardent spirit to the field of war
 Impell'd him. Fair was his career. He
 faced
 The perils of that memorable day,
 When through the iron shower and fiery
 storm¹⁰
 Of death the dauntless host of Britain
 made
 Their landing at Aboukir; then not
 less
 Illustrated, than when great Nelson's
 hand.
 As if insulted Heaven with its own
 wrath
 Had arm'd him, smote the miscreant
 Frenchmen's fleet.
 And with its wreck wide-floating many
 a league
 Strew'd the rejoicing shores. What
 then his youth
 Held forth of promise, amply was con-
 firm'd
 When Wellesley, upon Talavera's plain,
 On the mock monarch won his coronet:
 There when the trophies of the field
 were reap'd²¹
 Was he for gallant bearing eminent
 When all did bravely. But his valour's
 orb
 Shone brightest at its setting. On the
 field
 Of Albuhera he the fusileers
 Led to regain the heights, and promised
 them
 A glorious day; a glorious day was

XXIX (XXXII)

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WILLIAM
MYERS

SPANIARD or Portugeuze! tread rever-
 ently
 Upon a soldier's grave; no common
 heart
 Lies mingled with the clod beneath thy
 feet.
 To honours and to ample wealth was
 Myers
 In England born; but leaving friends
 beloved,

The heights were gain'd, the victory
 was achieved,
 And Myers received from death his
 deathless crown.
 Here to Valverde was he borne, and
 here³⁰
 His faithful men amid this olive grove,
 The olive emblem here of endless peace,
 Laid him to rest. Spaniard or Portu-
 gueze,
 In your good cause the British soldier
 fell;
 Tread reverently upon his honour'd
 grave.

XXX (XXXIV)

FOR THE WALLS OF CIUDAD
RODRIGO

HERE Craufurd fell, victorious, in the
breach,

Leading his countrymen in that assault
Which won from haughty France these
rescued walls;

And here intomb'd far from his native
land

And kindred dust, his honour'd relics
rest.

Well was he versed in war, in the Orient
train'd

Beneath Cornwallis; then for many a
year

Following through arduous and ill-fated
fields

The Austrian banners; on the sea-like
shores

Of Plata next, still by malignant stars
Pursued; and in that miserable retreat,

For which Coruña witness'd on her hills
The pledge of vengeance given. At

length he saw,
Long woo'd and well deserved, the
brighter face

Of Fortune, upon Coa's banks vouch-
safed,

Before Almeida, when Massena found
The fourfold vantage of his numbers

foil'd,
Before the Briton, and the Portugal,

There vindicating first his old renown,
And Craufurd's mind that day presiding

there. ²⁰

Again was her auspicious countenance
Upon Busaco's holy heights reveal'd;

And when by Torres Vedras, Welling-
ton,

Wisely secure, defied the boastful
French,

With all their power; and when Onoro's
springs

Beheld that execrable enemy
Again chastised beneath the avenging

arm.

Too early here his honourable course
He closed, and won his noble sepulchre.

Where should the soldier rest so worthily

As where he fell Be thou his monu-
ment, 31

O City of Rodrigo, yea be thou,
To latest time, his trophy and his tomb!
Sultans, or Pharaohs of the elder world,
Lie not in Mosque or Pyramid enshrined
Thus gloriously, nor in so proud a grave.

XXXI (XXXV)

TO THE MEMORY OF MAJOR
GENERAL MACKINNON

SON of an old and honourable house,
Henry Mackinnon from the Hebrides
Drew his descent, but upon English
ground

An English mother bore him. Dauphny
Beheld the blossom of his opening years;
For hoping in that genial clime to save
A child of feeble frame, his parents
there

Awhile their sojourn fix'd: and thus it
chanced

That in that generous season, when the
heart

Yet from the world is pure and unde-
filed, 10

Napoleon Buonaparte was his friend.

The adventurous Corsican, like Henry,
then

Young, and a stranger in the land of
France,

Their frequent and their favour'd guest
became,

Finding a cheerful welcome at all hours,
Kindness, esteem, and in the English

youth

Quick sympathy of apprehensive mind
And lofty thought heroic. On the way

Of life they parted, not to meet again.
Each follow'd war, but, oh! how dif-
ferently 20

Did the two spirits which till now had
grown

Like two fair plants, it seem'd, of kin-
dred seed,

Develope in that awful element!
For never had benignant nature

shower'd
More bounteously than on Mackinnon's
head

Her choicest gifts. Form, features, intellect,
 Were such as might at once command
 and win
 All hearts. In all relationships approved,
 Son, brother, husband, father, friend,
 his life
 Was beautiful; and when in tented
 fields,
 Such as the soldier should be in the sight
 Of God and man was he. Poor praise it
 were
 To speak his worth evinced upon the
 banks
 Of Douro, Talavera's trophied plain,
 Busaco's summit, and what other days,
 Many and glorious all, illustrated
 His bright career. Worthier of him to
 say
 That in the midst of camps his manly
 breast
 Retain'd its youthful virtue; that he
 walk'd
 Through blood and evil uncontaminate,
 And that the stern necessity of war
 But nurtured with its painful discipline
 Thoughtful compassion in that gentle
 soul,
 And feelings such as man should cherish
 still
 For all of woman born. He met his
 death
 When at Rodrigo on the breach he
 stood
 Triumphant; to a soldier's wish it came
 Instant, and in the hour of victory.
 Mothers and maids of Portugal, oh bring
 Your garlands here, and strew his grave
 with flowers;
 And lead the children to his monument,
 Grey-headed sires, for it is holy ground!
 For tenderness and valour in his heart,
 As in your own Nunalures, had made
 Their habitation; for a dearer life
 Never in battle hath been offered up,
 Since in like cause and in unhappy day,
 By Zutphen's walls the peerless Sidney
 fell.
 'Tis said that Buonaparte, when he
 heard
 How thus, among the multitude whose
 blood

Cries out to Heaven upon his guilty
 head,
 His early friend had fallen, was touch'd
 with grief.
 If aught it may avail him, be that
 thought,
 That brief recurrence of humanity
 In his hard heart, remember'd in his
 hour.

XXXII (XXXVI)

FOR THE AFFAIR AT ARROYO
 MOLINOS

He who may chronicle Spain's arduous
 strife
 Against the Intruder, hath to speak of
 fields
 Profuselier fed with blood, and victories
 Borne wider on the wings of glad report;
 Yet shall this town, which from the
 mill-stream takes
 Its humble name, be storied as the spot
 Where the vain Frenchman, insolent
 too long
 Of power and of success, first saw the
 strength
 Of England in prompt enterprize es-
 say'd,
 And felt his fortunes ebb, from that day
 forth
 Swept back upon the reflux tide of war.
 Girard lay here, who late from Caceres,
 Far as his active cavalry could scour,
 Had pillaged and oppress the country
 round;
 The Spaniard and the Portuguese he
 scorn'd,
 And deem'd the British soldiers all too
 slow
 To seize occasion, unalert in war,
 And therefore brave in vain. In such
 belief
 Secure at night he laid him down to
 sleep,
 Nor dreamt that these disparaged
 enemies
 With drum and trumpet should in
 martial charge
 Sound his reveille. All day their march
 severe

They held through wind and drenching
 rain ; all night
 The autumnal tempest unabating raged,
 While in their comfortless and open
 camp
 They cheer'd themselves with patient
 hope : the storm
 Was their ally, and moving in the mist,
 When morning open'd, on the astonish'd
 foe
 They burst. Soon routed horse and
 foot, the French
 On all sides scattering, fled, on every
 side
 Beset, and every where pursued, with
 loss
 Of half their numbers captured, their
 whole stores,
 And all their gather'd plunder. 'Twas
 a day
 Of surest omen, such as fill'd with joy
 True English hearts. . . No happier peals
 have e'er
 Been roll'd abroad from town and vil-
 lage tower
 Than gladden'd then with their exultant
 sound
 Salopian vales ; and flowing cups were
 brimm'd
 All round the Wrekin to Sir Rowland's
 name.

XXXIII (XXXVII)

WRITTEN IN AN UNPUBLISHED
 VOLUME OF LETTERS AND
 MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS, BY
 BARRÉ CHARLES ROBERTS.

Nor often hath the cold insensate earth
 Closed over such fair hopes, as when the
 grave
 Received young Barré's perishable part ;
 Nor death destroyed so sweet a dream
 of life.
 Nature, who sometimes lavisheth her
 gifts
 With fatal bounty, had conferred on him
 Even such endowments as parental love
 Might in its wisest prayer have ask'd of
 Heaven ;
 An intellect that, choosing for itself

The better part, went forth into the
 fields
 Of knowledge, and with never-sated¹⁰
 thirst
 Drank of the living springs ; a judge-
 ment calm
 And clear ; a heart affectionate ; a soul
 Within whose quiet sphere no vanities
 Or low desires had place. Nor were the

Of excellence thus largely given, and left
 To struggle with impediment of clime
 Austere, or niggard soil ; all circum-
 stance
 Of happy fortune was to him vouch-

His way of life was as through garden-
 walks
 Wherein no thorns are seen, save such²⁰
 as grow,
 Types of our human state, with fruits
 and flowers.
 In all things favoured thus auspiciously,
 But in his father most. An intercourse
 So beautiful no former record shows
 In such relationship displayed, where
 through
 Familiar friendship's perfect confidence,
 The father's ever-watchful tenderness
 Meets ever in the son's entire respect
 Its due return devout, and playful love
 Mingles with every thing, and sheds o'er
 all
 A sunshine of its own. Should we then³¹
 say

The parents purchased at too dear a cost
 This deep delight, the deepest, purest joy
 Which Heaven hath here assign'd us,
 when they saw
 Their child of hope, just in the May of
 life,
 Beneath a slow and cankering malady,
 With irremediable decay consumed,
 Sink to the untimely grave ? Oh, think
 not thus !
 Nor deem that such long anguish, and
 the grief⁴⁰
 Which in the inmost soul doth strike its
 roots
 There to abide through time, can over-
 weigh
 The blessings which have been, and yet
 shall be !

Think not that He in Whom we live,
doth mock
Our dearest aspirations! Think not
love,
Genius, and virtue should inhere alone
In mere mortality, and Earth put out
The sparks which are of Heaven! We
are not left
In darkness, nor devoid of hope. The
Light
Of Faith hath risen to us: the van-
quish'd Grave 50
To us the great consolatory truth
Proclaim'd that He who wounds will
heal; and Death,
Opening the gates of Immortality,
The spirits whom it hath dissevered here
In everlasting union re-unite.

Keswick, 1814.

XXXIV (XXXIX)

EPITAPH

SOME there will be to whom, as here they
read,
While yet these lines are from the chisel
sharp,
The name of Clement Francis, will recall
His countenance benign; and some who
knew
What stores of knowledge and what
humble thoughts,
What wise desires, what cheerful piety,
In happy union form'd the character
Which faithfully impress'd his aspect
meek.
And others too there are, who in their
hearts
Will bear the memory of his worth en-
shrined, 10
For tender and for reverential thoughts.
When grief hath had its course, a life-
long theme.
A little while, and these, who to the
truth
Of this poor tributary strain could bear
Their witness, will themselves have
pass'd away,
And this cold marble monument present
Words which can then within no living
mind

Create the ideal form they once evoked;
This, then, the sole memorial of the
dead.
So be it. Only that which was of earth
Hath perish'd; only that which was
infirm, 21
Mortal, corruptible, and brought with it
The seed connate of death. A place in
Time
Is given us, only that we may prepare
Our portion for Eternity: the Soul
Possesseth there what treasures for
itself,
Wise to salvation, it laid up in Heaven.
O Man, take thou this lesson from the
Grave!
There too all true affections shall revive,
To fade no more; all losses be re-
stored, 30
All griefs be heal'd, all holy hopes ful-
fill'd.

INSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CALE-
DONIAN CANAL

[Published in *The Anniversary*, 1829.]

XXXV (XL)

I. AT CLACHNACHARRY

ATHEWART the island here, from sea to
sea,
Between these mountain barriers, the
Great Glen
Of Scotland offers to the traveller,
Through wilds impervious else, an easy
path,
Along the shore of rivers and of lakes,
In line continuous, whence the waters
flow
Dividing east and west. Thus had they
held 10
For untold centuries their perpetual
course
Unprofited, till in the Georgian age
This mighty work was plann'd, which
should unite 20
The lakes, control the innavigable
streams,
And through the bowels of the land
deduce
A way, where vessels which must else
have braved

The formidable Cape, and have essayed
 The perils of the Hyperborean Sea,
 Might from the Baltic to the Atlantic
 deep
 Pass and repass at will. So when the
 storm
 Careers abroad, may they securely here,
 Through birchen groves, green fields,
 and pastoral hills,
 Pursue their voyage home. Humanity
 May boast this proud expenditure, be-
 gun 21
 By Britain in a time of arduous war ;
 Through all the efforts and emergencies
 Of that long strife continued, and
 achieved
 After her triumph, even at the time
 When national burdens bearing on the
 state
 Were felt with heaviest pressure. Such
 expense
 Is best economy. In growing wealth,
 Comfort, and spreading industry, be-
 hold
 The fruits immediate ! And, in days to
 come, 30
 Fitly shall this great British work be
 named
 With whatsoe'er of most magnificence,
 For public use, Rome in her plenitude
 Of power effected, or all-glorious Greece,
 Or Egypt, mother-land of all the arts.

XXXVI (XLI)

2. AT FORT AUGUSTUS

Thou who hast reach'd this level where
 the glade,
 Wheeling between the mountains in
 mid air,
 Eastward or westward as his gyre in-
 clines,
 Descries the German or the Atlantic Sea,
 Pause here ; and, as thou seest the ship
 pursue
 Her easy way serene, call thou to mind
 By what exertions of victorious art
 The way was open'd. Fourteen times
 upheaved,
 The vessel hath ascended, since she
 changed

The salt sea water for the highland
 lymph ; 10
 As oft in imperceptible descent
 Must, step by step, be lower'd, before
 she woo
 The ocean breeze again. Thou hast
 beheld
 What basins, most capacious of their
 kind,
 Enclose her, while the obedient element
 Lifts or depones its burthen. Thou hast
 seen
 The torrent hurrying from its native hills
 Pass underneath the broad canal in-
 humed,
 Then issue harmless thence ; the rivulet
 Admitted by its intake peaceably, 20
 Forthwith by gentle overfall discharged:
 And haply too thou hast observed the
 herds
 Frequent their vaulted path, uncon-
 scious they
 That the wide waters on the long low
 arch
 Above them, lie sustained. What other
 works
 Science, audacious in emprise, hath
 wrought,
 Meet not the eye, but well may fill the
 mind.
 Not from the bowels of the land alone,
 From lake and stream hath their diluvial
 wreck
 Been scoop'd to form this navigable
 way ; 30
 Huge rivers were controll'd, or from
 their course
 Shoulder'd aside ; and at the eastern
 mouth,
 Where the salt ooze denied a resting place,
 There were the deep foundations laid,
 by weight
 On weight immersed, and pile on pile
 down-driven,
 Till steadfast as the everlasting rocks
 The massive outwork stands. Contem-
 plate now
 What days and nights of thought, what
 years of toil,
 What inexhaustive springs of public
 wealth
 The vast design required ; the immediate
 good, 40

The future benefit progressive still ;
 And thou wilt pay thy tribute of due
 praise
 To those whose counsels, whose decrees,
 whose care,
 For after ages formed the generous
 work.

XXXVII (XLII)

3. AT BANAVIE

WHERE these capacious basins, by the
 laws
 Of the subjacent element receive
 The ship, descending or upraised, eight
 times,
 From stage to stage with unfelt agency
 Translated ; fittest may the marble here
 Record the Architect's immortal name :
 Telford it was, by whose presiding
 mind
 The whole great work was plann'd and
 perfected ;
 Telford, who o'er the vale of Cambrian
 Dee,
 Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne, 10
 Carried his navigable road, and hung
 High o'er Menai's straits the bending
 bridge ;
 Structures of more ambitious enterprize
 Than minstrels in the age of old romance
 To their own Merlin's magic lore
 ascribed.
 Nor hath he for his native land per-
 form'd
 Less in this proud design ; and where
 his piers
 Around her coast from many a fisher's
 creek
 Unshelter'd else, and many an ample
 port,
 Repel the assailing storm ; and where
 his roads 20
 In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,
 Wind with the vale, and win the long
 ascent,
 Now o'er the deep morass sustain'd, and
 now
 Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,
 Opening a passage through the wilds
 subdued.

XXXVIII (XLIII)

EPITAPH IN BUTLEIGH CHURCH

DIVIDED far by death were they, whose
 names
 In honour here united, as in birth,
 This monumental verse records. They
 drew
 In Dorset's healthy vales their natal
 breath,
 And from these shores beheld the ocean
 first,
 Whereon in early youth with one accord
 They chose their way of fortune ; to
 that course
 By Hood and Bridport's bright example
 drawn,
 Their kinsmen, children of this place,
 and sons
 Of one, who in his faithful ministry 10
 Inculcated within these hallow'd walls
 The truths in mercy to mankind reveal'd.
 Worthy were these three brethren each
 to add
 New honours to the already honour'd
 name :
 But Arthur, in the morning of his day,
 Perish'd amid the Caribbean sea,
 When the Pomona, by a hurricane
 Whirl'd, riven and overwhelm'd, with
 all her crew
 Into the deep went down. A longer
 date
 To Alexander was assign'd, for hope, 20
 For fair ambition, and for fond regret,
 Alas, how short ! for duty, for desert,
 Sufficing ; and while Time preserves the
 roll
 Of Britain's naval feats, for good report.
 A boy, with Cook he rounded the great
 globe ;
 A youth, in many a celebrated fight
 With Rodney had his part ; and having
 reach'd
 Life's middle stage, engaging ship to
 ship,
 When the French Hercules, a gallant
 foe,
 Struck to the British Mars his three-
 striped flag, 30
 He fell, in the moment of his victory.

Here his remains in sure and certain
 hope
 Are laid, until the hour when Earth and
 Sea

Shall render up their dead. One brother
 yet
 Survived, with Keppel and with Rodney
 train'd

In battles, with the Lord of Nile ap-
 proved,

Ere in command he worthily upheld
 Old England's high prerogative. In the

The west, the Baltic and the Midland

Yea, wheresoever hostile fleets have
 plough'd ⁴⁰

The ensanguined deep, his thunders have
 been heard,

His flag in brave defiance hath been
 seen;

And bravest enemies at Sir Samuel's
 name

Felt fatal presage in their inmost heart,
 Of unavertible defeat foredoom'd.

Thus in the path of glory he rode on,
 Victorious alway, adding praise to

praise;
 Till full of honours, not of years, be-
 neath

The venom of the infected clime he
 sunk,

On Coromandel's coast, completing ⁵⁰
 there

His service, only when his life was spent.

To the three brethren, Alexander's
 son

(Sole scion he in whom their line sur-
 vived),

With English feeling, and the deeper
 sense

Of filial duty, consecrates this tomb.

1827.

XXXIX (XLIV)

EPITAPH

To Butler's venerable memory
 By private gratitude for public worth
 This monument is raised, here where
 twelve years

Meekly the blameless Prelate exercised
 His pastoral charge; and whither,
 though removed

A little while to Durham's wider See,
 His mortal relics were convey'd to rest.
 Born in dissent, and in the school of
 schism

Bred, he withstood the withering in-
 fluence

Of that unwholesome nurture. To the
 Church, ¹⁰

In strength of mind mature and judg-
 ment clear,

A convert, in sincerity of heart
 Seeking the truth, deliberately con-
 vinced,

And finding there the truth he sought,
 he came.

In honour must his high desert be
 held

While there is any virtue, any praise;
 For he it was whose gifted intellect

First apprehended, and developed first
 The analogy connate, which in its course

And constitution Nature manifests ²⁰
 To the Creator's word and will divine;

And in the depth of that great argument
 Laying his firm foundation, built there-
 on

Proofs never to be shaken of the truths
 Reveal'd from Heaven in mercy to man-
 kind;

Allying thus Philosophy with Faith,
 And finding in things seen and known,

the type
 And evidence of those within the veil.

First from his trance the heroic
Spaniard woke ;
His chains he broke,
And casting off his neck the treacherous
yoke,
He call'd on England, on his generous
foe :

For well he knew that wheresoe'er
Wise policy prevail'd, or brave despair,
Thither would Britain's liberal
succours flow,

Her arm be present there.
Then, too, regenerate Portugal
display'd

Her ancient virtue, dormant all-too-
long.

Rising against intolerable wrong,
On England, on her old ally, for aid
The faithful nation call'd in her
distress :

And well that old ally the call
obey'd,

Well was that faithful friendship then
repaid.

Say from thy trophied field how well,
Vimeiro ! Rocky Douro tell !
And thou, Busaco, on whose sacred
height

The astonished Carmelite,
While those unwonted thunders shook
his cell,

Join'd with his prayers the fervour of
the fight.

Bear witness those old Towers,¹ where
many a day

Waiting with foresight calm the fitting
hour,

The Wellesley, gathering strength in

Defied the Tyrant's undivided
power.

Swore not the boastful Frenchman in
his might,

Into the sea to drive his Island-foe ?

Tagus and Zézere, in secret night,
Ye saw that host of ruffians take their
flight !²

And in the Sun's broad light
Onoro's Springs³ beheld their over-
throw.

VII

Patient of loss, profuse of life,
Meantime had Spain endured the strife ;
And though she saw her cities yield,
Her armies scatter'd in the field,
Her strongest bulwarks fall ;
The danger undismay'd she view'd,
Knowing that nought could e'er appal
The Spaniards' fortitude.⁴
What though the Tyrant, drunk with
power,
Might vaunt himself, in impious hour,
Lord and Disposer of this earthly ball ?
Her cause is just, and Heaven is
over all.

VIII

Therefore no thought of fear debased
Her judgment, nor her acts disgraced.
To every ill, but not to shame resign'd,
All sufferings, all calamities she bore.
She bade the people call to mind
Their heroes of the days of yore,
Pelayo and the Campeador,⁵
With all who, once in battle strong,
Lived still in story and in song.
Against the Moor, age after age,
Their stubborn warfare did they wage ;
Age after age, from sire to son,
The hallowed sword was handed down ;
Nor did they from that warfare cease,
And sheathe that hallow'd sword in
peace,

Until the work was done.

IX

Thus, in the famous days of yore,
Their fathers triumph'd o'er the Moor.
They gloried in his overthrow,
But touch'd not with reproach his
gallant name ;

For fairly, and with hostile aim profest,
The Moor had rear'd his haughty crest,
An open, honourable foe ;

But as a friend the treacherous French-
man came,

And Spain received him as a guest.

Think what your fathers were !
she cried,

Think what ye are, in sufferings tried ;
And think of what your sons must
be . .

Even as ye make them . . slaves or free !

Strains such as these from Spain's
 three seas,
 And from the farthest Pyrenees,
 Rung through the region. Vengeance
 was the word;
 One impulse to all hearts at once was
 given;
 From every voice the sacred cry was
 heard, 120
 And borne abroad by all the winds of
 Heaven.
 Heaven too, to whom the Spaniards
 look'd for aid,
 A spirit equal to the hour bestow'd;
 And gloriously the debt they paid,
 Which to their valiant ancestors they
 owed; [France]
 And gloriously against the power of
 Maintain'd their children's proud
 inheritance.
 Their steady purpose no defeat could
 move, [mind];
 No horrors could abate their constant
 Hope had its source and resting-place
 above, 130
 And they, to loss of all on earth
 resign'd,
 Suffer'd, to save their country, and
 mankind.
 What strain heroic might suffice to tell,
 How Zaragoza stood, and how she fell?
 Ne'er since yon sun began his daily
 round,
 Was higher virtue, holier valour, found
 Than on that consecrated ground.

XI
 Alone the noble Nation stood,
 When from Coruña, in the main,
 The star of England set in blood. 140
 Ere long on Talavera's plain,
 That star resplendent rose again;
 And though that day was doom'd to be
 A day of frustrate victory,
 Not vainly bled the brave;
 For French and Spaniard there might
 see [save];
 That England's arm was strong to
 Fair promise there the Wellesley gave,
 And well in sight of earth and Heaven
 Did he redeem the pledge which there
 was given. 150

Lord of Conquest, heir of Fame,
 From rescued Portugal he came.
 Rodrigo's walls in vain oppose;
 In vain thy bulwarks, Badajoz;
 And Salamanca's heights proclaim
 The Conqueror's praise, the Wellesley's
 name.
 Oh, had the sun stood still that
 hour,
 When Marmont and his broken
 power
 Fled from their field of shame!
 Spain felt through all her realms the
 electric blow; 160
 Cadiz in peace expands her gates
 again;
 And Betis, who, to bondage long
 resign'd,
 Flow'd mournfully along the silent
 plain,
 Into her joyful bosom unconfined
 Receives once more the treasures of
 the main.

XIII

What now shall check the Wellesley,
 when at length
 Onward he goes, rejoicing in his
 strength?
 From Douro, from Castille's extended
 plain,
 The foe, a numerous band,
 Retire; amid the heights which over-
 hang 170
 Dark Ebro's bed, they think to make
 their stand.
 He reads their purpose, and prevents
 their speed;
 And still as they recede,
 Impetuously he presses on their
 way;
 Till by Vittoria's walls they stood at
 bay,
 And drew their battle up in fair array.

 Vain their array, their valour vain
 There did the practised Frenchman
 find
 A master arm, a master mind!
 Behold his veteran army driven 180
 Like dust before the breath of Heaven,

Like leaves before the autumnal
wind !
Now, Britain, now thy brow with
laurels bind ;
Raise now the song of joy for rescued
Spain !
And Europe, take thou up the
awakening strain . .
Glory to God ! Deliverance for Man-
kind !

xv

From Spain the living spark went
forth :
The flame hath caught, the flame is
spread !
It warms, . . it fires the farthest North.
Behold ! the awaken'd Muscovite ¹⁹⁰
Meets the Tyrant in his might ;⁶
The Brandenburg, at Freedom's call,
Rises more glorious from his fall ;
And Frederick, best and greatest of
the name,
Treads in the path of duty and of
fame.
See Austria from her painful trance
awake !
The breath of God goes forth, . . the
dry bones shake !
Up Germany ! . . with all thy nations
rise !
Land of the virtuous and the wise,
No longer let that free, that mighty
mind, ²⁰⁰
Endure its shame ! She rose as from
the dead,
She broke her chains upon the op-
pressor's head . . ⁷
Glory to God ! Deliverance for Man-
kind !

Open thy gates, O Hanover ! display
Thy loyal banners to the day ;
Receive thy old illustrious line once
more !
Beneath an Upstart's yoke oppress,
Long hath it been thy fortune to
deplore
That line, whose fostering and paternal
sway
So many an age thy grateful children
blest.

The yoke is broken now : . . A
mightier hand
Hath dash'd, . . in pieces dash'd, . .
the iron rod.
To meet her Princes, the deliver'd
land
Pours her rejoicing multitudes abroad ;
The happy bells, from every town
and tower,
Roll their glad peals upon the joyful
wind ;
And from all hearts and tongues, with
one consent,
The high thanksgiving strain to heaven
is sent, . .
Glory to God ! Deliverance for
Mankind !

xvii

Egmont and Horn, heard ye that holy
cry, ²²⁰
Martyrs of Freedom, from your seats
in Heaven ?
And William the Deliverer, doth thine
eye
Regard from yon empyreal realm the
land
For which thy blood was given ?
What ills hath that poor Country
suffer'd long !
Deceived, despised, and plunder'd, and
oppress'd,
Mockery and insult aggravating
wrong !
Severely she her errors hath atoned,
And long in anguish groan'd,
Wearing the patient semblance of
despair, ²³⁰
While fervent curses rose with every
prayer :
In mercy Heaven at length its ear
inclined ;
The avenging armies of the North
draw nigh,
Joy for the injured Hollander ! . . the
cry
Of Orange rends the sky !
All hearts are now in one good cause
combined, . .
Once more that flag triumphant floats
on high, . .
Glory to God ! Deliverance for
Mankind !

XVIII

When shall the Dove go forth ? Oh
 when
 Shall Peace return among the Sons of
 Men ? 240
 Hasten benignant Heaven the blessed
 day !
 Justice must go before,
 And Retribution must make plain the
 way ;
 Force must be crushed by Force,
 The power of Evil by the power of
 Good,
 Ere Order bless the suffering world
 once more,
 Or Peace return again.
 Hold then right on in your auspicious
 course,
 Ye Princes, and ye People, hold right
 on !
 Your task not yet is done : 250

Pursue the blow. . . ye know your
 foe. . .
 Complete the happy work so well
 begun.
 Hold on, and be your aim with all
 your strength
 Loudly proclaim'd and steadily
 pursued ;
 So shall this fatal Tyranny at length
 Before the arms of Freedom fall
 subdued.
 Then, when the waters of the flood
 abate,
 The Dove her resting-place secure may
 find :
 And France restored, and shaking off
 her chain,
 Shall join the Avengers in the joyful
 strain, 260
 Glory to God ! Deliverance for
 Mankind !

NOTES TO CARMEN TRIUMPHALE

Torres Vedras. *Turres Vêteras*, . . a
 so old as to have been given when the
 Latin tongue was the language of Portugal.
 This town is said to have been founded by
 the Turduli, a short time before the com-
 mencement of the Christian Æra.

In remembering the lines of Torres Vedras,
 the opinion of the wise men of the North
 ought not to be forgotten, 'If they (the
 French) do not make an effort to drive us
 out of Portugal, it is because we are better
 there than any where else. We fear they
 will not leave us on the Tagus many days
 longer than suits their own purposes.'—
Edinburgh Review, No. XXVII, p. 263.

The opinion is delivered with happy pre-
 cision of language: . . Our troops were
 indeed, to use the same neat and felicitous
 expression, 'better there than any where
 else.'

² No cruelties recorded in history exceed
 those which were systematically committed
 by the French during their retreat from
 Portugal. 'Their conduct,' (says Lord
 Wellington in his dispatch of the 14th of
 March, 1811,) 'throughout this retreat, has
 been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled,
 and never surpassed.

'Even in the towns of Torres Novas,
 Thomar, and Pernes, in which the head-

quarters of some of the corps had been for
 four months, and in which the inhabitants
 had been induced by promises of good treat-
 ment to remain, they were plundered, and
 many of their houses destroyed on the night
 the enemy withdrew from their position ;
 and they have since burnt every town and
 village through which they have passed.
 The Convent of Alcobaça was burnt by
 order from the French head-quarters. The
 Bishop's Palace, and the whole town of
 Leyria, in which General Drouet had had
 his head-quarters, shared the same fate ;
 and there is not an inhabitant of the country,
 of any class or description, who has had any
 dealing or communication with the French
 army who has not had reason to repent of
 it, or to complain of them. This is the
 mode in which the promises have been per-
 formed, and the assurances have been ful-
 filled, which were held out in the proclama-
 tion of the French commander-in-chief, in
 which he told the inhabitants of Portugal,
 that he was not come to make war upon
 them, but with a powerful army of one
 hundred and ten thousand men to drive the
 English into the sea. It is to be hoped, that
 the example of what has occurred in this
 country will teach the people of this and
 other nations what value they ought to place

on such promises and assurances, and that there is no security for life or for any thing that renders life valuable, except in decided resistance to the enemy.'

As exact an account of these atrocities was collected as it was possible to obtain, . . . and that record will for ever make the French name detested in Portugal. In the single diocese of Coimbra, 2,969 persons, men, women, and children, were murdered, . . . every one with some shocking circumstance of aggravated cruelty. . . . 'Nem huma só das 2969 mortes cometidas pelo inimigo deixou de ser atroz e dolorosissima.' (Breve Memoria dos Estragos Causados no Bispado de Coimbra pelo Exercito Francez, commandado pelo General Massena. Extra-hida das Enformagoens que deram os Reverendos Parocos, e remetida a Junta dos Socorros da Subscripsam Britannica, pelo Reverendo Provisor Governador do mesmo Bispado, p. 12.) Some details are given in this brief Memorial. 'A de tel forfaits,' says J. J. Rousseau, 'celui qui détourne ses regards est un lâche, un déserteur de la justice: la véritable humanité les envisage pour les connoître, pour les juger, pour les détester.' (*Le Léviote d'Ephraïm.*) I will not, however, in this place repeat abominations which at once outrage humanity and disgrace human nature.

When the French, in 1792, entered Spire, some of them began to commit excesses which would soon have led to a general sack. Custine immediately ordered a captain, two officers, and a whole company to be shot. This dreadful example, he told the National Convention, he considered as the only means of saving the honour of the French nation, . . . and it met with the approbation of the whole army. But the French armies had not then been systematically brutalized. It was reserved for Buonaparte to render them infamous, as well as to lead them to destruction.

The French soldier, says Capmany, is executioner and robber at the same time: he leaves the unhappy wretch who is delivered over to his mercy, naked to the skin, . . . stripping off the clothes that they may not be torn by the musket-shot! . . . The pen falls from my hand, and I cannot proceed!

'Para que se junte á esta crueldad la mayor infamia, el soldado Frances es verdugo y ladrón en una pieza; dexa en cueros vivos al malaventurado que entregan á su discrecion, quitandole la ropa antes que los

fusilazos se la destrozen. La pluma se cae de la mano, y no puede proseguir.'—*Centinel, contra Franceses*, P. ii, p. 35.

Yet the *Edinburgh Review* says, 'the hatred of the name of a Frenchman in Spain has been such as the reality will by no means justify; and the detestation of the French government has, among the interior orders, been carried to a pitch wholly unauthorized by its proceedings towards them.'—No. XXVII, p. 262. This passage might be read with astonishment, if any thing absurd, any thing mischievous, or any thing false, could excite surprise when it comes from that quarter.

³ Fuentes d'Onoro. This name has sometimes been rendered Fountains of Honour, by an easy mistake, or a pardonable licence.

⁴ 'The fate of Spain, we think, is decided, and that fine and misguided country has probably yielded, by this time, to the fate which has fallen on the greater part of continental Europe. *Her European dominions have yielded already to the unrelaxing grasp of the insatiable conqueror.*'—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXVI, p. 298.

'The fundamental position which we ventured to lay down respecting the Spanish question was this: . . . that the spirit of the people, however enthusiastic and universal, was in its nature more uncertain and short-lived, more likely to be extinguished by reverses, or to go out of itself amidst the delays of a protracted contest, than the steady, regular, moderate feeling which calls out disciplined troops, and marshals them under known leaders, and supplies them by systematic arrangements: . . . a proposition so plain and obvious, that if it escaped ridicule as a truism, it might have been reasonably expected to avoid the penalties of heresy and paradox. *The event has indeed woefully proved its truth.*'—*Edinburgh Review*, No. XXVII, p. 246.

These gentlemen could see no principle of permanence in the character of the Spaniards, and no proof of it in their history; . . . and they could discover no principle of dissolution in the system of Buonaparte; . . . a system founded upon force and falsehood, in direct opposition to the interest of his own subjects and to the feelings of human nature.

⁵ The Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar.

⁶ 'Ecce iterum Crispinus!' What says the *Edinburgh Review* concerning Russia? 'Considering how little that power has shown itself capable of effecting for the salvation of Europe, . . . how wretched the

state of its subjects is under the present government, . . . how trifling an acquisition of strength the common enemy could expect to obtain from the entire possession of its resources, we acknowledge that we should contemplate with great composure any change which might lay the foundation of future improvement, and scatter the forces of France over the dominion of the Czars.—No. XXVIII, p. 460.

This is a choice passage. The reasoning is worthy of the writer's judgement, the feeling perfectly consistent with his *liberality*, and the conclusion as consistent with his politics.

⁷ Hear the Edinburgh Reviewer! 'It would be as chimerical to expect a mutiny among the vassal states of France who are the most impatient of her yoke, as amongst the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, or the conscripts of the year 1808 and 1809. In making this comparison, we are indeed putting the case much more strongly against

France than the facts warrant, for with the exception of Holland, and the States into which the conscription has been introduced, either immediately, or by means of large requisitions of men made to their Governments,* the changes effected by the French invasion have been favourable to the individual happiness of the inhabitants †, so that the hatred of France is liable to considerable diminution, inasmuch as the national antipathy and spirit of independence are gradually undermined by the solid benefits which the change of masters has conferred.—No. XXVIII, p. 458.

Great as a statesman, profound as a philosopher, amiable as an optimist of the Pangloss school, . . . but not altogether fortunate as a Prophet!

* N.B. These little exceptions include all the countries which were annexed to the French Empire, all Italy, and all the States of the Confederation of the Rhine.

† Particularly the commercial part of them.

EPISTLE TO ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

[First published in *The Anniversary*, 1829.]

WELL, Heaven be thank'd! friend
Allan, here I am,
Once more to that dear dwelling place
return'd,
Where I have pass'd the whole mid stage
of life,
Not idly, certes; not unworthily, . .
So let me hope: where Time upon my
head
Hath laid his frore and monitory hand;
And when this poor frail earthly tabernacle
Shall be dissolved, . . it matters not how
soon
Or late, in God's good time, . . where
I would fain
Be gathered to my children, earth to
earth. 10

Needless it were to say how willingly
I bade the huge metropolis farewell,
Its din, and dust, and dirt, and smoke,
and smut,
Thames' water, pavour's ground, and
London sky;

Weary of hurried days and restless
nights,
Watchmen, whose office is to murder
sleep
When sleep might else have weigh'd
one's eyelids down,
Rattle of carriages, and roll of carts,
And tramp of iron hoofs; and worse
than all, . .
Confusion being worse confounded then,
With coachmen's quarrels and with
footmen's shouts, 21
My next-door neighbours, in a street not
yet
Macadamized, (me miserable!) at home;
For then had we from midnight until
morn
House-quakes, street-thunders, and
door-batteries.
O Government! in thy wisdom and thy
want,
Tax knockers; . . in compassion to the
sick,
And those whose sober habits are not
yet

Inverted, topsy-turvy night and day,
Tax them more heavily than thou hast
charged 30

Armorial bearings and bepowder'd pates.
And thou, O Michael, ever to be praised,
Angelic among Taylors ! for thy laws
Antifuliginous, extend those laws
Till every chimney its own smoke con-
sume,

And give thenceforth thy dinners un-
lampoon'd.

Escaping from all this, the very whirl
Of mail-coach wheels bound outward
from Lad-lane,

Was peace and quietness. Three hun-
dred miles

Of homeward way seem'd to the body
rest. 40

And to the mind repose.

Donne¹ did not hate
More perfectly that city. Not for all
Its social, all its intellectual joys, . .
Which having touch'd, I may not con-
descend

To name aught else the Demon of the
place

Might for his lure hold forth ; . . not even
for these

Would I forego gardens and green-field
walks,

And hedge-row trees, and stiles, and
shady lanes,

And orchards, were such ordinary scenes
Alone to me accessible as those 50

Wherein I learnt in infancy to love
The sights and sounds of Nature ; . .
wholesome sights

Gladdening the eye that they refresh ;
and sounds

Which, when from life and happiness
they spring,

Bear with them to the yet unhardened
heart

A sense that thrills its cords of sym-
pathy ;

¹ This poet begins his second Satire
thus :—

' Sir, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them breeds pity towards
the rest.'

Or, when proceeding from insensate
things,

Give to tranquillity a voice wherewith
To woo the ear and win the soul
attuned ; . . 59

Oh not for all that London might bestow
Would I renounce the genial influences
And thoughts and feelings to be found
where'er

We breathe beneath the open sky, and
see

Earth's liberal bosom. Judge then by
thyself,

Allan, true child of Scotland, . . thou
who art

So oft in spirit on thy native hills,
And yonder Solway shores, . . a poet
thou,

Judge by thyself how strong the ties
which bind

A poet to his home ; when, . . making
thus

Large recompense for all that haply else
Might seem perversely or unkindly
done, . . 71

Fortune hath set his happy habitacle
Among the ancient hills, near mountain
streams

And lakes pellucid, in a land sublime
And lovely as those regions of Romance

Where his young fancy in its day-dreams
roam'd,

Expatiating in forests wild and wide,
Loëgrian, or of dearest Faery-land.

Yet, Allan, of the cup of social joy
No man drinks freelier, nor with heartier
thirst, 80

Nor keener relish, where I see around
Faces which I have known and loved so
long,

That when he prints a dream upon my
brain

Dan Morpheus takes them for his
readiest types.

And therefore in that loathed metro-
polis

Time measured out to me some golden
hours.

They were not leaden-footed while the
clay

Beneath the patient touch of Chantrey's
hand

Grew to the semblance of my lineaments,
Lit up in memory's landscape, like green
spots 90

Of sunshine, are the mornings, when in
talk

With him and thee, and Bedford (my
true friend

Of forty years), I saw the work proceed,
Subject the while myself to no restraint,
But pleasureably in frank discourse
engaged :

Pleased too, and with no unbecoming
pride

To think this countenance, such as it is,
So oft by rascally mislikeness wrong'd,
Should faithfully to those who in his
works

Have seen the inner man pourtray'd, be
shown, 100

And in enduring marble should partake
Of our great sculptor's immortality.

I have been libell'd, Allan, as thou
knowest,

Through all degrees of calumny ; but
they

Who fix one's name for public sale
beneath

A set of features slanderously unlike,
Are the worst libellers. Against the
wrong

Which they inflict Time hath no remedy.
Injuries there are which Time redresseth
best,

Being more sure in judgement, though
perhaps 110

Slower in process even than the court
Where justice, tortoise-footed and mole-
eyed,

Sleeps undisturb'd, fann'd by the lulling
wings

Of harpies at their prey. We soon live
down

Evil or good report, if undeserved.
Let then the dogs of Faction bark and
bay,

Its bloodhounds, savaged by a cross of
wolf,

Its full-bred kennel from the Blatant-
beast ;

And from my lady's gay veranda, let
Her pamper'd lap-dog with his fetid
breath 120

In bold bravado join, and snap and
growl,

With petulant consequentialness elate,
There in his imbecility at once

Ridiculous and safe ; though all give cry,
Whiggery's sleek spaniels, and its
lurchers lean,

Its poodles by unlucky training marr'd,
Mongrel and cur and bob-tail, let them
yelp

Till weariness and hoarseness shall at
length

Silence the noisy pack ; meantime be
sure

I will not stoop for stones to cast among
them. 130

The fougarts and the skunks may be
secure

In their own scent ; and for that viler
swarm,

The vermin of the press, both those that
skip,

And those that creep and crawl, I do not
catch

And pin them for exposure on the page,
Their filth is their defence.

But I appeal
Against the limner's and the graver's
wrong ;

Their evil works survive them. Bilder-
dijk,

Whom I am privileged to call my friend,
Suffering by graphic libels in likewise,
Gave his wrath vent in verse. Would I
could give 141

The life and spirit of his vigorous Dutch,
As his dear consort hath transfused my
strains

Into her native speech ; and made them
known

On Rhine and Yssel, and rich Amstel's
banks ;

And wheresoe'er the voice of Vondel still
Is heard, and still Antonides and Hooft
Are living agencies ; and Father Cats,
The household poet, teacheth in his

The love of all things lovely, all things
pure : 150

Best poet, who delights the cheerful
mind

Of childhood, stores with moral strength
the heart

Of youth, with wisdom maketh mid-life
rich,
And fills with quiet tears the eyes of age.

Hear then in English rhyme how
Bilderdijk
Describes his wicked portraits, one by
one.

'A madman who from Bedlam hath
broke loose ;

An honest fellow of the numskull race ;
And pappyer-headed still, a very goose
Staring with eyes agast and vacant
face ; 160

A Frenchman who would mirthfully
display

On some poor idiot his malicious wit ;
And lastly, one who, train'd up in the
way

Of worldly craft, hath not forsaken it,
But hath served Mammon with his
whole intent,

A thing of Nature's worst materials
made,

Low-minded, stupid, base and insolent.
I, . . I, . . a Poet, . . have been thus
pourtray'd.

Can ye believe that my true effigy
Among these vile varieties is found ?

What thought, or line, or word, hath
fallen from me 171

In all my numerous works whereon
to ground

The opprobrious notion ? Safely I may
smile

At these, acknowledging no likeness
here.

But worse is yet to come ; so, soft
awhile !

For now in potter's earth must I
appear,

And in such workmanship, that, sooth
to say,

Humanity disowns the imitation,
And the dolt image is not worth its clay.

Then comes there one who will to
admiration 180

In plastic wax my perfect face present ;
And what of his performance comes
at last ?

Folly itself in every lineament !
Its consequential features overcast

With the coxcombical and shallow laugh
Of one who would, for condescension,
hide,

Yet in his best behaviour, can but half
Suppress the scornfulness of empty
pride.'

'And who is Bilderdijk ?' methinks
thou sayest,

A ready question ; yet which, trust me,
Allan, 190

Would not be ask'd, had not the curse
that came

From Babel, clipt the wings of Poetry.
Napoleon ask'd him once with cold fix'd
look.

'Art thou then in the world of letters
known ?'

'I have deserved to be,' the Hollander
Replied, meeting that proud imperial
look

With calm and proper confidence, and
eye

As little wont to turn away abash'd
Before a mortal presence. He is one
Who hath received upon his constant
breast 200

The sharpest arrows of adversity ;
Whom not the clamours of the multitude
Demanding in their madness and their
might

Iniquitous things, could shake in his
firm mind ;

Nor the strong hand of instant tyranny,
From the straight path of duty turn
aside.

But who in public troubles, in the wreck
Of his own fortunes, in proscription,
exile,

Want, obloquy, ingratitude, neglect,
And what severer trials Providence 210
Sometimes inflicteth, chastening whom
it loves,

In all, through all, and over all, hath
borne

An equal heart, as resolute toward
The world, as humbly and religiously
Beneath his heavenly Father's rod
resign'd.

Right-minded, happy-minded, righteous
man,

True lover of his country and his kind ;
In knowledge, and in inexhaustive stores

Of native genius rich ; philosopher,
 Poet, and sage. The language of a
 State 220
 Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,
 But circumscribed by narrow bounds,
 and now
 Sinking in irrecoverable decline,
 Hath pent within its sphere a name
 wherewith
 Europe should else have rung from side
 to side.

Such, Allan, is the Hollander to
 whom
 Esteem and admiration have attach'd
 My soul, not less than pre-consent of
 mind.
 And gratitude for benefits, when being
 A stranger, sick, and in a foreign
 land, 230
 He took me like a brother to his
 house,
 And ministered to me, and made a time
 Which had been wearisome and careful
 else,
 So pleasurable, that in my kalendar
 There are no whiter days. 'Twill be a
 joy
 For us to meet in Heaven, though we
 should look
 Upon each other's earthly face no more.
 . . This is this world's complexion !
 'cheerful thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind,' and
 these again
 Give place to calm content, and stead-
 fast hope, 240
 And happy faith assured. . . Return we
 now,
 With such transition as our daily life
 Imposes in its wholesome discipline.
 To a lighter strain ; and from the gallery
 Of the Dutch Poet's mis-resemblances
 Pass into mine ; where I shall show thee,
 Allan,
 Such an array of villainous visages,
 That if among them all there were but
 one
 Which as a likeness could be proved
 upon me,
 It were enough to make me in mere
 shame 250
 Take up an alias, and forswear myself.

Whom have we first ? A dainty gen-
 tleman,
 His sleepy eyes half-closed, and coun-
 tenance
 To no expression stronger than might
 suit
 A simper, capable of being moved ;
 Sawney and sentimental ; with an air
 So lack-thought and so lackadaisycal,
 You might suppose the volume in his
 hand
 Must needs be Zimmermann on Solitude.

Then comes a jovial landlord, who
 hath made it 260
 Part of his trade to be the shoeing horn
 For his commercial customers. God
 Bacchus
 Hath not a thirstier votary. Many a pipe
 Of Porto's vintage hath contributed
 To give his cheeks that deep carmine
 engrain'd.
 And many a runlet of right Nantes, I
 ween,
 Hath suffer'd percolation through that
 trunk,
 Leaving behind it in the boozy eyes
 A swoln and red suffusion, glazed and
 dim.

Our next is in the evangelical line, 270
 A leaden-visaged specimen ; demure,
 Because he hath put on his Sunday's
 face ;
 Dull by formation, by complexion sad,
 By bile, opinions, and dyspepsy sour.
 One of the sons of Jack, . . I know not
 which,
 For Jack hath a most numerous pro-
 geny, . .
 Made up for Mr. Colburn's Magazine
 This pleasant composite ; a bust sup-
 plied
 The features ; look, expression, char-
 acter,
 Are of the artist's fancy and free grace.
 Such was that fellow's birth and parent-
 age. 281
 The rascal proved prolific ; one of his
 breed.
 By Docteur Pichot introduced in France,
 Passes for Monsieur Sooté ; and
 another, . .

An uglier miscreant too, . . the brothers
 Schumann
 And their most cruel copper-scratcher
 Zschoch,
 From Zwickau sent abroad through
 Germany.
 I wish the Schumen and the copper-
 scratcher
 No worse misfortune for their recom-
 pence,
 Than to encounter such a cut-throat
 face
 In the Black Forest or the Odenwald.

And now is there a third derivative
 From Mr. Colburn's composite, which
 late
 The Arch-Pirate Galignani hath pre-
 fix'd,
 A spurious portrait to a faithless life,
 And bearing lyingly the libell'd name
 Of Lawrence, impudently there insculpt.

The bust that was the innocent fore-
 father
 To all this base, abominable brood,
 I blame not, Allan. 'Twas the work of
 Smith,
 A modest, mild, ingenious man, and errs,
 Where erring, only because over-true,
 Too close a likeness for similitude;
 Fixing to every part and lineament
 Its separate character, and missing thus
 That which results from all.

Sir Smug comes next;
 Allan, I own Sir Smug! I recognize
 That visage with its dull sobriety;
 I see it duly as the day returns,
 When at the looking-glass with lather'd
 chin
 And razor-weapon'd hand I sit, the face
 Composed and apprehensively intent
 Upon the necessary operation
 About to be perform'd, with touch, alas,
 Not always confident of hair-breadth
 skill.

Even in such sober sadness and con-
 strain'd
 Composure cold, the faithful Painter's
 eye
 Had fix'd me like a spell, and I could feel
 My features stiffen as he glanced upon
 them.

And yet he was a man whom I loved
 dearly,
 My fellow-traveller, my familiar friend,
 My household guest. But when he
 look'd upon me,
 Anxious to exercise his excellent art,
 The countenance he knew so thoroughly
 Was gone, and in its stead there sat
 Sir Smug.

Under the graver's hand, Sir Smug
 became
 Sir Smouch, . . a son of Abraham. Now
 albeit,
 For rather would I trace my lineage
 thence
 Than with the oldest line of Peers or
 Kings
 Claim consanguinity, that cast of fea-
 tures
 Would ill accord with me, who in all
 forms
 Of pork, baked, roasted, toasted, boil'd
 or broil'd,
 Fresh, salted, pickled, seasoned, moist
 or dry,
 Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse or
 brawn,
 Leg, bladebone, baldrib, griskin, chine,
 or chop,
 Profess myself a genuine Philopig.

It was, however, as a Jew whose
 portion
 Had fallen unto him in a goodly land
 Of loans, of omnium, and of three per
 cents,
 That Messrs. Percy of the Anecdote-
 firm
 Presented me unto their customers.
 Poor Smouch endured a worse judaiza-
 tion
 Under another hand. In this next stage
 He is on trial at the Old Bailey, charged
 With dealing in base coin. That he is
 guilty
 No Judge or Jury could have half a
 doubt
 When they saw the culprit's face; and
 he himself,
 As you may plainly see, is comforted
 By thinking he has just contrived to
 keep

Out of rope's reach, and will come off
this time 350
For transportation.

Stand thou forth for trial,
Now, William Darton, of the Society
Of Friends called Quakers; thou who
in 4th month

Of the year 24, on Holborn Hill,
At No. 58., didst wilfully,
Falsely, and knowing it was falsely done,
Publish upon a card, as Robert Southey's,
A face which might be just as like Tom
Fool's,

Or John, or Richard Any-body-else's!
What had I done to thee, thou William
Darton,

That thou shouldst for the lucre of base
gain, 361

Yea, for the sake of filthy fourpences,
Palm on my countrymen that face for
mine?

O William Darton, let the Yearly
Meeting

Deal with thee for that falseness! All
the rest

Are traceable; Smug's Hebrew family;
The German who might properly adorn
A gibbet or a wheel, and Monsieur Sooté,
Sons of Fitzbust the Evangelical; . .

I recognize all these unlikenesses, 370
Spurious abominations though they be,
Each filiated on some original;

But thou, Friend Darton, and . . observe
me, man,

Only in courtesy, and *quasi* Quaker,
I call thee Friend! . . hadst no original;
No likeness or unlikeness, *silhouette*,
Outline, or plaster, representing me,
Whereon to form thy misrepresentation.
If I guess rightly at the pedigree

Of thy bad groatsworth, thou didst get
a barber 380

To personate my injured Laureateship;
An advertising barber, . . one who keeps
A bear, and when he puts to death poor
Bruin

Sells his grease, fresh as from the carcass
cut.

Pro bono publico, the price per pound
Twelve shillings and no more. From
such a barber,

O unfriend Darton! was that portrait
made

I think, or peradventure from his block.

Next comes a minion worthy to be set
In a wooden frame; and here I might
invoke 390

Avenging Nemesis, if I did not feel
Just now God Cynthius pluck me by
the ear.

But, Allan, in what shape God Cynthius
comes.

And wherefore he admonisheth me thus,
Nor thou nor I will tell the world; here-
after

The commentators, my Malones and
Reids,

May if they can. For in my gallery
Though there remaineth undescribed
good store.

Yet 'of enough enough, and now no
more,

(As honest old George Gascoigne said
of yore.) 400

Save only a last couplet to express
That I am always truly yours,

R. S.

Keswick, August, 1828.

MADOC.

' OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.'

TO

CHARLES WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN,

THIS POEM

WAS ORIGINALLY INSCRIBED, IN 1805,

AS A TOKEN OF SIXTEEN YEARS OF UNINTERRUPTED FRIENDSHIP;

AND IS NOW RE-INSCRIBED WITH THE SAME FEELING,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF THIRTY-TWO.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE historical facts on which this Poem is founded may be related in a few words. On the death of Owen Gwyneth, king of North Wales, A.D. 1169, his children disputed the succession. Yorwerth, the elder, was set aside without a struggle, as being incapacitated by a blemish in his face. Hoel, though illegitimate, and born of an Irish mother, obtained possession of the throne for a while, till he was defeated and slain by David, the eldest son of the late king by a second wife. The conqueror, who then succeeded without opposition, slew Yorwerth, imprisoned Rodri, and hunted others of his brethren into exile. But Madoc, meantime, abandoned his barbarous country, and sailed away to the West in search of some better resting-place. The land which he discovered pleased him: he left there part of his people, and went back to Wales for a fresh supply of adventurers, with whom he again set sail, and was heard of no more. Strong evidence has been adduced that he reached America, and that his posterity exist there to this day, on the southern branches of the Missouri, retaining their complexion, their language, and, in some degree, their arts.

About the same time, the Aztecas, an American tribe, in consequence of certain calamities, and of a particular omen, forsook Aztlan, their own country, under the guidance of Yuhid-thiton. They became a mighty people, and founded the Mexican empire, taking the name of Mexicans, in honour of Mexitli, their tutelary god. Their emigration is here connected with the adventures of Madoc, and their superstition is represented as the same which their descendants practised, when discovered by the Spaniards. The manners of the Poem, in both its parts, will be found historically true. It assumes not the degraded title of Epic: and the question, therefore, is not whether the story is formed upon the rules of Aristotle, but whether it be adapted to the purposes of poetry.

Keswick, 1805.

'Three things must be avoided in Poetry; the frivolous, the obscure, and the superfluous.

'The three excellencies of Poetry; simplicity of language, simplicity of subject, and simplicity of invention.

'The three indispensable purities of Poetry; pure truth, pure language, and pure manners.

'Three things should all Poetry be; thoroughly erudite, thoroughly animated, and thoroughly natural.'—*Triads*.

COME, LISTEN TO A TALE OF TIMES OF OLD !
 COME, FOR YE KNOW ME. I AM HE WHO SANG
 THE MAID OF ARC, AND I AM HE WHO FRAMED
 OF THALABA THE WILD AND WONDEROUS SONG.
 COME, LISTEN TO MY LAY, AND YE SHALL
 HEAR
 HOW MADOC FROM THE SHORES OF BRITAIN
 SPREAD

THE ADVENTUROUS SAIL, EXPLORED THE
 OCEAN PATHS,
 AND QUILTED BARBARIAN TOWER, AND
 OVERTHREW
 THE BLOODY ALTARS OF IDOLATRY,
 AND PLANTED IN ITS FANE TRIUMPHANTLY
 THE CROSS OF CHRIST. COME, LISTEN TO
 MY LAY !

MADOC IN WALES: PART I

I. THE RETURN TO WALES

FAIR blows the wind, . . the vessel drives
 along.
 Her streamers fluttering at their length,
 her sails
 All full, . . she drives along, and round
 her prow
 Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings
 then
 Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners,
 After the peril of that weary way,
 Beheld their own dear country ! Here
 stands one
 Stretching his sight toward the distant
 shore,
 And as to well-known forms his busy
 joy
 Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he
 points
 The fancied headland and the cape and
 bay,
 Till his eyes ache o'erstraining. This
 man shakes
 His comrade's hand and bids him wel-
 come home,
 And blesses God, and then he weeps
 aloud :
 Here stands another, who in secret
 prayer
 Calls on the Virgin and his patron Saint,
 Renewing his old vows of gifts and
 alms
 And pilgrimage, so he may find all well.
 Silent and thoughtful and apart from all
 Stood Madoc ; now his noble enterprize
 Proudly remembering, now in dreams of
 hope,
 Anon of bodings full and doubt and fear.

Fair smiled the evening, and the
 favouring gale
 Sung in the shrouds, and swift the
 steady bark
 Rush'd roaring through the waves.
 The sun goes down :
 Far off his light is on the naked crags
 Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient
 hills :
 And the last glory lingers yet awhile,
 Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,
 That rose amid his mountains. Now
 the ship
 Drew nigh where Mona, the dark island,
 stretch'd
 Her shore along the ocean's lighter line.
 There through the mist and twilight,
 many a fire
 Up-flaming stream'd upon the level sea
 Red lines of lengthening light, which, far
 away
 Rising and falling, flash'd athwart the
 waves.
 Thereat full many a thought of ill dis-
 turb'd
 Prince Madoc's mind ; . . did some new
 conqueror seize
 The throne of David ? had the tyrant's
 guilt
 Awaken'd vengeance to the deed of
 death ?
 Or blazed they for a brother's obsequies,
 The sport and mirth of murder ? . . Like
 the lights
 Which there upon Aberfraw's royal walls
 Are waving with the wind, the painful
 doubt
 Fluctuates within him. . . Onward drives
 the gale, . .

On flies the bark; . . and she hath reach'd at length
 Her haven, safe from her unequall'd way!
 And now, in louder and yet louder joy
 Clamorous, the happy mariners all-hail
 Their native shore, and now they leap to land. 50

There stood an old man on the beach
 to wait
 The comers from the ocean; and he ask'd,
 Is it the Prince? And Madoc knew his voice,
 And turn'd to him and fell upon his neck;
 For it was Urien who had foster'd him
 Had loved him like a child; and Madoc loved.
 Even as a father loved he that old man.
 My Sister? quoth the Prince. . . Oh, she and I
 Have wept together, Madoc, for thy loss, . .
 That long and cruel absence! . . She and I, 60
 Hour after hour and day by day, have look'd
 Toward the waters, and with aching eyes
 And aching heart, sate watching every sail.

And David and our brethren? cried the Prince,
 As they moved on. . . But then old Urien's lips
 Were slow at answer; and he spake, and paused
 In the first breath of utterance, as to choose
 Fit words for uttering some unhappy tale.
 More blood, quoth Madoc, yet? Hath David's fear
 Forced him to still more cruelty?
 Alas . . 70
 Woe for the house of Owen!

Evil stars,
 Replied the old man, ruled o'er thy brethren's birth.
 From Dolwyddelan driven, his peaceful home,

Poor Yorwerth sought the church's sanctuary;
 The murderer follow'd; . . Madoc, need I say
 Who sent the sword? . . Llewelyn, his brave boy, [realm]
 Where wanders he? in this his rightful
 Houseless and hunted; richly would the King
 Gift the red hand that rid him of that fear!
 Ririd, an outlaw'd fugitive, as yet 80
 Eludes his deadly purpose; Rodri lives, A prisoner he, . . I know not in what fit
 Of natural mercy from the slaughter spared.
 Oh, if my dear old master saw the wreck
 And scattering of his house! . . that princely race!
 The beautiful band of brethren that they were!

Madoc made no reply, . . he closed his eyes,
 Groaning. But Urien, for his heart was full,
 Loving to linger on the woe, pursued:
 I did not think to live to such an hour 90
 Of joy as this! and often, when my sight
 Turn'd dizzy from the ocean, overcome
 With heavy anguish, Madoc, I have

That God would please to take me to his rest.
 So as he ceased his speech, a sudden shout
 Of popular joy awakened Madoc's ear;
 And calling then to mind the festal fires,
 He ask'd their import. The old man replied,
 It is the giddy people merry-making
 To welcome their new Queen; unheed-
 ing they 100
 The shame and the reproach to the long line
 Of our old royalty! . . Thy brother weds
 The Saxon's sister.

What! . . in loud reply
 Madoc exclaim'd, hath he forgotten all?
 David! King Owen's son, . . my father's son, . .
 He wed the Saxon, . . the Plantagenet!

Quoth Urien, He so doats, as she had
dropt
Some pulture in his cup, to lethargize
The British blood that came from Owen's
veins.
Three days his halls have echoed to the
song 110
Of joyaunce.

Shame! foul shame! that
they should hear
Songs of such joyaunce! cried the
indignant Prince:
Oh that my Father's hall, where I
have heard
The songs of Corwen and of Keiriog's
day,
Should echo this pollution! Will the
chiefs
Brook this alliance, this unnatural tie?

There is no face but wears a courtly
smile,
Urien replied: Aberfraw's ancient
towers
Beheld no pride of festival like this,
No like solemnities, when Owen came
In conquest, and Gowalchmai struck the
harp. 121
Only Goervyl, careless of the pomp,
Sits in her solitude, lamenting thee.

Saw ye not then my banner? quoth
the Lord
Of Ocean; on the topmast-head it
stood
To tell the tale of triumph; . . or did
night
Hide the glad signal, and the joy hath
yet
To reach her?

Now had they almost attain'd
The palace portal. Urien stopt and
said,
The child should know your coming; it
is long 130
Since she hath heard a voice that to her
heart
Spake gladness; . . none but I must tell
her this.
So Urien sought Goervyl, whom he
found
Alone and gazing on the moonlight

Oh you are welcome, Urien! cried the
maid
There was a ship came sailing hither-
ward . .
I could not see his banner, for the night
Closed in so fast around her; but my
heart
Indulged a foolish hope!

The old man replied,
With difficult effort keeping his heart
down. 140
God in his goodness may reserve for us
That blessing yet! I have yet life enow
To trust that I shall live to see the day,
Albeit the number of my years well nigh
Be full.

Ill-judging kindness! said the
maid.
Have I not nursed for two long wretched
years

That miserable hope, which every day
Grew weaker, like a baby sick to death,
Yet dearer for its weakness day by day!
No, never shall we see his daring bark!
I knew and felt it in the evil hour 151
When forth she fared! I felt it then!
that kiss

Was our death parting! . . And she
paused to curb
The agony: anon, . . But thou hast been
To learn their tidings, Urien? . . He
replied,
In half-articulate words, . . They said,
my child,
That Madoc lived, . . that soon he would
be here.

She had received the shock of happi-
ness:
Urien! she cried . . thou art not mocking
me!
Nothing the old man spake, but spread
his arms 160
Sobbing aloud. Goervyl from their hold
Started, and sunk upon her brother's
breast.

Recovering first, the aged Urien said,
Enough of this, . . there will be time for
this.
My children! better it behoves ye now
To seek the King. And, Madoc, I
beseech thee,

Bear with thy brother ! gently bear with him,

My gentle Prince ! he is the headstrong slave

Of passions unsubdued ; he feels no tie
Of kindly love, or blood ; . . provoke him
not, 170

Madoc ! . . It is his nature's malady.

Thou good old man ! replied the

Prince, be sure

I shall remember what to him is due,
What to myself ; for I was in my youth
Wisely and well train'd up ; nor yet hath
time

Effaced the lore my foster-father taught.

Haste, haste ! exclaim'd Goervyl ; . .
for her heart

Smote her in sudden terror at the thought
Of Yorwerth, and of Owen's broken
house ; . .

I dread his dark suspicions !

Not for me
Suffer that fear, my sister ! quoth the
Prince. 181

Safe is the straight and open way I
tread ;

Nor hath God made the human heart so
bad

That thou or I should have a danger
there.

So saying, they toward the palace gate
Went on, ere yet Aberfraw had received
The tidings of her wanderer's glad
return.

II. THE MARRIAGE FEAST

THE guests were seated at the festal
board ;

Green rushes strew'd the floor ; high in
the hall

Was David ; Emma, in her bridal robe,
In youth, in beauty, by her husband's
side

Sate at the marriage feast. The
monarch raised

His eyes, he saw the mariner approach ;
Madoc ! he cried ; strong nature's
impulses

Prevail'd, and with a holy joy he met
His brother's warm embrace.

With that what peals
Of exultation shook Aberfraw's tower !

How then re-echoing rang the home of
Kings, 11

When from subdu'd Ocean, from the
World

That he had first foreseen, he first had
found,

Came her triumphant child ! The
mariners,

A happy band, enter the clamorous hall ;
Friend greets with friend, and all are

friends ; one joy
Fills with one common feeling every
heart,

And strangers give and take the wel-
coming

Of hand and voice and eye. That
boisterous joy

At length allay'd, the board was spread
anew, 20

Anew the horn was brimm'd, the central
hearth

Built up anew for later revelries.
Now to the ready feast ! the seneschal

Duly below the pillars ranged the crew ;
Toward the guest's most honourable seat

The King himself led his brave brother ;
. . then,

Eyeing the lovely Saxon as he spake,
Here, *Madoc*, see thy sister ! thou hast

been
Long absent, and our house hath felt
the while

Sad diminution ; but my arm at last so
Hath rooted out rebellion from the land ;

And I have establish'd now our ancient
house,

Grafting a scyon from the royal tree
Of England on the sceptre ; so shall

Bless our dear country.
Long and happy ;

Await my sovereigns ! thus the Prince
replied,

And long may our dear country rest in
peace !

Enough of sorrow hath our royal house
Known in the field of battles, . . yet we

reap'd
The harvest of renown

Ay . . . many a day, 40
 David replied, together have we led
 The onset . . . Dost thou not remember,
 brother,
 How in that hot and unexpected charge
 On Keiriog's bank, we gave the enemy
 Their welcoming ?
 And Berwyn's after-strife !
 Quoth Madoc, as the memory kindled
 him :
 The fool that day, who in his masque
 attire
 Sported before King Henry, wished in
 vain
 Fittler habiliments of javelin-proof !
 And yet not more precipitate that fool
 Dropt his mock weapons, than the
 archers cast 51
 Desperate their bows and quivers-full
 away,
 When we leapt on, and in the mire and
 blood
 Trampled their banner !
 That, exclaimed the King,
 That was a day indeed, which I may still
 Proudly remember, proved as I have
 been
 In conflicts of such perilous assay,
 That Saxon combat seem'd like woman's
 war.
 When with the traitor Hoel I did wage
 The deadly battle, then was I in truth 60
 Put to the proof ; no vantage-ground
 was there,
 Nor famine, nor disease, nor storms to
 aid,
 But equal, hard, close battle, man to
 man,
 Briton to Briton. By my soul, pursued
 The tyrant, heedless how from Madoc's
 eye
 Flash'd the quick wrath like lightning, . .
 though I knew
 The rebel's worth, his prowess then
 excited
 Unwelcome wonder ; even at the last,
 When stiff with toil and faint with
 wounds, he raised
 Feebly his broken sword, . .
 Then Madoc's grief
 Found utterance ; Wherefore, David,
 dost thou rouse 71
 The memory now of that unhappy day,
 That thou should'st wish to hide from
 earth and heaven ?
 Not in Aberfraw . . . not to me this tale !
 Tell it the Saxon ! . . he will join thy
 triumph, . .
 He hates the race of Owen ! . . but I
 loved
 My brother Hoel . . loved him ? . . that
 ye knew !
 I was to him the dearest of his kin,
 And he my own heart's brother.
 David's cheek
 Grew pale and dark ; he bent his broad
 black brow 80
 Full upon Madoc's glowing countenance ;
 Art thou return'd to brave me ? to my
 teeth
 To praise the rebel bastard ? to insult
 The royal Saxon, my affianced friend ?
 I hate the Saxon ! Madoc cried ; not yet
 Have I forgotten, how from Keiriog's
 shame
 Flying, the coward wreak'd his cruelty
 On our poor brethren ! . . David, seest
 thou never
 Those eyeless spectres by thy bridal bed ?
 Forget that horror ? . . may the fire of
 God 90
 Blast my right hand, or ever it be link'd
 With that accursed Plantagenet's !
 The while,
 Impatience struggled in the heaving
 breast
 Of David ; every agitated limb
 Shook with ungovernable wrath ; the
 page,
 Who chafed his feet, in fear suspends his
 task ;
 In fear the guests gaze on him silently ;
 His eyeballs flash'd, strong anger choked
 his voice,
 He started up . . Him Emma, by the
 hand 99
 Gently retaining, held, with gentle words
 Calming his rage. Goervyl too in tears
 Besought her generous brother : he had
 met
 Emma's reproaching glance, and self-
 reproved,
 While the warm blood flush'd deeper o'er
 his cheek,
 Thus he replied ; I pray you pardon

My Sister-Queen ! nay, you will learn to love
 This high affection for the race of Owen,
 Yourself the daughter of his royal house
 By better ties than blood.

Grateful the Queen
 Replied, by winning smile and eloquent eye ¹¹⁰
 Thanking the gentle Prince: a moment's pause
 Ensued; Goervyl then with timely speech
 Thus to the wanderer of the waters spake:
 Madoc, thou hast not told us of the world
 Beyond the ocean and the paths of man.
 A lovely land it needs must be, my brother,
 Or sure you had not sojourn'd there so long.
 Of me forgetful, and my heavy hours
 Of grief and solitude and wretched hope.
 Where is Cadwallon ? for one bark alone ¹²⁰
 I saw come sailing here.

The tale you ask
 Is long, Goervyl, said the mariner,
 And I in truth am weary. Many moons
 Have wax'd and waned, since from that distant world,
 The country of my dreams and hope and faith,
 We spread the homeward sail : a goodly world,
 My Sister ! thou wilt see its goodness,
 And greet Cadwallon there. . . But this shall be
 To-morrow's tale ; . . indulge we now the feast ! . .
 You know not with what joy we mariners
 Behold a sight like this.

Smiling he spake, ¹³¹
 And turning, from the sewer's hand he took
 The flowing mead. David, the while, relieved
 From rising jealousies, with better eye
 Regards his venturous brother. Let the Bard,
 Exclaim'd the King, give his accustomed lay ;

For sweet, I know, to Madoc is the song
 He loved in earlier years.

Then, strong of voice,
 The officer proclaim'd the sovereign will,
 Bidding the hall be silent ; loud he spake, ¹⁴⁰
 And smote the sounding pillar with his wand,
 And hush'd the banqueters. The chief of Bards
 Then raised the ancient lay.

Thee, Lord ! he sung,
 O Father ! Thee, whose wisdom, Thee, whose power,
 Whose love, . . all love, all power, all wisdom, Thou !
 Tongue cannot utter, nor can heart conceive.
 He in the lowest depth of Being framed
 The imperishable mind ; in every change,
 Through the great circle of progressive life,
 He guides and guards, till evil shall be known, ¹⁵⁰
 And being known as evil, cease to be ;
 And the pure soul, emancipate by Death,
 The Enlarger, shall attain its end pre-doom'd,
 The eternal newness of eternal joy.

He left this lofty theme ; he struck the harp
 To Owen's praise, swift in the course of wrath,
 Father of Heroes. That proud day he sung,
 When from green Erin came the insulting host,
 Lochlin's long burthens of the flood, and they
 Who left their distant homes in evil hour, ¹⁶⁰
 The death-doom'd Normen. There was heaviest toil,
 There deeper tumult, where the dragon race
 Of Mona trampled down the humbled head
 Of haughty power ; the sword of slaughter carved
 Food for the yellow-footed fowl of heaven,

And Menai's waters, burst with plunge
on plunge.

Curling above their banks with tempest-
swell

Their bloody billows heaved.

The long-past days
Came on the mind of Madoc, as he heard
That song of triumph; on his sun-burnt
brow 170

Sate exultation: . . other thoughts arose,
As on the fate of all his gallant house
Mournful he mused; oppressive memory
swell'd

His bosom, over his fix'd eye-balls swam
The tear's dim lustre, and the loud-
toned harp

Rung on his ear in vain; . . its silence
first

Roused him from dreams of days that
were no more.

III. CADWALLON

THEN on the morrow, at the festal board.
The Lord of Ocean thus began his tale.

My heart beat high when with the
favouring wind

We sail'd away; Aberfraw! when thy
towers,

And the huge headland of my mother
isle,

Shrunk and were gone.

But, Madoc, I would learn,
Quoth David, how this enterprise arose,
And the wild hope of worlds beyond the
sea;

For, at thine outset, being in the war,
I did not hear from vague and common
fame 180

The moving cause. Sprung it from
bardic lore.

The hidden wisdom of the years of old,
Forgotten long? or did it visit thee
In dreams that come from Heaven?

The Prince replied,
Thou shalt hear all; . . but if, amid the
tale,

Strictly sincere, I haply should rehearse
Aught to the King ungrateful, let my
brother

Be patient with the involuntary fault.

I was the guest of Rhys at Dinevawr,
And there the tidings found me, that
our sire 20

Was gather'd to his fathers: . . not alone
The sorrow came; the same ill mes-
senger

Told of the strife that shook our royal
house.

When Hoel, proud of prowess, seized
the throne

Which you, for elder claim and lawful
birth,

Challenged in arms. With all a brother's
love,

I on the instant hurried to prevent
The impious battle: . . all the day I sped;
Night did not stay me on my eager
way . .

Where'er I pass'd, new rumour raised
new fear. . . 30

Midnight, and morn, and noon, I hur-
ried on,

And the late eve was darkening when
I reach'd

Arvon, the fatal field. . . The sight, the
sounds,

Live in my memory now, . . for all was
done!

For horse and horseman, side by side in
death,

Lay on the bloody plain; . . a host of
men,

And not one living soul, . . and not one
sound,

One human sound; . . only the raven's
wing,

Which rose before my coming, and the
neigh

Of wounded horses, wandering o'er the
plain. 40

Night now was coming on; a man
approach'd

And bade me to his dwelling nigh at
hand.

Thither I turn'd, too weak to travel
more;

For I was overspent with weariness,
And having now no hope to bear me up.
Trouble and bodily labour master'd me.
I ask'd him of the battle: . . who had
fallen

He knew not, nor to whom the lot of war

Had given my father's sceptre. Here,
said he,

I came to seek if haply I might find 50
Some wounded wretch, abandon'd else
to death.

My search was vain, the sword of civil
war

Had bit too deeply.

Soon we reach'd his home,
A lone and lowly dwelling in the hills,
By a grey mountain stream. Beside the
hearth

There sate an old blind man; his head
was raised

As he were listening to the coming
sounds,

And in the fire-light shone his silver
locks.

Father, said he who guided me, I bring
A guest to our poor hospitality; 60
And then he brought me water from the
brook.

And homely fare, and I was satisfied:
That done, he piled the hearth, and
spread around

The rushes of repose. I laid me down;
But worn with toil, and full of many
fears,

Sleep did not visit me: the quiet sounds
Of nature troubled my distemper'd
sense;

My ear was busy with the stirring gale,
The moving leaves, the brook's per-
petual flow. 69

So on the morrow languidly I rose,
And faint with fever: but a restless
wish

Was working in me, and I said, My host,
Wilt thou go with me to the battle-field,
That I may search the slain? for in the
fray

My brethren fought; and though with
all my speed

I strove to reach them ere the strife

Alas, I sped too slow!

Grievest thou for that?
He answer'd, grievest thou that thou art
spared

The shame and guilt of that unhappy
strife, 79

Briton with Briton in unnatural war?

Nay, I replied, mistake me not! I came
To reconcile the chiefs; they might
have heard

Their brother's voice.

Their brother's voice? said he,
Was it not so? . . . And thou, too, art the
son

Of Owen! . . . Yesternight I did not know
The cause there is to pity thee. Alas,
Two brethren thou wilt lose when one
shall fall! . . .

Lament not him whom death may save
from guilt;

For all too surely in the conqueror
Thou wilt find one whom his own fears
henceforth 90

Must make to all his kin a perilous foe.

I felt as though he wrong'd my
father's sons,
And raised an angry eye, and answer'd
him, . . .

My brethren love me.

Then the old man cried,
Oh what is Princes' love? what are the
ties

Of blood, the affections growing as we
grow,

If but ambition come? . . . Thou deemest
sure

Thy brethren love thee; . . . ye have
play'd together

In childhood, shared your riper hopes
and fears,

Fought side by side in battle: . . . they
may be 100

Brave, generous, all that once their
father was,

Whom ye, I ween, call virtuous.

At the name,
With pious warmth, I cried, Yes, he was
good,

And great, and glorious! Gwyneth's
ancient annals

Boast not a name more noble. In the
war

Fearless he was, . . . the Saxon found him
so;

Wise was his counsel, and no suppliant
For justice ever from his palace-gate

Unglided turn'd away. King Owen's
name 109

Shall live to after times without a blot!

There were two brethren once of kingly
 line,
 The old man replied ; they loved each
 other well,
 And when the one was at his dying hour,
 It then was comfort to him that he left
 So dear a brother, who would duly pay
 A father's duties to his orphan boy.
 And sure he loved the orphan, and the
 boy
 With all a child's sincerity loved him,
 And learnt to call him father : so the
 years
 Went on, till when the orphan gain'd
 the age ¹²⁰
 Of manhood, to the throne his uncle
 came.
 The young man claim'd a fair inheri-
 tance,
 His father's lands ; and . . mark what
 follows, Prince !
 At midnight he was seized, and to his
 eyes
 The brazen plate was held. . . He cried
 aloud,
 He look'd around for help, . . he only
 saw
 His Uncle's ministers, prepared to do
 Their wicked work, who to the red hot
 Forced his poor eyes, and held the open
 lids, ¹²⁹
 Till the long agony consumed the sense ;
 And when their hold relax'd, it had
 been worth
 The wealth of worlds if he could then
 have seen,
 Dreadful to him and hideous as they
 were,
 Their ruffian faces ! . . I am blind, young
 Prince,
 And I can tell how sweet a thing it is
 To see the blessed light !
 Must more be told ?
 What farther agonies he yet endured ?
 Or hast thou known the consummated
 crime,
 And heard Cynetha's fate ?
 A painful glow
 Inflamed my cheek, and for my father's
 crime ¹⁴⁰
 I felt the shame of guilt. The dark-
 brow'd man
 Beheld the burning flush, the uneasy
 eye,
 That knew not where to rest. Come !
 we will search
 The slain ! arising from his seat, he said.
 I follow'd ; to the field of fight we went,
 And over steeds and arms and men we
 held
 Our way in silence. Here it was, quoth
 he,
 The fiercest war was waged ; lo ! in
 what heaps
 Man upon man fell slaughter'd ! Then
 my heart
 Smote me, and my knees shook ; for
 I beheld ¹⁵⁰
 Where, on his conquer'd foemen, Hoel
 lay.
 He paused, his heart was full, and on
 his tongue
 The imperfect utterance died ; a general
 gloom
 Sadden'd the hall, and David's cheek
 grew pale.
 Commanding first his feelings, Madoc
 broke
 The oppressive silence.
 Then Cadwallon took
 My hand, and, pointing to his dwelling,
 cried,
 Prince, go and rest thee there, for thou
 hast need
 Of rest : . . the care of sepulture be mine.
 Nor did I then comply, refusing rest, ¹⁶⁰
 Till I had seen in holy ground inearth'd
 My poor lost brother. Wherefore, he
 exclaim'd,
 (And I was awed by his severer eye)
 Wouldst thou be pampering thy dis-
 tempered mind ?
 Affliction is not sent in vain, young
 man,
 From that good God, who chastens
 whom he loves.
 Oh ! there is healing in the bitter cup !
 Go yonder, and before the unerring will
 Bow, and have comfort ! To the hut
 I went,
 And there beside the lonely mountain-
 stream, ¹⁷⁰
 I veil'd my head, and brooded on the
 past.

He tarried long ; I felt the hours pass
 by,
 As in a dream of morning, when the
 mind,
 Half to reality awaken'd, blends
 With airy visions and vague phantasies
 Her dim perception ; till at length his
 step
 Aroused me, and he came. I question'd
 him,
 Where is the body ? hast thou bade the
 priests
 Perform due masses for his soul's re-
 pose ?

He answer'd me, The rain and dew of
 heaven 180
 Will fall upon the turf that covers him,
 And greener grass will flourish on his
 grave.
 But rouse thee, Prince ! there will be
 hours enough
 For mournful memory ; . . it befits thee
 now
 Take counsel for thyself : . . the son of
 Owen
 Lives not in safety here.
 I bow'd my head
 Opprest by heavy thoughts : all wretch-
 edness
 The present ; darkness on the future lay ;
 Fearful and gloomy both. I answer'd
 not.

Hath power seduced thy wishes ? he
 pursued, 190
 And wouldst thou seize upon thy father's
 throne ?
 Now God forbid ! quoth I. Now God
 forbid !
 Quoth he ; . . but thou art dangerous,
 Prince ! and what
 Shall shield thee from the jealous arm
 of power ?
 Think of Cynetha ! . . the unsleeping eye
 Of justice hath not closed upon his
 wrongs ;
 At length the avenging arm is gone
 abroad,
 One woe is past, . . woe after woe comes
 on, . .
 There is no safety here, . . here thou
 must be

The victim or the murderer ! Does thy
 heart 200
 Shrink from the alternative ? . . look
 round ! . . behold
 What shelter, . . whither wouldst thou
 fly for peace ?
 What if the asylum of the Church were
 Were there no better purposes ordain'd
 For that young arm, that heart of noble
 hopes ?
 Son of our kings, . . of old Cassibelan,
 Great Caratach, immortal Arthur's line,
 Oh, shall the blood of that heroic race
 Stagnate in cloister-sloth ? . . Or wouldst
 thou leave
 Thy native isle, and beg in awkward
 phrase 210
 Some foreign sovereign's charitable
 grace, . .
 The Saxon or the Frank, . . and earn his
 gold,
 The hireling in a war whose cause thou
 know'st not,
 Whose end concerns not thee ?
 I sate and gazed,
 Following his eye with wonder, as he
 paced
 Before me to and fro, and listening still,
 Though now he paced in silence. But
 anon,
 The old man's voice and step awakened
 us
 Each from his thought ; I will come out,
 said he,
 That I may sit beside the brook, and
 feel 220
 The comfortable sun. As forth he
 came,
 I could not choose but look upon his face :
 Gently on him had gentle nature laid
 The weight of years ; all passions that
 disturb
 Were pass'd away ; the stronger lines of
 grief
 Soften'd and settled, till they told of
 By patient hope and piety subdued :
 His eyes, which had their hue and
 brightness left,
 Fix'd lifelessly, or objectless they roll'd,
 Nor moved by sense, nor animate with
 thought. 230

Could seize the wings of Morning ! soon
 would I
 Behold that other world, where yonder
 sun
 Speeds now, to dawn in glory !
 As he spake,
 Conviction came upon my startled mind,
 Like lightning on the midnight traveller.
 I caught his hand ; . . Kinsman and guide
 and friend,
 Yea, let us go together ! . . Down we
 sate,
 Full of the vision on the echoing shore ;
 One only object fill'd ear, eye, and
 thought :
 We gazed upon the awful world of
 waves,
 And talk'd and dreamt of years that
 were to come.

IV. THE VOYAGE

Not with a heart unmoved I left thy
 shores,
 Dear native isle ! oh . . not without a
 pang,
 As thy fair uplands lessen'd on the view,
 Cast back the long involuntary look !
 The morning cheer'd our outset ; gentle
 airs
 Curl'd the blue deep, and bright the
 summer sun
 Play'd o'er the summer ocean, when our
 barks
 Began their way.
 And they were gallant barks,
 As ever through the raging billows rode ;
 And many a tempest's buffeting they
 bore.
 Their sails all swelling with the eastern
 breeze,
 Their tighten'd cordage clattering to
 the mast,
 Steady they rode the main : the gale
 aloft
 Sung in the shrouds, the sparkling
 waters hiss'd
 Before, and froth'd and whiten'd far
 behind.
 Day after day, with one auspicious wind,
 Right to the setting sun we held our
 My hope had kindled every heart ; they
 blest
 The unvarying breeze, whose unabating
 strength
 Still sped us onward ; and they said
 that Heaven
 Favour'd the bold emprise.
 How many a time,
 Mounting the mast-tower-top, with
 eager ken
 They gazed, and fancied in the distant
 sky
 Their promised shore, beneath the
 evening cloud,
 Or seen, low lying, through the haze of
 morn.
 I too with eyes as anxious watch'd the
 waves,
 Though patient, and prepared for long
 delay ;
 For not on wild adventure had I rush'd
 With giddy speed, in some delirious fit
 Of fancy ; but in many a tranquil hour
 Weigh'd well the attempt, till hope
 matured to faith.
 Day after day, day after day the same, . .
 A weary waste of waters ! still the breeze
 Hung heavy in our sails, and we held on
 One even course : a second week was
 gone,
 And now another past, and still the
 same,
 Waves beyond waves, the interminable
 sea !
 What marvel, if at length the mariners
 Grew sick with long expectance ? I
 beheld
 Dark looks of growing restlessness, I
 heard
 Distrust's low murmurings ; nor avail'd
 it long
 To see and not perceive. Shame had
 awhile
 Represt their fear, till like a smother'd
 fire
 It burst, and spread with quick con-
 tagion round,
 And strengthen'd as it spread. They
 spoke in tones
 Which might not be mistaken ; . . They
 had done
 What men dared do, ventured where
 never keel

Had cut the deep before : still all was
 sea,
 The same unbounded ocean ! . . to pro-
 ceed
 Were tempting heaven.
 I heard with feign'd surprise,
 And, pointing then to where our fellow
 bark,
 Gay with her fluttering streamers and
 full sails,
 Rode, as in triumph, o'er the clement,
 I ask'd them what their comrades there
 would deem
 Of those so bold ashore, who, when a day,
 Perchance an hour, might crown their
 glorious toil,
 Shrunk then, and coward-like return'd
 to meet
 Mockery and shame ? True, they had
 ventured on
 In seas unknown, beyond where ever
 man
 Had plough'd the billows yet : more
 reason so
 Why they should now, like him whose
 happy speed
 Well nigh hath run the race, with higher
 hope
 Press onward to the prize. But late
 they said,
 Marking the favour of the steady gale,
 That Heaven was with us ; Heaven
 vouchsafed us still
 Fair seas and favouring skies : nor need
 we pray
 For other aid, the rest was in ourselves ;
 Nature had given it, when she gave to
 man
 Courage and constancy.

They answer'd not,
 Awhile obedient ; but I saw with
 dread
 The silent sullenness of cold assent. 70
 Then, with what fearful eagerness I
 gazed
 At earliest daybreak, o'er the distant
 deep !
 How sick at heart with hope, when
 evening closed,
 Gazed through the gathering shadows !
 . . but I saw
 The sun still sink below the endless
 waves,

And still at morn, beneath the farthest
 sky,
 Unbounded ocean heaved. Day after
 day
 Before the steady gale we drove along, . .
 Day after day ! The fourth week now
 had pass'd ;
 Still all around was sea, . . the eternal
 sea !
 So long that we had voyaged on so fast,
 And still at morning where we were at
 night,
 And where we were at morn, at nightfall
 still,
 The centre of that drear circumference,
 Progressive, yet no change ! . . almost it
 seem'd
 That we had pass'd the mortal bounds
 of space,
 And speed was toiling in infinity.
 My days were days of fear, my hours of
 rest
 Were like a tyrant's slumber. Sullen
 looks,
 Eyes turn'd on me, and whispers meant
 to meet
 My ear, and loud despondency, and talk
 Of home, now never to be seen again, . .
 I suffer'd these, dissembling as I could,
 Till that avail'd no longer. Resolute
 The men came round me : They had
 shown enough
 Of courage now, enough of constancy ;
 Still to pursue the desperate enterprize
 Were impious madness ! they had
 deem'd, indeed,
 That Heaven in favour gave the un-
 changing gale ; . .
 More reason now to think offended God,
 When man's presumptuous folly strove
 to pass
 The fated limits of the world, had sent
 His winds, to waft us to the death we
 sought.
 Their lives were dear, they bade me
 know, and they
 Many, and I, the obstinate, but one.
 With that, attending no reply, they
 hail'd
 Our fellow bark, and told their fix'd
 resolve.
 A shout of joy approved. Thus,
 desperate now,

I sought my solitary cabin : there 110
 Confused with vague tumultuous feel-
 ings lay,

And to remembrance and reflection lost,
 Knew only I was wretched.

Thus entranced
 Cadwallon found me ; shame, and grief,
 and pride,

And baffled hope, and fruitless anger
 swell'd

Within me. All is over ! I exclaim'd ;
 Yet not in me, my friend, hath time
 produced

These tardy doubts and shameful fickle-
 ness ;

I have not fail'd, Cadwallon ! Nay, he
 said,

The coward fears which persecuted me
 Have shown what thou hast suffer'd.

We have yet 121
 One hope . . I pray'd them to proceed a
 day, . .

But one day more ; . . this little have
 I gain'd,

And here will wait the issue ; in yon bark
 I am not needed, . . they are masters
 there.

One only day ! . . The gale blew strong,
 the bark

Sped through the waters ; but the silent
 hours,

Who make no pause, went by ; and
 center'd still,

We saw the dreary vacancy of heaven
 Close round our narrow view, when that
 brief term, 130

The last poor respite of our hopes, ex-
 pired.

They shorten'd sail, and call'd with
 coward prayer

For homeward winds. Why, what poor
 slaves are we,

In bitterness I cried ; the sport of
 chance ;

Left to the mercy of the elements,
 Or the more wayward will of such as
 these,

Blind tools and victims of their destiny
 Yea, Madoc ! he replied, the Elements

Master indeed the feeble powers of man !
 Not to the shores of Cambria will thy
 ships 140

Win back their shameful way ! . . or He,
 whose will

Unchains the winds, hath bade them
 minister

To aid us, when all human hope was gone,
 Or we shall soon eternally repose
 From life's long voyage.

As he spake, I saw
 The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er
 the deep,

And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel labour'd on the labouring sea.
 The reef-points rattled on the shivering
 sail ;

At fits the sudden gust howl'd ominous,
 Anon with unremitting fury raged ; 151
 High roll'd the mighty billows, and the
 blast

Swept from their sheeted sides the
 showery foam.

Vain now were all the seamen's home-
 ward hopes,

Vain all their skill ! . . we drove before
 the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth,
 to hear

Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 And pause at times, and feel that we are
 safe ; 158

Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us . . But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements, . .
 To know all human skill, all human
 strength,

Avail not, . . to look round, and only see
 The mountain wave incumbent with its
 weight

Of bursting waters o'er the reeling
 bark, . .

O God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the
 storm

Howl round his home, but he remembers
 it, 170

And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

Onward we drove : with unabating
 force

The tempest raged ; night added to the
 storm

New horrors, and the morn arose o'er-
spread
With heavier clouds. The weary
mariners
Call'd on Saint Cyric's aid; and I too
placed
My hope on Heaven, relaxing not the
while
Our human efforts. Ye who dwell at
home,
Ye do not know the terrors of the main!
When the winds blow, ye walk along
the shore, 180
And as the curling billows leap and toss,
Fable that Ocean's mermaid Shepherdess
Drives her white flocks afield, and warns
in time [warn'd
The wary fisherman. Gwenhidwy
When we had no retreat! My secret
heart
Almost had fail'd me. . . Were the
Elements
Confounded in perpetual conflict here,
Sea, Air, and Heaven? Or were we
perishing,
Where at their source the Floods, for
ever thus,
Beneath the nearer influence of the
moon, 190
Labour'd in these mad workings? Did
the Waters
Here on their outmost circle meet the
void,
The verge and brink of Chaos? Or this
Earth, . .
Was it indeed a living thing, . . its breath
The ebb and flow of Ocean? and had we
Reach'd the storm rampart of its Sanc-
tuary,
The insuperable boundary, raised to
guard
Its mysteries from the eye of man pro-
fane?

Three dreadful nights and days we
drove along;
The fourth the welcome rain came
rattling down, 200
The wind had fallen, and through the
broken cloud
Appeared the bright dilating blue of
heaven.
Embolden'd now, I call'd the mariners: . .

Vain were it should we bend a home-
ward course,
Driven by the storm so far; they saw
our barks,
For service of that long and perilous way
Disabled, and our food belike to fail.
Silent they heard, reluctant in assent;
Anon, they shouted joyfully, . . I look'd
And saw a bird slow sailing overhead,
His long white pinions by the sunbeam
edged 211
As though with burnish'd silver; . .
never yet
Heard I so sweet a music as his cry!

Yet three days more, and hope more
eager now,
Sure of the signs of land, . . weed-shoals,
and birds
Who flock'd the main, and gentle airs
which breathed,
Or seem'd to breathe, fresh fragrance
from the shore,
On the last evening, a long shadowy line
Skirted the sea; . . how fast the night
closed in!
I stood upon the deck, and watch'd till
dawn. 220
But who can tell what feelings fill'd my
heart,
When like a cloud the distant land arose
Grey from the ocean, . . when we left the
ship,
And cleft, with rapid oars, the shallow
wave,
And stood triumphant on another world!

V. LINCOYA

MADOC had paused awhile; but every
eye
Still watch'd his lips, and every voice
was hush'd.
Soon as I leapt ashore, pursues the Lord
Of Ocean, prostrate on my face I fell,
Kiss'd the dear earth, and pray'd with
thankful tears.
Hard by a brook was flowing: . . never
yet,
Even from the gold-tipt horn of victory
With harp and song amid my father's
hall,

Pledged I so sweet a draught, as lying there,
 Beside that streamlet's brink ! . . to feel
 the ground, 10
 To quaff the cool clear water, to inhale
 The breeze of land, while fears and
 dangers past
 Recurr'd and heighten'd joy, as summer
 storms
 Make the fresh evening lovelier !
 To the shore
 The natives throng'd ; astonish'd, they
 beheld
 Our winged barks, and gazed with
 wonderment
 On the strange garb, the bearded coun-
 tenance
 And the white skin, in all unlike them-
 selves.
 I see with what enquiring eyes you ask
 What men were they ? Of dark-brown
 colour, tinged 20
 With sunny redness ; wild of eye ; their
 brows
 So smooth, as never yet anxiety
 Nor busy thought had made a furrow
 there ;
 Beardless, and each to each of linea-
 ments
 So like, they seem'd but one great
 family,
 Their loins were loosely cinctured, all
 beside
 Bare too the sun and wind ; and thus
 their limbs
 Unmanacled display'd the truest forms
 Of strength and beauty. Fearless sure
 they were,
 And while they eyed us grasp'd their
 spears, as if, 30
 Like Britain's injured but unconquer'd
 sons,
 They too had known how perilous it was
 To let a stranger, if he came in arms,
 Set foot upon their land.
 But soon the guise
 Of men nor purporting nor fearing ill,
 Gain'd confidence ; their wild distrust-
 ful looks
 Assumed a milder meaning ; over one
 I cast my mantle, on another's head
 The velvet bonnet placed, and all was
 joy.

We now besought for food ; at once
 they read 40
 Our gestures, but I cast a hopeless eye
 On hills and thickets, woods, and
 marshy plains,
 A waste of rank luxuriance all around.
 Thus musing to a lake I follow'd them,
 Left when the rivers to their summer
 course
 Withdrew ; they scatter'd on its water
 drugs
 Of such strange potency, that soon the
 shoals
 Coop'd there by Nature prodigally kind,
 Floated inebriate. As I gazed, a deer
 Sprung from the bordering thicket ; the
 true shaft 50
 Scarce with the distant victim's blood
 had stain'd
 Its point, when instantly he dropt and
 died,
 Such deadly juice imbued it ; yet on
 this
 We made our meal unharm'd ; and
 I perceived
 The wisest leech that ever in our world
 Cull'd herbs of hidden virtue, was to
 these
 A child in knowledge.
 Sorrowing we beheld
 The night come on ; but soon did night
 display
 More wonders than it veil'd : innumer-
 ous tribes
 From the wood-cover swarm'd, and
 darkness made 60
 Their beauties visible ; one while they
 stream'd
 A bright blue radiance upon flowers
 which closed
 Their gorgeous colours from the eye of
 day ;
 Now motionless and dark eluded search,
 Self-shrouded ; and anon starring the
 sky
 Rose like a shower of fire.
 Our friendly hosts
 Now led us to the hut, our that night's
 home,
 A rude and spacious dwelling : twisted
 boughs,
 And canes and withies formed the walls
 and roof ;

And from the unhewn trunks which
pillar'd it, ⁷⁰

Low nets of interwoven reeds were
hung.

With shouts of honour here they
gather'd round me,

Ungarmented my limbs, and in a net
With softest feathers lined, a pleasant
couch,

They laid and left me.

To our ships return'd,
After soft sojourn here we coasted on,

Insatiate of the wonders and the
charms

Of earth and air and sea. Thy summer
woods

Are lovely, O my mother isle! the birch
Light bending on thy banks, thy elmy
vales, ⁸⁰

Thy venerable oaks! . . . But there, what
forms

Of beauty clothed the inlands and the
shore!

All these in stateliest growth, and mixt
with these

Dark spreading cedar, and the cypress
tall,

Its pointed summit waving to the wind
Like a long beacon flame; and loveliest

Amid a thousand strange and lovely
shapes,

The lofty palm, that with its nuts sup-
plied

Beverage and food; they edged the
shore and crown'd

The far-off highland summits, their
straight stems ⁹⁰

Bare without leaf or bough, erect and
smooth,

Their tresses nodding like a crested
helm.

The plumage of the grove.

Will ye believe
The wonders of the ocean? how its
shoals

Sprang from the wave, like flashing
light, . . . took wing,

And twinkling with a silver glitterance,
Flew through the air and sunshine? yet
were these

To sight less wondrous than the tribe
who swam,

Following like fowls with uplifted eye

Their falling quarry: . . . language cannot
paint ¹⁰⁰

Their splendid tints; though in blue
ocean seen,

Blue, darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,
In all its rich variety of shades,

Suffused with glowing gold.

Heaven too had there
Its wonders: . . . from a deep, black,
heavy cloud,

What shall I say? . . . a shoot, . . . a trunk,
. . . an arm

Came down: . . . yea! like a Demon's
arm, it seized

The waters, Ocean smoked beneath its
touch.

And rose like dust before the whirlwind's
force.

But we sail'd onward over tranquil seas,
Wafted by airs so exquisitely mild, ¹¹¹

That even to breathe became an act of
will

And sense and pleasure. Not a cloud
by day

With purple islanded the dark-blue
deep;

By night the quiet billows heaved and
glanced

Under the moon, . . . that heavenly Moon!
so bright,

That many a midnight have I paced the
deck,

Forgetful of the hours of due repose
Yea till the Sun in his full majesty

Went forth, like God beholding his own
works. ¹²⁰

Once when a chief was feasting us on
shore,

A captive served the food: I mark'd
the youth,

For he had features of a gentler race;
And oftentimes his eye was fix'd on me,

With looks of more than wonder. We
return'd

At evening to our ships; at night a voice
Came from the sea, the intelligible voice

Of earnest supplication; he had swum
To trust our mercy; up the side he
sprang,

And look'd among the crew, and singling
me ¹³⁰

Fell at my feet. Such friendly tokenings

As our short commerce with the native tribes
 Had taught, I proffer'd, and sincerity
 Gave force and meaning to the half-learn't forms.
 For one we needed who might speak for us;
 And well I liked the youth,—the open lines
 Which character'd his face, the fearless heart,
 Which gave at once and won full confidence.
 So that night at my feet Lincoya slept.

When I display'd whate'er might gratify,
 Whate'er surprise, with most delight he view'd
 Our arms, the iron helm, the pliant mail,
 The buckler strong to save; and then he shook
 The lance, and grasp'd the sword, and turn'd to me
 With vehement words and gestures every limb
 Working with one strong passion; and he placed
 The falchion in my hand, and gave the shield,
 And pointed south and west, that I should go
 To conquer and protect; anon he wept aloud, and clasp'd my knees, and falling fain
 He would have kiss'd my feet. Went we to shore?
 Then would he labour restlessly to show
 A better place lay onward; and in the sand,
 To south and west he drew the line of coast,
 And figur'd how a mighty river there
 Ran to the sea. The land bent west ward soon,
 And thus confirm'd we voyaged on to seek
 The river inlet, following at the will
 Of our new friend: and we learnt after him,
 Well pleased and proud to teach, what this was call'd,
 What that, with no unprofitable pains.

Nor light the joy I felt at hearing first
 The pleasant accents of my native tongue,
 Albeit in broken words and tones uncouth,
 Come from these foreign lips.
 At length we came
 Where the great river, amid shoals and banks
 And islands, growth of its own gathering
 Through many a branching channel, wide and full,
 Rush'd to the main. The gale was strong; and safe,
 Amid the uproar of conflicting tides, 170
 Our gallant vessels rode. A stream as broad
 And turbid, when it leaves the Land of Hills,
 Old Severn rolls; but banks so fair as these
 Old Severn views not in his Land of Hills,
 Nor even where his turbid waters swell
 And sully the salt sea.

So we sail'd on
 By shores now cover'd with impervious woods,
 Now stretching wide and low, a reedy waste,
 And now through vales where earth profusely pour'd
 Her treasures, gather'd from the first of days. 180
 Sometimes a savage tribe would welcome us,
 By wonder from their lethargy of life
 Awaken'd; then again we voyaged on
 Through tracts all desolate, for days and days,
 League after league, one green and fertile mead,
 That fed a thousand herds.

A different scene
 Rose on our view, of mount on mountain piled,
 Which when I see again in memory,
 Star-gazing Idris's stupendous seat
 Seems dwarf'd, and Snowdon with its eagle haunts 190
 Shrinks, and is dwindled like a Saxon hill.

Here with Cadwallon and a chosen
band,
I left the ships. Lincoya guided us
A toilsome way among the heights; at
dusk
We reach'd the village skirts; he bade
us halt,
And raised his voice; the elders of the
land
Came forth, and led us to an ample hut,
Which in the centre of their dwellings
stood,
The Stranger's House. They eyed us
wondering,
Yet not for wonder ceased they to
observe
Their hospitable rites; from hut to hut
The tidings ran that strangers were
arrived,
Fatigued and hungry and athirst; anon,
Each from his means supplying us, came
food
And beverage such as cheers the weary
man.

VI. ERILLYAB

At morning their high-priest Ayayaca
Came with our guide: the venerable
man
With reverential awe accosted us,
For we, he ween'd, were children of a
race
Mightier than they, and wiser, and by
heaven
Beloved and favour'd more: he came
to give
Fit welcome, and he led us to the Queen.
The fate of war had reft her of her realm;
Yet with affection and habitual awe,
And old remembrances, which gave
their love
A deeper and religious character,
Fallen as she was, and humbled as they
were,
Her faithful people still in all they could
Obey'd Erillyab. She too in her mind
Those recollections cherish'd, and such
thoughts
As, though no hope allay'd their bitter-
ness,
Gave to her eye a spirit and a strength,

And pride to features which belike had
borne,
Had they been fashion'd by a happier
fate,
Meaning more gentle and more womanly,
Yet not more worthy of esteem and love.
She sate upon the threshold of her hut;
For in the palace where her sires had
reign'd
The conqueror dwelt. Her son was at
her side,
A boy now near to manhood; by the
door,
Bare of its bark, the head and branches
shorn,
Stood a young tree with many a weapon
hung,
Her husband's war-pole, and his monu-
ment.
There had his quiver moulder'd, his
stone-axe
Had there grown green with moss, his
bow-string there
Sung as it cut the wind.

She welcom'd us
With a proud sorrow in her mien; fresh
fruits
Were spread before us, and her gestures
said
That when he lived whose hand was
wont to wield
Those weapons, . . . that in better days, . .
that ere
She let the tresses of her widowhood
Grow wild, she could have given to
guests like us
A worthier welcome. Soon a man ap-
proach'd,
Hooded with sable, his half-naked limbs
Smear'd black; the people at his sight
drew round,
The women wail'd and wept, the
children turn'd
And hid their faces on their mothers'
knees.
He to the Queen address his speech, then
look'd
Around the children, and laid hands on
two,
Of different sexes but of age alike
Some six years each, who at his touch
shriek'd out.
But then Lincoya rose, and to my feet

Led them, and told me that the conquerors claim'd
 These innocents for tribute; that the Priest⁴⁹
 Would lay them on the altar of his god,
 Pluck out their little hearts in sacrifice,
 And with his brotherhood in impious rites
 Feast on their flesh! . . I shudder'd,
 and my hand
 Instinctively unsheathed the avenging sword,
 As he with passionate and eloquent signs,
 Eye-speaking earnestness and quivering lips,
 Besought me to preserve himself, and those
 Who now fell suppliant round me, . . youths and maids.
 Grey-headed men, and mothers with their babes.

I caught the little victims up, I kiss'd
 Their innocent cheeks, I raised my eyes to heaven.^{6r}
 I call'd upon Almighty God to hear
 And bless the vow I made; in our own tongue
 Was that sworn promise of protection
 Impetuous feeling made no pause for thought.
 Heaven heard the vow; the suppliant multitude
 Saw what was stirring in my heart; the Priest,
 With eye inflamed and rapid answer, raised
 His menacing hand; the tone, the bitter smile,
 Interpreting his threat.

Meanwhile the Queen, 7
 With watchful eye and steady countenance,
 Had listen'd; now she rose and to the Priest
 Address'd her speech. Low was her voice and calm,
 As one who spake with effort to subdue
 Sorrow that struggled still; but while she spake
 Her features kindled to more majesty,

Her eye became more animate, her voice
 Rose to the height of feeling; on her son
 She call'd, and from her husband's monument
 His battle-axe she took; and I could see
 That when she gave the boy his father's arms,^{8r}
 he call'd his father's spirit to look on
 And bless them to his vengeance.

Silently
 The tribe stood listening as Erillyab
 The very Priest was awed: once he essayed
 To answer; his tongue fail'd him, and his lip
 Grew pale and fell. He to his country-men
 Of rage and shame and wonder full, return'd,
 Bearing no victims for their shrines accurst,
 But tidings that the Hoamen had cast off^{9o}
 Their vassalage, roused to desperate revolt
 By men in hue and speech and garment strange,
 Who in their folly dared defy the power
 Of Aztlan.

When the King of Aztlan heard
 The unlook'd-for tale, ere yet he roused
 his strength,
 Or pitying our rash valour, or perhaps
 Curious to see the man so bravely rash,
 He sent to bid me to his court. Surprised,
 I should have given to him no credulous faith,
 But fearlessly Erillyab bade me trust
 Her honourable foe. Unarm'd I went,
 Lincoya with me to exchange our speech
 So as he could, of safety first assured;
 For to their devilish idols he had been
 A victim doom'd, and from the bloody rites
 Flying been carried captive far away.

From early morning till the midnight hour
 We travell'd in the mountains; then a plain
 Open'd below, and rose upon the sight,

Like boundless ocean from a hill-top
seen.

A beautiful and populous plain it was;
Fair woods were there and fertilizing
streams,

And pastures spreading wide, and
villag~

In fruitful groves embower'd, and
stately towns,

And many a single dwelling specking it,
As though for many a year the land had
been

The land of peace. Below us, where the

Of the great mountain to the level
sloped,

A broad blue lake extended far and wide
Its waters, dark beneath the light of
noon.

There Aztlan stood upon the farther

Amid the shade of trees its dwellings
rose,

Their level roofs with turrets set around.
And battlements all burnish'd white,
which shone

Like silver in the sunshine. I beheld
The imperial city, her far-circling walls,
Her garden groves and stately palaces,
Her temple's mountain-size, her thou-
sand roofs;

And when I saw her might and majesty
My mind misgave me then.

We reach'd the shore :
A floating islet waited for me there, 131
The beautiful work of man. I set my
feet

Upon green-growing herbs and flowers.
and sate

Embower'd in odorous shrubs: four
long light boats

Yoked to the garden, with accordant
song,

And dip and dash of oar in harmony,
Bore me across the lake.

Then in a car
Aloft by human bearers was I borne;
And through the city gate, and through
long lines

Of 'd multitudes who throng'd
the way,

We reach'd the palace court. Four
priests were there;

Each held a burning censer in his hand,
And strew'd the precious gum as I drew

nigh,
And held the steaming fragrance forth
to me,

Honouring me like a god. They led me
in,

Where on his throne the royal Azteca
Coanocotzin sate. Stranger, said he,
Welcome; and be this coming to thy
weal!

A desperate warfare doth thy courage
court;

But thou shalt see the people and the
power

Whom thy deluded zeal would call to
arms;

So may the knowledge make thee timely
wise.

The valiant love the valiant. . . Come
with me!

So saying he rose; we went together
forth

To the Great Temple. 'Twas a huge
square hill,

Or rather like a rock it seem'd, hewn out
And squared by patient labour. Never
yet

Did our forefathers, o'er beloved chief
Fallen in his glory, heap a monument

Of that prodigious bulk, though every
shield

Was laden for his grave, and every hand
Toil'd unremitting at the willing work
From morn till eve, all the long summer
day.

The ascent was lengthened with pro-
voking art,

By steps which led but to a wearying
path

Round the whole structure; then
another flight,

Another road around, and thus a third.
And yet a fourth, before we reach'd the
height.

Lo, now, Coanocotzin cried, thou seest
The cities of this widely peopled plain;
And wert thou on yon farthest temple-
top,

Yet as far onward wouldst thou see the
land

Well husbanded like this, and full of
[men.]

They tell me that two floating palaces
Brought thee and all thy people ; . .
when I sound
The Tambour of the God, ten Cities hear
Its voice, and answer to the call in arms.

In truth I felt my weakness, and the
view
Had wakened no unreasonable fear,
But that a nearer sight had stirr'd my
blood ; 180
For on the summit where we stood four
Towers
Were piled with human skulls, and all
around
Long files of human heads were strung
to parch
And whiten in the sun. What then I
felt
Was more than natural courage . . 'twas
a trust
In more than mortal strength . . a faith
in God, . .
Yea, inspiration from Him ! . . I ex-
claim'd,
Not though ten Cities ten times told
obey'd
The King of Aztlan's bidding, should
I fear 189
The power of man !
Art thou then more than man ?
He answered ; and I saw his tawny
cheek
Lose its life-colour as the fear arose ;
Nor did I undeceive him from that fear,
For sooth I knew not how to answer him,
And therefore let it work. So not a
word
Spake he, till we again had reach'd the
court,
And I too went in silent thoughtfulness :
But then when, save Lincoya, there was
none
To hear our speech, again did he renew
The query . . Stranger ! art thou more
than man, 200
That thou shouldst set the power of man
at naught ?

Then I replied, Two floating palaces
Bore me and all my people o'er the seas.
When we departed from our mother-
land,

'he Moon was newly born ; we saw her
wax
and wane, and witnessed her new birth
again ;
and all that while, alike by day and
night,
We travell'd through the sea, and
caught the winds,
And made them bear us forward. We
must meet
In battle, if the Hoamen are not freed
From your accursed tribute, . . thou
and I, 211
My people and thy countless multitudes.
Your arrows shall fall from us as the
hail
Leaps on a rock, . . and when ye smite
with swords,
Not blood but fire shall follow from the
stroke.
Yet think not thou that we are more
than men !
Our knowledge is our power, and God
our strength,
God, whose almighty will created thee,
And me, and all that hath the breath of
life.
He is our strength ; . . for in His name
I speak, . . 220
And when I tell thee that thou shalt not
shed
The life of man in bloody sacrifice,
It is His holy bidding which I speak :
And if thou wilt not listen and obey,
When I shall meet thee in the battle-
field,
It is His holy cause for which I fight,
And I shall have His power to vanquish
thee !
And thinkest thou our Gods are
feeble ? cried
The King of Aztlan ; thinkest thou they
lack
Power to defend their altars, and to
keep 230
The kingdom which they gave us
strength to win ?
The Gods of thirty nations have opposed
Their irresistible might, and they lie
now
Conquer'd and caged and fetter'd at
their feet.

That we who serve them are no coward
race,

Let prove the ample realm we won in
arms : . .

And I their leader am not of the sons
Of the feeble ! As he spake, he reach'd
a mace,

The trunk and knotted root of some
young tree,

Such as old Albion and his monster-
brood ²⁴⁰

From the oak-forest for their weapons
pluck'd,

When father Brute and Corineus set
foot

On the White Island first. Lo this,
quoth he,

My club ! and he threw back his robe ;
and this

The arm that wielded it ! . . 'Twas my
father's once :

Erillyab's husband, King Tepollomi,
He felt its weight. . . Did I not show
thee him ?

He lights me at my evening banquet.
There,

In very deed, the dead Tepollomi
Stood up against the wall, by devilish
art ²⁵⁰

Preserv'd ; and from his black and
shrivell'd hand

The steady lamp hung down.

My spirit rose
At that abomination ; I exclaimed

Thou art of noble nature, and full fain
Would I in friendship plight my hand
with thine ;

But till that body in the grave be laid,
Till thy polluted altars be made pure,

There is no peace between us. May my
God,

Who, though thou know'st Him not, is
also thine,

And after death will be thy dreadful
Judge, ²⁶⁰

May it please Him to visit thee, and
shed

His mercy on thy soul. . . But if thy
heart

Be harden'd to the proof, come when
thou wilt !

I know thy power, and thou shalt then
know mine.

VII. THE BATTLE

Now then to meet the war ! Erillyab's
call

Roused all her people to revenge their
wrongs ;

And at Lincoya's voice, the mountain
tribes

Arose and broke their bondage. I mean-
time

Took counsel with Cadwallon and his
sire,

And told them of the numbers we must
meet,

And what advantage from the moun-
tain-straits

I thought, as in the Saxon wars, to win.
Thou saw'st their weapons then, Cad-
wallon said ;

Are they like these rude works of
ignorance, ¹⁰

Bone-headed shafts, and spears of wood,
and shields,

Strong only for such strife ?

We had to cope
With wiser enemies, and abler arm'd.

What for the sword they wielded was
a staff

Set thick with stones athwart ; you
would have deem'd

The uncouth shape was cumbrous ; but
a hand

Expert, and practised to its use, could
drive

The sharpen'd flints with deadly impulse
down.

Their mail, if mail it may be call'd, was
woven

Of vegetable down, like finest flax, ²⁰
Bleach'd to the whiteness of the new-
fallen snow,

To every bend and motion flexible,
Light as a warrior's summer-garb in
peace ;

Yet, in that lightest, softest, habergeon,
Harmless the sharp stone arrow-head
would hang.

Others, of higher office, were array'd
In feathery breast-plates of more gor-
geous hue

Than the gay plumage of the mountain-
cock,

Or pheasant's glittering pride. But
 what were these,
 Or what the thin gold hauberk, when
 opposed
 To arms like ours in battle? What the
 mail
 (Of wood fire-harden'd, or the wooden
 helm,
 Against the iron arrows of the South,
 Against our northern spears, or battle-
 axe,
 Or good sword, wielded by a British
 hand?

Then, quoth Cadwallon, at the wooden
 helm,
 Of these weak arms the weakest, let the
 sword
 Hew, and the spear be thrust. The
 mountaineers,
 So long inured to crouch beneath their
 yoke,
 We will not trust in battle; from the
 heights
 They with their arrows may annoy the
 foe;
 And when our closer strife has won the
 fray,
 Then let them loose for havoc.

O my son,
 Exclaim'd the blind old man, thou
 counsellor ill!
 Blood will have blood, revenge begeth
 revenge,
 Evil must come of evil. We shall win
 Certes, a cheap and easy victory
 In the first field; their arrows from our
 arms
 Will fall, and on the hauberk and the
 helm
 The flint-edge blunt and break; while
 through their limbs,
 Naked, or vainly fenced, the griding steel
 Shall sheer its mortal way. But what
 are we
 Against a nation? Other hosts will rise
 In endless warfare, with perpetual fight
 Dwindling our all-too-few; or multi-
 tudes
 Will wear and weary us, till we sink sub-
 dued
 By the very toil of conquest. Ye are
 strong;

but he who puts his trust in mortal
 strength
 Leans on a broken reed. First prove
 your power;
 Be in the battle terrible, but spare
 The fallen, and follow not the flying foe:
 Then may ye win a nobler victory,
 So dealing with the captives as to fill
 Their hearts with wonder, gratitude,
 and awe,
 That love shall mingle with their fear,
 and fear
 Stablish the love, else wavering. Let
 them see,
 That as more pure and gentle is your
 faith,
 Yourselves are gentler, purer. Ye shall
 be
 As gods among them, if ye thus obey
 God's precepts.

Soon the mountain
 tribes, in arms
 Rose at Lincoya's call: a numerous
 host,
 More than in numbers, in the memory
 Of long oppression, and revengeful hope,
 A formidable foe. I station'd them
 Where at the entrance of the rocky
 straits,
 Secure themselves, their arrows might
 command
 The coming army. On the plain below
 We took our stand, between the moun-
 tain-base
 And the green margin of the waters.
 Soon
 Their long array came on. Oh what
 a pomp
 And pride and pageantry of war was
 there!
 Not half so gaudied, for their May-day
 mirth,
 All wreathed and ribanded, our youths
 and maids,
 As these stern Aztecas in war attire!
 The golden glitterance, and the feather-
 mail,
 More gay than glittering gold; and
 round the helm
 A coronal of high upstanding plumes
 Green as the spring grass in the sunny
 shower;
 Or scarlet bright, as in the wintry wood

The cluster'd holly ; or of purple tint, . . .
 Whereto shall that be liken'd ? to what
 gem 91
 Indiadem'd, . . . what flower, . . . what
 insect's wing ?
 With war songs and wild music they
 came on,
 We the while kneeling, raised with one
 accord
 The hymn of supplication.
 Front to front,
 And now the embattled armies stood :
 a band
 Of priests, all sable-garmented, ad-
 vanced ;
 They piled a heap of sedge before our
 host,
 And warn'd us, . . . Sons of Ocean ! from
 the land
 Of Aztlan, while ye may, depart in
 peace ! 100
 Before the fire shall be extinguish'd,
 hence !
 Or, even as yon dry sedge amid the
 flame,
 So ye shall be consumed . . . The arid
 heap
 They kindled, and the rapid flame ran
 up,
 And blazed, and died away. Then from
 his bow,
 With steady hand, their chosen archer
 loosed
 The Arrow of the Omen. To its mark
 The shaft of divination fled ; it smote
 Cadwallon's plated breast ; the brittle
 point
 Rebounded. He, contemptuous of their
 faith, 110
 Stoopt for the shaft, and while with

 To the rescue they rushed onward,
 snapping it
 Asunder, toss'd the fragments back in
 scorn.

 Fierce was their onset ; never in the
 field
 Encounter'd I with braver enemies.
 Nor marvel ye, nor think it to their
 shame,
 If soon they stagger'd, and gave way,
 and fled,

 So many from so few ; they saw their
 darts
 Recoil, their lances shiver, and their
 swords
 Fall ineffectual, blunted with the blow.
 Think ye no shame of Aztlan that they
 fled. 121
 When the bowmen of Deheubarth plied
 so well
 Their shafts with fatal aim ; through
 the thin gold
 Or feather-mail, while Gwyneth's deep-
 driven spears
 Pierced to the bone and vitals ; when
 they saw
 The falchion, flashing late so lightning-
 like,
 Quench'd in their own life-blood. Our
 mountaineers
 Shower'd from the heights, meantime,
 an arrowy storm,
 Themselves secure ; and we who bore
 the brunt
 Of battle, iron men, impassable, 130
 Stood in our strength unbroken. Marvel
 not
 If then the brave felt fear, already im-
 press'd
 That day by ominous thoughts, to fear
 akin ;
 For so it chanced, high Heaven ordain-
 ing so,
 The King, who should have led his
 people forth,
 At the army-head, as they began their
 march,
 Was with sore sickness stricken ; and
 the stroke
 Came like the act and arm of very God,
 So suddenly, and in that point of time.

 A gallant man was he who in his
 stead 140
 That day commanded Aztlan : his long
 hair,
 Tufted with many a cotton lock, pro-
 claim'd
 Of princely prowess many a feat
 achieved
 In many a field of fame. Oft had he
 led
 The Aztecas, with happy fortune, forth ;
 Yet could not now Yuhidthiton inspire

His host with hope : he, not the less,
 that day,
 True to his old renown, and in the hour
 Of rout and ruin with collected mind,
 Sounded his signals shrill, and in the
 voice 150
 Of loud reproach and anger, and brave
 shame,
 Call'd on the people . . But when nought
 avail'd,
 Seizing the standard from the timid
 hand
 Which held it in dismay, alone he turn'd,
 For honourable death resolved, and
 praise
 That would not die. Thereat the braver
 chiefs
 Rallied, anew their signals rung around,
 And Aztlan, seeing how we spared her
 flight,
 Took heart, and roll'd the tide of battle
 back.
 But when Cadwallon from the chieftain's
 grasp 160
 Had cut the standard-staff away, and
 stunn'd
 And stretch'd him at his mercy on the
 field,
 Then fled the enemy in utter rout,
 Broken and quell'd at heart. One chief
 alone
 Bestrode the body of Yuhidthiton ;
 Bareheaded did young Malinal bestride
 His brother's body, wiping from his
 brow
 With the shield-hand the blinding blood
 away,
 And dealing frantically with broken sword
 Obstinate wrath, the last resisting foe.
 Him, in his own despite, we seized and
 saved. 171

Then in the moment of our victory,
 We purified our hands from blood, and
 knelt,
 And pour'd to heaven the grateful
 prayer of praise
 And raised the choral psalm. Trium-
 phant thus
 To the hills we went our way ; the
 mountaineers
 With joy, and dissonant song, and antic
 dance ;

The captives sullenly, deeming that they
 went
 To meet the certain death of sacrifice,
 Yet stern and undismay'd. We
 them know 180
 Ours was a law of mercy and of love ;
 We heal'd their wounds, and set the
 prisoners free.
 Bear ye, quoth I, my bidding to your
 King ;
 Say to him, Did the stranger speak to
 thee
 The words of truth, and hath he proved
 his power ?
 Thus saith the Lord of Ocean, in the
 name
 Of God, Almighty, Universal God,
 Thy Judge and mine, whose battles
 I have fought,
 Whose bidding I obey, whose will I
 speak ; 189
 Shed thou no more in impious sacrifice
 The life of man ; restore unto the grave
 The dead Tepollomi ; set this people
 free,
 And peace shall be between us.

On the morrow
 Came messengers from Aztlan, in reply.
 Coanocotzin with sore malady
 Hath, by the Gods, been stricken : will
 the Lord
 Of Ocean visit his sick bed ? . . He told
 Of wrath, and as he said, the vengeance
 came ;
 Let him bring healing now, and 'stablish
 peace.

VIII. THE PEACE

AGAIN, and now with better hope, I
 sought
 The city of the King ! there went with
 me
 Iolo, old Iolo, he who knows
 The virtue of all herbs of mount or vale,
 Or greenwood shade, or quiet brooklet's
 bed ;
 Whatever lore of science, or of song,
 Sages and Bards of old have handed
 down.
 Aztlan that day pour'd forth her
 swarming sons,

To wait my coming. Will he ask his God
 To stay the hand of anger? was the cry,
 The general cry, . . and will he save the King?
 Coanocotzin too had nurst that thought,
 And the strong hope upheld him; he put forth
 His hand, and raised a quick and anxious eye, . .
 Is it not peace and mercy? . . thou art come
 To pardon and to save!
 I answer'd him,
 That power, O King of Aztlan, is not mine!
 Such help as human cunning can bestow,
 Such human help I bring; but health and life
 Are in the hand of God, who at his will
 Gives or withdraws; and what he wills is best.
 Then old Iolo took his arm, and felt
 The symptom, and he bade him have good hope,
 For life was strong within him. So it proved:
 The drugs of subtle virtue did their work;
 They quell'd the venom of the malady,
 And from the frame expell'd it, . . that a sleep
 Fell on the King, a sweet and natural
 And from its healing he awoke refresh'd
 Though weak, and joyful as a man who felt
 The peril pass'd away.
 Ere long we spake
 Of concord, and how best to knit the bonds
 Of lasting friendship. When we won this land,
 Coanocotzin said, these fertile vales
 Were not, as now, with fruitful groves embower'd,
 Nor rich with towns and populous
 Abounding, as thou seest, with life and joy;
 Our fathers found bleak heath, and desert moor,
 Wild woodland, and savannahs wide and waste,
 Rude country of rude dwellers. From our arms
 They to the mountain fastnesses retired,
 And long with obstinate and harassing
 Provoked us, hoping not for victory.
 Yet mad for vengeance; till Tēpollomi
 Fell by my father's hand; and with their King,
 The strength and flower of all their youth cut off,
 All in one desolating day, they took
 The yoke upon their necks. What wouldest thou
 That to these Hoamen I should now concede?
 Lord of the Ocean, speak!
 Let them be free! so
 Quoth I. I come not from my native isle
 To wage the war of conquest, and cast out
 Your people from the land which time and toil
 Have rightly made their own. The land is wide;
 There is enough for all. So they befreed
 From that accursed tribute, and ye shed
 The life of man no more in sacrifice,
 In the most holy name of God I say,
 Let there be peace between us!
 Thou hast won
 Their liberty, the King replied: henceforth,
 Free as they are, if they provoke the war,
 Reluctantly will Aztlan raise her arm.
 Be thou the peace-preserver. To what else
 Thou say'st, instructed by calamity,
 I lend a humble ear; but to destroy
 The worship of my fathers, or abate
 Or change one point, lies not within the reach
 And scope of kingly power. Speak thou hereon
 With those whom we hold holy, with the sons
 Of the Temple, they who commune with the Gods;
 Awe them, for they awe me. So we resolved

That when the bones of King Tepollomi
Had had their funeral honours, they
and I
Should by the green-lake side, before
the King,
And in the presence of the people, hold
A solemn talk.

Then to the mountain-huts,
The bearer of good tidings, I return'd,
Leading the honourable train who bore
The relics of the King; not parch'd and
black,

As I had seen the unnatural corpse stand
up, ⁸⁰

In ghastly mockery of the attitude
And act of life, . . his bones had now been
blanch'd

With decent reverence. Soon the moun-
taineers

Saw the white deer-skin shroud; the
rumour spread;

They gather'd round, and follow'd in
our train.

Before Erillyab's hut the bearers laid
Their burden down. She, calm of
countenance,

And with dry eye, albeit her hand the
while

Shook like an agueish limb, unroll'd the
shroud.

The multitude stood gazing silently, ⁹⁰
The young and old alike all awed and
hush'd

Under the holy feeling, . . and the
hush

Was awful; that huge multitude so
still,

That we could hear distinct the moun-
tain-stream

Roll down its rocky channel far away.
And this was all; sole ceremony this,

The sight of death and silence, . . till at
length,

In the ready grave his bones were laid
to rest.

'Twas in her hut and home, yea, under-
neath

The marriage bed, the bed of widow-
hood, ¹⁰⁰

Her husband's grave was dug; on
softest fur

The bones were laid, with fur were
covered o'er,

Then heap'd with bark and boughs, and,
last of all,

Earth was to earth trod down.

And now the day
Appointed for our talk of peace was
come.

On the green margin of the lake we met,
Elders, and Priests, and Chiefs; the
multitude

Around the Circle of the Council stood.

Then, in the midst, Coanocotzin rose,
And thus the King began: Pabas and
Chiefs ¹¹⁰

Of Aztlan, hither ye are come to learn
The law of peace. The Lord of Ocean
saith,

The Tribes whom he hath gathered
underneath

The wings of his protection, shall be
free;

And in the name of his great God he
saith,

That ye shall never shed in sacrifice
The blood of man. Are ye content?
that so

We may together here, in happy hour,
Bury the sword.

Hereat a Paba rose,
And answer'd for his brethren: . . He
hath won ¹²⁰

The Hoamen's freedom, that their blood
no more

Shall on our altars flow; for this the
Lord

Of Ocean fought, and Aztlan yielded it
In battle. But if we forego the rites

Of our forefathers, if we wrong the Gods,
Who give us timely sun and timely
showers,

Their wrath will be upon us; they will
shut

Their ears to prayer, and turn away the

Which watch for our well-doing, and
withhold ¹²⁹

The hands dispensing our prosperity.

Cynetha then arose, between his son
And me supported, rose the blind old
man.

Ye wrong us, men of Aztlan, if ye deem
We bid ye wrong the Gods; accurst
were he

Who would obey such bidding, . . more
accurst

The wretch who should enjoin impiety.
It is the will of God which we make
known,

Your God and ours. Know ye not Him
who laid

The deep foundations of the earth, and
built

The arch of heaven, and kindled yonder
sun, 140

And breathed into the woods and waves
and sky

The power of life ?

We know Him, they replied,
The great For-Ever One, the God of
Gods,

Ipalnemoani, He by whom we live !

And we too, quoth Ayayaca, we know
And worship the Great Spirit, who in
clouds

And storms, in mountain caves, and by
the fall

Of waters, in the woodland solitude,
And in the night and silence of the sky,
Doth make his being felt. We also
know, 150

And fear, and worship the Beloved One.

Our God, replied Cynetha, is the same,
The Universal Father. He to the first
Made his will known ; but when men
multiplied,

The Evil Spirits darken'd them, and sin
And misery came into the world, and
men

Forsook the way of truth, and gave to
stocks

And stones the incommunicable name.
Yet with one chosen, one peculiar Race,
The knowledge of their Father and their
God 160

Remain'd, from sire to son transmitted
down.

While the bewilder'd Nations of the
earth

Wander'd in fogs, and were in darkness
lost,

The light abode with them ; and when
at times

They sinn'd and went astray, the Lord
hath put

A voice into the mouths of holy men,

Raising up witnesses unto himself,
That so the saving knowledge of his
name

Might never fail ; nor the glad promise,
given

To our first parent, that at length his
sons, 170

From error, sin, and wretchedness re-
deem'd,

Should form one happy family of love.
Nor ever hath that light, howe'er be-
dimin'd,

Wholly been quench'd ; still in the
heart of man

A feeling and an instinct it exists,
His very nature's stamp and privilege,
Yea, of his life the life. I tell ye not,

O Aztecas ! of things unknown before ;
I do but waken up a living sense

That sleeps within ye ! Do ye love the
Gods 180

Who call for blood ? Doth the poor
sacrifice

Go with a willing step, to lay his life
Upon their altars ? . . Good must come
of good.

Evil of evil ; if the fruit be death,
The poison springeth from the sap and
root.

And the whole tree is deadly ; if the rites
Be evil, they who claim them are not
good,

Not to be worshipp'd then ; for to obey
The evil will is evil. Aztecas !

From the For-Ever, the Beloved One,
The Universal Only God I speak, 191
Your God and mine, our Father and our
Judge.

Hear ye his law, . . hear ye the perfect
law

Of love, 'Do ye to others, as ye would
That they should do to you !' He bids
us meet

To praise his name, in thankfulness and
joy ;

He bids us, in our sorrow, pray to him.
The Comforter. Love him, for he is
good !

Fear him, for he is just ! Obey his will,
For who can bear his anger !

While he spake,
They stood with open mouth, and
motionless sight, 201

Watching his countenance, as though the voice
 Were of a God; for sure it seem'd that less
 Than inspiration could not have infused
 That eloquent passion in a blind man's face.
 And when he ceased, all eyes at once were turn'd
 Upon the Pabas, waiting their reply.
 If that to that acknowledged argument
 Reply could be devised. But they themselves,
 Stricken by the truth, were silent; and they look'd 210
 Toward their chief and mouth-piece, the High Priest
 Tezozomoc; he too was pale and mute,
 And when he gather'd up his strength to speak,
 Speech fail'd him, his lip falter'd, and his eye
 Fell utterly abash'd, and put to shame.
 But in the Chiefs, and in the multitude,
 And in the King of Aztlan, better thoughts
 Were working; for the Spirit of the Lord
 That day was moving in the heart of man. 219
 Coanocotzin rose: Pabas, and Chiefs,
 And men of Aztlan, ye have heard a talk
 Of peace and love, and there is no reply.
 Are ye content with what the Wise saith?
 And will ye worship God in that good way
 Which God himself ordains? If it be so,
 Together here will we in happy hour
 Bury the sword.
 Tezozomoc replied,
 This thing is new, and in the land till now
 Unheard: . . what marvel, therefore, if we find
 No ready answer? Let our Lord the King 230
 Do that which seemeth best.
 Yuhidthiton,
 Chief of the Chiefs of Aztlan, next arose.
 Of all her numerous sons, could Aztlan boast
 No mightier arm in battle, nor whose voice
 To more attentive silence hush'd the hall
 Of council. When the Wise Man spake, quoth he,
 I ask'd of mine own heart if it were so,
 And, as he said, the living instinct there
 Answer'd, and own'd the truth. In happy hour,
 O King of Aztlan, did the Ocean Lord
 Through the great waters hither wend his way; 241
 For sure he is the friend of God and man.
 With that an uproar of assent arose
 From the whole people, a tumultuous shout
 Of universal joy and glad acclaim.
 But when Coanocotzin raised his hand,
 That he might speak, the clamour and the buz
 Ceased, and the multitude, in tiptoe hope,
 Attent and still, await the final voice.
 Then said the Sovereign, Hear, O Aztecas, 250
 Your own united will! From this day forth
 No life upon the altar shall be shed,
 No blood shall flow in sacrifice; the rites
 Shall all be pure, such as the blind Old Man,
 Whom God hath taught, will teach. This ye have will'd;
 And therefore it shall be!
 The King hath said!
 Like thunder the collected voice replied:
 Let it be so!
 Lord of the Ocean, then
 Pursued the King of Aztlan, we will now
 Lay the war-weapon in the grave, and join 260
 In right-hand friendship. By our custom, blood
 Should sanctify and bind the solemn act;
 But by what oath and ceremony thou
 Shalt proffer, by the same will Aztlan swear.
 Nor oath, nor ceremony, I replied,
 O King, is needful. To his own good word
 The good and honourable man will act,
 Oaths will not curb the wicked. Here we stand

In the broad day-light ; the For-Ever
 One,
 The Every-Where beholds us. In his
 sight 270
 We join our hands in peace : if e'er again
 Should these right hands be raised in
 enmity,
 Upon the offender will his judgement fall.

The grave was dug ; Coanocotzin laid
 His weapon in the earth ; Erillyab's son,
 Young Amalahta, for the Hoamen, laid
 His hatchet there ; and there I laid the
 sword.

Here let me end. What follow'd was
 the work
 Of peace, no theme for story ; how we
 fix'd
 Our sojourn in the hills, and sow'd our
 fields, 280
 And, day by day, saw all things prosper-
 ing. [nounce
 Thence have I come, Goervyl, to an-
 The tidings of my happy enterprize ;
 There I return, to take thee to our home.
 I love my native land ; with as true love
 As ever yet did warm a British heart,
 Love I the green fields of the beautiful
 Isle,
 My father's heritage ! But far away,
 Where nature's booner hand has blest
 the earth,
 My lot hath been assign'd ; beyond the
 seas 290
 Madoc hath found his home ; beyond
 the seas
 A country for his children hath he
 chosen, [peace.
 A land wherein their portion may be

IX. EMMA

BUT while Aberfraw echoed to the
 sounds
 Of merriment and music, Madoc's heart
 Mourn'd for his brethren. Therefore,
 when no ear
 Was nigh, he sought the King, and said
 to him,
 To-morrow, for Mathraval I set forth ;
 Longer I must not linger here, to pass

The easy hours in feast and revelry,
 Forgetful of my people far away.
 I go to tell the tidings of success,
 And seek new comrades. What if it
 should chance 10
 That, for this enterprize, our brethren,
 Foregoing all their hopes and fortunes
 here,
 Would join my banner ? . . Let me send
 abroad
 Their summons, O my brother ! so
 secure,
 You may forgive the past, and once again
 Will peace and concord bless our
 father's house.

Hereafter will be time enow for this,
 The King replied ; thy easy nature sees
 not,
 How, if the traitors for thy banner send
 Their bidding round, in open war against
 me 20
 Their own would soon be spread. I
 charge thee, Madoc,
 Neither to see nor aid these fugitives,
 The shame of Owen's blood.
 Sullen he spake,
 And turn'd away ; nor farther commune
 now
 Did Madoc seek, nor had he more en-
 dured ;
 For bitter thoughts were rising in his
 heart,
 And anguish, kindling anger. In such
 mood
 He to his sister's chamber took his way.
 She sate with Emma, with the gentle
 Queen ;
 For Emma had already learnt to love
 The gentle maid. Goervyl saw what
 thoughts 31
 Troubled her brother's brow. Madoc,
 she cried,
 Thou hast been with the King, been
 rashly pleading
 For Ririd and for Rodri ! . . He replied,
 I did but ask him little, . . did but say,
 Belike our brethren would go forth with
 me,
 To voluntary exile ; then, methought,
 His fear and jealousy might well have
 And all be safe.

And did the King refuse ?
 Quoth Emma : I will plead for them,
 quoth she, 40
 With dutiful warmth and zeal will plead
 for them ;
 And surely David will not say me nay.

O sister ! cried Goervyl, tempt him
 not !
 Sister, you know him not ! Alas, to
 touch
 That perilous theme is, even in Madoc
 here,
 A perilous folly. . . Sister, tempt him
 not !
 You do not know the King !

But then a fear
 Fled to the cheek of Emma, and her eye,
 Quickening with wonder, turn'd toward
 the Prince,

As if expecting that his manly mind 50
 Would mould Goervyl's meaning to a
 shape

less ideal, would interpret and amend
 The words she hoped she did not hear
 aright.

Emma was young ; she was a sacrifice
 To that cold king-craft, which, in mar-
 riage-vows

Linking two hearts, unknowing each of
 each,

Perverts the ordinance of God, and
 makes

The holiest tie a mockery and a curse.
 Her eye was patient, and she spake in
 tones

So sweet and of so pensive gentleness,
 That the heart felt them. Madoc ! she
 exclaimed, 60

Why dost thou hate the Saxons ? O my
 brother,

If I have heard aright, the hour will
 come

When the Plantagenet shall wish hersel
 Among her nobler, happier countrymen,
 From these unnatural enmities escaped,
 And from the vengeance they must call
 from Heaven !

Shame then suffused the Prince's
 countenance,
 Mindful how, drunk in anger, he had
 given

His hatred loose. My sister Queen,
 quoth he, 70
 Marvel not you that with my mother's
 milk
 suck'd that hatred in. Have they not
 been

The scourge and the devouring sword of
 God,

The curse and pestilence which he hath
 sent

To root us from the land ? Alas, our
 crimes

Have drawn this dolorous visitation
 down !

Our sun hath long been westering ; and
 the night

And darkness and extinction are at
 hand.

We are a fallen people ! . . From our-
 selves

The desolation and the ruin come ; 80
 In our own vitals doth the poison
 work . .

The House that is divided in itself,
 How should it stand ? . . A blessing on
 you, Lady !

But in this wretched family the strife
 Is rooted all too deep ; it is an old
 And cankered wound, . . an eating,
 killing sore,

For which there is no healing. . . If the
 King

Should ever speak his fears, . . and sure
 to you

All his most inward thoughts he will
 make known, . .

Counsel him then to let his brethren
 share 90

My enterprize, to send them forth with
 me

To everlasting exile. . . She hath told you
 Too hardly of the King ; I know him
 well ;

He hath a stormy nature ; and what
 germs

Of virtue would have budded in his
 heart,

Cold winds have check'd, and blighting
 seasons nipt,

Yet in his heart they live. . . A blessing
 on you,

That you may see their blossom and
 their fruit !

X. MATHRAVAL

Now for Mathraval went Prince Madoc
 forth ;
 O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-
 paths,
 Beside grey mountain-stream, and lonely
 lake,
 And through old Snowdon's forest-
 solitude,
 He held right on his solitary way.
 Nor paused he in that rocky vale, where
 oft
 Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,
 His steed had hastened to the well-
 known door, . .
 That valley, o'er whose crags, and
 sprinkled trees,
 And winding stream, so oft his eye had
 loved 10
 To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,
 From Dolwyddelan's Tower ; . . alas !
 from thence
 As from his brother's monument, he
 turn'd
 A loathing eye, and through the rocky
 vale
 Sped on. From morn till noon, from
 noon till eve,
 He travelled on his way : and when at
 morn
 Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his
 steed,
 The heights of Snowdon on his back-
 glance
 Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er
 ath and hill
 And barren height he rode ; and darker
 now, 20
 In loftier majesty thy mountain-seat,
 Star-loving Idris, rose. Nor turn'd he
 now
 Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet
 Had trod Ednywain's hall ; nor loitered
 he
 In the green vales of Powys, till he
 came
 Where Wernwyl rolls its waters under-
 neath
 Ancient Mathraval's venerable walls,
 Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

But Madoc sprung not forward now
 to greet
 The chief he loved, for from Cyveilioc's
 hall 30
 The voice of harp and song commingled
 came ;
 It was that day the feast of victory
 there ;
 Around the Chieftain's board the
 warriors sate ;
 The sword and shield and helmet, on the
 wall
 And round the pillars, were in peace
 hung up ;
 And, as the flashes of the central fire
 At fits arose, a dance of wavy light
 Play'd o'er the reddening steel. The
 Chiefs, who late
 So well had wielded in the work of war
 Those weapons, sate around the board,
 to quaff 40
 The beverage of the brave, and hear
 their fame.
 Mathraval's Lord, the Poet and the
 Prince,
 Cyveilioc stood before them, . . in his
 pride ;
 His hands were on the harp, his eyes
 were closed,
 His head, as if in reverence to receive
 The inspiration, bent ; anon, he raised
 His glowing countenance and brighter
 eye,
 And swept with passionate hand the
 ringing harp.
 Fill high the Hirlas Horn ! to Gruffydd
 bear
 Its frothy beverage, . . from his crimson
 lance 50
 The invader fled ; . . fill high the gold-
 tipp'd Horn !
 Heard ye in Maelor the step of war . .
 The hastening shout . . the onset ? . .
 Did ye hear
 The clash and clang of arms . . the battle-
 din,
 Loud as the roar of Ocean, when the
 winds
 At midnight are abroad ? . . the yell of
 wounds . .
 The rage . . the agony ? . . Give to him
 the Horn

Whose spear was broken, and whose
 buckler pierced
 With many a shaft, yet not the less he
 fought
 And conquered; . . . therefore let Ed-
 nyved share 60
 The generous draught, give him the long
 blue Horn!
 Pour out again, and fill again the spoil
 Of the wild bull, with silver wrought of
 yore;
 And bear the golden lip to Tudyr's hand,
 Eagle of battle! For Moreiddig fill
 The honourable Hirlas! . . . Where are
 They?
 Where are the noble Brethren? Wolves
 of war,
 They kept their border well, they did
 their part,
 Their fame is full, their lot is praise and
 song. . .
 A mournful song to me, a song of woe! . .
 Brave Brethren! for their honour brim
 the cup, 71
 Which they shall quaff no more.
 We drove away
 The strangers from our land; profuse
 of life,
 Our warriors rush'd to battle, and the
 Sun
 Saw from his noontide fields their manly
 strife.
 Pour thou the flowing mead! Cup-
 bearer, fill
 The Hirlas! for hadst thou beheld the
 day
 Of Llïdom, thou hadst known how well
 the Chiefs
 Deserve this honour now. Cyveilioc's
 shield
 Were they in danger, when the Invader
 came; 80
 Be praise and liberty their lot on earth
 And joy be theirs in heaven!
 Here ceased the song;
 Then from the threshold on the rush-
 strewn floor
 Madoc advanced. Cyveilioc's eye was
 now
 To present forms awake, but even as
 still
 He felt his harp-chords throb with dying
 sounds,
 The heat and stir and passion had not
 yet
 Subsided in his soul. Again he struck
 The loud-toned harp. . . Pour from the
 silver vase,
 And brim the honourable Horn, and
 bear 90
 The draught of joy to Madoc, . . he who
 first
 Explored the desert ways of Ocean, first
 Through the wide waste of sea and sky,
 held on
 Undaunted, till upon another World,
 The Lord and Conqueror of the Elements,
 He set his foot triumphant? Fill for
 him
 The Hirlas! fill the honourable Horn!
 This for Mathraval is a happy hour,
 When Madoc, her hereditary guest,
 Appears within her honour'd walls
 again, 100
 Madoc, the British Prince, the Ocean
 Lord,
 Who never for injustice rear'd his arm;
 Whose presence fills the heart of every
 foe
 With fear, the heart of every friend with
 joy;
 Give him the Hirlas Horn, fill, till the
 draught
 Of joy shall quiver o'er the golden brim!
 In happy hour the hero hath return'd!
 In happy hour the friend, the brother
 treads
 Cyveilioc's floor!
 He sprung to greet his guest;
 The cordial grasp of fellowship was
 given; 110
 So in Mathraval there was double joy
 On that illustrious day; they gave their
 seat
 The seat of honour, and they fill'd for
 him
 The Hirlas Horn. Cyveilioc and his
 Chiefs,
 All eagerly, with wonder-waiting eyes,
 Look to the Wanderer of the Water's
 tale.
 Nor mean the joy which kindled Madoc's
 brow,
 When as he told of daring enterprize
 Crown'd with deserved success. Intent
 they heard

Of all the blessings of that happier
 clime ; 120
 And when the adventurer spake of soon
 return,
 Each on the other gazed, as if to say,
 Methinks it were a goodly lot to dwell
 In that fair land in peace.
 Then said the Prince
 Of Powys, Madoc, at an happy time
 Thou hast toward Mathraval bent thy
 way ;
 For on the morrow, in the eye of light,
 Our bards will hold their congress.
 Seekest thou
 Comrades to share success ? proclaim
 abroad
 Thine invitation there, and it will
 spread 130
 Far as our fathers' ancient tongue is
 known.
 Thus at Mathraval went the Hirlas
 round ;
 A happy day was that ! Of other
 years
 They talk'd, of common toils, and fields
 of war
 Where they fought side by side ; of
 Corwen's scene
 Of glory, and of comrades now no
 more : . .
 Themes of delight, and grief which
 brought its joy.
 Thus they beguiled the pleasant hours,
 while night
 Waned fast away ; then late they laid
 them down,
 Each on his bed of rushes, stretch'd
 around 140
 The central fire.
 The Sun was newly risen
 When Madoc join'd his host, no longer
 now
 Clad as the conquering chief of Maelor,
 In princely arms, but in his nobler
 robe,
 The sky-blue mantle of the Bard,
 arrayed.
 So for the place of meeting they set
 forth ;
 And now they reach'd Melangell's lonely
 church.
 Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,
 A garden and a grove, where every
 grave
 Was deck'd with flowers, or with un-
 fading plant- 150
 O'ergrown, sad rue, and funeral rose-
 mary.
 Here Madoc paused. The morn is
 young, quoth he,
 A little while to old remembrance given
 Will not belate us. . . Many a year hath
 fled,
 Cyveilioc, since you led me here, and
 told
 The legend of the Saint. Come ! . . he
 not loth !
 We will not loiter long. . . So soon to
 mount
 The bark, which will for ever bear me
 hence,
 I would not willingly pass by one spot
 Which thus recalls the thought of other
 times, 160
 Without a pilgrim's visit.
 Thus he spake,
 And drew Cyveilioc through the church-
 yard porch,
 To the rude image of Saint Monacel.
 Dost thou remember, Owen, said the
 Prince,
 When first I was thy guest in early
 youth,
 That once, as we had wandered here at
 eve,
 You told, how here a poor and hunted
 hare
 Ran to the Virgin's feet, and look'd to
 her
 For life ? . . I thought, when listening to
 the tale,
 She had a merciful heart, and that her
 face 170
 Must with a saintly gentleness have
 beam'd,
 When beasts could read its virtue. Here
 we sat
 Upon the jutting root of this old
 yewh. . .
 Dear friend ! so pleasant didst thou
 make those days,
 That in my heart, long as my heart shall
 beat,
 Minutest recollections still will live,
 Still be the source of joy.

As Madoc spake,
 His glancing eye fell on a monument,
 Around whose base the rosemary
 droop'd down,
 As yet not rooted well. Sculptured
 above, ¹⁸⁰
 A warrior lay; the shield was on his
 arm;
 Madoc approach'd, and saw the
 blazonry, . .
 A sudden chill ran through him, as he
 read,
 Here Yorwerth lies, . . it was his brother's
 grave.

Cyveilioc took him by the hand: For
 this,
 Madoc, was I so loth to enter here!
 He sought the sanctuary, but close upon
 him
 The murderers follow'd, and by yonder
 copse
 The stroke of death was given. All
 I could
 Was done; . . I saw him here consign'd
 to rest, ^{19~}
 Daily due masses for his soul are sung,
 And duly hath his grave been deck'd
 with flowers.

So saying, from the place of death he
 led
 The silent Prince. But lately, he pursued,
 Llewelyn was my guest, thy favourite
 boy.
 For thy sake and his own, it was my
 hope
 That at Mathraval he would make his
 home:
 He had not needed then a father's love.
 But he, I know not on what enterprize,
 Was brooding ever; and those secret
 thoughts ²⁰⁰
 Drew him away. God prosper the
 brave boy!
 It were a happy day for this poor land
 If e'er Llewelyn mount his rightful
 throne.

XI. THE GORSEDD

THE place of meeting was a high hill.
 top,
 Nor bower'd with trees nor broken by
 the plough,
 Remote from human dwellings and the
 stir
 Of human life, and open to the breath
 And to the eye of Heaven. In days of
 old,
 There had the circling stones been
 planted; there,
 From earliest ages, the primeval lore,
 Through Bard to Bard with reverence
 handed down:
 They whom to wonder, or the love of
 song,
 Or reverence of their fathers' ancient
 rites ²⁰
 Drew thither, stood without the ring of
 stones.
 Cyveilioc entered to the initiate Bards,
 Himself, albeit his hands were stain'd
 with war,
 Initiate; for the Order, in the lapse
 Of years and in their nation's long decline
 From the first rigour of their purity
 Somewhat had fallen. The Masters of
 the Song
 Were clad in azure robes, for in that hue
 Deduced from Heaven, which o'er a
 sinful world
 Spreads its eternal canopy serene, ²⁰
 Meet emblem did the ancient Sages see
 Of unity and peace and spotless truth.

Within the stones of Federation there,
 On the green turf, and under the blue
 sky,
 A noble band, the Bards of Britain
 stood,
 Their heads in reverence bare, and bare
 of foot.
 A deathless brotherhood! Cyveilioc
 there,
 Lord of the Hirlas; Llywarc there was
 seen,
 And old Cynddelow, to whose lofty song,
 So many a time amid his father's court
 Resigning up his soul, had Madoc given

The flow of feeling loose. But Madoc's heart
 Was full; old feelings and remembrances,
 And thoughts from which was no escape,
 He was not there to whose sweet lay, so oft,
 With all a brother's fond delight, he lov'd
 To listen, . . . Hoel was not there ! . . the hand
 That once so well, amid the triple chords,
 Moved in the rapid maze of harmony,
 It had no motion now; the lips were dumb
 Which knew all tones of passion; and that heart,
 That warm ebullient heart, was cold and still
 Upon its bed of clay. He look'd around,
 And there was no familiar countenance,
 None but Cynddelow's face, which he had learnt
 In childhood, and old age had set its mark,
 Making unsightly alteration there.
 Another generation had sprung up,
 And made him feel how fast the days of man
 Flow by, how soon their number is told out.
 He knew not then that Llywarc's lay should give
 His future fame; his spirit on the past
 Brooding, beheld with no forefeeling joy
 The rising sons of song, who there essay'd
 Their eaglet flight. But there among the youth
 In the green vesture of their earliest rank,
 Or with the aspirants clad in motley
 Young Benvras stood; and, one whose favoured race
 Heaven with the hereditary power had blest,
 The old Gowalehmai's not degenerate child;
 And there another Einion; gifted youths,
 And heirs of immortality on earth,
 Whose after-strains, through many a distant age
 Cambria shall boast, and love the songs that tell
 The fame of Owen's house.
 There, in the eye
 Of light and in the face of day, the rites
 Began. Upon the stone of Covenant
 First the sheathed sword was laid; the Master then
 Upraised his voice, and cried, Let them who seek
 The high degree and sacred privilege
 Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore,
 Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim!
 Thus having said, the Master bade the youths
 Approach the place of peace, and merit there
 The Bard's most honourable name.
 With that,
 Heirs and transmitters of the ancient light,
 The youths advanced; they heard the Cimbric lore,
 From earliest days preserved; they struck their harps,
 And each in due succession raised the song.
 Last of the aspirants, as of greener years,
 Young Caradoc advanced; his lip as yet
 Scarce darkened with its down, his flaxen locks
 Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving low;
 Bright were his large blue eyes, and kindled now
 With that same passion that inflamed his cheek;
 Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness
 Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away
 The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp,
 He, while his comrades in probation song
 Approved their claim, stood hearkening as it seem'd,
 And yet like unintelligible sounds
 He heard the symphony and voice attuned;

Even in such feelings as, all undefined,
 Come with the flow of waters to the
 soul,
 Or with the motions of the moonlight
 sky.
 But when his bidding came, he at the
 call
 Arising from that dreamy mood, ad-
 vanced,
 Threw back his mantle, and began the
 lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where
 his tribe
 The faithful? following their beloved
 chief, 100
 They the Green Islands of the Ocean

 Nor human tongue hath told, nor
 human ear,
 Since from the silver shores they went
 their way,
 Hath heard their fortunes. In his
 crystal Ark,
 Whither sail'd Merlin with his band of
 Bards,
 Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore?
 Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with
 life,
 Obedient to the mighty Master, reach'd
 The Land of the Departed; there, be-
 like,
 They in the clime of immortality, 110
 Themselves immortal, drink the gales of
 bliss,
 Which o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal
 spring,
 Blending whatever odours make the gale
 Of evening sweet, whatever melody
 Charms the wood-traveller. In their
 high roof'd halls
 There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel
 they
 The mingled joy pervade them? . . Or
 beneath
 The mid-sea waters, did that crystal
 Ark
 Down to the secret depths of Ocean
 plunge
 Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral
 bowers 120
 With Mermaid loves, teaching their
 paramours

The songs that stir the sea, or make the
 winds
 Hush, and the waves be still? In fields
 of joy
 Have they their home, where central
 fires maintain
 Perpetual summer, and an emerald
 light
 Pervades the green translucent element?

Twice have the sons of Britain left
 her shores,
 As the fledged eaglets quit their native
 nest;
 Twice over ocean have her fearless sons
 For ever sail'd away. Again they
 launch 130
 Their vessels to the deep. . . Who mounts
 the bark?
 The son of Owen, the beloved Prince,
 Who never for injustice rear'd his arm.
 Respect his enterprize, ye Ocean
 Waves!
 Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on
 his way!
 The Waves of Ocean, and the Winds of
 Heaven,
 Became his ministers, and Madoc found
 The world he sought.
 Who seeks the better land?
 Who mounts the vessel for a world of
 peace?
 He who hath felt the throb of pride, to
 hear 140
 Our old illustrious annals; who was
 taught
 To lisp the fame of Arthur, to revere
 Great Caratach's unconquer'd soul, and
 call
 That gallant chief his countryman, who
 led
 The wrath of Britain from her chalky
 shores
 To drive the Roman robber. He who
 loves
 His country, and who feels his country's
 shame;
 Whose bones amid a land of servitude
 Could never rest in peace; who if he
 saw
 His children slaves, would feel a pang in
 Heaven, . . 150
 He mounts the bark, to seek for liberty.

Who seeks the better land? The
wretched one
Whose joys are blasted all, whose heart
is sick,
Who hath no hope, to whom all change
is gain,
To whom remember'd pleasures strike
a pang
That only guilt should know, . . he
mounts the bark,
The Bard will mount the bark of banish-
ment;
The harp of Cambria shall in other
lands
Remind the Cambrian of his father's
fame; . .
The Bard will seek the land of liberty,
The world of peace. . . O Prince, receive
the Bard! 161

He ceased the song. His cheek, now
fever-flush'd,
Was turn'd to Madoc, and his asking
eye
Linger'd on him in hope: nor linger'd
long
The look expectant; forward sprung
the Prince,
And gave to Caradoc the right-hand
pledge,
And for the comrade of his enterprize,
With joyful welcome, hail'd the joyful
Bard.

Nor needed now the Searcher of the
Sea
Announce his enterprize, by Caradoc
In song announced so well; from man
to man 171
The busy murmur spread, while from
the Stone
Of Covenant the sword was taken up,
And from the Circle of the Ceremony
The Bards went forth, their meeting
now fulfil'd.
The multitude, unheeding all beside,
Of Madoc and his noble enterprize
Held stirring converse on their home-
ward way,
And spread abroad the tidings of a
Land,
Where Plenty dwelt with Liberty and
Peace. 180

XII. DINEVAWR

So in the court of Powys pleasantly,
With hawk and hound afield, and harp
in hall,
The days went by; till Madoc, for his
heart
Was with Cadwallon, and in early spring
Must he set forth to join him over-sea.
Took his constrain'd farewell. To
Dinevawr
He bent his way, whence many a time
with Rhys
Had he gone forth to smite the Saxon
foe.
The son of Owen greets his father's
friend
With reverential joy; nor did the Lord
Of Dinevawr with cold or deaden'd
heart 11
Welcome the Prince he loved; though
not with joy
Unmingled now, nor the proud con-
Which in the man of tried and approved
worth
Could bid an equal hail. Henry had
seen
The Lord of Dinevawr between his knees
Vow homage; yea, the Lord of Dine-
vawr
Had knelt in homage to that Saxon king,
Who set a price upon his father's head,
That Saxon, on whose soul his mother's
blood 20
Cried out for vengeance. Madoc saw
the shame
Which Rhys would fain have hidden,
and, in grief
For the degenerate land, rejoiced at
heart
That now another country was his home.
Musing on thoughts like these, did
Madoc roam
Alone along the Towy's winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollow'd
out
Their social place of dwelling, and had
damm'd
The summer-current with their perfect
art

Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.
 But as the floods of spring had broken
 down
 Their barrier, so its breaches unrepair'd
 Were left; and round the piles, which,
 deeper driven,
 Still held their place, the eddying waters
 whirl'd.
 Now in those habitations desolate
 One sole survivor dwelt: him Madoc
 saw,
 Labouring alone, beside his hermit
 house;
 And in that mood of melancholy
 thought, . . .
 For in his boyhood he had loved to
 watch
 Their social work, and for he knew that
 man
 In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out
 The poor community, . . the ominous
 sight
 Became a grief and burthen. Eve came
 on;
 The dry leaves rustled to the wind, and
 fell
 And floated on the stream; there was
 no voice
 Save of the mournful rooks, who over-
 head
 Wing'd their long line; for fragrance of
 sweet flowers,
 Only the odour of the autumnal
 leaves; . .
 All sights and sounds of sadness. . . And
 the place
 To that despondent mood was minis-
 trant; . .
 Among the hills of Gwyneth and its
 wilds
 And mountain glens, perforce he
 cherish'd still
 The hope of mountain liberty; they
 braced
 And knit the heart and arm of hardi-
 hood; . .
 But here, in these green meads, by these
 low slopes
 And hanging groves, attemper'd to the
 scene,
 His spirit yielded. As he loiter'd on,
 There came toward him one in peasant
 garb,
 And call'd his name; . . he started at the
 sound,
 For he had heeded not the man's ap-
 proach;
 And now that sudden and familiar voice
 Came on him, like a vision. So he stood
 Gazing, and knew him not in the dim
 light,
 Till he again cried, Madoc! . . then he
 woke,
 And knew the voice of Ririd, and sprang
 on,
 And fell upon his neck, and wept for joy
 And sorrow.
 O my brother! Ririd cried,
 Long, very long it is since I have heard
 The voice of kindness! . . Let me go
 with thee!
 I am a wanderer in my father's land, . .
 Hoel he kill'd, and Yorwerth hath he
 slain;
 Llewelyn hath not where to hide his
 head
 In his own kingdom; Rodri is in
 chains; . .
 Let me go with thee, Madoc, to some
 land
 Where I may look upon the sun, nor
 dread
 The light that may betray me; where
 at night
 I may not, like a hunted beast, rouse up,
 If the leaves rustle over me.
 The Lord
 Of Ocean struggled with his swelling
 heart.
 Let me go with thee? . . but thou didst
 not doubt
 Thy brother? . . Let thee go? . . with
 what a joy,
 Ririd, would I collect the remnant left, . .
 The wretched remnant now of Owen's
 house,
 And mount the bark of willing banish-
 ment,
 And leave the tyrant to his Saxon
 friends,
 And to his Saxon yoke! . . I urged him
 thus,
 Curb'd down my angry spirit, and be-
 sought
 Only that I might bid our brethren
 come,

And share my exile; . . and he spurn'd
 my prayer! . .
 Thou hast a gentle pleader at his court;
 She may prevail; till then abide thou
 here; . .
 But not in this, the garb of fear and
 guilt.
 Come thou to Dinevawr, . . assume thy-
 self; . .
 The good old Rhys will bid thee wel-
 come there,
 And the great Palace, like a sanctuary,
 Is safe. If then Queen Emma's plea
 should fail,
 My timely bidding hence shall summon
 thee,
 When I shall spread the sail. . . Nay,
 hast thou learnt
 Suspicion? . . Rhys is noble, and no
 deed
 Of treachery ever sullied his fair fame!

Madoc then led his brother to the hall
 Of Rhys. I bring to thee a suppliant,
 O King, he cried; thou wert my father's
 friend!

And till our barks be ready in the
 spring,

I know that here the persecuted son
 Of Owen will be safe.

A welcome guest!

The old warrior cried; by his good
 father's soul,

He is a welcome guest at Dinevawr!

And rising as he spake, he pledged his
 hand

In hospitality. . . How now! quoth he,
 This raiment ill befits the princely
 son

Of Owen! . . Ririd at his words was led
 Apart; they wash'd his feet, they gave
 to him

Fine linen as befitting his royal race,
 The tunic of soft texture woven well,
 The broider'd girdle, the broad mantle
 edged

With fur, and flowing low, the bonnet
 last,

Form'd of some forest martin's costly
 spoils.

The Lord of Dinevawr sat at the dice
 With Madoc, when he saw him thus
 array'd,

Returning to the hall. Ay! this is
 well!

The noble Chief exclaim'd: 'tis as of
 yore,

When in Aberfraw, at his father's
 board,

We sat together, after we had won
 Peace and rejoicing with our own right

By Corwen, where, commixt with Saxon
 blood,

Along its rocky channel the dark Dee
 Roll'd darker waters. . . Would that all
 his house

Had, in their day of trouble, thought of
 me,

And honour'd me like this! David
 respects

Deheubarth's strength, nor would re-
 spect it less,

When such protection leagued its cause
 with Heaven.

I had forgot his messenger! quoth he,
 Arising from the dice. Go, bid him
 here!

He came this morning at an ill-starr'd
 hour,

To Madoc he pursued; my lazy grooms
 Had let the hounds play havoc in my
 flock,

And my old blood was chafed. I'faith,
 the King

Hath chosen well his messenger: . . he
 saw

That in such mood, I might have ren-
 der'd him

A hot and hasty answer, and hath
 waited,

Perhaps to David's service and to
 mine,

My better leisure.

Now the Messenger

Enter'd the hall; Goagan of Powys-
 land,

He of Caer-Einion was it, who was
 charged

From Gwyneth to Deheubarth; a brave
 man

Of copious speech. He told the royal son
 Of Gryffid, the descendant of the line

Of Rhys-ab-Tudyr mawr, that he
 came there

From David, son of Owen, of the stock
Of kingly Cynan. I am sent, said he,
With friendly greeting; and as I receive
Welcome and honour, so, in David's
name,
Am I to thank the Lord of Dinevawr.

Tell on! quoth Rhys, the purport and
the cause
Of this appeal?

Of late, some fugitives
Came from the South to Mona, whom
the King
Received with generous welcome. Some
there were
Who blamed his royal goodness; for
they said,
These were the subjects of a rival
Prince, 160
Who, peradventure, would with no such
bounty
Cherish a northern suppliant. This they
urged,
I know not if from memory of old feuds,
Better forgotten, or in envy. Moved
Hereby, King David swore he would not
rest
Till he had put the question to the
proof,
Whether with liberal honour the Lord
Rhys
Would greet his messenger; but none
was found
Of all who had instill'd that evil doubt,
Ready to bear the embassy: I heard it,
And did my person tender, . . . for I
knew 171
The nature of Lord Rhys of Dinevawr.

Well! quoth the Chief, Goagan of
Powys-land,
This honourable welcome that thou
seekest
Wherein may it consist?

In giving me,
Goagan of Powys-land replied, a horse
Better than mine, to bear me home; a
suit
Of seemly raiment, and ten marks in
coin,
With raiment and two marks for him
who leads
My horse's bridle.

For his sake, said Rhys,
Who sent thee, thou shalt have the
noblest steed 181
In all my studs, . . . I double thee the
marks,
And give the raiment threefold. More
than this, . . .
Say thou to David, that the guests who
sit
At board with me, and drink of my own
cup,
Are Madoc and Lord Ririd. Tell the
King,
That thus it is Lord Rhys of Dinevawr
Delighteth to do honour to the sons
Of Owen, of his old and honour'd friend.

XIII. LLEWELYN

FAREWELL, my brother, cried the Ocean
Chief;
A little while farewell! as through the
gate
Of Dinevawr he pass'd, to pass again
That hospitable threshold never more.
And thou too, O thou good old man, true
friend
Of Owen, and of Owen's house, farewell!
'Twill not be told me, Rhys, when thy
grey hairs
Are to the grave gone down; but often-
times
In the distant world I shall remember
thee,
And think that, come thy summons
when it may, 19
Thou wilt not leave a braver man
behind. . .
Now God be with thee, Rhys!
The old Chief paused
A moment ere he answer'd, as for pain;
Then shaking his hoar head, I never yet
Gave thee this hand unwillingly before!
When for a guest I spread the board, my
heart
Will think on him, whom ever with
most joy
It leapt to welcome: should I lift again
The spear against the Saxon, . . . for old
Rhys
Hath that within him yet, that could
uplift 20

The Cimbric spear, . . I then shall wish
his aid,
Who oft has conquer'd with me : when
I kneel
In prayer to Heaven, an old man's
prayer shall beg
A blessing on thee !

Madoc answer'd not,
But press'd his hand in silence, then
sprang up
And spurr'd his courser on. A weary
way,
Through forest and o'er fell, Prince
Madoc rode ;

And now he skirts the bay whose reck-
less waves

Roll o'er the plain of Gwaelod : fair
fields

And busy towns and happy villages, so
They overwhelm'd in one disastrous
day ;

For they by their eternal siege had
sapp'd

The bulwark of the land, while Seithenyn
Took of his charge no thought, till in his
sloth

And riotous cups surprised, he saw the
waves

Roll like an army o'er the levell'd
mound.

A supplicant in other courts, he mourn'd
His crime and ruin ; in another's court
The kingly harp of Garanhir was heard,
Wailing his kingdom wreck'd ; and
many a Prince, 40

Warn'd by the visitation, sought and
gain'd

A saintly crown, Tyneio, Merini,
Boda and Brenda and Aëlgvarch,
Gwynon and Celynin and Gwynodyl.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean
bound ;

Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil
Did many a Chief and many a Saint
repose,

His great progenitors. He mounts the
skiff ;

Her canvass swells before the breeze, the
sea

Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon
the Lord 50

Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck
to stain

The azure heaven ; the blessed Sun alone
In unapproachable divinity

Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue
sky,

The billows heave ! one glowing green
expanse,

Save where along the bending line of
shore

Such hue is thrown, as when the pea-
cock's neck

Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the
flocks 61

Of Ocean are abroad : like floating
foam

The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the
waves ;

With long protruded neck the cor-
morants

Wing their far flight aloft, and round
and round

The plovers wheel, and give their note
of joy.

It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling : even the insect
swarms

From their dark nooks and coverts
issued forth,

To sport through one day of existence
more ; 70

The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause
to mourn

Its bleak autumnal birth ; the Rocks,
and Shores,

The Forest and the everlasting Hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine, . . they
partook

The universal blessing.

To this Isle,
Where his forefathers were to dust con-
sign'd,

Did Madoc come for natural piety,
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.

Therefore for this the Church that day
was drest : 80

For this the Abbot, in his alb arrayed,
At the high altar stood ; for this infused,
Sweet incense from the waving thuri-
bule

Rose like a mist, and the grey brother-
 hood
 Chaunted the solemn mass. And now
 on high
 The mighty Mystery had been elevate,
 And now around the graves the brethren
 In long array proceed : each in his hand,
 Tall as the staff of some wayfaring man,
 Bears the brown taper, with their day-
 light flames 90
 Dimming the cheerful day. Before the
 train
 The Cross is borne, where, fashion'd to
 the life
 In shape and size and ghastly colouring,
 The awful Image hangs. Next, in its
 shrine
 Of gold and crystal, by the Abbot held,
 The mighty Mystery came ; on either
 hand
 Three Monks uphold above, on silver
 wands,
 The purple pall. With holy water next
 A father went, therewith from hyssop
 branch
 Sprinkling the graves ; the while, with
 one accord, 100
 The solemn psalm of mercy all intoned.

Pure was the faith of Madoc, though
 his mind
 To all this pomp and solemn circum-
 stance
 Yielded a willing homage. But the
 place
 Was holy ; . . the dead air, which under-
 neath
 Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
 Nor the free motion of the elements,
 Chilly and damp, infused associate awe :
 The sacred odours of the incense still
 Floated ; the daylight and the taper-
 flames 110
 Commingled, dimming each, and each
 bedimm'd ;
 And as the slow procession paced along,
 Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
 The regular foot-fall sounded : swelling
 now,
 Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
 Rung through the echoing aisles ; and
 when it ceased,
 The silence of that huge and sacred pile

Came on the heart. What wonder if the
 Prince
 Yielded his homage there ? the in-
 fluences
 Of that sweet autumn day made every
 sense 120
 Alive to every impulse, . . and beneath
 The stones whereon he stood, his an-
 cestors
 Were mouldering, dust to dust. Father !
 quoth he,
 When now the rites were ended, . . far
 away
 It hath been Madoc's lot to pitch his
 tent
 On other shores ; there, in a foreign
 land,
 Far from my father's burial-place, must I
 Be laid to rest ; yet would I have my
 name
 Be held with theirs in memory. I be-
 seech you,
 Have this a yearly rite for evermore, 130
 As I will leave endowment for the same,
 And let me be remember'd in the prayer.
 The day shall be a holy day with me,
 While I do live ; they who come after
 me
 Will hold it holy ; it will be a bond
 Of love and brotherhood, when all be-
 side
 Hath been dissolved ; and though wide
 ocean rolls
 Between my people and their mother
 Isle,
 This shall be their communion. They
 shall send,
 Link'd in one sacred feeling at one hour,
 In the same language, the same prayer
 to Heaven, 141
 And each remembering each in piety,
 Pray for the other's welfare.

The old man
 Partook that feeling, and some pious
 tears
 Fell down his aged cheek. Kinsman
 and son,
 It shall be so ! said he ; and thou shalt
 be
 Remember'd in the prayer : nor then
 alone ;
 But till my sinking sands be quite run
 out,

This feeble voice shall, from its solitude,
Go up for thee to Heaven !

And now the bell
Rung out its cheerful summons ; to the
hall, 151

In seemly order, pass the brotherhood :
The serving-men wait with the ready
ewer ;

The place of honour to the Prince is
given,

The Abbot's right-hand guest ; the
viands smoke,

The horn of ale goes round : and now,
the cates

Removed, for days of festival reserved,
Comes choicer beverage, clary, hippocras,
And mead mature, that to the goblet's
brim

Sparkles and sings and smiles. It was
a day 160

Of that allowable and temperate mirth
Which leaves a joy for memory. Madoc
told

His tale ; and thus, with question and
reply

And cheerful intercourse, from noon till
nones

The brethren sate ; and when the quire
was done,

Renew'd their converse till the vesper
bell.

But then the Porter call'd Prince
Madoc out,

To speak with one, he said, who from
the land

Had sought him and required his private
ear.

Madoc in the moonlight met him : in his
hand 170

The stripling held an oar, and on his
back,

Like a broad shield, the coracle was
hung.

Uncle ! he cried, and with a gush of
tears,

Sprung to the glad embrace.

O my brave boy !
Llewelyn ! my dear boy ! with stifled
voice,

And interrupted utterance, Madoc cried ;
And many times he clasped him to his
breast,

And many times drew back and gazed
upon him,

Wiping the tears away which dimm'd
the sight,

And told him how his heart had yearn'd
for him, 180

As with a father's love, and bade him
now

Forsake his lonely haunts and come with
him,

And sail beyond the seas and share his
fate.

No ! by my God ! the high-hearted
youth replied,

It never shall be said Llewelyn left
His father's murderer on his father's
throne !

I am the rightful king of this poor
land. . .

Go thou, and wisely go ; but I must
stay,

That I may save my people. Tell me,
Uncle, 189

The story of thy fortunes ; I can hear it
Here in this lonely Isle, and at this hour,
Securely.

Nay, quoth Madoc, tell me first
Where are thy haunts and coverts, and
what hope

Thou hast to bear thee up ? Why goest
thou not

To thy dear father's friend in Powys-
land,

There at Mathraval would Cyveilioc give
A kinsman's welcome ; or at Dinevawr,

The guest of honour shouldst thou be
with Rhys ;

And he belike from David might obtain
Some recompence, though poor.

What recompence ?
Exclaim'd Llewelyn ; what hath he to
give, 201

But life for life ? and what have I to
claim

But vengeance, and my father Yor-
werth's throne ?

If with aught short of this my soul could
rest,

Would I not through the wide world
follow thee,

Dear Uncle ! and fare with thee, well
or ill,

And show to thine old age the tender-
 ness
 My childhood found from thee ! . . What
 hopes I have
 Let time display. Have thou no fear
 for me !
 My bed is made within the ocean caves,
 Of sea-weeds, bleach'd by many a sun
 and shower ; 211
 I know the mountain dens, and every
 hold
 And fastness of the forest ; and I
 know, . .
 What troubles him by day and in his
 dreams, . .
 There's many an honest heart in
 Gwyneth yet !
 But tell me thine adventure ; that will be
 A joy to think of in long winter nights,
 When stormy billows make my lullaby.

So as they walk'd along the moonlight
 shore,
 Did Madoc tell him all ; and still he
 strove, 220
 By dwelling on that noble end and aim,
 That of his actions was the heart and
 life,
 To win him to his wish. It touch'd the
 youth ;
 And when the Prince had ceased, he
 heaved a sigh,
 Long-drawn and deep, as if regret were
 there.
 No, no ! he cried, it must not be ! lo
 yonder
 My native mountains, and how beautiful
 They rest in the moonlight ! I was nurst
 among them ;
 They saw my sports in childhood, they
 have seen
 My sorrows, they have saved me in the
 hour 230
 Of danger ; . . I have vow'd, that as they
 were
 My cradle, they shall be my monu-
 ment ! . .
 But we shall meet again, and thou wilt
 find me,
 When next thou visitest thy native Isle,
 King in Aberfraw !
 Never more, Llewelyn,
 Madoc replied, shall I behold the shores

Of Britain, nor will ever tale of me
 Reach the Green Isle again. With fear-
 ful care 238
 I chuse my little company, and leave
 No traces of our path, where Violence,
 And bloody Zeal, and bloodier Avarice
 Might find their blasting way.
 If it be so, . .
 And wise is thy resolve, the youth
 replied,
 Thou wilt not know my fate ; . . but
 this be sure,
 It shall not be inglorious. I have in me
 A hope from Heaven. . . Give me thy
 blessing, Uncle !

Llewelyn, kneeling on the sand, em-
 braced
 His knees, with lifted head and stream-
 ing eyes
 Listening. He rose, and fell on Madoc's
 neck,
 And clasp'd him, with a silent agony, . .
 Then launch'd his coracle, and took his
 way, 251
 A lonely traveller on the moonlight sea.

XIV. LLAIAN

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy
 Isle,
 And homeward to Aberfraw, through
 the wilds
 Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
 He turn'd aside, by natural impulses
 Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely
 hut.
 That lonely dwelling stood among the
 hills,
 By a grey mountain-stream ; just ele-
 vate
 Above the winter torrents did it stand,
 Upon a craggy bank ; an orchard slope
 Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
 In early summer, when those antic trees
 Shone with their blushing blossoms, and
 the flax 12
 Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest
 green.
 But save the flax-field and that orchard
 slope,

All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale which
wound

Among the hills was grey with rocks,
that peer'd

Above its shallow soil; the mountain
side

Was loose with stones bestrewn, which
oftentimes

Clattered adown the steep, beneath the
foot

Of straggling goat dislodged; or
tower'd with crags,

One day, when winter's work hath
loosen'd them,

To thunder down. All things assorted
well

With that grey mountain hue; the low
stone lines,

Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of
man,

The dwelling rudely rear'd with stones
unhewn,

The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees
Grey with their fleecy moss and missel-
toe,

The white-bark'd birch now leafless, and
the ash

Whose knotted roots were like the rifted
rock,

Through which they forced their way.
Adown the vale,

Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream.

When Madoc came,
A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might
see them

Whirl in the eddy now, and now be
driven

Down the descent, now on the smother
stream

Sail onward far away. But when he
heard

The horse's tramp, he raised his head
and watch'd

The Prince, who now dismounted and
drew nigh.

The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,
His bright blue eyes; the wind just
moved the curls

That cluster'd round his brow; and so
he stood,

His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his
hand,

And now had ask'd his name, and if he
dwelt

There in the hut, when from that
cottage-door

A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopt,
With such a fear, . . . for she had cause
for fear, . . .

As when a bird returning to her nest, 50
Turns to a tree beside, if she behold

Some prying boy too near the dear
retreat.

Howbeit, advancing soon, she now ap-
proach'd

The approaching Prince, and timidly
enquired,

If on his wayfare he had lost the track,
That thither he had strayed. Not so,
replied

The gentle Prince; but having known
this place,

And its old habitants, I came once more
To see the lonely hut among the hills.
Hath it been long your dwelling?

Some few years
Here we have dwelt, quoth she, my
child and I.

Will it please you enter, and partake
such fare

As we can give? Still timidly she spake,
But gathering courage from the gentle
mien

Of him with whom she conversed.
Madoc thank'd

Her friendly proffer, and toward the hut
They went, and in his arms he took the
boy.

Who is his father? said the Prince, but
wish'd

The word unutter'd; for thereat her
cheek

Was flush'd with sudden heat and
manifest pain;

And she replied, He perish'd in the war.

They enter'd now her home; she
spread the board,

And set before her guest soft curds, and
cheese

Of curd-like whiteness, with no foreign
dye

MADOC IN WALES

Adulterate, and what fruits the orchard
gave,
And that old British beverage which
the bees
Had toil'd to purvey all the summer
long.

Three years, said Madoc, have gone by,
since here

I found a timely welcome, overworn
With toil and sorrow and sickness : . .
three long years !

'Twas when the battle had been waged
hard by,

Upon the plain of Arvon.

She grew pale,
Suddenly pale ; and seeing that he
mark'd

The change, she told him, with a feeble
voice,

That was the fatal fight which widow'd
her.

O Christ, cried Madoc, 'tis a grief to
think
How many a gallant Briton died that
day,

In that accursed strife ! I trod the field
When all was over, . . I beheld them
heap'd . .

Ay, like ripe corn within the reaper's
reach,

Strewn round the bloody spot where
Hoel lay ;

Brave as he was, himself cut down at
last,

Oppress'd by numbers, gash'd with
wounds, yet still

Clenching in his dead hand the broken
sword ! . .

But you are moved, . . you weep at what
I tell.

Forgive me, that renewing my own grief,
I should have waken'd yours ! Did you
then know

Prince Hoel ?

She replied, Oh no ! my lot
Was humble, and my loss a humble one ;
Yet was it all to me ! They say, quoth
she, . .

And, as she spake, she struggled to
forth

With painful voice the interrupted
words, . .

They say Prince Hoel's body was not
found ;

But you who saw him dead perchance
can tell

Where he was laid, and by what friendly
hand.

Even where he fell, said Madoc, is his
grave ;

For he who buried him was one whose
faith

Reck'd not of boughten prayers, nor
passing bell.

There is a hawthorn grows beside the
place,

A solitary tree, nipt by the winds, 110

That it doth seem a fitting monument

For one untimely slain . . But wherefore
dwell we

On this ungrateful theme ?

He took a harp
Which stood beside, and passing o'er its
chords

Made music. At the touch the child
drew nigh,

Pleased by the sound, and leant on
Madoc's knee,

And bade him play again. So Madoc
play'd,

For he had skill in minstrelsy, and
raised

His voice, and sung Prince Hoel's lay of
love.

I have harness'd thee, my Steed of
shining grey, 120

And thou shalt bear me to the dear
white walls.

I love the white walls by the verdant
bank,

That glitter in the sun, where Bashful-
ness

Watches the silver sea-mew sail along.

I love that glittering dwelling, where we
hear

The ever-sounding billows ; for there
dwells

The shapely Maiden, fair as the sea-
spray,

Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,
Or summer evening's glow. I pine for

her ;
In crowded halls my spirit is with her ;

Through the long sleepless night I think
 on her ; 131
 And happiness is gone, and health is lost,
 And fled the flush of youth, and I am pale
 As the pale ocean on a sunless morn.
 I pine away for her, yet pity her,
 That she should spurn so true a love as
 mine.

He ceased, and laid his hand upon the
 child, . .
 And didst thou like the song ? The child
 replied, . .
 Oh yes ! it is a song my mother loves,
 And so I love it too. He stooped and
 kiss'd 140
 The boy, who still was leaning on his
 knee,
 Already grown familiar. I should like
 To take thee with me, quoth the Ocean
 Lord,
 Over the seas.

Thou art Prince Madoc, then ! . .
 The mother cried, . . thou art indeed the
 Prince !
 That song . . that look . . and at his feet
 she fell,
 Crying . . Oh take him, Madoc ! save
 the child !
 Thy brother Hoel's orphan !

Long it was
 Ere that in either agitated heart
 The tumult could subside. One while
 the Prince 150
 Gazed on the child, tracing intently
 there
 His brother's lines ; and now he caught
 him up,
 And kiss'd his cheek, and gazed again
 till all
 Was dim and dizzy, . . then blest God,
 and vow'd
 That he should never need a father's
 love.

At length when copious tears had now
 relieved
 Her burthen'd heart, and many a broken
 In tears had died away, O Prince, she
 cried,
 Long hath it been my dearest prayer to
 heaven,

That I might see thee once, and to thy
 love 160
 Commit this friendless boy ! For many
 a time,
 In phrase so fond did Hoel tell thy worth
 That it hath waken'd misery in me
 To think I could not as a sister claim
 Thy love ! and therefore was it that till
 now

Thou knew'st me not ; for I entreated
 him
 That he would never let thy virtuous eye
 Look on my guilt, and make me feel my
 shame.
 Madoc, I did not dare to see thee then.
 Thou wilt not scorn me now, . . for I
 have now 170
 Forgiven myself ; and, while I here
 perform'd
 A mother's duty in this solitude,
 Have felt myself forgiven.

With that she clasp'd
 His hand, and bent her face on it and
 wept.
 Anon collecting she pursued, . . My name
 Is Llaian : by the chance of war I fell
 Into his power, when all my family
 Had been cut off, all in one hour of blood.
 He saved me from the ruffian's hand, he
 sooth'd
 With tenderest care my sorrow. . . You
 can tell 180
 How gentle he could be, and how his eyes,
 So full of life and kindness, could win
 All hearts to love him. Madoc, I was

I had no living friend ; . . and when I
 gave
 This infant to his arms, when with such
 joy
 He view'd it o'er and o'er again, and
 press'd
 A father's kiss upon its cheek, and turn'd
 To me, and made me feel more deeply
 yet
 A mother's deep delight, . . oh ! I was
 proud
 To think my child in after years should
 say, 190

Prince Hoel was his father !
 Thus I dwelt
 In the white dwelling by the verdant
 bank, . .

MADOC IN WALES

Though not without my melancholy
hours,

Happy. The joy it was when I beheld
His steed of shining grey come hastening
on,

Across the yellow sand! . . . Alas, ere long,
King Owen died. I need not tell thee,
Madoc,

With what a deadly and forefeeling fear
I heard how Hoel seized his father's
throne,

Nor with what ominous woe I welcomed
him, 200

In that last little miserable hour
Ambition gave to love. I think his
heart,

Brave as it was, misgave him. When
I spake

Of David and my fears, he smiled upon
me;

But 'twas a smile that came not from
the heart, . . .

A most ill-boding smile! . . . O Madoc!
Madoc!

You know not with what misery I saw
His parting steps, . . . with what a dread-
ful hope

I watch'd for tidings! . . . And at length
it came, . . .

Came like a thunderbolt! . . . I sought the
field! 210

O Madoc, there were many widows there,
But none with grief like mine! I look'd
around;

I dragg'd aside the bodies of the dead,
To search for him, in vain; . . . and then
a hope

Seized me, which it was agony to lose!

Night came. I did not heed the
storm of night;

But for the sake of this dear babe, I
sought

Shelter in this lone hut: 'twas desolate;
And when my reason had return'd, I
thought

That here the child of Hoel might be
safe, 220

Till we could claim thy care. But thou,
meantime,

Didst go to roam the Ocean; so I learnt
To bound my wishes here. The
carkanet,

The embroider'd girdle, and what other
gauds

Were once my vain adornments, soon
were changed

For things of profit, goats and bees, and
this,

The tuneful solace of my solitude.
Madoc, the harp is as a friend to me;

I sing to it the songs which Hoel loved,
And Hoel's own sweet lays; it comforts
me, 230

And gives me joy in grief.
Often I grieved,

To think the son of Hoel should grow up
In this unworthy state of poverty;

Till Time, who softens all regrets, had
worn

That vain regret away, and I became
Humbly resign'd to God's unerring will.

To him I look'd for healing, and he
pour'd

His balm into my wounds. I never
form'd

A prayer for more, . . . and lo! the happi-
ness

Which he hath, of his mercy, sent me
now! 240

XV. THE EXCOMMUNICATION

On Madoc's docile courser Llaian sits,
Holding her joyful boy; the Prince
beside

Paces afoot, and like a gentle Squire
Leads her loose bridle; from the saddle-
bow

His shield and helmet hang, and with
the lance,

Stafflike, he stay'd his steps. Before
the sun

Had climb'd his southern eminence,
they left

The mountain feet; and hard by Bangor
now,

Travelling the plain before them they
espy

A lordly cavalcade, for so it seem'd, 10
Of knights, with hawk in hand and
hounds in leash,

Squires, pages, serving-men, and armed
grooms,

And many a sumpter-beast and laden
wain,
Far following in the rear. The bravery
Of glittering bauldricks and of high-
plumed crests,
Embroider'd surcoats and emblazon'd
shields,
And lances whose long streamers play'd
aloft,
Made a rare pageant, as with sound of
trump,
Tambour and cittern, proudly they went
on ;
And ever, at the foot-fall of their steeds,
The tinkling horse-bells, in rude sym-
phony,
Accorded with the joy.

What have we here ?
Quoth Madoc then to one who stood
beside
The threshold of his osier-woven hut.
'Tis the great Saxon Prelate, he return'd,
Come hither for some end, I wist not
what,
Only be sure no good ! . . How stands
the tide ?
Said Madoc ; can we pass ? . . 'Tis even
at the flood,
The man made answer, and the Monas-
tery
Will have no hospitality to spare 30
For one of Wales to-day. Be ye content
To guest with us.

He took the Prince's sword :
The daughter of the house brought
water then,
And wash'd the stranger's feet ; the
board was spread,
And o'er the bowl they communed of
the days
Ere ever Saxon set his hateful foot
Upon the beautiful Isle.

As so they sate,
The bells of the Cathedral rung abroad
Unusual summons. What is this ? ex-
claim'd
Prince Madoc : let us see ! . . Forthwith
they went, 40
He and his host, their way. They found
the rites
Begun ; the mitred Baldwin, in his
hand
Holding a taper, at the altar stood.

Let him be cursed ! . . were the words
which first
Assail'd their ears, . . living and dead,
in limb
And life, in soul and body, be he curst
Here and hereafter ! Let him feel the
curse
At every moment, and in every act,
By night and day, in waking and in
sleep !
We cut him off from Christian fellow-
ship ; 50
Of Christian sacraments we deprive his
soul ;
Of Christian burial we deprive his corpse ;
And when that carrion to the Fiends is
left

In unprotected earth, thus let his soul
Be quench'd in hell !
He dash'd upon the floor
His taper down, and all the ministring
Priests
Extinguish'd each his light, to consum-
mate
The imprecation.

Whom is it ye curse,
Cried Madoc, with these horrors ? They
replied,
The contumacious Prince of Powys-
land, 60
Cyveilioc.

What ! quoth Madoc, and
his eye
Grew terrible, . . Who is he that sets his
foot
In Gwyneth, and with hellish forms like
Dare outrage here Mathraval's noble
Lord ?
We wage no war with women nor with
Priests ;
But if there be a knight amid your train,
Who will stand forth, and speak before
my face
Dishonour of the Prince of Powys-land,
Lo ! here stand I, Prince Madoc, who
will make
That slanderous wretch cry craven in
the dust, 70
And eat his lying words !

Be temperate !
Quoth one of Baldwin's Priests, who,
Briton born,

Had known Prince Madoc in his father's
 court;
 It is our charge, throughout this Chris-
 tian land,
 To call upon all Christian men to join
 The armies of the Lord, and take the
 cross;
 That so, in battle with the Infidels,
 The palm of victory or of martyrdom,
 Glorious alike, may be their recompense.
 This holy badge, whether in godless
 scorn, 80
 Or for the natural blindness of his heart,
 Cyveilioc hath refused; thereby in-
 curring
 The pain, which, not of our own impulse,
 we
 Inflict upon his soul, but at the will
 Of our most holy Father, from whose
 word
 Lies no appeal on earth.
 'Tis well for thee,
 Intemperate Prince! said Baldwin, that
 our blood
 Flows with a calmer action than thine
 own!
 Thy brother David hath put on the
 cross,
 To our most pious warfare piously 90
 Pledging his kingly sword. Do thou
 the like,
 And for this better object lay aside
 Thine other enterprize, which, lest it rob
 Judea of one single Christian arm,
 We do condemn as sinful. Follow thou
 The banner of the Church to Palestine;
 So shalt thou expiate this rash offence,
 Against the which we else should ful-
 minate
 Our ire, did we not see in charity, 99
 And therefore rather pity than resent,
 The rudeness of this barbarous land.
 At that,
 Scorn tempering wrath, yet anger
 sharpening scorn,
 Madoc replied, Barbarians as we are,
 Lord Prelate, we received the law of
 Christ
 Many a long age before your pirate sires
 Had left their forest dens; nor are we
 now
 To learn that law from Norman or from
 Dane,

Saxon, Jute, Angle, or whatever name
 Suit best your mongrel race! Ye think,
 perchance,
 That like your own poor woman-hearted
 King, 110
 We too in Gwyneth are to take the yoke
 Of Rome upon our necks; . . but you
 may tell
 Your Pope, that when I sail upon the
 I shall not strike a topsail for the breath
 Of all his maledictions!
 Saying thus,
 He turn'd away, lest farther speech
 might call
 Farther reply, and kindle farther wrath,
 More easy to avoid than to allay.
 Therefore he left the church; and soon
 his mind
 To gentler mood was won, by social talk
 And the sweet prattle of that blue-eyed
 boy, 121
 Whom in his arms he fondled.
 But when now
 Evening had settled, to the door there
 came
 One of the brethren of the Monastery,
 Who called Prince Madoc forth. Apart
 they went,
 And in the low suspicious voice of fear,
 Though none was nigh, the Monk began.
 Be calm,
 Prince Madoc, while I speak, and
 patiently
 Hear to the end! Thou know'st that, in
 his life,
 Becket did excommunicate thy sire 130
 For his unlawful marriage; but the
 King,
 Feeling no sin in conscience, heeded not
 The inefficient censure. Now, when
 Baldwin
 Beheld his monument to-day, impell'd,
 As we do think, by anger against thee,
 He swore that, even as Owen in his deeds
 Disown'd the Church when living, even
 so
 The Church disown'd him dead, and
 that his corpse
 No longer should be suffered to pollute
 The Sanctuary . . Be patient, I beseech,
 And hear me out. Gerald at this, who
 felt 141

A natural horror, sought, . . as best he
knew

The haughty Primate's temper, . . to
dissuade

By politic argument, and chiefly urged
The quick and fiery nature of our na-
tion, . .

How at the sight of such indignity,
They would arise in arms, and limb from
limb

Tear piecemeal him and all his company.
So far did this prevail, that he will now
Commit the deed in secret; and, this
night, 150

Thy father's body from its resting place,
O Madoc! shall be torn, and cast aside
In some unhallow'd pit, with foul dis-
grace

And contumelious wrong.

Sayest thou to-night?
Quoth Madoc. . . Ay, at midnight, he
replied,

Shall this impiety be perpetrated.
Therefore hath Gerald, for the reverence
He bears to Owen's royal memory,
Sent thee the tidings. Now be tem-
perate

In thy just anger, Prince! and shed no
blood. 160

Thou know'st how dearly the Plan-
tagenet

Atones for Becket's death; and be thou
sure,

Though thou thyself shouldst sail be-
yond the storm,

That it would fall on Britain.

While he spake,
Madoc was still; the feeling work'd too

For speech, or visible sign. At length
he said,

What if amid their midnight sacrilege
I should appear among them?

It were well;
The Monk replied, if, at a sight like that,
Thou canst withhold thy hand.

Oh, fear me not!
Good and true friend, said Madoc. I am
calm, 171

And calm as thou beholdest me will prove
In word and action. Quick I am to feel
Light ills, . . perhaps o'er-hasty: sum-
mer gnats,

Finding my cheek unguarded, may infix
Their skin-deep stings, to vex and irri-
tate;

But if the wolf, or forest boar, be nigh,
I am awake to danger. Even so
Bear I a mind of steel and adamant
Against all greater wrongs. My heart
hath now 180

Received its impulse; and thou shalt
behold

How in this strange and hideous circum-
stance

I shall find profit. . . Only, my true
friend,

Let me have entrance.

At the western porch,
Between the complines and the matin-
bell, . .

The Monk made answer: thou shalt find
the door

Ready. Thy single person will suffice;
For Baldwin knows his danger, and the
hour

Of guilt or fear convicts him, both alike
Opprobrious. Now, farewell!

Then Madoc took 190
His host aside, and in his private ear
Told him the purport, and wherein his
help

Was needed. Night came on; the
hearth was heapt,

The women went to rest. They twain,
the while,

Sate at the board, and while the un-
tasted bowl

Stood by them, watch'd the glass whose
falling sands

Told out the weary hours. The hour is
come;

Prince Madoc helm'd his head, and from
his neck

He slung the bugle-horn; they took
their shields,

And lance in hand went forth. And
now arrived, 200

The bolts give back before them, and
the door

Rolls on its heavy hinge.

Beside the grave
Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit
Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obey'd
The lordly Primate's will. They stood
and watch'd

Their ministers perform the irreverent
 work.
 And now with spade and mattock have
 they broken
 Into the house of death, and now have
 they
 From the stone coffin wrench'd the iron
 cramps,
 When sudden interruption startled them,
 And clad in complete mail from head to
 foot, 211
 They saw the Prince come in. Their
 tapers gleam'd
 Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
 Open; and when in that pale coun-
 tenance, . .
 For the strong feeling blanch'd his
 cheek, . . they saw
 His father's living lineaments, a fear
 Likeague shook them. But anon that fit
 Of scared imagination to the sense
 Of other peril yielded, when they heard
 Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. Stay!
 he exclaim'd, 220
 As now they would have fled; . . stir not
 a man, . .
 Or if I once put breath into this horn,
 All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen
 call'd
 For vengeance from that grave Stir
 not a man,
 Or not a man shall live! The doors are
 watch'd.
 And ye are at my mercy!
 But at that,
 Baldwin from the altar seized the
 crucifix,
 And held it forth to Madoc, and cried
 out,
 He who strikes me, strikes Him, for-
 bear, on pain
 Of endless—
 Peace! quoth Madoc, and
 profane not 230
 The holy Cross, with those polluted
 hands
 Of midnight sacrilege! . . Peace! I
 harm thee not, . .
 Be wise, and thou art safe. . . For thee,
 thou know'st,
 Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,
 David would hang thee on thy steeple
 top,
 To feed the steeple daws. Obey and
 live!
 Go, bring fine linen and a coffer meet
 To bear these relics; and do ye, mean-
 while,
 Proceed upon your work.
 They at his word
 Raised the stone cover, and display'd
 the dead, 240
 In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
 Cross'd on the breast, with precious
 gums and spice
 Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved
 At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse
 they wrap
 The linen web, fold within fold involved,
 They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth
 At head and foot filled every interval
 And prest it down compact, they closed
 the lid,
 And Madoc with his signet seal'd it
 thrice.
 Then said he to his host, Bear thou at
 dawn 250
 This treasure to the ships. My father's
 bones
 Shall have their resting-place, where
 mine one day
 May moulder by their side He shall
 be free
 In death, who living did so well maintain
 His and his country's freedom. As for
 ye,
 For your own safety ye I ween will
 keep
 My secret safe. So saying, he went his
 way.

XVI. DAVID

Now hath the Lord of Ocean once again
 Set foot in Mona Llaian there receives
 Sisterly greeting from the royal maid,
 Who, while she tempers to the public
 eye
 Her welcome, safely to the boy indulged
 In fond endearments of instinctive love
 When the first flow of joy was overpast,
 How went the equipment on, the Prince
 enquired.
 Nay, brother, quoth Goervyl, ask thou
 that 9

Of Urien ; . . it hath been his sole employ
Daily from cock-crow until even-song,
That he hath laid aside all other
thoughts.

Forgetful even of me ! She said and
smiled

Playful reproach upon the good old man,
Who in such chiding as affection loves,
Dallying with terms of wrong, return'd
rebuke.

There, Madoc, pointing to the shore, he
cried,

There are they moor'd ; six gallant
barks, as trim

And worthy of the sea as ever yet
Gave canvass to the gale. The mariners
Flock to thy banner, and the call hath
roused ²¹

Many a brave spirit. Soon as Spring
shall serve,

There need be no delay. I should depart
Without one wish that lingers, could
we bear

Ririd from hence, and break poor Rodri's
chains,

Thy lion-hearted brother ; . . and that
boy,

If he were with us, Madoc ! that dear
boy

Llewelyn !

Sister, said the Prince at that,
How sped the Queen ?

Oh, Madoc ! she replied,
A hard and unrelenting heart hath he. ³⁰
The gentle Emma told me she had fail'd,
And that was all she told ; but in her
eye

I could see sorrow struggling. She com-
plains not,

And yet I know, in bitterness laments
The hour which brought her as a victim
here.

Then I will seek the Monarch, Madoc
cried ;

And forth he went. Cold welcome
David gave,

Such as might chill a suppliant ; but the
Prince

Fearless began. I found at Dinevawr
Our brother Ririd, and he made his suit
That he might follow me, a banish'd
man. ⁴¹

He waits thine answer at the court of
Rhys.

Now I beseech thee, David, say to him
His father's hall is open !

Then the King
Replied, I told thee, Madoc, thy request
Displeased me heretofore ; I warn'd
thee, too,

To shun the rebel ; yet my messenger
Tells me, the guests at Dinevawr who
sate

At board with Rhys and drank of his
own cup

Were Madoc and Lord Ririd. . . Was this
well, ⁵⁰

This open disobedience to my will,
And my express command ?

Madoc subdued
His rising wrath. If I should tell thee,
Sire,

He answer'd, by what chance it so fell
out,

I should of disobedience stand excused,
Even were it here a crime. Yet think
again,

David, and let thy better mind prevail !
I am his surety here ; he comes alone ;
The strength of yonder armament is
mine ;

And when did I deceive thee ? . . I did
hope, ⁶⁰

For natural love and public decency,
That ye would part in friendship . . let
that pass !

He may remain and join me in the hour
Of embarkation. But for thine own sake
Cast off these vile suspicions, and the fear
That makes its danger ! Call to mind,
my brother,

The rampart that we were to Owen's
throne !

Are there no moments when the thoughts
and loves

Of other days return ? . . Let Rodri loose !
Restore him to his birthright ! . . Why
wouldst thou ⁷⁰

Hold him in chains, when benefits
would bind

His noble spirit ?

Leave me ! cried the King ;
Thou know'st the theme is hateful to
my ear.

I have the mastery now, and idle words,

Madoc, shall never thrust me from the throne,
Which this right arm in battle hardly won.
There must he lie till nature set him free,
And so deliver both. Trespass no more!

A little yet bear with me, Madoc cried.
I leave this land for ever; let me first
Behold my brother Rodri, lest he think
My summer love be withered, and in wrath 82
Remember me hereafter.

Leave me, Madoc!
Speedily, ere indulgence grow a fault,
Exclaim'd the Monarch. Do not tempt
my wrath;

Thou know'st me!
Ay! the Ocean Prince replied,
I know thee, David, and I pity thee,
Thou poor, suspicious, miserable man!
Friend hast thou none, except thy
country's foe,

That hateful Saxon, he whose bloody hand 90
Pluck'd out thy brethren's eyes; and
for thy kin,
Them hast thou made thy perilous
enemies.

What if the Lion Rodri were abroad?
What if Llewelyn's banner were display'd?
The sword of England could not save
thee then.

Frown not, and menace not! for what
am I,
That I should fear thine anger? . . . And
with that
He turn'd indignant from the wrathful
King.

XVII. THE DEPARTURE

WINTER hath pass'd away; the vernal
storms
Have spent their rage, the ships are
stored, and now
To-morrow they depart. That day a
Boy,
Weary and foot-sore, to Aberfraw came,
Who to Goervyl's chamber made his
way,

And caught the hem of her garment, and
exclaim'd,

A boon, . . . a boon, . . . dear Lady! Nor
did he

Wait more reply than that encourage-
ment,

Which her sweet eye and lovely smile
bestow'd;

I am a poor, unhappy, orphan boy, 10
Born to fair promises and better hopes,
But now forlorn. Take me to be your
page! . . .

For blessed Mary's sake, refuse me not!
I have no friend on earth, nor hope but
this.

The boy was fair; and though his
eyes were swoln,
And cheek defiled with tears, and
though his voice
Came choak'd by grief, yet to that
earnest eye

And supplicating voice so musical,
It had not sure been easy to refuse
The boon he begg'd. I cannot grant
thy suit, 20

Goervyl cried, but I can aid it, boy! . . .
Go ask of Madoc! . . . And herself arose,
And led him where her brother on the
shore

That day the last embarkment oversaw.
Mervyn then took his mantle by the
skirt,

And knelt and made his suit; she too
began

To sue, but Madoc smiling on the Maid,
Won by the virtue of the countenance
Which look'd for favour, lightly gave
the yes.

Where wert thou, Caradoc, when that
fair boy 30
Told his false tale? forhadst thou heard
the voice,

The gentle voice so musically sweet,
And seen that earnest eye, it would have
heal'd

The wounded heart, and thou hadst
voyaged on

The happiest man that ever yet forsook
His native country! He, on board the
bark, [stood

Leant o'er the vessel-side, and there he

And gazed, almost unconscious that he
gazed,

Toward yon distant mountains where
she dwelt,

Senena, his beloved. Caradoc, 40
Senena, thy beloved, is at hand !

Her golden locks are clipt, and her blue
eye

Is wandering through the throng in
search of thee,

For whose dear sake she hath forsaken
all.

You deem her false, that her frail con-
stancy

Shrunk from her father's anger, that she
lives

Another's victim bride; but she hath fled
From that unnatural anger; hath es-
caped

The unnatural union; she is on the shore,
Senena, blue-eyed maid, a seemly boy,
To share thy fortunes, to reward thy
love, 51

And to the land of peace to follow thee,
Over the ocean waves.

Now all is done.

Stores, beeves, and flocks and water all
aboard;

The dry East blows, and not a sign of
change

Stains the clear firmament. The Sea-
Lord sate

At the last banquet in his brother's
court,

And heard the song: It told of Owen's
fame,

When with his Normen and assembled
force

Of Guienne and Gascony, and Anjou's
strength, 60

The Fleming's aid and England's
chosen troops,

Along the ascent of Berwyn, many a day
The Saxon vainly on his mountain foes
Denounced his wrath; for Mona's
dragon sons

By wary patience baffled long his force,
Winning slow Famine to their aid, and
help'd

By the angry Elements, and Sickness
sent

From Heaven, and Fear that of its
vigour robb'd

The healthy arm; . . then in quick enter-
prize

Fell on his weary and dishearten'd host,
Till with defeat and loss and obloquy 71

He fled with all his nations. Madoc
gave

His spirit to the song; he felt the theme
In every pulse; the recollection came,

Revived and heighten'd to intenser pain,
That in Aberfraw, in his father's hall,

He never more should share the feast,
nor hear

The echoing harp again! His heart was
full;

And, yielding to its yearnings, in that
mood

Of awful feeling, he call'd forth the
King, 80

And led him from the palace-porch, and
stretch'd

His hand toward the ocean, and ex-
claim'd,

To-morrow over yon wide waves I go;
To-morrow, never to return, I leave

Mynative land! O David, O my brother,
Turn not impatiently a reckless ear

To that affectionate and natural voice
Which thou wilt hear no more! Release

our brethren,
Recall the wanderers home, and link

them to thee
By cordial confidence, by benefits 90

Which bless the benefactor. Benot thou
As is the black and melancholy yew

That strikes into the grave its baleful
roots,

And prospers on the dead! . . The Saxon
King, . .

Think not I wrong him now; . . an hour
like this

Hath soften'd all my harsher feelings
down;

Nor will I hate him for his sister's sake,
Thy gentle Queen, . . whom, that great

God may bless,
And, blessing her, bless thee and our

dear country,
Shall never be forgotten in my prayers;

But he is far away; and should there
come 101

The evil hour upon thee, . . if thy kin,
Wearied by suffering, and driven

desperate,

Should lift the sword, or young Llewelyn
 raise
 His banner and demand his father's
 throne. . .

Were it not trusting to a broken reed,
 To lean on England's aid ? . . I urge thee
 not

For answer now ; but sometimes, O my
 brother !

Sometimes recall to mind my parting
 words,

As 'twere the death-bed counsel of the
 friend 110

Who loved thee best !

The affection of his voice,
 So mild and solemn, soften'd David's
 heart ;

He saw his brother's eyes, suffused with
 tears,

Shine in the moon-beam as he spake ;
 the King

Remember'd his departure, and he felt
 Feelings, which long from his disnatured
 breast

Ambition had expell'd : he could almost
 Have follow'd their strong impulse.

From the shore,
 Madoc with quick and agitated step
 Had sought his home ; the monarch
 went his way, 120

Serious and slow, and laid him down
 that night

With painful recollections, and such
 thoughts,

As might, if Heaven had will'd it, have
 matured

To penitence and peace.

The day is come,
 The adventurers in Saint Cybi's holy
 fane

Hear the last mass, and all assoil'd of
 sin

Partake the bread of Christian fellow-
 ship.

Then, as the Priest his benediction gave,
 They knelt, in such an awful stillness
 hush'd,

As with yet more oppression seem'd to
 load 130

The burthen'd heart. At times and
 half suppress,

Womanly sobs were heard, and manly
 cheeks

Were wet with silent tears. Now forth
 they go,

And at the portal of the Church unfurl
 Prince Madoc's banner ; at that sight
 a shout

Burst from his followers, and the hills
 and rocks

Thrice echoed their acclaim.

There lie the ships,
 Their sails all loose, their streamers
 rolling out

With sinuous flow and swell, like water-
 snakes,

Curling aloft ; the waves are gay with
 boats, 140

Pinnace and barge and coracle, . . the
 sea

Swarms like the shore with life. Oh
 what a sight

Of beauty for the spirit unconcern'd,
 If heart there be which unconcern'd

could view
 A sight like this ! . . how yet more beau-
 tiful

For him, whose soul can feel and under-
 stand

The solemn import ! Yonder they em-
 bark,

Youth, beauty, valour, virtue, reverend
 age ;

Some led by love of noble enterprize,
 Others, who, desperate of their country's

weal, 150

Fly from the impending yoke ; all warm
 alike

With confidence and high heroic hope,
 And all in one fraternal bond conjoin'd

By reverence to their Chief, the best
 beloved

That ever yet on hopeful enterprize
 Led gallant army forth. He, even now

Lord of himself, by faith in God and
 love

To man subdues the feeling of this hour,
 The bitterest of his being.

At this time,
 Pale, and with feverish eye, the King

came up, 160

And led him somewhat from the throng
 apart,

Saying, I sent at day-break to release
 Rodri from prison, meaning that with
 thee

He should depart in peace ; but he was
gone,
This very night he had escaped ! . . Per-
chance,
As I do hope, . . it was thy doing,
Madoc ?
Is he aboard the fleet ?

I would he were !
Madoc replied ; with what a lighten'd
heart
Then should I sail away ! Ririd is
there
Alone . . alas ! that this was done so
late ! 170

Reproach me not ! half sullenly the
King,
Answering, exclaim'd ; Madoc, reproach
me not !
Thou know'st how hardly I attain'd the
throne ;
And is it strange that I should guard
with fear
The precious prize ? . . Now, . . when
I would have taken
Thy counsel, . . be the evil on his head !
Blame me not now, my brother, lest
sometimes
I call again to mind thy parting words
In sorrow !

God be with thee ! Madoc cried ;
And if at times the harshness of a heart,
Too prone to wrath, have wrong'd thee,
let these tears 181
Efface all faults. I leave thee, O my
brother,

With all a brother's feelings !
So he said,
And grasp'd, with trembling tenderness,
his hand,

Then calm'd himself, and moved to-
ward the boat.
Emma, though tears would have their
way and sighs
Would swell, suppressing still all words
of woe,
Follow'd Goervyl to the extremest shore.
But then as on the plank the Maid set
foot,
Did Emma, staying her by the hand,
pluck out 190
The crucifix, which next her heart she
wore

In reverence to its relic, and she cried,
Yet ere we part change with me, dear
Goervyl, . .

Dear sister, loved too well, or lost too
soon ! . .

I shall betake me often to my prayers,
Never in them, Goervyl, of thy name
Unmindful ; . . thou too wilt remember
me

Still in thy orisons ; . . but God forefend
That ever misery should make thee find
This Cross thy only comforter !

She said,
And kiss'd the holy pledge, as each to
each 201

Transferr'd the mutual gift. Nor could
the Maid

Answer, for agony, to that farewell ;
She held Queen Emma to her breast, and
close

She clasp'd her with a strong convulsive
sob,

Silently. Madoc too in silence went,
But prest a kiss on Emma's lips, and
left

His tears upon her cheek. With dizzy
eyes

Gazing she stood, nor saw the boat push
off, . .

The dashing of the oars awaken'd her ;
She wipes her tears away, to view once
more 211

Those dear familiar faces ; . . they are
dim

In the distance ; never shall her waking
eye

Behold them, till the hour of happiness,
When death hath made her pure for
perfect bliss !

Two hearts alone of all that company,
Of all the thousands who beheld the
scene,

Partook unmingled joy. Dumb with
delight,

Young Hoel views the ships and feels the
boat

Rock on the heaving waves ; and Llaian
felt 220

Comfort, . . though sad, yet comfort, . .
that for her

No eye was left to weep, nor heart to
mourn.

Hark ! 'tis the mariners with voice
 attuned
 Timing their toil ! and now with gentle
 gales,
 Slow from the holy haven they depart.

XVIII. RODRI

Now hath the evening settled ; the
 broad Moon
 Rolls through the rifted clouds. With
 gentle gales
 Slowly they glide along, when they
 behold
 A boat with press of sail and stress of
 oar
 Speed forward to the fleet ; and now,
 arrived
 Beside the Chieftain's vessel, one en-
 quires
 If Madoc be aboard ? the answer given,
 Swift he ascended up the lofty side.
 With joyful wonder did the Ocean Lord
 Again behold Llewelyn ; but he gazed
 Doubtfully on his comrade's coun-
 tenance, . . .
 A meagre man, severe of brow, his eye
 Stern. Thou dost view me, Madoc, he
 exclaim'd,
 As 'twere a stranger's face. I marvel
 not !

The long afflictions of my prison house
 Have changed me.

Rodri ! cried the Prince,
 and fell
 Upon his neck ; . . last night, subdued at
 length

By my solicitations, did the King
 Send to deliver thee, that thou shouldst
 share

My happy enterprize ; . . and thou art
 come, 20

Even to my wish !

Nay, Madoc, nay, not so !
 He answered, with a stern and bitter
 smile ;

This gallant boy hath given me liberty,
 And I will pay him with his father's
 throne.

Ay, by my father's soul ! . . Last night
 we fled

The house of bondage, and in the sea-
 caves

By day we lurk'd securely. Here I
 come,

Only to see thee once before I die,
 And say farewell, . . dear brother !

Would to God
 This purpose could be changed ! the Sea
 Lord cried ; 30

But thou art roused by wrongs, and who
 shall tame

That lion heart ? . . This only, if your lot
 Fall favourable, will I beseech of ye,
 That to his Queen, the fair Plantagenet,
 All honourable humanity ye show,
 For her own virtue, and in gratitude,
 As she hath pleaded for you, and hath
 urged

Her husband on your part, till it hath
 turn'd

His wrath upon herself. Oh ! deal ye
 by her

As by your dearest sister in distress, 40
 For even so dear is she to Madoc's heart :
 And now I know she from Aberfraw's
 tower

Watcheth these specks upon the moon-
 light sea,

And weeps for my departure, and for me
 Sends up her prayers to Heaven, nor
 thinks that now

I must make mine to man in her behalf !

Quoth Rodri, Rest assured for her.

I swear,
 By our dead mother, so to deal with
 her

As thou thyself wouldst dictate, as
 herself

Shall wish.

The tears fell fast from Madoc's eyes :
 O Britain ! O my country ! he ex-
 claim'd, 51

For ever thus by civil strife convulsed,
 Thy children's blood flowing to satisfy
 Thy children's rage, how wilt thou still
 support

The struggle with the Saxon ?

Rodri cried,
 Our strife shall not be long. Mona will
 rise

With joy, to welcome me her rightful
 Lord ;

And woe be to the King who rules by fear, When danger comes against him !	Companion of this noble enterprize. Think of Llewelyn often, who will oft Remember thee in love !
Fear not thou For Britain ! quoth Llewelyn ; for not yet	For the last time He press'd his Uncle's hand, and Rodri gave
The country of our fathers shall resign Her name among the nations. Though her Sun	The last farewell ; then went the twain their way.
Slope from his eminence, the voice of man	So over ocean through the moonlight waves
May yet arrest him on his downward way.	Prince Madoc sail'd with all his com- pany.
My dreams by day, my visions in the night, Are of her welfare. I shall mount the throne, . .	No nobler crew fill'd that heroic bark 80 Which bore the first adventurers of the deep
Yes, Madoc ! and the Bard of years to come,	To seek the Golden Fleece on barbarous shores :
Who harps of Arthur's and of Owen's deeds,	Nor richlier fraught did that illustrious fleet
Shall with the Worthies of his country rank	Home to the Happy Island hold its way,
Llewelyn's name. Dear Uncle, fare thee well ! . . 70	When Amadis with his prime chivalry, He of all chivalry himself the flower, Came from the rescue, proud of Roman spoils,
And I almost could wish I had been born Of humbler lot, that I might follow thee,	And Oriana, freed from Roman thrall.

MADOC IN AZTLAN: PART II.

I. THE RETURN TO AZTLAN

Now go your way, ye gallant company,
God and good Angels guard ye as ye go !
Blow fairly, Winds of Heaven ! Ye
Ocean Waves,
Swell not in anger to that fated fleet !
For not of conquest greedy, nor of gold,
Seek they the distant world. . . Blow
fairly, Winds !
Waft, Waves of Ocean, well your blessed
load !

Fair blew the Winds, and safely did
the Waves
Bear that beloved charge. It were a
tale
Would rouse adventurous courage in
a boy,

Making him long to be a mariner
That he might rove the main, if I should
tell
How pleasantly for many a summer-day,
Over the sunny sea with wind at will,
Prince Madoc sail'd ; and of those happy
Isles,
Which had he seen ere that appointed
storm
Drove southward his slope course, there
he had pitch'd
His tent, and blest his lot that it had
fallen
In land so fair ; and human blood had
reek'd
Daily on Aztlan's devilish altars still. 20
But other doom was his, more arduous
toil
Yet to achieve, worse danger to endure,

MADOC IN AZTLAN

Worse evil to be quell'd, and higher
 good
 Which passeth not away educed from
 ill;
 Whereof all unforeseeing, yet for all
 Prepared at heart, he over ocean sails,
 Wafted by gentle winds o'er gentle
 waves,
 As if the elements combined to serve
 The perfect Prince, by God and man
 beloved.
 And now how joyfully he views the land,
 Skirting like morning clouds the dusky
 sea;
 With what a searching eye recalls to
 mind
 Foreland and creek and cape; how
 happy now
 Up the great river bends at last his way!

No watchman had been station'd on
 the height
 To seek his sails, . . for with Cadwallon's
 hope
 Too much of doubt was blended and of
 fear:
 Yet thitherward whene'er he walked
 abroad
 His face, as if instinctively, was turn'd;
 And duly morn and eve Lincoya there,
 As though religion led his duteous feet,
 Went up to gaze. He on a staff had
 scored
 The promised moons and days; and
 many a time
 Counting again its often-told account,
 So to beguile impatience, day by day
 Smooth'd off with more delight the
 daily notch.
 But now that the appointed time was
 nigh,
 Did that perpetual presence of his hope
 Haunt him, and mingle with his sleep.
 and mar
 The natural rest, and trouble him by
 day,
 That all his pleasure was at earliest light
 To take his station, and at latest eve,
 If he might see the sails where far away
 Through wide savannahs roll'd the silver
 stream.
 Oh then with what a sudden start his
 blood

Flow'd from its quicken'd spring, when
 far away
 He spied the glittering topsails! For a
 while
 Distrustful of that happy sight, till now
 Slowly he sees them rise, and wind along
 Through wide savannahs up the silver
 stream.
 Then with a breathless speed he flies to
 spread
 The joy; and with Cadwallon now
 descends,
 And drives adown the tide the light
 canoe.
 And mounts the vessel-side, and once
 again
 Falls at the Ocean Lord's beloved feet.

First of the general weal did Madoc
 ask;
 Cadwallon answer'd, All as yet is well,
 And, by this seasonable aid secured,
 Will well remain. . . Thy father? quoth
 the Prince.
 Even so, replied Cadwallon, as that eye
 Of hesitation augurs, . . fallen asleep.
 The good old man remember'd thee in
 death,
 And bless'd thee ere he died.
 By this the shores
 And heights were throng'd; from hill
 to hill, from rock
 To rock, the shouts of welcome rung
 around.
 Forward they press to view the man
 beloved,
 Britons and Hoamen with one common
 joy
 Hailing their common friend. Happy
 that day
 Was he who heard his name from
 Madoc's voice;
 Happy who met the greeting of his eye;
 Yea happy he who shared the general
 smile,
 Amid the unacknowledged multitude.

Caermadoc, . . by that name Cad-
 wallon's love
 Call'd it in memory of the absent
 Prince, . .
 Stood in a mountain vale, by rocks and
 heights,

A natural bulwark, girt. A rocky
 stream
 Which from the fells came down there
 spread itself
 Into a quiet lake, to compass which
 Had been a two hours' pleasurable toil;
 And he, who from a well-strung bow
 could send 90
 His shaft across, had needs a sinewy
 arm,
 And might from many an archer far and
 near
 Have borne away the bell. Here had
 the Chief
 Chosen his abiding place, for strength
 prefer'd,
 Where vainly might an host in equal
 arms
 Attempt the difficult entrance; and for
 all
 That could delight the eye and heart of
 man;
 Whate'er of beauty or of usefulness
 Heart could desire, or eye behold, being
 here.
 What he had found an idle wilderness
 Now gave rich increase to the husband-
 men, 101
 For Heaven had blest their labour.
 Flourishing
 He left the happy vale; and now he
 saw
 More fields reclaim'd, more habitations
 rear'd,
 More harvests rising round. The reptile
 race,
 And every beast of rapine, had retired
 From man's asserted empire; and the
 sound
 Of axe and dashing oar, and fisher's net,
 And song beguiling toil, and pastoral
 pipe, 109
 Were heard, where late the solitary hills
 Gave only to the mountain-cataract
 Their wild response.
 Here, Urien, cried the Prince,
 These craggy heights and overhanging
 groves
 Will make thee think of Gwyneth. And
 this hut,
 Rejoin'd Cadwallon, with its roof of
 reeds,
 Goervyl, is our palace: it was built
 With lighter labour than Aberfraw's
 towers;
 Yet, Lady, safer are its wattled sides
 Than Mona's kingly walls. . . Like
 Gwyneth, said he?
 Oh no! we neighbour nearer to the Sun,
 And with a more benignant eye the
 Lord 121
 Of Light beholds us here.
 So thus did they
 Cheerfully welcome to their new abode
 These, who, albeit aweary of their way,
 And glad to reach at length the place of
 rest,
 Felt their hearts overburthen'd, and
 their eyes
 Ready to overflow. Yet not the less
 The buzz of busy joy was heard around,
 Where every dwelling had its guest, and
 all 129
 Gave the long eve to hospitable mirth.

II. THE TIDINGS

BUT when the Lord of Ocean from the
 stir
 And tumult was retired, Cadwallon then
 Thus render'd his account.
 When we had quell'd
 The strength of Aztlan, we should have
 thrown down
 Her altars, cast her Idols to the fire,
 And on the ruins of her fanes accurst
 Planted the Cross triumphant. Vain it
 is
 To sow the seed where noxious weeds
 and briars
 Must choke it in the growth.
 Yet I had hope
 The purer influence of exampled good
 Might to the saving knowledge of the
 truth 11
 Lead this bedarken'd race; and when
 thy ship
 Fell down the stream to distant Britain
 bound,
 All promised well. The strangers' God
 had proved
 Mightier in war; and Aztlan could not
 choose
 But see, nor seeing could she fail to love,

The freedom of his service. Few were
 now
 The offerings at her altars, few the
 youths
 And virgins to the temple-toils devote.
 Therefore the Priests combined to save
 their craft ; 20
 And soon the rumour ran of evil signs
 And tokens ; in the temple had been
 heard
 Wailings and loud lament ; the eternal
 fire
 Gave dismally a dim and doubtful
 flame ;
 And from the censer, which at morn
 should steam
 Sweet odours to the sun, a fetid cloud
 Black and portentous rose. And now
 no Priest
 Approach'd our dwelling. Even the
 friendly Prince
 Yuhidthiton was at Caermadoc now
 Rarely a guest ; and if that tried good-
 will 30
 Which once he bore us did at times
 appear,
 A sullen gloom and silence like remorse
 Followed the imagined crime.
 But I the while
 Reck'd not the brooding of the storm ;
 for then
 My father to the grave was hastening
 down.
 Patiently did the pious man endure,
 In faith anticipating blessedness,
 Already more than man in those sad
 hours
 When man is meanest. I sate by his
 side,
 And pray'd with him and talk'd with
 him of death 40
 And life to come. O Madoc ! those
 were hours
 Which even in anguish gave my soul
 a joy :
 I think of them in solitude, and feel
 The comfort of my faith.
 But when that time
 Of bitterness was past and I return'd
 To daily duties, no suspicious sign
 Betoken'd ill ; the Priests among us
 came
 As heretofore, and I their intercourse

Encouraged as I could, suspecting
 nought, 49
 Nor conscious of the subtle-minded men
 I dealt with, how inveterate in revenge,
 How patient in deceit. Lincoya first
 Forewarn'd me of the danger. He,
 thou know'st,
 Had from the death of sacrifice escaped,
 And lived a slave among a distant tribe,
 When seeing us he felt a hope, that we,
 Lords as he deem'd us of the Elements,
 Might pity his poor countrymen oppress,
 And free them from their bondage.
 Didst thou hear
 How from yon bloody altars he was
 saved ? 60
 For in the eternal chain his fate and ours
 Were link'd together then.

The Prince replied,
 I did but hear a broken tale. Tell on !

Among the Gods of yon unhappy race,
 Tezcalipoca as the chief they rank,
 Or with the chief co-equal ; Maker he,
 And Master of created things esteem'd.
 He sits upon a throne of trophied skulls,
 Hideous and huge ; a shield is on his
 arm,
 And with his black right hand he lifts,
 as though 70
 In wrath, the menacing spear. His
 festival,
 Of all this wicked nation's wicked rites,
 With most solemnity and circumstance
 And pomp of hellish piety, is held.
 From all whom evil fortune hath sub-
 dued
 To their inhuman thralldom, they select
 Him whom they judge, for comely coun-
 tenance
 And shapely form and all good natural
 gifts,
 Worthiest to be the victim ; and for
 this
 Was young Lincoya chosen, being in
 truth 80
 The flower of all his nation. For twelve
 months,
 Their custom is, that this appointed
 youth
 Be as the Idol's living image held.
 Garb'd therefore like the Demon Deity,
 Whene'er he goes abroad, an antic train

With music and with dance attend his way ;
 The crowd before him fall and worship him ;
 And those infernal Priests who guard him then,
 To be their victim and their feast at last,
 At morning and at evening incense him,
 And mock him with knee-reverence.
 Twenty days 91
 Before the bloody festival arrive,
 As 'twere to make the wretch in love with life,
 Four maids, the loveliest of the land,
 are given
 In spousals. With Lincoya all these rites
 Duly were kept ; and at the stated time,
 Four maids, the loveliest of the land,
 were his.
 Of these was one, whom even at that hour
 He learnt to love, so excellently good
 Was she ; and she loved him and pitied him. 100
 She is the daughter of an aged Priest ;
 I oftentimes have seen her ; and in truth,
 Compared with Britain's maids so beautiful,
 Or with the dark-eyed daughters of the South,
 She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest
 Falls to the knee, and leaves her olive arms
 Bare in their beauty ; loose, luxuriant, long,
 Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair ;
 Mild is her eye's jet lustre ; and her voice ! . .
 A soul which harbour'd evil never breathed 110
 Such winning tones. .
 Thou know'st how manfully
 These tribes, as if insensible to pain,
 Welcome their death in battle, or in bonds
 Defy their torturers. To Lincoya's mind
 Long preparation now had made his fate
 Familiar ; and, he says, the thought of death
 Broke not his sleep, nor mingled with his dreams,
 Till Coätel was his. But then it wcke ; . .
 It hung, . . it prest upon him like a weight
 On one who scarce can struggle with the waves ; 120
 And when her soul was full of tenderness,
 That thought recurring to her, she would rest
 Her cheek on his and weep.
 The day drew nigh ;
 And now the eve of sacrifice was come. . .
 What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up ? . .
 She gather'd herbs, which, like our poppy, bear
 The seed of sleep, and with the temple food
 Mingled their power ; herself partook the food,
 So best to lull suspicion ; and the youth,
 Instructed well, when all were laid asleep, 131
 Fled far away.
 After our conquering arms
 Had freed the Hoamen from their wretched yoke,
 Lincoya needed but his Coätel
 To fill his sum of earthly happiness.
 Her to the temple had her father's vow
 Awhile devoted, and some moons were still
 To pass away, ere yet she might become
 A sojourner with us, Lincoya's wife,
 When from the Paba's wiles his watchful mind 140
 Foreboded ill. He bade me take good heed,
 And fear the sudden kindness of a foe.
 I started at his words ; . . these artful men,
 Hostile at heart, as well we knew they were,
 These were lip-lavish of their friendship now,
 And courted confidence, while our tried friend
 Yuhidthiton, estranged, a seldom guest,

Sullen and joyless, seem'd to bear at heart
 Something that rankled there. These things were strange;
 The omens too had ceased; . . we heard no more ¹⁵⁰
 Of twilight voices, nor the unholy cloud
 Steam'd from the morning incense.
 Why was this?

Young Malinal had from the hour of peace
 Been our in-dweller, studious to attain
 Our language and our arts. To him I told
 My doubts, assured of his true love and truth;
 For he had learnt to understand and feel
 Our holy faith, and tended like a son
 Cynetha's drooping age, and shared with me
 His dying benediction. He, thus long
 Intent on better things, had been estranged ¹⁶¹
 From Aztlan and her councils; but at this
 He judged it for her welfare and for ours
 Now to resume his rank; . . belike his voice
 Might yet be heard, or, if the worst befel,
 His timely warning save us from the snare.

But in their secret councils Malinal
 No longer bore a part: the Chiefs and King
 Yielding blind reverence to the Pabas now,
 Deluded or dismay'd. He sent to say
 Some treachery was design'd, and bade me charge ¹⁷¹
 His brother with the crime. On that same day,
 Lincoya came from Aztlan; he had found
 Coätel labouring with a wretchedness
 She did not seek to hide; and when the youth
 Revea'd his fear, he saw her tawny cheek
 Whiten, and round his neck she clung and wept.
 She told him something dreadful was at hand,
 She knew not what: That, in the dead of night,
 Coänocotzin at Mexitli's shrine ¹⁸⁰
 Had stood with all his nobles; human blood
 Had then been offer'd up, and secret vows
 Vow'd with mysterious horror: That but late,
 When to her father of the days to come
 She spake, and of Lincoya and her lot
 Among the strangers, he had frown'd, and strove
 Beneath dissembled anger to conceal
 Visible grief. She knew not what to fear,
 But something dreadful surely was at hand, ¹⁸⁹
 And she was wretched.
 When I heard these things,
 Yuhidthiton and the Priest Helhua
 Were in our dwellings. Them I call'd apart. . .
 There should be peace between us, I began;
 Why is it otherwise?
 The Priest replied,
 Is there not peace, Cadwallon? Seek we not
 More frequent and more friendly intercourse,
 Even we, the servants of our Country-Gods,
 Whose worship ye have changed, and for whose sake
 We were and would have been your enemies?
 But as those Gods have otherwise ordain'd, ²⁰⁰
 Do we obey. Why therefore is this doubt?
 The Power who led us hither, I replied,
 Over the world of waters, who hath saved,
 And who will save his people, warns me now.
 Then on Yuhidthiton I fix'd my eye.

Danger is near! I cried; I know it near!
It comes from Aztlan.

His disorder'd cheek,
And the forced and steady boldness of
his eye,
Which in defiance met the look it
fear'd,
Confess'd the crime. I saw his inward
shame; ²¹⁰
Yet with a pride like angry innocence
Did he make answer, I am in your hands,
And you believe me treacherous! . . Kill
me now!

Not so, Yuhidthiton! not so!
quoth I;
You were the Strangers' friend, and yet
again
That wisdom may return. We are not
changed; . .
Lovers of peace, we know, when danger
comes,
To make the evil on the guilty head
Fall heavily and sure! With our good
arms,
And our good cause, and that Almighty
One, ²²⁰
We are enough, had we no other aid,
We of Caermadoc here, to put to shame
Aztlan, with all her strength and all her
wiles.

But even now is Madoc on the seas;
He leads our brethren here; and should
he find
That Aztlan hath been false, . . oh! hope
not then,
By force or fraud, to baffle or elude
Inevitable vengeance! While ye may,
Look to your choice; for we are friends
or foes,
Even to your own desert.

So saying, I left
The astonish'd men, whose unprovided
minds ²³¹
Fail'd them; nor did they aim at answer
more,
But homeward went their way. Nor
knew I then, . .
For this was but a thing of yesterday, . .
How near the help I boasted. Now, I
trust,
Thy coming shall discomfit all their
wiles.

III. NEOLIN

Not yet at rest, my Sister! quoth the
Prince,
As at her dwelling-door he saw the Maid
Sit gazing on that lovely moonlight
scene: . .
To bed, Goervyl. Dearest, what hast
thou
To keep thee wakeful here at this late
hour,
When even I shall bid a truce to thought,
And lay me down in peace? . . Good
night, Goervyl!
Dear sister mine, . . my own dear
mother's child!

She rose, and bending on with lifted
arms,
Met the fond kiss, obedient then with-
drew. ¹⁰
Yet could not he so lightly as he ween'd
Lay wakeful thoughts aside; for he
foresaw
Long strife and hard adventure to
achieve,
And forms of danger vague disturb'd his
dreams.

Early at morn the colonists arose;
Some pitch the tent-pole, and pin down
the lines
That stretch the o'er-awning canvass;
to the wood
Others with saw and axe and bill for
And undergrowth to weave the wicker
walls;
These to the ships, with whom Cad-
wallon sends ²⁰
The Elk and Bison, broken to the yoke.

Ere noon Erillyab and her son arrived,
To greet the Chief. She wore no longer
now
The lank loose locks of careless widow-
hood;
Her braided tresses round her brow were
bound,
Bedeck'd with tufts of grey and silvery
plumes

Pluck'd from the eagle's pennons. She
 with eye
 And countenance which spake no
 feign'd delight,
 Welcomed her great deliverer. But her
 son
 Had Nature character'd so legibly, 30
 That when his tongue told fair his face
 bewray'd
 The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of
 speech,
 Savage, down-looking, dark, that at his
 words
 Of welcome, Madoc in his heart conceived
 Instinctive enmity.

In a happy hour
 Did the Great Spirit, said Erillyab,
 Give bidding to the Winds to speed thee
 here!
 For this I made my prayer; and when
 He sent
 For the Beloved Teacher, to restore him
 Eyesight and youth, of him I then
 besought, 40
 As he had been thy friend and ours on
 earth,
 That he would intercede. . . Brother, we
 know
 That the Great Spirit loves thee; He
 hath blest
 Thy going and thy coming, and thy
 friends
 Have prosper'd for thy sake; and now
 when first
 The Powers of Evil do begin to work,
 Lo! thou art here! . . Brother, we have
 obeyed
 Thy will, and the Beloved Teacher's
 words
 Have been our law; but now the Evil
 Ones
 Cry out for blood, and say they are
 athirst, 50
 And threaten vengeance. I have brought
 the Priest
 To whom they spake in darkness. . . Thou
 art wise,
 And the Great Spirit will enlighten
 thee; . .
 We know not what to answer. . . Tell th
 tale,
 Neolin!

Hereat did Madoc fix upon him
 A searching eye; but he, no whit
 abash'd,
 Began with firm effrontery his speech.
 The Feast of the Departed is at hand,
 And I, in preparation, on the Field
 Of the Spirit pass'd the night. It came
 to me 60
 In darkness, after midnight, when the
 moon
 Was gone, and all the stars were blotted
 out;
 It gather'd round me, with a noise of
 storms,
 And enter'd into me, and I could feel
 It was the Snake-God roll'd and writhed
 within;
 And I too with the inward agony,
 Roll'd like a snake and writhed. Give!
 give! he cried:
 I thirst! . . His voice was in me, and it
 burnt
 Like fire, and all my flesh and bones
 were shaken;
 Till, with a throe which seem'd to rend
 my joints 70
 Asunder, he pass'd forth, and I was left
 Speechless and motionless, gasping for
 breath.

Then Madoc, turning to Ayayaca,
 Enquired, who is the man? . . The good
 old Priest
 Replied, he hath attended from his
 youth
 The Snake-God's temple, and received
 for him
 His offerings, and perform'd his sacrifice,
 Till the Beloved Teacher made us leave
 The wicked way.

Hear me! quoth Neolin,
 With antic gesture and loud vehemence;
 Before this generation, and before 80
 These ancient forests, . . yea, before yon
 lake
 Was hollow'd out, or one snow-feather
 fell
 On yonder mountain-top, now never
 bare, . .
 Before these things I was, . . where, or
 from whence,
 I know not, . . who can tell? But then
 I was,

And in the shadow of the Spirit stood ;
 And I beheld the Spirit, and in him
 Saw all things, even as they were to be ;
 And I held commune with him, not of
 words, 90

But thought with thought. Then was
 it given me

That I should choose my station when
 my hour

Of mortal birth was come, . . hunter, or
 chief,

Or to be mightiest in the work of war,
 Or in the shadow of the Spirit live,

And He in me. According to my
 choice,

For ever, overshadow'd by its power,
 I walk among mankind. At times I feel
 not

The burthen of his presence ; then am I
 Like other men ; but when the season
 comes, 100

Or if I seek the visitation, then
 He fills me, and my soul is carried on,
 And then do I forelive the race of men,
 So that the things that will be, are to me
 Past.

Amalahta lifted then his eyes
 A moment ; . . It is true, he cried ; we
 know

He is a gifted man, and wise beyond
 The reach of mortal powers. Ayayaca
 Hath also heard the warning.

As I slept,
 Replied the aged Priest, upon the Field
 Of the Spirit, a loud voice awaken'd
 me, 111

Crying, I thirst ! Give, . . give ! or I will
 take !

And then I heard a hiss, as if a snake
 Were threatening at my side. . . But saw
 you nothing ?

Quoth Madoc. . . Nothing ; for the night
 was dark.

And felt you nothing ? said the Ocean
 Prince.

He answered, Nothing ; only sudden
 fear. . .

No inward struggle, like possession ? . .
 None.

I thought of the Beloved Teacher's
 words,

And cross'd myself, and then he had no
 power. 120

Thou hast slept heretofore upon the
 Field,

Said Madoc ; didst thou never witness
 voice,

Or ominous sound ? Ayayaca replied,
 Certes the Field is holy ! it receives.

All the year long, the operative power
 Which falleth from the sky, or from
 below

Pervades the earth ; no harvest groweth
 there.

Nor tree, nor bush, nor herb, is left to
 spring ;

But there the virtue of the elements
 Is gathered, till the circle of the months

Be full ; then, when the Priest, by
 mystic rites, 131

Long vigils, and long abstinence pre-
 pared,

Goeth there to pass the appointed night
 alone,

The whole collected influence enters
 him.

Doubt not but I have felt strange im-
 pulses

On that mysterious Field, and in my
 dreams

Been visited ; and have heard sounds
 in the air,

I knew not what ; . . but words articulate
 Never till now. It was the Wicked
 One ! 139

He wanted blood.

Who says the Wicked One ?
 It was our fathers' God ! cried Neolin . .

Sons of the Ocean, why should we for-
 sake

The worship of our fathers ? Ye obey
 The White-Man's Maker ; but to us was
 given

A different skin and speech and land
 and law.

The Snake-God understands the Red-
 Man's prayer,

And knows his wants and loves him.
 Shame be to us,

That since the Stranger here set foot
 among us,

We have let his lips be dry !

Enough ! replied
 Madoc, who at Cadwallon's look re-
 press'd 150

His answering anger. We will hold a talk

MADOC IN AZTLAN

Of this hereafter. Be ye sure, meantime,
That the Great Spirit will from Evil Powers
Protect his people. This, too, be ye sure,
That every deed of darkness shall be brought
To light, . . and woe be to the lying lips !

IV. AMALAHTA.

SOON as the coming of the fleet was known,
Had Queen Erillyab sent her hunters forth.
They from the forest now arrive, with store
Of venison ; fires are built before the tents,
Where Llaian and Goervyl for their guests
Direct the feast ; and now the ready board
With grateful odour steams. But while they sate
At meat, did Amalahta many a time
Lift his slow eye askance, and eagerly
Gaze on Goervyl's beauty ; for whate'er
In man he might have thought deformed
or strange 11
Seemed beautiful in her, . . her golden curls,
Bright eyes of heavenly blue, and that clear skin,
Blooming with health and youth and happiness.
He, lightly yielding to the impulse, bent
His head aside, and to Erillyab spake ;
Mother, said he, tell them to give to me
That woman for my wife, that we may be
Brethren and friends. She, in the same low tone,
Rebuked him, in her heart too well aware 20
How far unworthy he. Abash'd thereby,
As he not yet had wholly shaken off
Habitual reverence, he sate sullenly,
Brooding in silence his imagined wiles,

By sight of beauty made more apt for ill ;
For he himself being evil, good in him
Work'd evil.

And now Madoc, pouring forth
The ripe metheglin, to Erillyab gave
The horn of silver brim. Taste, Queen
and friend,
Said he, what from our father-land we
bring, 30
The old beloved beverage. Sparingly
Drink, for it hath a strength to stir the
brain,

And trouble reason, if intemperate lips
Abuse its potency. She took the horn,
And sipt with wary wisdom. . . Canst
thou teach us

The art of this rare beverage ? quoth the
Queen,

Or is the gift reserved for ye alone,
By the Great Spirit, who hath favour'd
ye

In all things above us ? . . The Chief
replied, 39

All that we know of useful and of good
Ye also shall be taught, that we may be
One people. While he spake, Erillyab
pass'd

The horn to Amalahta. Sparingly !
Madoc exclaim'd ; but when the savage
felt

The luscious flavour, and the poignant
life,

He heeded nought beyond the immediate
joy.

Deep did he drink, and still with
clenching hands

Struggled, when from his lips, unsatisfied,

Erillyab pluck'd the horn with sharp
reproof,

Chiding his stubborn wilfulness. Ere
long 50

The generous liquor flush'd him : he
could feel

His blood play faster, and the joyful
dance

Of animal life within him. Bolder
grown,

He at Goervyl lifts no longer now
The secret glance, but gloats with greedy
eye ;

Till, at the long and loathsome look
abash'd,

She rose, and nearer to her brother
drew,

On light pretence of speech, being half
in fear.

But he, regardless of Erillyab now,
To Madoc cried aloud, Thou art a King,
And I a King! . . Give me thy sister
there,

To be my wife, and then we will be
friends,

And reign together.

Let me answer him,
Madoc! Cadwallon cried. I better
know

Their language, and will set aside all
hope,

Yet not incense the savage. . . A great
thing,

Prince Amalahta, hast thou ask'd!
said he.

Nor is it in Lord Madoc's power to give
Or to withhold; for marriage is with us
The holiest ordinance of God, whereon
The bliss or bane of human life depends.
Love must be won by love, and heart to
heart

Link'd in mysterious sympathy, before
We pledge the marriage-vow; and
some there are

Who hold that, e'er we enter into life,
Soul hath with soul been mated, each
for each

Especially ordain'd. Prince Madoc's
will

Avails not, therefore, where this secret
bond

Hath not been framed in Heaven.

The skilful speech
Which, with wild faith and reason, thus
confirm'd

Yet temper'd the denial, for a while
Silenced him, and he sate in moody
dreams

Of snares and violence. Soon a drunken
thirst,

And longing for the luscious beverage,
Drove those dark thoughts aside. More
drink! quoth he.

Give me the drink! . . Madoc again
repeats

His warning, and again with look and
voice

Erillyab chides; but he of all restraint

Impatient, cries aloud, Am I a child?
Give! give! or I will take! . . Per-
chance ye think

I and my God alike cry out in vain!
But ye shall find us true!

Give him the horn!
Cadwallon answer'd; there will come
upon him

Folly and sleep, and then an after pain,
Which may bring wisdom with it, if he
learn

Therefrom to heed our warning. . . As
thou say'st,

No child art thou! . . the choice is in
thy hand; . .

Drink, if thou wilt, and suffer, and in
pain

Remember us.

He clench'd the horn, and swill'd
The sweet intoxication copious down.

So bad grew worse. The potent draught
provoked

Fierce pride and savage insolence. Ay!
now

It seems that I have taught ye who
I am!

The inebriate wretch exclaim'd. This
land is mine,

Not hers; the kingdom and the power
are mine;

I am the master!

Hath it made thee mad?
Erillyab cried. . . Ask thou the Snake-
God that!

Quoth he; ask Neolin and Aztlan that!
Hear me, thou Son of the Waters! wilt
thou have me

For friend or foe? . . Give me that
woman there,

And store me with this blessed beverage,
And thou shalt dwell in my domains, . .
or else,

Blood! blood! The Snake-God calls
for blood; the Gods

Of Aztlan and the people call for blood;
They call on me, and I will give them
blood,

Till they have had their fill.

Meanwhile the Queen
In wonder and amazement heard and
grief;

Watching the fiendish workings of his
face,

And turning to the Prince at times, as if
 She look'd to him for comfort. Give
 him drink, ¹²⁰
 To be at peace! quoth Madoc. The
 good mead
 Did its good office soon; his dizzy eyes
 Roll'd with a sleepy swim; the joyous
 thrill
 Died away; and as every limb relax'd,
 Down sunk his heavy head and down
 he fell.
 Then said the Prince, We must rejoice
 in this,
 O Queen and friend, that, evil though
 it be,
 Evil is brought to light; he hath
 divulged
 In this mad mood, what else had been
 conceal'd
 By guilty cunning. Set a watch upon
 him ¹³⁰
 And on Priest Neolin; they plot against
 us;
 Your fall and mine do they alike conspire,
 Being leagued with Aztlan to destroy
 us both.
 Thy son will not remember that his lips
 Have let the treason pass. Be wary
 then,
 And we shall catch the crafty in the pit
 Which they have dug for us.
 Erillyab cast
 A look of anger, made intense by grief
 On Amalahta. . . Cursed be the hour
 Wherein I gave thee birth! she cried
 that pain ¹⁴⁰
 Was light to what thy base and brutal
 nature
 Hath sent into my soul. . . But take
 thou heed!
 I have borne many a woe and many
 a loss, . .
 My father's realm, the husband of my
 youth,
 My hope in thee! . . all motherly love
 is gone, . .
 Sufferance well nigh worn out.
 When she had ceased
 Still the deep feeling fill'd her, and he
 eye
 Dwelt on him, still in thought. Brother
 she cried,

As Madoc would have sooth'd her, doubt
 not me!
 Mine is no feeble heart. Abundantly ¹⁴⁹
 Did the Great Spirit overpay all woes,
 And this the heaviest, when he sent thee
 here,
 'he friend and the deliverer. Evil
 tongues
 May scatter lies; bad spirits and bad
 men
 May league against thy life; but go
 thou on,
 Brother! He loves thee and will be thy
 shield.

V. WAR DENOUNCED

THIS is the day, when, in a foreign
 grave,
 King Owen's relics shall be laid to rest.
 No bright emblazonries bedeck'd his
 bier,
 No tapers blazed, no prelate sung the
 mass,
 No choristers the funeral dirge intoned,
 No mitred abbots, and no tonsured
 train,
 Lengthen'd the pomp of ceremonious
 woe.
 His decent bier was with white linen
 spread
 And canopied; two elks and bison,
 yoked,
 Drew on the car; foremost Cadwallon
 bore ¹⁵⁰
 The Crucifix; with single voice, distinct,
 The good priest Llorien chaunted loud
 and deep
 The solemn service; Madoc next the
 bier
 Follow'd his father's corpse; bareheaded
 then
 Came all the people, silently and slow.

The burial-place was in a grassy plat,
 A little level glade of sunny green,
 Between the river and a rocky bank,
 Which, like a buttress, from the precipice
 Of naked rock sloped out. On either
 side ¹⁵⁰

'Twas skirted by the woodlands. A
 stone cross
 Stood on Cynetha's grave, sole monu-
 ment,
 Beneath a single cocoa, whose straight
 trunk
 Rose like an obelisk, and waved on
 high
 Its palmy plumage, green and never
 sere.
 Here by Cynetha's side, with Christian
 prayers,
 All wrongs forgotten now, was Owen laid.
 Rest, King of Gwyneth, in a foreign
 grave!
 From foul indignity of Romish pride
 And bigot priesthood, from a falling
 land³⁰
 Thus timely snatch'd, and from the
 impending yoke, . .
 Rest in the kingdom of thy noble son !

Ambassadors from Aztlan in the vale
 Awaited their return, . . Yuhidthiton,
 Chief of the Chiefs, and Helhua the
 priest;
 With these came Malinal. They met
 the Prince,
 And with a sullen stateliness return'd
 His salutation, then the Chief began :
 Lord of the Strangers, hear me ! by my
 voice
 The People and the Pabas and the King
 Of Aztlan speak. Our injured Gods have
 claim'd⁴¹
 Their wonted worship, and made mani-
 fest
 Their wrath ; we dare not impiously
 provoke
 The Dreadful. Worship ye in your own
 way ;
 But we must keep the path our fathers
 kept.

We parted, O Yuhidthiton ! as friends
 And brethren, said the Christian Prince ;
 That this should be our meeting ! When
 we pledged,
 In the broad daylight and the eye of
 Heaven,
 Our hands in peace, ye heard the will of
 God,⁵⁰

And felt and understood. This calm
 assent
 Ye would belie, by midnight miracles
 Scared, and such signs of darkness as
 beseeem
 The Demons whom ye dread ; or likelier
 Duped by the craft of those accursed
 men,
 Whose trade is blood. Ask thou of
 thine own heart,
 Yuhidthiton, . .

But Helhua broke his speech ;
 Our bidding is to tell thee, quoth the
 Priest,
 That Aztlan hath restored, and will
 maintain.⁵⁹
 Her ancient faith. If it offendeth thee,
 Move thou thy dwelling place !

Madoc replied,
 This day have I deposited in earth
 My father's bones, and where his bones
 are laid,
 There mine shall moulder.

Malinal at that
 Advanced ; . . Prince Madoc, said the
 youth, I come,
 True to thy faith and thee, and to the
 weal
 Of Aztlan true, and bearing, for that
 truth,
 Reproach and shame and scorn and
 obloquy.

In sorrow come I here, a banish'd man ;
 Here take, in sorrow, my abiding place,
 Cut off from all my kin, from all old ties
 Divorced ; all dear familiar coun-
 tenances⁷²
 No longer to be present to my sight ;
 The very mother-language which I learnt,
 A lisping baby on my mother's knees,
 No more with its sweet sounds to com-
 fort me.

So be it ! . . To his brother then he
 turn'd ;
 Yuhidthiton, said he, when thou shalt
 find, . .

As find thou wilt, . . that those accursed
 men
 Have played the juggler with thee, and
 deceived⁸⁰
 Thine honest heart, . . when Aztlan
 groans in blood, . .
 Bid her remember then, that Malinal

Is in the dwellings of her enemy ;
Where all his hope in banishment hath
 been
To intercede for her, and heal her
 wounds,
And mitigate her righteous punishment.

Sternly and sullenly his brother heard ;
Yet hearken'd he as one whose heart
 perforce
Suppress'd its instinct, and there might
 be seen

A sorrow in his silent stubbornness. 90
And now his ministers on either hand
A water-vessel fill, and heap dry sedge
And straw before his face, and fire the
 pile.

He, looking upward, spread his arms and
 cried,

Hear me, ye Gods of Aztlan, as we were,
And are, and will be yours ! Behold
 your foes !

He stooped, and lifted up one ample
 urn, . .

Thus let their blood be shed ! . . and far
 away

He whirl'd the scattering water. Then
 again

Raised the full vase, . . Thus let their
 lives be quench'd ! 100

And out he pour'd it on the flaming pile.
The steam-cloud, hissing from the ex-
 tinguish'd heap,

Spread like a mist, and ere it melted off,
Homeward the heralds of the war had
 turn'd.

VI. THE FESTIVAL OF THE DEAD

THE Hoamen in their Council-hall are
 met

To hold the Feast of Souls ; seat above
 seat,

Ranged round the circling theatre they
 sit.

No light but from the central fire, whose
 smoke,

Slow passing through the over aperture,
Excludes the day, and fills the conic
 roof,

And hangs above them like a cloud.
 Around,

The ghastly bodies of their chiefs are
 hung,

Shrivell'd and parch'd by heat ; the
 humbler dead

Lie on the floor, . . white bones, exposed
 to view, 10

On deer, or elk-skin laid, or softer fur,
Or web, the work of many a mournful
 hour ;

The loathlier forms of fresh mortality
Swathed, and in decent tenderness con-
 ceal'd.

Beside each body pious gifts are laid,
Mantle and belt and feathery coronal,
The bow he used in war, his drinking
 shell,

His arrows for the chace, the sarbacan,
Through whose long tube the slender
 shaft, breath driven,

Might pierce the winged game. Hus-
 bands and wives, 20

Parents and children, there in death
 they lie ;

The widow'd and the parent and the
 child

Look on in silence. Not a sound is
 heard

But of the crackling brand, or moulder-
 ing fire,

Or when, amid yon pendant string of
 shells,

The slow wind wakes a shrill and feeble
 sound, . .

A sound of sorrow to the mind attuned
By sights of woe.

 Ayayaca at length
Came forward : . . Spirits, is it well with
 ye ?

Is it well, Brethren ? said the aged
 Priest ; 30

Have ye received your mourning, and
 the rites

Of righteous grief ? or round your
 dwelling-place

Still do your shadows roam dissatisfied,
And to the cries of wailing woe return

A voice of lamentation ? Teach us now,
If we in aught have fail'd, that I, your
 Priest,

When I shall join ye soon, as soon I must,
May unimpeded pass the perilous floods,

And in the Country of the Dead, be
hail'd
By you, with song and dance and grate-
ful joy. 40

So saying, to the Oracle he turn'd,
Awaiting there the silence which implied
Peaceful assent. Against the eastern
wall,
Fronting the narrow portal's winding
way,
An Image stood: a cloak of fur dis-
guised
The rude proportion of its uncouth
limbs;
The skull of some old seer of days of old
Topt it, and with a visor this was
mask'd,

Honouring the oracular Spirit, who at
times 49

There took his resting place. Ayayaca
Repeated, Brethren, is it well with ye?
And raised the visor. But he started
back,

Appall'd and shuddering; for a moony
light

Lay in its eyeless sockets, and there
came

From its immoveable and bony jaws
A long deep groan, thrice utter'd, and
thrice felt

In every heart of all the hearers round.
The good old Priest stood tottering, like
a man

Stricken with palsy; and he gazed with
eyes 59

Of asking horror round, as if he look'd
For counsel in that fear. But Neolin
Sprung boldly to the oracle, and cried,
Speak, Spirit! tell us of our sin, and
teach

The atonement! A sepulchral voice
replied,

Ye have for other Gods forsaken us,
And we abandon you! . . and crash
with that

The Image fell.

A loud and hideous shriek,
As of a demon, Neolin set up;
So wild a yell, that, even in that hour,
It brought fresh terror to the startled
ear. 70

While yet they sate, pale and irresolute,

Helhua the Azteca came in. He bore
A shield and arrow, . . symbols these of
war,

Yet now beheld with hope, so great relief
They felt his human presence.

Hoamen, hear me!
The messenger began; Erillyab, hear,
Priests, Elders, People! but hear
chiefly thou,

Prince Amalahta, as of these by birth,
So now of years mature, the rightful
Lord! . .

Shall it be peace or war? . . thus Aztlan
saith; 80

She, in her anger, from the land will
root

The Children of the Sea; but viewing
you

In mercy, to your former vassalage
Invites ye, and remits the tribute lives,
And for rebellion claimeth no revenge.

Oh praise your Gods! cried Neolin,
and hail

This day-spring of new hope! Aztlan
remits

The tribute lives, . . what more could
Madoc give?

She claimeth no revenge, and if she
claimed,

He could not save. O Hoamen, bless
your Gods; 90

Appease them! Thou, Prince Amalahta,
speak,

And seize the mercy.

Amalahta stood
In act of speech; but then Erillyab
rose . .

Who gives thee, Boy, this Elder's
privilege?

The Queen exclaim'd; . . and thou,
Priest Neolin,

Curb thou thy traitorous tongue! The
reign is mine;

I hold it from my father, he from his;
Age before age, beyond the memory
Of man it hath been thus. My father
fell

In battle for his people, and his sons 100
Fell by his side; they perish'd, but
their names

Are with the names we love, . . their
happy souls

Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy
deer ;

The spirit of that noble blood which ran
From their death-wounds, is in the ruddy
clouds

Which go before the Sun, when he
comes forth

In glory. Last of that illustrious race
Was I, Erillyab. Ye remember well,
Elders, that day when I assembled here
The and demanded at their

The worthiest, to perpetuate our old line
Of Kings and Warriors. . . To the wind
he spread

His black and blood-red banner. Even
now

I hear his war drum's tripled sound, that
call'd

The youth to battle ; even now behold
The hope which lit his dark and fiery
eye,

And kindled with a sunnier glow his
cheek,

As he from yonder war-pole, in his pride,
Took the death-doers down . . . Lo here
the bones

Of King Tepollomi ! . . my husband's
bones ! . . 120

There should be some among ye who
beheld,

When, all with arrows quill'd, and
clothed with blood

As with a purple garment, he sustain'd
The unequal conflict, till the Aztecas

Took him at vantage, and their
monarch's club

Let loose his struggling soul. Look,
Hoamen, here,

See through how wide a wound his spirit
fled !

Twenty long years of mournful widow-
hood

Have pass'd away ; so long have I
maintain'd

The little empire left us, loving well 130
My people, and by them as well beloved.

Say, Hoamen, am I still your Queen ?
At once

The whole assembly rose with one
acclaim, . .

Still, O Erillyab, O Beloved, rule
Thy own beloved people !

But the Gods !
Cried Amalahta, . . but the Oracle !

The Oracle ! quoth she ; what hath it
said

That forty years of suffering hath not
taught

This wretched people ? . . They abandon
us ? . .

So let them go ! Where were they at
that hour, 140

When, like a blasting night-wind in the
spring,

The multitudes of Aztlan came upon
us ?

Where were they when my father went
to war ?

Where were they when thy father's
stiffen'd corpse,

Even after death a slave, held up the
lamp

To light his conqueror's revels ? . . Think
not, Boy,

To palter with me thus ! A fire may
tremble

Within the sockets of a skull, and

May issue from a dead man's fleshless
jaws,

And images may fall, and yet no God
Be there ! . . If it had walk'd abroad with
life, 151

That had indeed been something !
Then she turn'd

Her voice toward the people. . . Ye have
heard

This Priest of Aztlan, whose insidious
tongue

Bids ye desert the Children of the Sea,
And vow again your former vassalage.

Speaks Aztlan of the former ? O my
people,

I too could tell ye of the former days,
When yonder plain was ours, with all its
woods

And waters and savannahs ! . . of those
days, 160

When, following where her husband's
stronger arm

Had open'd the light glebe, the willing
wife

Dropt in the yellow maize ; ere long to
bear

Its increase to the general store, and toss

Her flowing tresses in the dance of joy.
And I could tell ye how those summer
stores

Were hoarded for the invader's winter
feasts ;

And how the widows clipt those flowing
locks

To strew them, . . not upon their hus-
band's grave, . .

Their husbands had no graves ! . . but
on the rocks 170

And mountains in their flight. And
even these rocks

And mountains could not save us ! Year
by year

Our babes, like firstlings of the flock,
were cull'd

To be the banquet of these Aztecas !
This very wretch, who tells us of the past,
Hath chosen them for the butchery. . .

Oh, I thank you
For this brave anger ! . . In your name
I take

The war-gift !
Gods of Aztlan, Helhua cried,
As to Erillyab's ready hand he gave 179

The deadly symbol, in your name I give
The war-gift ! Ye have thirsted over
long ;

Take now your fill of blood ! . . He turn'd
away ;

And Queen Erillyab bade the tribe fulfil
Their customary rites.

Each family
Bore its own dead, and to the general
grave,

With melancholy song and sob of woe,
The slow procession moves. The general
grave

Was delved within a deep and shady
dell,

Fronting a cavern in the rock, . . the
scene

Of many a bloody rite, ere Madoc
came, . . 190

A temple, as they deem'd, by Nature
made,

Where the Snake-Idol stood. On fur
and cloth

Of woven grass, they lay their burthens
down,

Within the ample pit ; their offerings
range

Beside, and piously a portion take
Of that cold earth, to which, for ever now
Consign'd, they leave their fathers, dust
to dust ;

Sad relic that, and wise remembrancer.

But as with bark and resinous boughs
they pile

The sepulchre, suddenly Neolin 200
Sprung up aloft, and shriek'd, as one
who treads

Upon a viper in his heedless path.
The God ! the very God ! he cried, and
how ! d

One long, shrill, piercing, modulated cry ;
Whereat from that dark temple issued
forth

A Serpent, huge and hideous. On he
came,

Straight to the sound, and curl'd around
the Priest

His mighty folds innocuous, over-
topping

His human height, and arching down his
head, 209

Sought in the hands of Neolin for food ;
Then questing, rear'd and stretch'd and
waved his neck,

And glanced his forked tongue. Who
then had seen

The man, with what triumphant fear-
Arms, thighs, and neck, and body,

wreathed and ring'd
In those tremendous folds, he stood
secure,

Play'd with the reptile's jaws, and
call'd for food,

Food for the present God ! . . who then
had seen

The fiendish joy which fired his coun-
tenance,

Might well have ween'd that he had
summoned up

The dreadful monster from its native
Hell, 220

By devilish power, himself a Fiend in-
flesh'd.

Blood for the God ! he cried ; Lincoya's
blood !

Friend of the Serpent's foe ! . . Lincoya's
blood !

Cried Amalahta, and the people turn'd
Their eyes to seek the victim, as if each
Sought his own safety in that sacrifice.
Alone Erillyab raised her voice, con-
fused

But not confounded; she alone ex-
claim'd,

Madoc shall answer this! Unheard her
voice 229

By the bewilder'd people, by the Priest
Unheeded; and Lincoya sure had fallen
The victim of their fear, had he been
found

In that wild hour; but when his
watchful eye

Beheld the Serpent from his den come
forth,

He fled to bear the tidings. . . Neolin
Repeats the accursed call, Food for the
God!

Ayayaca, his unbelieving Priest!
At once all eager eyes were fix'd on him,
But he came forward calmly at the call;
Lo! here am I! quoth he; and from
his head 240

Plucking the thin gray hairs he dealt
them round. . .

Countrymen, kinsmen, brethren, chil-
dren, take

These in remembrance of me! there
will be

No relic of your aged Priest but this.
From manhood to old age, full three-
score years,

Have I been your true servant: fit it is
That I, who witness'd Aztlan's first
assault,

Should perish her last victim! . . and
he moved

Towards the death. But then Erillyab
Seized him, and by the garment drew
him back! . . 250

By the Great Spirit, but he shall not die!
The Queen exclaim'd; nor shalt thou
triumph thus,

Liar and traitor! Hoamen, to your
homes!

Madoc shall answer this!

Irresolute

They heard, and inobedient; to obey
Fearing, yet fearful to remain. Anon,
The Queen repeats her bidding, To your
homes,

My people! . . But when Neolin per-
ceived

The growing stir and motion of the
crowd,

As from the outward ring they moved
away, 260

He utter'd a new cry, and disentangling
The passive reptile's folds, rush'd out
among them,

With outstretch'd hands, like one pos-
sess'd, to seize

His victim. Then they fled; for who
could tell

On whom the madman, in that hellish
fit.

Might cast the lot? An eight-years' boy
he seized

And held him by the leg, and, whirling
him

In ritual dance, till breath and sense
were gone,

Set up the death-song of the sacrifice.

Amalahta, and what others rooted love
Of evil leagued with him, accomplices

In treason, join'd the death-song and
the dance. 272

Some toothere were, believing what they
feard,

Who yielded to their old idolatry,
And mingled in the worship. Round
and round

The accursed minister of murder
whirl'd

His senseless victim; they too round
and round

In maddening motion, and with mad-
dening cries

Revolving, whirl'd and wheel'd. At
length, when now,

According to old rites, he should have
dash'd 280

On the stone Idol's head the wretch's
brains,

Neolin stopt, and once again began
The long, shrill, piercing, modulated
cry.

The Serpent knew the call, and, rolling
on,

Wave above wave, his rising length,
advanced

His open jaws: then, with the expected
prey,

Glides to the dark recesses of his den.

VII. THE SNAKE GOD

MEANTIME Erillyab's messenger had girt
His loins, and like a roebuck, o'er the
hills

He sped. He met Cadwallon and the
Prince

In arms, so quickly Madoc had obey'd
Lincoya's call; at noon he heard the
call,

And still the sun was riding high in
heaven,

When up the valley where the Hoamen
dwelt

He led his twenty spears. O welcome,
friend

And brother! cried the Queen. Even
as thou saidst

So hath it proved; and those accursed
schemes

Of treachery, which that wretched boy
reveal'd

Under the influence of thy potent drink,
Have ripen'd to effect. From what a
snare

The timely warning saved me! for, be
sure,

What I had seen I else should have
believed,

In utter fear confounded. The Great
Spirit,

Who taught thee to foresee the evil
thing,

Will give thee power to quell it.

On they went
Toward the dell, where now the Idolaters
Had built their dedicated fire, and still
With feast and fits of song and violent
dance,

Pursued their rites. When Neolin
perceived

The Prince approach, fearlessly he
came forth,

And raised his arm, and cried, Strangers,
away!

Away, profane! hence to your mother-
land!

Hence to your waters; for the God is
here; . .

He came for blood, and he shall have his
fill!

Impious, away!

Seize him! exclaim'd the Prince;
Nor had he time for motion nor for flight,
So instantly was that command obey'd.
Hoamen, said Madoc, hear me! . . I
came here,

Stranger alike to Aztlan and to you;
I found ye an oppress and wretched race,

Groaning beneath your chains; at your
request,

For your deliverance, I unsheathed the
sword,

Redeem'd ye from your bondage, and
preserved

Your children from the slaughter. With
those foes

Whose burthen ye for forty years en-
dured,

This traitor hath conspired, against
yourselves,

Your Queen, and me your friend; the
solemn faith

Which in the face of yonder sun we

Each to the other, this perfidious man
Hath broken, and hath stain'd his hands
this day

With innocent blood. Life must atone
for life:

Ere I destroy the Serpent, whom his
wiles

Have train'd so well, last victim, he shall
glut

The monster's maw.

Strike, man! quoth Neolin.
This is my consummation! the reward

Of my true faith! the best that I could
ask,

The best the God could give: . . to rest
in him,

Body with body be incorporate,
Soul into soul absorb'd, and I and He

One life, inseparable, for evermore.
Strike, I am weary of this mortal part;

Unite me to the God!

Triumphantly
He spake; the assembled people, at his
words,

With rising awe gazed on the miscreant;
Madoc himself, when now he would have
given

The sign for death, in admiration paused,
Such power hath fortitude. And he per-
ceived

The auspicious moment, and set up his cry.
 Forth, from the dark recesses of the cave,
 The Serpent came: the Hoamen at the sight
 Shouted, and they who held the Priest, appall'd
 Relax'd their hold. On came the mighty snake,
 And twined, in many a wreath, round Neolin,
 Darting aright, aleft, his sinuous neck,
 With searching eye, and lifted jaw and tongue
 Quivering, and hiss as of a heavy shower
 Upon the summer woods. The Britons stood ⁷⁰
 Astounded at the powerful reptile's bulk
 And that strange sight. His girth was as of man,
 But easily could he have overtopp'd
 Goliath's helmed head, or that huge King
 Of Basan, hugest of the Anakim:
 What then was human strength, if once involved
 Within those dreadful coils? . . The multitude
 Fell prone, and worshipp'd; pale Erillyab grew,
 And turn'd upon the Prince a doubtful eye;
 The Britons too were pale, albeit they held ⁸⁰
 Their spears protended; and they also look'd
 On Madoc, who the while stood silently
 Contemplating how wiseliest he might cope
 With that surpassing strength.
 But Neolin, well hoping now success, when he had awed
 The general feeling thus, exclaim'd aloud,
 Blood for the God! give him the Stranger's blood!
 Avenge him on his foes! And then, per chance,
 Terror had urged them to some desperate deed,
 Had Madoc ponder'd more, or pause in act
 The moment. From the sacrificial flames
 He snatch'd a firebrand, and with fire and sword,
 Rush'd at the monster: back the monster drew
 His head upraised recoiling, and the Prince
 smote Neolin; all circled as he was,
 And clipt in his false Deity's embrace,
 smote he the accursed Priest; the avenging sword
 fell on his neck; through flesh and bone it drove
 Deep in the chest: the wretched criminal
 Toter'd, and those huge rings a moment held ¹⁰⁰
 His bloody corpse upright, while Madoc struck
 The Serpent: twice he struck him, and the sword
 Glanced from the impenetrable scales; nor more
 Avail'd its thrust, though driven by that strong arm;
 For on the unyielding skin the temper'd blade
 Bent. He sprung upward then, and in the eyes
 Of the huge monster flashed the fiery brand.
 Impatient of the smoke and burning, back
 The reptile wreathed, and from his loosening clasp
 Dropt the dead Neolin, and turn'd, and fled ¹¹⁰
 To his dark den.
 The Hoamen, at that sight
 Raised a loud wonder-cry, with one accord,
 Great is the Son of Ocean, and his God
 Is mightiest! But Erillyab silently
 Approach'd the great Deliverer; her whole frame
 Trembled with strong emotion, and she took
 His hand, and gazed a moment earnestly,
 Having no power of speech, till with a gush
 Of tears her utterance came, and she exclaim'd,

Blessed art thou, my brother ! for the
power 120

Of God is in thee ! . . and she would have
kissed

His hand in adoration ; but he cried,
God is indeed with us, and in his name
Will we complete the work ! . . then to
the cave

Advanced, and call'd for fire. Bring
fire ! quoth he ;

By his own element the spawn of hell
Shall perish ! and he enter'd, to explore
The cavern depths. Cadwallon fol-
low'd him,

Bearing in either hand a flaming brand,
For sword or spear avail'd not.

Far in the hill,

Cave within cave, the ample grotto
pierced, 131

Three chambers in the rock. Fit vesti-
bule

The first to that wild temple, long and
low,

Shut out the outward day. The second
vault

Had its own daylight from a central
chasm

High in the hollow ; here the Image
stood,

Their rude idolatry, . . a sculptured
snake, . .

If term of art may such mis-shapen
form

Beseem, . . around a human figure coil'd,
And all begrimed with blood. The in-
most cell 140

Dark ; and far up within its blackest
depth

They saw the Serpent's still small eye
of fire.

Not if they thinn'd the forest for their
pile,

Could they, with flame or suffocating
smoke,

Destroy him there ; for through the
open roof

The clouds would pass away. They
paused not long :

Drive him beneath the chasm, Cadwallon
cried,

And hem him in with fire, and from
above

We crush him.

Forth they went and climb'd
the hill.

With all their people. Their united
strength 150

Loosen'd the rocks, and ranged them
round the brink,

Impending. With Cadwallon on the
height

Ten Britons wait ; ten with the Prince
descend,

And, with a firebrand each in either hand,
Enter the outer cave. Madoc ad-
vanced,

And at the entrance of the inner den,
He took his stand alone. A bow he
bore,

And arrows round whose heads dry tow
was twined,

In pine-gum dipt ; he kindled these,
and shot 159

The fiery shafts. Upon the scaly skin,
As on a rock, the bone-tipt arrows fell ;
But, at their bright and blazing light
effray'd,

Out rush'd the reptile. Madoc from his
path

Retired against the side, and call'd his
men,

And in they came and circled round the
Snake,

And shaking all their flames, as with
a wheel

Of fire, they ring'd him in. From side
to side

The monster turns ! . . where'er he turns,
the flame

Flares in his nostrils and his blinking
eyes ;

Nor aught against the dreaded element
Did that brute force avail, which could
have crush'd 171

Milo's young limbs, or Theban Hercules,
Or old Manoah's mightier son, ere yet

Shorn of his strength. They press him
now, and now

Give back, here urging, and here yielding
way.

Till right beneath the chasm they centre
him.

At once the crags are loosed, and down
they fall

Thundering. They fell like thunder, but
the crash

Of scale and bone was heard. In agony
 The Serpent writhed beneath the blow ;
 in vain, 180
 From under the incumbent load essay'd
 To drag his mangled folds. One heavier
 stone
 Fasten'd and flatten'd him ; yet still,
 with tail
 Ten cubits long, he lash'd the air, and
 foined
 From side to side, and raised his raging
 head
 Above the height of man, though half his
 length
 Lay mutilate. Who then had felt the
 force
 Of that wild fury, little had to him
 Buckler or corselet profit'd, or mail,
 Or might of human arm. The Britons
 shrunk 190
 Beyond its arc of motion ; but the
 Prince
 Took a long spear, and springing on the
 stone
 Which fix'd the monster down, provoked
 his rage.
 Uplifts the Snake his head retorted,
 high
 He lifts it over Madoc, then darts down
 To seize his prey. The Prince, with foot
 advanced
 Inclines his body back, and points the
 spear
 With sure and certain aim, then drive
 it up,
 Into his open jaws ; two cubits deep
 It pierced, the monster forcing on the
 wound. 200
 He closed his teeth for anguish, and bit
 short
 The ashen hilt. But not the rage which
 now
 Clangs all his scales, can from his sea
 dislodge
 The barbed shaft : nor those contor-
 tions wild,
 Nor those convulsive shudderings, no
 the throes
 Which shake his inmost entrails, as wit
 the air
 In suffocating gulps the monster now
 Inhales his own life-blood. The Prince
 descends ;

He lifts another lance ; and now the
 Snake,
 Gasping, as if exhausted, on the ground
 Reclines his head one moment. Madoc
 seizes
 'That moment, planted in his eye the
 spear,
 Then setting foot upon his neck, drove
 down
 'Through bone and brain and throat, and
 to the earth
 'Fixed the mortal weapon. Yet once
 more
 The Snake essay'd to rise ; his dying
 strength
 Fail'd him, nor longer did those mighty
 folds
 Obey the moving impulse, crush'd and
 scotch'd ;
 'In every ring, through all his mangled
 length,
 The shrinking muscles quiver'd, then
 collapsed 220
 In death.
 Cadwallon and his comrades now
 Enter the den ; they roll away the
 crag
 Which held him down, pluck out the
 mortal spear,
 Then drag him forth to day ; the force
 conjoin'd
 Of all the Britons difficultly drag
 His lifeless bulk. But when the
 Hoamen saw
 That form portentous trailing in its
 gore,
 The jaws which, in the morning, they
 had seen
 Purpled with human blood, now in their
 own
 Blackening, . . . aknee they fell before
 the Prince, 230
 And in adoring admiration raised
 Their hands with one accord, and all in
 fear
 Worshipped the mighty Deicide. But
 he,
 Recoiling from those sinful honours,
 cried,
 Drag out the Idol now, and heap the fire,
 That all may be consumed !
 Forthwith they heap'd
 The sacrificial fire, and on the pile

The Serpent and the Image and the corpse
 Of Neolin were laid; with prompt supply
 They feed the raging flames, hour after hour,²⁴⁰
 Till now the black and nauseous smoke is spent,
 And mingled with the ruins of the pile,
 The undistinguishable ashes lay.
 Go! cried Prince Madoc, cast them in the stream,
 And scatter them upon the winds, that so
 No relic of this foul idolatry
 Pollute the land. To-morrow meet me here,
 Hoamen, and I will purify yon den
 Of your abominations. Come ye here
 With humble hearts; for ye, too, in the sight²⁵⁰
 Of the Great Spirit, the Beloved One,
 Must be made pure, and cleansed from your offence,
 And take upon yourselves his holy law.

VIII. THE CONVERSION OF THE HOAMEN

How beautiful, O Sun, is thine uprise,
 And on how fair a scene! Before the Cave
 The Elders of the Hoamen wait the will
 Of their Deliverer; ranged without their ring
 The tribe look on, thronging the narrow vale,
 And what of gradual rise the shelving combe
 Displayed, or steeper eminence of wood,
 Broken with crags and sunny slope of green,
 And grassy platform. With the Elders sate
 The Queen and Prince, their rank's prerogative,³⁰
 Excluded else for sex unfit, and youth
 For counsel immature. Before the arch,
 To that rude fane, rude portal, stands the Cross,

By Madoc's hand victorious planted there.
 And lo, Prince Madoc comes! no longer mail'd
 In arms of mortal might; the spear and sword,
 The hauberk and the helmet laid aside,
 Gorget and gauntlet, grieves and shield,
 . . he comes
 In peaceful tunic clad, and mantle long;
 His hyacinthine locks now shadowing²⁰
 That face, which late, with iron over-brow'd,
 Struck from within the aventayle such awe
 And terror to the heart. Bareheaded he,
 Following the servant of the altar, leads
 The reverential train. Before them, raised
 On high, the sacred images are borne;
 There, in faint semblance, holiest Mary bends
 In virgin beauty o'er her babe divine, . .
 A sight which almost to idolatry
 Might win the soul by love. But who can gaze³⁰
 Upon that other form, which on the road
 In agony is stretch'd? . . his hands transfix'd,
 And lacerate with the body's pendent weight;
 The black and deadly paleness of his face,
 Streak'd with the blood which from that crown of scorn
 Hath ceased to flow; the side wound streaming still;
 And open still those eyes, from which the look
 Not yet hath pass'd away, that went to Heaven,
 When, in that hour, the Son of Man exclaim'd,
 Forgive them, for they know not what they do!⁴⁰
 And now arrived before the cave, the train
 Halt: to the assembled Elders, where they sate
 ged in half circle, Madoc then advanced,

And raised, as if in act to speak, his
 hand.
 Thereat was every human sound sup-
 press'd;
 And every quicken'd ear and eager eye
 Were center'd on his lips.
 The Prince began, . . .
 Hoamen, friends, brethren, . . . friends
 we have been long,
 And brethren shall be, ere the day go
 down, . . .
 I come not here propounding doubtful
 things 50
 For counsel, and deliberate resolve
 Of searching thought; but with
 authority
 From Heaven, to give the law, and to
 enforce
 Obedience. Ye shall worship God
 alone,
 The One Eternal. That Beloved One
 Ye shall not serve with offer'd fruits, or
 smoke
 Of sacrificial fire, or blood, or life:
 Far other sacrifice he claims, . . . a soul
 Resign'd, a will subdued, a heart made
 clean
 From all offence. Not for your lots on
 earth, 60
 Menial or mighty, slave or highly-born,
 For cunning in the chase, or strength in
 war,
 Shall ye be judged hereafter; . . . as ye
 keep
 The law of love, as ye shall tame your
 wrath,
 Forego revenge, forgive your enemies,
 Do good to them that wrong ye, ye will
 find
 Your bliss or bale. This law came down
 from Heaven.
 Lo, ye behold Him there by whom it
 came;
 The Spirit was in Him, and for the sins
 Of man He suffered thus, and by His
 death 70
 Must all mankind be blest. Not know-
 ing Him,
 Ye wander'd on in error; knowin-
 now,
 And not obeying, what was error once
 Is guilt and wilful wrong. If ever mor-
 Ye bow to your false deities the knee;

If ever more ye worship them with feast,
 Or sacrifice or dance; whoso offends
 Shall from among the people be cut off,
 Like a corrupted member, lest he taint
 The whole with death. With what
 appointed rites 80
 Your homage must be paid, ye shall be
 taught;
 Your children, in the way that they shall
 go,
 Be train'd from childhood up. Make ye
 meantime,
 Your prayer to that Beloved One, who
 sees
 The secrets of all hearts; and set ye up
 This, the memorial of his chosen Son,
 And Her, who, blessed among women,
 fed
 The Appointed at Her breast, and by
 His cross
 Endured intenser anguish; therefore
 sharing
 His glory now, with sunbeams robed,
 the Moon 90
 Her footstool, and a wreath of stars her
 crown.
 Hoamen, ye deem us children of a
 race
 Mightier than ye, and wiser, and by
 Heaven
 Beloved and favour'd more. From this
 pure law
 Hath all proceeded, . . . wisdom, power,
 whate'er
 Here elevates the soul, and makes it ripe
 For higher powers and more exalted
 bliss.
 Share then our law, and be with us, on
 earth,
 Partakers of these blessings, and, in
 Heaven,
 Co-heirors with us of endless joy. 100
 Ere yet one breath or motion had
 disturb'd
 The reverential hush, Erillyab rose.
 My people, said the Queen, their God is
 best
 And mightiest. Him to whom we
 offered up
 Blood of our blood and of our flesh the
 flesh,

Vainly we deem'd divine ; no spirit he
Of good or evil, by the conquering arm
Of Madoc mortal proved. What then
remains
But that the blessing, proffer'd thus in
love,
In love we take ? . . Deliverer, Teacher,
Friend, 110
First in the fellowship of faith I claim
The initiatory rite.

I also, cried
The venerable Priest Ayayaca,
Old as I am, I also, like a child,
Would learn this wisdom yet before
I die.
The Elders rose and answer'd, We and
all !
And from the congregated tribe burst
forth
One universal shout, . . Great is the
God
Of Madoc, . . worthy to be served is He !

Then to the mountain rivulet, which
roll'd 120
Like amber over its dark bed of rock,
Did Madoc lead Erillyab, in the name
Of JESUS, to his Christian family
Accepted now. On her and on her son,
The Elders and the People, Llorien
Sprinkled the sanctifying waters. Day
Was scarcely two hours old when he
began
His work, and when he ceased, the sun
had pass'd
The heights of noon. Ye saw that
blessed work,
Sons of the Cymry, Cadog, Deiniol, 130
Padarn, and Teilo ! ye whose sainted
names
Your monumental temples still record ;
Thou, David, still revered, who in the
vale,
Where, by old Hatterill's wintry tor-
rents swoln
Rude Hodney rolls his raging stream,
didst choose
Thy hermit home ; and ye who by the
sword
Of the fierce Saxon, when the bloodier
Monk
Urged on the work of murder, for your
faith

And freedom fell, . . Martyrs and Saints,
ye saw
This triumph of the Cymry and the
Cross, 140
And struck your golden harps to hymns
of joy.

IX. TLALALA

As now the rites were ended, Caradoc
Came from the ships, leading an Azteca
Guarded and bound. Prince Madoc,
said the Bard,
Lo ! the first captive of our arms I bring.
Alone, beside the river I had stray'd,
When, from his lurking place, the savage
hurl'd
A javelin. At the rustle of the reeds,
From whence the blow was aim'd, I
turn'd in time,
And heard it whizz beside me. Well it
was,
That from the ships they saw and suc-
cour'd me ; 150
For, subtle as a serpent in my grasp,
He seemed all joint and flexure ; nor
had I
Armour to ward, nor weapon to offend,
To battle all unused and unprepared ;
But I too here upon this barbarous land
Like Elmur and like Aronan of old,
Must lift the ruddy spear.

This is no day
For vengeance, answer'd Madoc, else his
Had met no mercy. Freely let him go !
Perchance the tidings of our triumph
here 20
May yet reclaim his country. . . Azteca,
Go, let your Pabas know that we have
crush'd
Their complots here ; beneath our
righteous sword
The Priest and his false Deity have
fallen ;
The idols are consumed, and in their
stead
The emblems of our holy faith set up,
Whereof the Hoamen have this day
been made
Partakers. Say to Aztlan, when she too

MADOC IN AZTLAN

Will make her temples clean, and put
away

Her foul abominations, and accept 30
The Christian Cross, that Madoc then
accords

Forgiveness for the past, and peace to
come.

This better part let her, of her free will
And wisdom, choose in time.

Till Madoc spake,
The captive reckless of his peril stood,
Gazing with resolute and careless eye,
As one in whom the lot of life or death
Moved neither fear nor feeling; but
that eye

Now sparkling with defiance, . . Seek ye
peace ?

He cried : O weak and woman-hearted
man ! 40

Already wouldst thou lay the sword to
rest ?

Not with the burial of the sword this
strife

Must end, for never doth the Tree of
Peace

Strike root and flourish, till the strong
man's hand

Upon his enemy's grave hath planted it.
Come ye to Aztlan then in quest of
peace ?

Ye feeble souls, if that be what ye seek,
Fly hence ! our Aztlan suffers on her
soil

No living stranger.

Do thy bidding, Chief !
Calmly Cadwallon answered. To her
choice 50

Let Aztlan look, lest what she now
reject

In insolence of strength, she take upon
her,

In sorrow and in suffering and in
shame,

By strong compulsion, penitent too late.
Thou hast beheld our ships with gallant
men

Frighted, a numerous force, . . and for
our arms, . .

Surely thy nation hath acquired of them
Disastrous knowledge.

Curse upon your arms !
Exclaim'd the savage : . . Is there one
among you

Dare lay that cowardly advantage by,
And meet me, man to man, in honest
strife ? 60

That I might grapple with him, weapon-
less,

On yonder rock, breast against breast,
fair force

Of limb and breath and blood, . . till one,
or both,

Dash'd down the shattering precipice,
should feed

The mountain eagle ! . . Give me, I be-
seech you,

That joy !

As wisely, said Cynetha's son,
Thy foe might challenge thee, and bid
thee let

Thy strong right hand hang idle in the
fray,

That so his weakness with thy strength
might cope 70

In equal battle ! . . Not in wrongful
war,

The tyrants of our weaker brethren,
Wield we these dreadful arms, . . but
when assail'd

By fraud and force, when call'd upon to
aid

The feeble and oppress'd, shall we not
Then put our terrors forth, and thunder-
strike

The guilty ?

Silently the Savage heard ;
Joy brighten'd in his eyes, as they un-
loosed

His bonds ; he stretch'd his arms at
length, to feel

His liberty, and like a greyhound then
Slipt from the leash, he bounded o'er
the hills. 80

What was from early morning till noon
day

The steady travel of a well-girt man,
He, with fleet feet and unfatiguable,
In three short hours hath traversed ; in
the lake

He plunged, now shooting forth his
pointed arms,

Arrow-like darting on ; recumbent now,
Forces with springing feet his easier
way ;

Then with new speed, as freshen'd by
repose,

Again he breasts the water. On the
shore ⁹⁰

Of Aztlan now he stands, and breathes
at will,

And wrings his dripping locks; then
through the gate

Pursued his way.

Green garlands deck the gate;
Gay are the temples with green boughs
affix'd;

The door-posts and the lintels hung with
wreaths;

The fire of sacrifice, with flames be-
dimm'd,

Burns in the sun-light, pale; the victims
wait

Around, impatient of their death
delay'd.

The Priest, before Tezcalipoca's shrine,
Watches the maize-strewn threshold, to
announce ¹⁰⁰

The footsteps of the God; for this the
day,

When to his favour'd city he vouchsafes
His annual presence, and, with unseen
feet,

Imprints the maize-strewn threshold;
follow'd soon

By all whose altars with eternal fires
Aztlan illumed, and fed with human
blood; . .

Mexitli, woman-born, who from the
womb,

Child of no mortal sire, leapt terrible,
The arm'd avenger of his mother's
fame;

And he whose will the subject winds
obey, ¹¹⁰

Quetzalcoatl; and Tlaloc, Water-God,
And all the host of Deities, whose power
Requites with bounty Aztlan's pious
zeal,

Health and rich increase giving to her
sons,

And withering in the war her enemies.
So taught the Priests, and therefore
were the gates

Green-garlanded, the temples green
with boughs,

The door-posts and the lintels hung with
wreaths;

And yonder victims, ranged around the
fire, ¹¹⁹

Are destin'd, with the steam of sacrifice,
To greet their dreadful coming.

With the train
Of warrior Chiefs Coanocotzin stood,
That when the Priest proclaim'd the
enter'd God,

His lips before the present Deity
Might pour effectual prayer. The
assembled Chiefs

Saw Tlalala approach, more welcome
now,

As one whose absence from the appointed
rites

Had waken'd fear and wonder. . . Think
not ye,

The youth exclaim'd, careless impiety
Could this day lead me wandering.

I went forth ¹³⁰

To dip my javelin in the Strangers'
blood, . .

A sacrifice, methought, our Gods had
loved

To scent, and sooner hasten'd to enjoy.
I fail'd, and fell a prisoner; but their
fear

Released me, . . coward fear, or childish
hope,

That, like Yuhidthiton, I might become
Their friend, and merit chastisement
from Heaven,

Pleading the Strangers' cause. They
bade me go

And proffer peace. . . Chiefs, were it
possible

That tongue of mine could win you to
that shame, ¹⁴⁰

Out would I pluck the member, though
my soul

Followed its bloody roots. The Stranger
finds

No peace in Aztlan, but the peace of
death!

'Tis bravely said! Yuhidthiton replied,
And fairly may'st thou boast, young
Tlalala,

For thou art brave in battle. Yet
'twere well

If that same fearless tongue were taught
to check

Its boyish licence now. No law forbade
Our friendship with the Stranger, when
my voice

Pleaded for proffered peace; that fault
I shared 150

In common with the King, and with the
Chiefs,

The Pabas and the People, none fore-
seeing

Danger or guilt: but when at length
the Gods

Made evident their wrath in prodigies,
I yielded to their manifested will

My prompt obedience. . . Bravely hast
thou said,

And brave thou art, young Tiger of the
War!

But thou hast dealt with other enemies
Than these impenetrable men, . . with

foes,
Whose conquered Gods lie idle in their
chains, 160

And with tame weakness brook cap-
tivity.

When thou hast met the Strangers in the
fight,

And in the doings of that fight out-
done

Yuhidthiton, revile him then for one
Slow to defend his country and his

faith;
Till then, with reverence, as beseems thy

youth,
Respect thou his full fame!

I wrong it not!
I wrong it not! cried the young Azteca;

But truly, as I hope to equal it,
Honour thy well-earned glory. . . But

this peace! . . 170

Renounce it! . . say that it shall never
be! . .

Never, . . as long as there are Gods in
Heaven,

Or men in Aztlan!

That, the King replied,
The Gods themselves have answer'd.

Never yet
By holier ardour were our countrymen

Possess'd; peace-offerings of repentance
fill

The temple courts; from every voice
ascends

The contrite prayer; daily the victim's
heart, 178

Sends its propitiatory steam to Heaven;
And if the aid divine may be procured

By the most dread solemnities of faith,
And rigour of severest penitence,

Soon shall the present influence
strengthen us,

And Aztlan be triumphant.
While they spake,

The ceaseless sound of song and instru-
ment

Rung through the air, now rising like
the voice

Of angry ocean, now subsiding soft,
As when the breeze of evening dies

away.
The horn, and shrill-toned pipe, and

drum, that gave
Its music to the hand, and hollow'd

wood, 190

Drum-like, whose thunders, ever and
anon,

Commingling with the sea-shell's spiral
roar,

Closed the full harmony. And now the
eve

Pass'd on, and, through the twilight
visible,

The frequent fire-flies' brightening
beauties shone.

Anxious and often now the Priest
inspects

The maize-strewn threshold; for the
wonted hour

Was come, and yet no footstep of the
God!

More radiant now the fire of sacrifice,
Fed to full fury, blazed; and its red

smoke 200

Imparted to the darker atmosphere
Such obscure light as, o'er Vesuvius

seen,
Or pillared upon Etna's mountain-head,

Makes darkness dreadful. In the cap-
tives' cheeks

Then might a livid paleness have been
seen,

And wilder terror in their ghastly eyes,
Expecting momentarily the pang of death.

Soon in the multitude a doubt arose,
Which none durst mention, lest his

neighbour's fears,
Divulged, should strengthen his; . . the

hour was past, 210
And yet no foot had mark'd the
sprinkled maize!

X. THE ARRIVAL OF
THE GODS

Now every moment gave their doubts
new force,

And every wondering eye disclosed the
fear

Which on the tongue was trembling,
when to the King,

Emaciate like some bare anatomy,
And deadly pale, Tezozomoc was led,

By two supporting Priests. Ten pain-
ful months,

Immured amid the forest had he dwelt,
In abstinence and solitary prayer

Passing his nights and days; thus did
the Gods

From their High Priest exact, when they
enforced,

By danger or distress, the penance due
For public sins; and he had dwelt ten

months,
Praying and fasting and in solitude,

Till now might every bone of his lean
limbs

Be told, and in his starved and bony face
The living eye appeared unnatural, . .

A ghostly sight.

In breathless eagerness
The multitude drew round as he began, . .

O King, the Gods of Aztlan are not
come;

They will not come before the Strangers'
blood

Smoke on their altars: but they have
beheld

My days of prayer, and nights of watch-
fulness,

And fasts austere, and bloody disci-
plines,

And have reveal'd their pleasure. Who
is here,

Who to the White King's dwelling-place
dare go,

And execute their will?

Scarce had he said,
When Tlalala exclaim'd, I am the man.

Hear then! Tezozomoc replied, . .

Ye know

That self-denial and long penance purge
The film and foulness of mortality,

For more immediate intercourse with
Heaven

Preparing the pure spirit; and all eyes
May witness that with no relaxing zeal

I have perform'd my duty. Much I
fear'd

For Aztlan's sins, and oft in bitterness,
Have groan'd and bled for her iniquity;

But chiefly for this solemn day the fear
Was strong upon me, lest her Deities,

Estranged, should turn away, and we be
left

A spiritless and God-abandoned race,
A warning to the earth. Ten weary

months
Have the raw maize and running water
been

My only food; but not a grain of maize
Hath stay'd the gnawing appetite, nor

drop
Of water cool'd my parch'd and painful
tongue,

Since yester-morn arose. Fasting I
pray'd,

And, praying, gash'd myself; and all
night long,

I watch'd and wept and supplicated
Heaven,

Till the weak flesh, its life-blood almost
drain'd,

Sunk with the long austerity: a dread
Of death came over me; a deathly chill

Ran through my veins, and loosen'd
every limb;

Dim grew mine eyes; and I could feel
my heart

Dying away within me, intermit
Its slow and feeble throbs, then sud-
denly

Start, as it seem'd exerting all its force
In one last effort. On the ground I fell,

I know not if entranced, or dead indeed,
But without motion, hearing, sight, or

sense,
Feeling, or breath, or life. From that

strange state,
Even in such blessed freedom from all

pain,
That sure I thought myself in very
Heaven,

I woke, and raised my eyelids, and beheld
A light which seemed to penetrate my

With life and health. Before me, visible,
Stood Coatlantona; a wreath of flowers
Circled her hair, and from their odorous
leaves

Arose a lambent flame; not fitfully,
Nor with faint flash or spark of earthly
flowers;

From these, for ever flowing forth, there
play'd 70

In one perpetual dance of pointed light,
The azure radiance of innocuous fire.

She spake. . . Hear, Aztlan! and give
ear, O King!

She said, Not yet the offended Gods
relax

Their anger; they require the Strangers'
blood,

The foretaste of their banquet. Let
their will

Be known to Aztlan, and the brave
perform

Their bidding; I, meantime, will seek
to soothe,

With all a mother's power, Mexitli's
wrath.

So let the Maidens daily with fresh
flowers 80

Garland my temple! . . . Daily with fresh
flowers

Garland her temple, Aztlan! and revere
The gentle mother of thy guardian God!

And let the brave, exclaim'd young
Tlalala,

Perform her bidding! Servant of the
Gods,

Declare their will! . . . Is it, that I should
seek

The Strangers, in the first who meets
my way

To plunge the holy weapon? Say thou
to me

Do this; . . . and I depart to do the deed,
Though my life-blood should mingle
with the foe's. 90

O brave young Chief! Tezozomoc
replied,

With better fortune may the grateful
Gods

Reward thy valour! deed so hazardous
They ask not. Couldst thou from the
mountain holds

Tempt one of these rash foemen to
pursue

Thine artful flight, an ambush'd band
might rise

Upon the unsuspecting enemy,
And intercept his way; then hither-
ward

The captive should be led, and Aztlan's
Gods

On their own altars see the sacrifice, 100
Well pleased, and Aztlan's sons, in-
spirited,

Behold the omen of assured success.

Thou know'st that Tlaloc's annual
festival

Is close at hand. A Stranger's child
would prove

A victim, whose rare value would
deserve

His certain favour. More I need not
say.

Choose thou the force for ambush; and
thyself

Alone, or with a chosen comrade, seek
The mountain dwellers.

Instant as he ceased,
Ocellopan began; I go with thee, 110

O Tlalala! My friend! . . . If one alone
Could have the honour of this enter-
prize,

My love might yield it thee; . . . but thou
wilt need

A comrade. . . Tlalala, I go with thee!
Whom, the Chief answer'd, should my
heart select,

Its tried companion else, but thee, so
oft

My brother in the battle? We will go,
Shedder of blood! together will we
go,

Now, ere the midnight!

Nay! the Priest replied,
A little while delay, and ere ye go, 120

Devote yourselves to Heaven! Feebly
he spake

Like one exhausted; gathering then
new force,

As with laborious effort, he pursued, . .
Bedew Mexitli's altar with your blood,

And go beneath his guidance. I have
yet

Strength to officiate, and to bless your
zeal.

So saying, to the Temple of the God
 He led the way. The warriors follow'd
 him ;
 And with his chiefs, Coanocotzin went,
 To grace with all solemnity the rite. 130
 They pass the Wall of Serpents, and
 ascend
 The massive fabric ; four times they
 surround
 Its ample square, the fifth they reach
 the height.
 There, on the level top, two temple-
 towers
 Were rear'd ; the one Tezcalipoca's
 fane,
 Supreme of Heaven, where now the
 wily Priest
 Stood, watchful for his presence, and
 observed
 The maize-strewn threshold. His the
 other pile,
 By whose peculiar power and patronage
 Aztlan was blest, Mexitli, woman-born.
 Before the entrance, the eternal fire 141
 Was burning ; bare of foot they enter'd
 there.

On a blue throne, with four huge silver
 snakes,
 As if the keepers of the sanctuary,
 Circled, with stretching neck and fangs
 display'd,
 Mexitli sate : another graven snake
 Belted with scales of gold his monster
 bulk.
 Around the neck a loathsome collar
 hung,
 Of human hearts ; the face was mask'd
 with gold,
 His specular eyes seem'd fire ; one hand
 uprear'd 150
 A club, the other, as in battle, held
 The shield ; and over all suspended
 hung
 The banner of the nation. They beheld
 In awe, and knelt before the Terrible
 God.

Guardian of Aztlan ! cried Tezozomoc,
 Who to thy mortal mother hast assign'd
 The kingdom o'er all trees and arborets,
 And herbs and flowers, giving her endless
 life,

A Deity among the Deities ;
 While Coatlantona implores thy love 160
 To thine own people, they in fear ap-
 proach
 Thy awful fane, who know no fear
 And offer up the worthiest sacrifice,
 The blood of heroes !
 To the ready Chiefs
 He turn'd, and said, Now stretch your
 arms, and make
 The offering to the God. They their
 bare arms
 Stretch'd forth, and stabb'd them with
 the aloe-point.
 Then, in a golden vase, Tezozomoc
 Received the mingled streams, and held
 it up 169
 Toward the giant Idol, and exclaim'd,
 Terrible God ! Protector of our realm !
 Receive thine incense ! Let the steam
 of blood
 Ascend to thee, delightful ! So mayest
 thou
 Still to thy chosen people lend thine aid ;
 And these blaspheming strangers from
 the earth
 Be swept away ; as erst the monster
 race
 Of Mammuth, Heaven's fierce ministers
 of wrath,
 Who drain'd the lakes in thirst, and for
 their food
 Exterminated nations. And as when,
 Their dreadful ministry of death fulfil'd,
 Ipalnemoani, by whom we live, 181
 Bade thee go forth, and with thy
 lightnings fill
 The vault of Heaven, and with thy
 thunders rock
 The rooted earth, till of the monster
 race
 Only their monumental bones re-
 main'd, . .
 So arm thy favour'd people with thy
 might,
 Terrible God ! and purify the land
 From these blaspheming foes !
 He said, and gave
 Ocellopan the vase. . . Chiefs, ye have
 pour'd
 Your strength and courage to the
 Terrible God, 190

Devoted to his service; take ye now
 The beverage he hath hallow'd. In
 your youth
 Ye have quaff'd manly blood, that
 manly thoughts
 Might ripen in your hearts; so now
 with this,
 Which mingling from such noble veins
 hath flowed,
 Increase of valour drink, and added
 force.
 Ocellopan received the bloody vase,
 And drank, and gave in silence to his
 friend
 The consecrated draught; then Tlalala
 Drain'd off the offering. Braver blood
 than this 200
 My lips can never taste! quoth he; but
 soon
 Grant me, Mexitli, a more grateful cup, . .
 The Stranger's life!

Are all the rites perform'd?
 Ocellopan enquired. Yea, all is done,
 Answer'd the Priest. Go! and the
 guardian God
 Of Aztlan be your guide!

They left the fane.
 Lo! as Tezozomoc was passing by
 The eternal fire, the eternal fire shot up
 A long blue flame. He started; he
 exclaim'd,
 The God! the God! Tezcalipoca's
 Priest 210
 Echoed the welcome cry, The God! the
 God!
 For lo! his footsteps mark the maize-
 strewn floor.

A mighty shout from all the multitudes
 Of Aztlan rose; they cast into the fire
 The victims, whose last shrieks of agony
 Mingled unheeded with the cries of joy.
 Then louder from the spiral sea-shell's
 depth
 Swell'd the full roar, and from the
 hollow wood
 Peal'd deeper thunders. Round the
 choral band,
 The circling nobles, gay with gorgeous
 plumes, 220
 And gems which sparkled to the mid-
 night fire,
 Moved in the solemn dance; each in
 his hand,

In measured movements lifts the fea-
 thery shield,
 And shakes a rattling ball to measured
 sounds.
 With quicker steps, the inferior chiefs
 without,
 Equal in number, but in just array,
 The spreading radii of the mystic wheel,
 Revolve; and, outermost, the youths
 roll round,
 In motions rapid as their quicken'd
 blood.
 So thus with song and harmony the
 night 230
 Pass'd on in Aztlan, and all hearts re-
 joiced.

XI. THE CAPTURE

MEANTIME from Aztlan, on their enter-
 prize,
 Shedder of Blood and Tiger of the War,
 Ocellopan and Tlalala set forth.
 With chosen followers, through the
 silent night,
 Silent they travell'd on. After a way
 Circuitous and far through lonely tracks,
 They reach'd the mountains, and amid
 the shade
 Of thickets covering the uncultured
 slope,
 Their patient ambush placed. The
 chiefs alone
 Held on, till winding in ascent they
 reach'd 10
 The heights which o'er the Briton's
 mountain hold
 Impended; there they stood, and by
 the moon
 Who yet, with undiminished lustre,
 hung
 High in the dark blue firmament, from
 thence
 Explored the steep descent. Precipitous
 The rock beneath them lay, a sudden
 cliff
 Bare and unbroken; in its midway
 holes,
 Where never hand could reach, nor eye
 intrude,
 The eagle built her eyrie. Farther on,

Its interrupted crags and ancient woods
Offered a difficult way. From crag to
crag,

By rocky shelf, by trunk, or root, or
bough,
A painful toil and perilous they pass'd ;
And now, stretch'd out amid the matted
shrubs,

Which, at the entrance of the valley,
clothed

The rugged bank, they crouch'd.

By this the stars
Grew dim ; the glow-worm hath put
out her lamp ;

The owls have ceased their night song.

On the top
Of yon magnolia the loud turkey's voice
Is heralding the dawn ; from tree to
tree

Extends the wakening watch-note, far
and wide,

Till the whole woodlands echo with the
cry.

Now breaks the morning ; but as yet no
foot

Hath mark'd the dews, nor sound of
man is heard.

Then first Ocellopan beheld, where near,
Beneath the shelter of a half-roof'd hut,
A sleeping Stranger lay. He pointed
him

To Tlalala. The Tiger look'd around :
None else was nigh. . . Shall I descend,
he said,

And strike him ? here is none to see the
deed.

We offered to the Gods our mingled blood
Last night ; and now, I deem it, they
present

An offering which shall more propitiate
them,

And omen sure success. I will go down
And kill !

He said, and, gliding like a snake,
Where Caradoc lay sleeping made his
way.

Sweetly slept he, and pleasant were his
dreams

Of Britain, and the blue-eyed maid he
loved.

The Azteca stood over him ; he knew
His victim, and the power of vengeance
gave

Malignant joy. Once hast thou 'scaped
my arm :

But what shall save thee now ? the
Tiger thought,

Exulting ; and he raised his spear to
strike.

That instant, o'er the Briton's unseen
harp

The gale of morning pass'd, and swept
its strings

Into so sweet a harmony, that sure
It seem'd no earthly tone. The savage
man

Suspends his stroke ; he looks astonish'd
round ;

No human hand is near : . . and hark !
again

The aerial music swells and dies away.
Then first the heart of Tlalala felt fear :

He thought that some protecting spirit
watch'd

Beside the Stranger, and, abash'd, with-
drew.

A God protects him ! to Ocellopan,
Whispering, he said. Didst thou not
hear the sound

Which enter'd into me, and fix'd my
arm

Powerless above him ?

Was it not a voice
From thine own Gods to strengthen thee,
replied

His sterner comrade, and make evident
Their pleasure in the deed ?

Nay ! Tlalala
Rejoin'd ; they speak in darkness and
in storms :

The thunder is their voice, that peals
through heaven,

Or, rolling underneath us, makes earth
rock

In tempest, and destroys the sons of
men.

It was no sound of theirs, Ocellopan !
No voice to hearten, . . for I felt it pass

Unmanning every limb ; yea, it relax'd
The sinews of my soul. Shedder of

Blood,
I cannot lift my hand against the man.

Go, if thy heart be stronger !

But meantime so
Young Caradoc arose, of his escape

Unconscious; and by this the stirring sounds
 Of day began, increasing now, as all
 Now to their toil betake them. Some go fell
 The stately tree; some from the trunk low-laid
 Hew the huge boughs; here round the fire they char
 The stake-points; here they level with a line
 The ground-plot, and infix the ready piles,
 Or, interknitting them with osiers, weave
 The wicker wall; others along the lake,
 From its shoal waters gather reeds and canes. . .
 Light roofing, suited to the genial sky.
 The woodman's measured stroke, the regular saw,
 The wain slow-creaking and the voice of man
 Answering his fellow, or, in single toil.
 Cheering his labour with a cheerful song,
 Strange concert made to those fierce Aztecas,
 Who, beast-like, in their silent lurking place
 Couch'd close and still, observant for their prey.

All overseeing, and directing all, 100
 From place to place moved Madoc, and beheld
 The dwellings rise. Young Hoel at his side
 Ran on, best pleased when at his Uncle's side
 Courting indulgent love. And now they came
 Beside the half-roof'd hut of Caradoc;
 Of all the mountain-dwellings, that the last.
 The little boy, in boyish wantonness,
 Would quit his Uncle's hold, and haste away,
 With childhood's frolic speed, then laugh aloud,
 To tempt pursuit, now running to the huts, 110

Now toward the entrance of the valley straits.
 But wheresoe'er he turned, Ocellopan
 With hunter's-eye pursued his heedless course,
 In breath-suspending vigilance. Ah me!
 The little wretch toward his lurking-place
 Draws near, and calls on Madoc; and the Prince
 Thinks of no danger nigh, and follows not
 The childish lure! nearer the covert now
 Young Hoel runs, and stops, and calls again;
 Then, like a lion, from his couching place
 Ocellopan leapt forth, and seized his prey. 120

Loud shriek'd the affrighted child, as in his arms
 The savage grasp'd him; startled at the cry,
 Madoc beheld him hastening through the pass.
 Quick as instinctive love can urge his feet
 He follows, and he now almost hath reach'd
 The incumber'd ravisher, and hope inspires
 New speed, . . yet nearer now, and nearer still,
 And lo! the child holds out his little arms!
 That instant, as the Prince almost had laid 130
 His hand upon the boy, young Tlalala
 Leapt on his neck, and soon, though Madoc's strength
 With frantic fury shook him from his hold,
 Far down the steep Ocellopan had fled.
 Ah! what avails it now, that they, by whom
 Madoc was standing to survey their toil,
 Have miss'd their Chief, and spread the quick alarm?

What now avails it, that with distant
aid,

His gallant men come down ? Regarding
nought

But Hoel, but the wretched Llaian's
grief, 140

He rushes on ; and ever as he draws
Near to the child, the Tiger Tlalala
Impedes his way ; and now they reach
the place

Of ambush, and the ambush'd band
arise,

And Madoc is their prisoner.

In vain thou ledest on the late pursuit !
In vain, Cadwallon, hath thy love

alarm'd

Caught the first sound of evil ! They
pour out

Tumultuous from the vale, a half-arm'd
troop ;

Each with such weapons as his hasty
hand 150

Can seize, they rush to battle. Gallant
men,

Your valour boots not ! It avails not
now,

With such fierce onset that ye charge
the foe,

And drive with such full force the
weapon home !

They, while ye slaughter them, impede
pursuit,

And far away, meantime, their com-
rades bear

The captive Prince. In vain his noble
heart

Swells now with wild and suffocating
rage ;

In vain he struggles : . . they have bound
his limbs

With the tough osier, and his struggles
now 160

But bind more close and cuttingly the
band.

They hasten on ; and while they bear
the prize,

Leaving their ill-doom'd fellows in the
fight

To check pursuit, foremost afar of all,
With unabating strength by joy in-
spired

Ocellopan to Aztlan bears the child.

XII. HOEL

Good tidings travel fast. . . The chief is
seen ;

He hastens on ; he holds the child on
high ;

He shouts aloud. Through Aztlan
spreads the news ;

Each to his neighbour tells the happy
tale, . .

Joy, . . joy to Aztlan ! the blood-shedder
comes !

Tlaloc has given his victim.

They from the gate swarm out to wel-
come thee, Ah, poor child !

Warriors, and men grown grey, and
youths and maids,

Exulting, forth they crowd. The
mothers throng

To view thee, and, while thinking of
thy doom, 10

They clasp their own dear infants to the
breast

With deeper love, delighted think that
thou

Shalt suffer for them. He, poor child,
adores

The strange array ! with wonder he
beholds

Their olive limbs, half bare, their plummy
crowns,

And gazes round and round, where all
was new,

Forgetful of his fears. But when the
Priest

Approach'd to take him from the War-
rior's arms,

Then Hoel scream'd, and from that
hideous man

Averting, to Ocellopan he turn'd, 20
And would have clung to him, so dread-
ful late,

Stern as he was, and terrible of eye,
Less dreadful than the Priest, whose

dark aspect

Which nature with her harshest charac-
ters

Had featured, art made worse. His
cowl was white ;

His untrimm'd hair, a long and loath-
some mass,

With cotton cords intwisted, clung with
gum,
And matted with the blood, which, every
morn,
He from his temples drew before the
God,

In sacrifice ; bare were his arms, and
smear'd³⁰

Black. But his countenance a stronger
dread

Than all the horrors of that outward
garb,

Struck with quick instinct to young
Hoel's heart ;

It was a face, whose settled sullenness
No gentle feeling ever had disturb'd ;
Which, when he probed a victim's living
breast,

Retained its hard composure.

Such was he
Who took the son of Llaian, heeding not
His cries and screams, and arms, in sup-
pliant guise,

Stretch'd out to all around, and strug-
glings vain.⁴⁰

He to the temple of the Water-God
Convey'd his victim. By the threshold,
there

The ministering Virgins stood, a comely
band

Of high-born damsels, to the temple rites
By pious parents vow'd. Gladly to them
The little Hoel leapt ; their gentle looks
No fear excited ; and he gazed around,
Pleased and surprised, unconscious to
what end

These things were tending. O'er the
rush-strewn floor

They to the azure Idol led the boy,⁵⁰
Now not reluctant, and they raised the
hymn.

God of the Waters ! at whose will the
streams

Flow in their wonted channel, and diffuse
Their plenty round, the blood and life
of earth ;

At whose command they swell, and o'er
their banks

Burst with resistless ruin, making vain
The toils and hopes of man, . . behold
this child !

O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,

Tlaloc ! behold thy victim ! so mayest
thou

Restrain the peaceful streams within
their banks,⁶⁰

And bless the labours of the husband-
man.

God of the Mountains ! at whose will
the clouds

Cluster around the heights ; who
sendest them

To shed their fertilizing showers, and
raise

The drooping herb, and o'er the thirsty
vale

Spread their green freshness ; at whose
voice the hills

Grow black with storms ; whose wrath
the thunder speaks,

Whose bow of anger shoots the lightning
shafts,

To blast the works of man ; . . behold
this child !

O strong to bless, and mighty to destroy,
Tlaloc ! behold thy victim ! so mayest
thou⁷¹

Lay by the fiery arrows of thy rage,
And bid the genial rains and dews
descend.

O thou, Companion of the powerful
God,

Companion and Beloved ! . . when he
treads

The mountain-top, whose breath diffuses
round

The sweets of summer ; when he rides
the waves,

Whose presence is the sunshine and the
calm, . .

Aiauh, O green-robed Goddess, see this
child !

Behold thy victim ! so mayest thou
appease⁸⁰

The sterner mind of Tlaloc when he
frowns,¹⁻⁹¹

And Aztlan flourish in thy fostering
smile.

Young Spirits ! ye whom Aztlan's piety
Hath given to Tlaloc, to enjoy with him,

For aye, the cool delights of Tlalocan, . .
Young Spirits of the happy ; who have
left

Your Heaven to-day, unseen assistants
 here, . .
 Behold your comrade ! see the chosen
 child,
 Who through the lonely cave of death
 must pass,
 Like you, to join you in eternal joy. 90

Now from the rush-strewn temple they
 depart.
 They place their smiling victim in a car,
 Upon whose sides of pearly shell there
 play'd,
 Shading and shifting still, the rainbow
 light.
 On virgin shoulders is he borne aloft,
 With dance before, and song and music
 round ;
 And thus they seek, in festival array,
 The water-side. There lies the sacred
 bark,
 All gay with gold, and garlanded with
 flowers :
 The virgins with the joyous boy embark ;
 Ten boatmen urge them on ; the Priests
 behind 101
 Follow, and all the long solemnity.
 The lake is overspread with boats ; the
 sun
 Shines on the gilded prows, the feathery
 crowns,
 The sparkling waves. Green islets float
 along,
 Where high-born damsels, under jasmin
 bowers,
 Raise the sweet voice, to which the
 echoing oars,
 In modulated motion, rise and fall.
 The moving multitude along the shore
 Flows like a stream ; bright shines the
 unclouded sky ; 110
 Heaven, earth, and waters wear one face
 of joy.
 Young Hoel with delight beholds the
 pomp ;
 His heart throbs joyfully ; and if he
 thinks
 Upon his mother now, 'tis but to think
 How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
 He hath when he returns. Meantime
 the maids
 Weave garlands for his head, and raise
 the song.

Oh ! happy thou, whom early from
 the world
 The Gods require ! not by the wasting
 worm
 Of sorrow canker'd, nor condemn'd to
 feel 120
 The pang of sickness, nor the wound of
 war,
 Nor the long miseries of protracted age ;
 But thus in childhood chosen of the
 God,
 To share his joys. Soon shall thy
 rescued soul,
 Child of the Stranger ! in his blissful
 world,
 Mix with the blessed spirits ; for not
 thine,
 Amid the central darkness of the earth,
 To endure the eternal void ; . . not thine
 to live,
 Dead to all objects of eye, ear, or sense,
 In the long horrors of one endless night,
 With endless being curst. For thee the
 bowers 131
 Of Tlalocan have blossom'd with new
 sweets ;
 For thee have its immortal trees matured
 The fruits of Heaven ; thy comrades
 even now
 Wait thee, impatient, in their fields of
 bliss ;
 The God will welcome thee, his chosen
 child,
 And Aiauh love thee with a mother's
 love.
 Child of the Stranger, dreary is thy way !
 Darkness and Famine through the cave
 of Death
 Must guide thee. Happy thou, when on
 that night 140
 The morning of the eternal day shall
 dawn.

So as they sung young Hoel's song of
 death,
 With rapid strength the boatmen plied
 their oars,
 And through the water swift they glided
 on,
 And now to shore they drew. The
 stately bank
 Rose with the majesty of woods o'er-
 hung,

And rocks, or peering through the forest
 shade,
 Or rising from the lake, and with their
 bulk
 Glassing its dark deep waters. Half
 way up,
 A cavern pierced the rock ; no human
 foot 150
 Had trod its depths, nor ever sunbeam
 reach'd
 Its long recesses and mysterious gloom ;
 To Tlaloc it was hallowed ; and the
 stone,
 Which closed its entrance, never was
 removed,
 Save when the yearly festival return'd,
 And in its womb a child was sepulchred,
 The living victim. Up the winding
 path,
 That to the entrance of the cavern led,
 With many a painful step the train
 ascend :
 But many a time, upon that long ascent,
 Young Hoel would have paused, with
 weariness 161
 Exhausted now. They urge him on, .
 poor child !
 They urge him on ! . . Where is Cad-
 wallon's aid ?
 Where is the sword of Ririd ? where the
 arm
 Of Madoc now ? . . Oh ! better had he
 lived,
 Unknowing and unknown, on Arvon's
 plain,
 And trod upon his noble father's grave,
 With peasant feet, unconscious ! . . They
 have reach'd
 The cavern now, and from its mouth
 the Priests
 Roll the huge portal. Thitherward
 they force 170
 The son of Llaian. A cold air comes
 out ; . .
 It chills him, and his feet recoil ; . . in
 vain
 His feet recoil ; . . in vain he turns
 to fly,
 Affrighted at the sudden gloom that
 spreads
 Around ; . . the den is closed, and he is
 left
 In solitude and darkness, . . left to die !

XIII. COATEL

THAT morn from Aztlan Coatel had gone
 In search of flowers, amid the woods and
 crags,
 To deck the shrine of Coatlantona ;
 Such flowers as in the solitary wilds
 Hiding their modest beauty, made their
 worth
 More valued for its rareness. 'Twas to
 her
 A grateful task ; not only for she fled
 Those cruel rites, to which nor reverent
 use,
 Nor frequent custom could familiarize
 Her gentle heart, and teach it to put off
 All womanly feeling ; . . but that from
 all eyes 11
 Escaped, and all obtrusive fellowship,
 She in that solitude might send her soul
 To where Lincoya with the Strangers
 dwelt.
 She from the summit of the woodland
 heights
 Gazed on the lake below. The sound
 of song
 And instrument, in soften'd harmony,
 Had reach'd her where she stray'd ;
 and she beheld
 The pomp, and listen'd to the floating
 sounds,
 A moment, with delight : but then a
 fear 20
 Came on her, for she knew with what
 The Tiger and Ocellopan had sought
 The dwellings of the Cymry. . . Now the
 boats
 Drew nearer, and she knew the Stranger's
 child.
 She watch'd them land below ; she saw
 them wind
 The ascent : . . and now from that
 abhorred cave
 The stone is roll'd away, . . and now the
 child
 From light and life is cavern'd. Coatel
 Thought of his mother then, of all the ills
 Her fear would augur, and how worse
 than all 30
 Which even a mother's maddening fear
 could feign,

His actual fate. She thought of this, Throb audibly. From crag to crag she
 and bow'd
 Her face upon her knees, and closed her eyes Descending, and beheld a narrow cave
 Shuddering. Suddenly in the brake Enter the hill. A little way the light
 beside, Fell, . . but its feeble glimmering she
 A rustling started her, and from the herself
 shrubs Obstructed half, as stooping in she went.
 A Vulture rose. The arch grew loftier, and the increasing
 She moved toward the spot, Fill'd her with more affright; and now
 Led by an idle impulse, as it seem'd, she paused;
 To see from whence the carrion bird had For at a sudden and abrupt descent
 fled. She stood, and fear'd its unseen depth;
 The bushes overhung a narrow chasm her heart
 Which pierced the hill: upon its mossy 70
 sides the cry
 Shade-loving herbs and flowers luxuriant Reach'd her again, the near and certain
 grew, cry
 And jutting crags made easy the Of that most pitiable innocent.
 descent. Again adown the dark descent she
 A little way descending, Coatel look'd,
 Stoopt for the flowers, and heard, or Straining her eyes; by this the strength-
 thought she heard, en'd sight
 A feeble sound below. She raised her Had grown adapted to the gloom around,
 head, And her dilated pupils now received
 And anxiously she listen'd for the sound, Dim sense of objects near. Something
 Not without fear. . . Feebly again, and below,
 like White, in the darkness lay: it mark'd
 A distant cry, it came; and then she the depth.
 thought, Still Coatel stood dubious; but she
 Perhaps it was the voice of that poor heard 80
 child, The wailing of the child, and his loud
 By the slow pain of hunger doom'd to die. 50
 She shudder'd at the thought, and Then, clinging to the rock with fearful
 breathed a groan hands,
 Of unavailing pity; . . but the sound Her feet explored below, and twice she
 Came nearer, and her trembling heart felt
 conceived Firm footing, ere her fearful hold relax'd.
 A dangerous hope. The Vulture from The sound she made, along the hollow
 that chasm rock
 Had fled, perchance accustomed in the Ran echoing. Hoel heard it, and he
 cave came
 To seek his banquet, and by living feet Groping along the side. A dim, dim
 Alarm'd: . . there was an entrance then light
 below; Broke on the darkness of his sepulchre;
 And were it possible that she could save A human form drew near him; . . he
 The Stranger's child, . . Oh what a joy sprang on,
 it were Screaming with joy, and clung to
 To tell Lincoya that! Coatel, 90
 It was a thought 60
 Which made her heart with terror and She answer'd not; she understood him
 delight not;

MADOC IN AZTLAN

But clasp'd the little victim to her
breast,
And shed delightful tears.

But from that den
Of darkness and of horror, Coatel
Durst not convey the child, though in
her heart

There was a female tenderness which
yearn'd,

As with maternal love, to cherish him.
She hush'd his clamours, fearful lest the
sound

Might reach some other ear; she kissed
away

The tears that stream'd adown his little
cheeks;

She gave him food which in the morn
she brought,

For her own wants, from Aztlan. Some
few words

Of Britain's ancient language she had
learnt

From her Lincoya, in those happy days
Of peace, when Aztlan was the Stranger's
friend:

Aptly she learnt, what willingly he
taught,

Terms of endearment, and the parting
words

Which promised quick return. She to
the child

These precious words address'd; and if
it chanced

Imperfect knowledge, or some difficult
sound

Cheek'd her heart's utterance, then the
gentle tone,

The fond caress, intelligibly spake
Affection's language.

But when she arose,
And would have climb'd the ascent, the
affrighted boy

Fast held her, and his tears interpreted
The prayer to leave him not. Again
she kiss'd

His tears away; again of soon return
Assured and soothed him; till reluc-
tantly

And weeping, but in silence, he unloosed
His grasp; and up the difficult ascent
Coatel climb'd, and to the light of day
Returning, with her flowers she hastened
home.

XIV. THE STONE OF SACRIFICE

Who comes to Aztlan, bounding like a
deer

Along the plain? . . The herald of suc-
cess;

For lo! his locks are braided, and his
loins

Cinctured with white; and see, he lifts
the shield,

And brandishes the sword. The popu-
lace

Flock round, impatient for the tale of
joy,

And follow to the palace in his path.

Joy! joy! the Tiger hath achieved his
quest!

They bring a captive home! . . Trium-
phantly

Coanocotzin and his Chiefs go forth
To greet the youth triumphant, and
receive

The victim whom the gracious gods have
given,

Sure omen and first fruits of victory.
A woman leads the train, young, beauti-
ful, . .

More beautiful for that translucent joy
Flushing her cheek, and sparkling in
her eye; . .

Her hair is twined with festal flowers,
her robe

With flowing wreaths adorn'd; she
holds a child,

He, too, bedeck'd and garlanded with
flowers,

And, lifting him, with agile force of
arm,

In graceful action, to harmonious step
Accordant, leads the dance. It is the
wife

Of Tlalala, who, with his child, goes forth
To meet her hero husband.

And behold
The Tiger comes! and ere the shouts
and sounds

Of gratulation cease, his followers bear
The captive Prince. At that so wel-
come sight

Loud rose the glad acclaim; nor knew
they yet

That he who there lay patient in his
 bonds,
 Expecting the inevitable lot, 30
 Was Madoc. Patient in his bonds he
 lay,
 Exhausted with vain efforts, hopeless
 now,
 And silently resign'd. But when the
 King
 Approach'd the prisoner, and beheld his
 face,
 And knew the Chief of Strangers, at
 that sound
 Electric joy shot through the multitude,
 And, like the raging of the hurricane,
 Their thundering transports peal'd.
 A deeper joy,
 A nobler triumph kindled Tlalala,
 As, limb by limb, his eye survey'd the
 Prince, 40
 With a calm fierceness. And by this
 the Priests
 Approach'd their victim, clad in vest-
 ments white
 Of sacrifice, which from the shoulders
 fell,
 As from the breast, unbending, broad
 and straight,
 Leaving their black arms bare. The
 blood-red robe,
 The turquoise pendant from his down-
 drawn lip,
 The crown of glossy plumage, whose
 green hue
 Vied with his emerald ear-drops,
 mark'd their Chief
 Tezozomoc: his thin and ghastly cheek,
 Which, . . . save the temple serpents,
 when he brought 50
 Their human banquet, . . . never living eye
 Rejoiced to see, became more ghastly
 now,
 As in Mexitli's name, upon the Prince
 He laid his murderous hand. But as
 he spake,
 Up darted Tlalala his eagle glance. . .
 Away! away! he shall not perish so!
 The warrior cried. . . Not tamely, by the
 knife,
 Nor on the jasper-stone, his blood shall
 flow!
 The Gods of Aztlan love a Warrior Priest!
 I am their Priest to-day!

A murmuring 60
 Ran through the train; nor waited he
 to hear
 Denial thence; but on the multitude
 Aloud he call'd. . . When first our fathers
 seized
 This land, there was a savage chief who
 stopt
 Their progress. He had gained the rank
 he bore,
 By long probation: stripes, which laid
 his flesh
 All bleeding bare, had forced not one
 complaint;
 Not when the working bowels might
 be seen,
 One movement; hand-bound, he had
 been confined
 Where myriad insects on his nakedness
 Infix'd their venomous anger, and no
 start, 71
 No shudder, shook his frame; last, in
 a net
 Suspended, he had felt the agony
 Of fire, which to his bones and marrow
 pierced,
 And breathed the suffocating smoke
 which fill'd
 His lungs with fire, without a groan,
 a breath,
 A look betokening sense; so gallantly
 Had he subdued his nature. This brave
 man
 Met Aztlan in the war, and put her
 Chiefs
 To shame. Our Elders have not yet
 forgot 80
 How from the slaughter'd brother of
 their King
 He stript the skin, and form'd of it a
 drum,
 Whose sound affrighted armies. With
 this man
 My father coped in battle; here he led
 him,
 An offering to the God; and, man to
 man,
 He slew him here in fight. I was a child
 Just old enough to lift my father's
 shield;
 But I remember, on that glorious day,
 When from the sacred combat he
 return'd,

His red hands reeking with the hot
 heart's blood, ⁹⁰
 How in his arms he took me, and be-
 sought
 The God whom he had served, to bless
 his boy,
 And make me like my father. Men of
 Aztlan,
 Mexitli heard his prayer; . . Here I have
 brought
 The Stranger-Chief, the noblest sacrifice
 That ever graced the altar of the God;
 Let then his death be noble! so my boy
 Shall, in the day of battle, think of me;
 And as I follow'd my brave father's
 Pursue my path of glory.
 Ere the Priest ¹⁰⁰
 Could frame denial, had the Monarch's
 look
 Given his assent. . . Refuse not this, he
 said,
 O servant of the Gods! He hath not here
 His arms to save him; and the Tiger's
 strength
 Yields to no mortal might. Then for
 his sword
 He call'd, and bade Yuhidthiton address
 The Stranger-Chief.
 Yuhidthiton began,
 The Gods of Aztlan triumph, and thy
 blood
 Must wet their altars. Prince, thou
 shalt not die
 The coward's death; but, sworded, and
 in fight, ¹¹⁰
 Fall as becomes the valiant. Should
 thine arm
 Subdue in battle six successive foes,
 Life, liberty, and glory, will repay
 The noble conquest. Madoc, hope not
 this:
 Strong are the brave of Aztlan!
 Then they loosed
 The Ocean Chieftain's bonds; they
 rent away
 His garments; and with songs and
 shouts of joy,
 They led him to the Stone of Sacrifice.
 Round was that Stone of Blood; the
 half-raised arm
 Of one of manly growth, who stood
 below, ¹²⁰

Might rest upon its height; the circle
 small,
 An active boy might almost bound
 across.
 Nor needed for the combat, ampler
 space;
 For in the centre was the prisoner's foot
 Fast fetter'd down. Thus fetter'd
 Madoc stood.
 He held a buckler, light and small, of
 cane
 O'erlaid with beaten gold; his sword,
 the King,
 Honouring a noble enemy, had given,
 A weapon tried in war, . . to Madoc's
 grasp
 Strange and unwieldy: 'twas a broad
 strong staff, ¹³⁰
 Set thick with transverse stones, on
 either side
 Keen-edged as Syrian steel. But when
 he felt
 The weapon, Madoc call'd to mind his
 deeds
 Done on the Saxon in his fathers' land,
 And hope arose within him. Nor
 though now
 Naked he stood, did fear for that assail
 His steady heart; for often had he seen
 His gallant countrymen with naked
 breasts,
 Rush on their iron-coated enemy,
 And win the conquest.
 Now hath Tlalala ¹⁴⁰
 Array'd himself for battle. First he
 donn'd
 A gipion, quilted close of gossampine;
 O'er that a jointed mail of plates of gold,
 Bespotted like the tiger's speckled pride,
 To speak his rank; it clad his arms half-
 way,
 Half-way his thighs; but cuishes had
 he none,
 Nor gauntlets, nor feet-armour. On his
 helm
 There yawn'd the semblance of a tiger's
 head,
 The long white teeth extended, as for
 prey;
 Proud crest, to blazon his proud title
 forth. ¹⁵⁰
 And now toward the fatal stage,
 equipp'd

For fight, he went; when, from the
press behind,

A warrior's voice was heard, and clad in
arms,

And shaking in his angry grasp the
sword,

Ocellopan rush'd on, and cried aloud,
And for himself the holy combat claim'd.

The Tiger, heedless of his clamour,
sprung

Upon the stone, and turn'd him to the
war.

Fierce leaping forward came Ocellopan,
And bounded up the ascent, and seized

his arm: . . 160
Why wouldst thou rob me of a deed like
this?

Equal our peril in the enterprize,
Equal our merit; . . thou wouldst reap

alone
The guerdon! Never shall my children
lift

Their little hands at thee, and say, Lo!
there

The Chief who slew the White King! . .
Tlalala,

Trust to the lot, or turn on me, and
prove,

By the best chance to which the brave
appeal,

Who best deserves this glory!
Stung to wrath,

The Tiger answer'd not; he raised his
sword, 170

And they had rush'd to battle; but the
Priests

Came hastening up, and by their com-
mon Gods,

And by their common country, bade
them cease

Their impious strife, and let the lot
decide

From whom Mexitli should that day
receive

His noble victim. Both unsatisfied,
But both obedient, heard. Two equal

shafts,
As outwardly they seem'd, the Paba

brought;
His mantle hid their points; and

Tlalala
Drew forth the broken stave. A bitter

smile 180

Darken'd his cheek, as angrily he cast
To earth the hostile lot. . . Shedder of
Blood,

Thine is the first adventure! he ex-
claim'd;

But thou mayst perish here! . . and in
his heart

The Tiger hoped Ocellopan might fall,
As sullenly retiring from the stage,

He mingled with the crowd.
And now opposed

In battle, on the Stone of Sacrifice,
Prince Madoc and the Life-Destroyer

stood.
This clad in arms complete, free to
advance 190

In quick assault, or shun the threaten'd
blow,

Wielding his wonted sword; the other,
stript,

Save of that fragile shield, of all defence;
His weapon strange and cumbrous; and

pinn'd down,
Disabled from all onset, all retreat.

With looks of greedy joy, Ocellopan
Survey'd his foe, and wonder'd to

behold
The breast so broad, the bare and

brawny limbs,
Of matchless strength. The eye of

Madoc, too,
Dwelt on his foe; his countenance was

calm, 200
Something more pale than wonted; like

a man
Prepared to meet his death. The

Azteca
Fiercely began the fight; now here, now

there,
Aright, aleft, above, below, he wheel'd

The rapid sword: still Madoc's rapid
eye

Pursued the motion, and his ready
shield,

In prompt interposition, caught the
blow,

Or turn'd its edge aside. Nor did the
Prince

Yet aim the sword to wound, but held it
forth,

Another shield, to save him, till his
hand, 210

Familiar with its weight and shape
uncouth,

Might wield it well to vengeance. Thus
he stood,

Baffling the impatient enemy, who now
Wax'd wrathful, thus to waste in idle
strokes

Reiterate so oft, his bootless strength.

And now yet more exasperate he grew;
For, from the eager multitude, was
heard,

Amid the din of undistinguish'd sounds,
The Tiger's murmur'd name, as though
they thought,

Had he been on the Stone, ere this,
besure, 220

The Gods had tasted of their sacrifice,

Now all too long delay'd. Then
fiercelier,

And yet more rapidly, he drove the
sword;

But still the wary Prince or met its
fall,

And broke the force, or bent him from
the blow;

And now retiring, and advancing now,
As one free foot permitted, still pro-
voked,

And baffled still the savage; and
sometimes,

With cautious strength did Madoc aim
attack,

Mastering each moment now with abler
sway 230

The acquainted sword. But, though as
yet unharm'd

In life or limb, more perilous the strife
Grew momentarily; for with repeated
strokes,

Battered and broken now, the shield
hung loose;

And shouts of triumph from the multi-
tude

Arose, as piece-meal they beheld it
fall,

And saw the Prince exposed.

That welcome sight,
Those welcome sounds, inspired Ocello-
pan;

He felt each limb new-strung. Impatient
now

Of conquest long delay'd, with wilder
rage 240

He drives the weapon; Madoc's lifted
sword

Received its edge, and shiver'd with the
blow.

A shriek of transport burst from all
around;

For lo! the White King, shieldless,
weaponless,

Naked before his foe! That savage
foe,

Dallying with the delight of victory,
Drew back a moment to enjoy the
sight,

Then yell'd in triumph, and sprang on
to give

The consummating blow. Madoc be-
held

The coming death; he darted up his
hand 250

Instinctively to save, and caught the
wrist

In its mid fall, and drove with desperate
force

The splinter'd truncheon of his broken
sword

Full in the enemy's face. Beneath his
eye

It broke its way, and where the nasal
nerves

Branch in fine fibrils o'er their mazy
seat,

Burst through, and slanting upward in
the brain

Buried its jagged point.

Madoc himself
Stood at his fall astonished, at escape

Unhoped, and strange success. The
multitude 260

Beheld, and they were silent, and they
stood

Gazing in terror. But far other thought.
Rose in the Tiger's heart; it was a joy

To Tlalala; and forth he sprung, and
up

The Stone of Sacrifice, and call'd aloud
To bring the Prince another sword and
shield,

For his last strife. Then in that inter-
val,

Upon Ocellopan he fix'd his eyes,
Contemplating the dead, as though
thereby

To kindle in his heart a fiercer thirst 270

For vengeance. Nor to Madoc was the
 sting
 Of anger wanting, when in Tlalala
 He knew the captive whom his mercy
 freed,
 The man whose ambush had that day
 destroy'd
 Young Hoel and himself; . . for, sure,
 he deem'd
 Young Hoel was with God, and he him-
 self
 At his death day arrived. And now he
 graspt
 A second sword, and held another
 shield;
 And from the Stone of Blood Ocellopan
 Was borne away; and, fresh in arms,
 and fierce ²⁸⁰
 With all that makes a savage thirst for
 war,
 Hope, vengeance, courage, superstitious
 hate,
 A second foe came on. By this the
 Prince
 Could wield his weapon well; and
 dreading now
 Lest, in protracted combat, he might
 stand
 Again defenceless, he put forth his
 strength,
 As oft assailing as assail'd, and watch'd
 So well the Tiger's motions, and
 received
 The Tiger's blows so warily, and aimed
 His own so fierce and fast, that in the
 crowd ²⁹⁰
 Doubt and alarm prevail'd. Ilanquel
 grew
 Pale at her husband's danger; and she
 clasp'd
 The infant to her breast, whom late she
 held
 On high, to see his victory. The throng
 Of the beholders silently look'd on;
 And in their silence might at times be
 heard
 An indrawn breath of terror; and the
 Priests
 Angrily murmur'd, that in evil hour,
 Coanocotzin had indulged the pride
 Of vaunting valour, and from certain
 death ³⁰⁰
 Reprieved the foe.

But now a murmur rose
 Amid the multitude; and they who
 stood
 So thickly throng'd, and with such
 eager eyes
 Late watch'd the fight, hastily now broke
 up,
 And, with disorder'd speed and sudden
 arms,
 Ran to the city gates. More eager
 now,
 Conscious of what had chanced, fought
 Tlalala;
 And hope invigorated Madoc's heart;
 For well he ween'd Cadwallon was at
 hand,
 Leading his gallant friends. Aright he
 ween'd; ³¹⁰
 At hand Cadwallon was! His gallant
 friends
 Came from the mountains with im-
 petuous speed,
 To save or to revenge. Nor long en-
 dured
 The combat now: the Priests ascend
 the stone,
 And bid the Tiger hasten to defend
 His country and his Gods; and, hand
 and foot,
 Binding the captive Prince, they bear
 him thence
 And lay him in the temple. Then his
 heart
 Resign'd itself to death, and Madoc
 thought
 Of Llaian and Goeryvl: and he felt ³²⁰
 That death was dreadful. But not so
 the King
 Permitted; but not so had Heaven
 decreed;
 For noble was the King of Aztlan's
 heart,
 And pure his tongue from falsehood:
 he had said,
 That by the warrior's death should
 Madoc die;
 Nor dared the Pabas violently break
 The irrevocable word. There Madoc
 lay ³²⁷
 In solitude; the distant battle reach'd
 His ear; inactive and in bonds he lay
 Expecting the dread issue, and almost
 Wish'd for the perils of the fight again.

XV. THE BATTLE

Nor unprepared Cadwallon found the
sons

Of Aztlan, nor defenceless were her
walls;

But when the Britons' distant march
was seen,

A ready army issued from her gates,
And dight themselves to battle: these
the King

Coanocotzin had, with timely care,
And provident for danger, thus array'd.
Forth issuing from the gates, they met
the foe,

And with the sound of sonorous instru-
ments,

And with their shouts and screams and
yells, drove back

The Britons' fainter war-cry, as the swell
Of ocean, flowing onward, up its course
Repels the river-stream. Their darts
and stones

Fell like the rain drops of the summer-
shower,

So fast, and on the helmet and the
shield,

On the strong corselet and the netted
mail,

So innocent they fell. But not in vain
The bowmen of Deheubarth sent, that
day,

Their iron bolts abroad; those volant
deaths

Descended on the naked multitude, 20
And through the chieftain's quilted
gossampine,

Through feathery breastplate and efful-
gent gold,

They reach'd the life.

But soon no interval
For archer's art was left, nor scope for
flight

Of stone from whirling sling: both
hosts, alike

Impatient for the proof of war, press on;
The Aztecas, to shun the arrowy storm,
The Cymry, to release their Lord, or
heap

Aztlan in ruins, for his monument.
Spear against spear, and shield to shield,
and breast 30

To breast they met; equal in force of
limb

And strength of heart, in resolute resolve,
And stubborn effort of determined
wrath:

The few, advantaged by their iron mail;
The weaker arm'd, of near retreat

And succour close at hand, in tenfold
troops

Their foemen outnumbering. And of
all

That mighty multitude, did every man
Of either host, alike inspired by all

That stings to will and strengthens to
perform,

Then put forth all his power; for well
they knew

Aztlan that day must triumph or must
fall.

Then sword and mace on helm and
buckler rang,

And hurtling javelins whirr'd along the
sky.

Nor when they hurled the javelin, did
the sons

Of Aztlan, prodigal of weapons, loose
The lance, to serve them for no second

stroke;
A line of ample measure still retain'd

The missile shaft; and when its blow
was spent,

Swiftly the dexterous spearman coiled
the string, 50

And sped again the artificer of death.
Rattling, like summer hailstones, they

descend,
But from the Britons' iron panoply,

Baffled and blunted, fell; nor more
avail'd

The stony falchion there, whose broken
edge

Inflicts no second wound; nor profited,
On the strong buckler or the crested

helm,
The knotty club; though fast, in

blinding showers,
Those javelins fly, those heavy weapons

fall
With stunning weight. Meantime with

wonted strength, 60
The men of Gwyneth through their
fenceless foes

Those lances thrust, whose terrors had
 so oft
 Affray'd the Saxons, and whose home-
 driven points,
 So oft had pierced the Normen's
 knightly arms.
 Little did then his pomp of plumes be-
 stead
 The Azteca, or glittering pride of gold,
 Against the temper'd sword; little his
 casque,
 Gay with its feathery coronal, or drest
 In graven terrors, when the Briton's
 hand
 Drove in through helm and head the
 short-spiked mace: 70
 Or swung its iron weights with shatter-
 ing sway,
 Which where they struck destroyed.
 Beneath those arms
 The men of Aztlan fell; and whoso
 dropt
 Dead or disabled, him his comrades bore
 Away with instant caution, lest the
 sight
 Of those whom they had slaughter'd
 might inspire
 The foe with hope and courage. Fast
 they fell,
 And fast were resupplied, man after man
 Succeeding to the death. Nor in the
 town
 Did now the sight of their slain country-
 men, 80
 Momentarily carried in and piled in
 heaps,
 Awake one thought of fear. Hark!
 through the streets
 Of Aztlan, how from house to house, and
 tower
 To tower, reiterate, Paynalton's name
 Calls all her sons to battle! at whose
 name
 All must go forth, and follow to the field
 The Leader of the Armies of the Gods,
 Whom, in his unseen power, Mexitli now
 Sends out to lead his people. They, in
 crowds,
 Throng for their weapons to the House
 of Arms, 90
 Beneath their guardian Deity preserved,
 Through years of peace; and there the
 Pabas stood

Within the temple-court, and dealt
 around
 The ablution of the Stone of Sacrifice,
 Bidding them, with the holy beverage,
 Imbibe diviner valour, strength of arm
 Not to be wearied, hope of victory,
 And certain faith of endless joy in
 Heaven,
 Their sure reward. . . Oh! happy, cried
 the Priests,
 Your brethren who have fallen! already
 they 100
 Have join'd the company of blessed
 souls;
 Already they, with song and harmony,
 And in the dance of beauty, are gone
 forth,
 To follow down his western path of light
 Yon Sun, the Prince of Glory, from the
 world
 Retiring to the Palace of his rest.
 Oh, happy they, who for their country's
 cause,
 And for their Gods, shall die the brave
 man's death!
 Them will their country consecrate with
 praise.
 Them will the Gods reward! . . They
 heard the Priests 110
 Intoxicate, and from the gate swarm'd
 out,
 Tumultuous to the fight of martyrdom.
 But when Cadwallon every moment
 saw
 The enemies increase, and with what rage
 Of drunken valour to the fight they
 rush'd,
 He, against that impetuous attack,
 As best he could, providing, form'd the
 troops
 Of Britain into one collected mass:
 Three equal sides it offered to the foe,
 Close and compact; no multitude could
 break 120
 The condensed strength: its narrow
 point prest on,
 Entering the throng's resistance, like a
 wedge,
 Still from behind impell'd. So thought
 the Chief
 Likeliest the gates of Aztlan might be
 gain'd,

And Hoel and the Prince preserved, if
 yet
 They were among mankind. Nor could
 the force
 Of hostile thousands break that strength
 condensed,
 Against whose iron sides the stream of
 war
 Roll'd unavailing, as the ocean waves,
 Which idly round some insulated rock
 Foam furious, warning with their
 silvery smoke 131
 The mariner far off. Nor could the point
 Of that compacted body, though it bore
 Right on the foe, and with united force
 Press'd on to enter, through the multi-
 tude
 Win now its difficult way ; as where the
 sea
 Pours through some strait its violent
 waters, swoln
 By inland fresh, vainly the oarmen there
 With all their weight and strength essay
 to drive
 Their galley through the pass, the stress
 and strain 140
 Availing scarce to stem the impetuous
 stream.

And hark ! above the deafening din
 of fight
 Another shout, heard like the thunder-
 peal,
 Amid the war of winds ! Lincoya comes,
 Leading the mountain-dwellers. From
 the shock
 Aztlan recoil'd. And now a second troop
 Of Britons to the town advanced, for
 war
 Impatient and revenge. Cadwallon
 these,
 With tidings of their gallant Prince en-
 thrall'd,
 Had summon'd from the ships. That
 dreadful tale 150
 Roused them to fury. Not a man was
 left
 To guard the fleet ; for who could have
 endured
 That idle duty ? who could have
 endured
 The long, inactive, miserable hours,
 And hope and expectation and the rage
 Of maddening anguish ? Ririd led them
 on ;
 In whom a brother's love had call'd
 not up
 More spirit-stirring pain, than trembled
 now
 In every British heart ; so dear to all
 Was Madoc. On they came ; and
 Aztlan then 160
 Had fled appall'd ; but in that dan-
 gerous hour
 Her faith preserved her. From the
 gate her Priests
 Rush'd desperate out, and to the fore-
 most rank
 Forced their wild way, and fought with
 martyr zeal.
 Through all the host contagious fury
 spread :
 Nor had the sight that hour enabled them
 To mightier efforts, had Mexitli, clad
 In all his imaged terrors, gone before
 Their way, and driven upon his enemies
 His giant club destroying. Then more
 fierce 170
 The conflict grew ; the din of arms, the
 yell
 Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
 The groan of death, commingled in one
 sound
 Of undistinguished horrors ; while the
 Sun,
 Retiring slow beneath the plain's far
 verge,
 Shed o'er the quiet hills his fading light.

XVI. THE WOMEN

SILENT and solitary is thy vale,
 Caermadoc, and how melancholy now
 That solitude and silence ! . . . Broad
 noon-day,
 And not a sound of human life is there !
 The fisher's net, abandon'd in his haste,
 Sways idly in the waters ; in the tree,
 Where its last stroke had pierced, the
 hatchet hangs :
 The birds, beside the mattock and the
 Hunt in the new-turn'd mould, and
 fearlessly

Fly through the cage-work of the
imperfect wall; 10
Or through the vacant dwelling's open
door,
Pass and repass secure.

In Madoc's house,
And on his bed of reeds, Goervyl lies,
Her face toward the ground. She
neither weeps,
Nor sighs, nor groans; too strong her
agony
For outward sign of anguish, and for
prayer
Too hopeless was the ill; and though,
at times,
The pious exclamation pass'd her lips,
Thy will be done! yet was that utter-
ance 19

Rather the breathing of a broken heart,
Than of a soul resign'd. Mervyn beside
Hangs over his dear mistress silently,
Having no hope or comfort to bestow,
Noraught but sobs and unavailing tears.
The women of Caermadoc, like a flock
Collected in their panic, stand around
The house of their lost leader; and they
too

Are mute in their despair. Llaian alone
Is absent; wildly hath she wander'd
forth

To seek her child, and such the general
woe, 30

That none hath mark'd her absence.
Yet have they,

Though unprotected thus, no selfish fear;
The sudden evil hath destroyed all
thought,

All sense of present danger to them-
selves,
All foresight.

Yet new terrors! Malinal,
Panting with speed, bursts in, and takes
the arms

Of Madoc down. Goervyl, at that sound,
Starts in sudden hope; but when she
saw

The Azteca, she uttered a faint scream
Of wrongful fear, remembering not the
proofs 40

Of his tried truth, nor recognizing
aught

In those known features, save their
hostile hue.

But he, by wors'er fear abating soon
Her vain alarm, exclaim'd, I saw a band
Of Hoamen coming up the straits, for ill,
Besure, for Amalahta leads them on.
Buckle this harness on, that, being
arm'd,

I may defend the entrance.

Scarce had she
Fastened the breast-plate with her
trembling hands,

When, flying from the sight of men in
arms, 50

The women crowded in. Hastily he
seized

The shield and spear, and on the
threshold took

His stand; but, waken'd now to provi-
dent thought,

Goervyl, following, helm'd him. There
was now

No time to gird the bauldric on; she
held

Her brother's sword, and bade him look
to her

For prompt supply of weapons; in
herself

Being resolved not idly to abide,
Nor unprepared of hand or heart to
meet

The issue of the danger, nor to die 60
Reluctant now.

Rightly had they divined
The Hoamen's felon purpose. When he
heard

The fate of Madoc, from his mother's eye
He mask'd his secret joy, and took his
arms,

And to the rescue, with the foremost
band,

Set forth. But soon, upon the way, he
told

The associates of his crime, that now
their hour

Of triumph was arrived; Caermadoc,
left

Defenceless, would become, with all its
wealth,

The spoiler's easy prey, raiment and
arms 70

And iron; skins of that sweet beverage,
Which to a sense of its own life could
stir

The joyful blood; the women above all,

Turn'd with more eager wilfulness, and
 dwelt
 With keener ken ; and now, with sudden
 step
 Bending his body on, at him he drives
 The meditated blow : but that ill
 Prince,
 As chiefly sought, so chiefly fearing,
 swerved
 Timely aside ; and ere the Azteca
 Recovered from the frustrate aim, the
 spear
 Was seized, and from his hold, by stress
 and weight 110
 Of numbers wrench'd. He, facing still
 the foe,
 And holding at arm's length the targe,
 put back
 His hand, and called Goervyl, and from
 her
 Received the sword : . . in time, for the
 enemy
 Prest on so near, that having now no
 scope
 To raise his arm, he drove the blade
 straight on.
 It entered at the mouth of one who
 stood
 With face aslant, and glanced along the
 teeth
 Through to the ear, then, slivering
 downward, left
 The cheek-flap dangling. He, in that
 same point 120
 Of time, as if a single impulse gave
 Birth to the double action, dash'd his
 shield
 Against another's head, with so fierce
 swing
 And sway of strength, that this third
 enemy
 Fell at his feet. Astounded by such
 proof
 Of prowess, and by unexpected loss
 Dismay'd, the foe gave back, beyond
 the reach
 Of his strong arm ; and there awhile
 they stood,
 Beholding him at bay, and counselling
 How best to work their vengeance upon
 him, 130
 Their sole opponent. Soon did they
 behold

The vantage, overlook'd by hasty hope,
How vulnerable he stood, his arms and
thighs

Bare for their butt. At once they bent
their bows ;

At once ten arrows fled ; seven, shot in
vain,

Rung on his shield ; but, with un-
happier mark,

Two shafts hung quivering in his leg ;
a third

Below the shoulder pierced. Then
Malinal

Groan'd, not for anguish of his wounds,
but grief

And agony of spirit ; yet resolved 140
To his last gasp to guard that precious

Nor longer able to endure afoot,
He, falling on his knees, received un-

harm'd
Upon the shield, now ample for defence,
Their second shower, and still defied the

foe.
But they, now sure of conquest, hasten'd
on

To thrust him down, and he too felt his
strength

Ebbing away. Goervyl, in that hour
Of horror and despair, collected still,

Caught him, and by the shoulders drew
him in ; 150

And, calling on her comrades, with their
help

Shut to the door in time, and with their
weight

Secured it, not their strength ; for she
alone,

Found worthy of her noble ancestry,
In this emergence felt her faculties

All present, and heroic strength of heart,
To cope with danger and contempt of

death.
Shame on ye, British women ! shame !
exclaim'd

The daughter of King Owen, as she saw
The trembling hands and bloodless

countenance 160
Pale as sepulchral marble ; silent some ;
Others with womanish cries lamenting

now
That ever, in unhappy hour, they left
Their native land ; . . a pardonable fear ;

For hark, the war-whoop ! sound,
whereto the howl

Of tigers or hyenas, heard at night
By captive from barbarian foes escaped,

And wandering in the pathless wilder-
ness,

Were music. Shame on ye ! Goervyl
cried ;

Think what your fathers were, your
husbands what, 170

And what your sons should be ! These
savages

Seek not to wreak on ye immediate
death ;

So are ye safe, if safety such as this
Be worth a thought ; and in the interval

We yet may gain, by keeping to the last
This entrance, easily to be maintain'd

By us, though women, against foes so
few, . .

Who knows what succour chance, or
timely thought

Of our own friends may send, or Provi-
dence,

Who slumbereth not ? . . While thus she
spake, a hand 180

In at the window came, of one who
sought

That way to win the entrance. She
drew out

The arrow through the arm of Malinal,
With gentle care, . . the readiest weapon

that, . .
And held it short above the bony barb,
And, adding deeds to words, with all her

might
She stabbed it through the hand. The
sudden pain

Provoked a cry, and back the savage
fell,

Loosening his hold, and maim'd for
further war.

Nay ! leave that entrance open ! she
exclaim'd 190

To one who would have closed it, . . who
comes next

Shall not go thence so cheaply ! . . for
she now

Had taken up a spear to guard that
way,

Easily guarded, even by female might.
O heart of proof ! what now avails thy

worth

And excellent courage ? for the savage
 foe,
 With mattock and with spade, for other
 use
 Design'd, hew now upon the door, and
 rend
 The wattled sides ; and they within
 shrink back,
 For now it splinters through, . . and lo,
 the way
 Is open to the spoiler !
 Then once more,
 Collecting his last strength, did Malinal
 Rise on his knees, and over him the maid
 Stands with the ready spear, she
 guarding him
 Who guarded her so well. Roused to
 new force
 By that example'd valour, and with will
 To achieve one service yet before he
 died, . .
 If death indeed, as sure he thought,
 were nigh, . .
 Malinal gather'd up his fainting powers,
 And reaching forward, with a blow that
 threw
 His body on, upon the knee he smote
 One Hoaman more, and brought him
 to the ground.
 The foe fell over him ; but he, prepared,
 Threw him with sudden jerk aside, and
 rose
 Upon one hand, and with the other
 plunged
 Between his ribs the mortal blade.
 Meantime
 Amalahta, rushing in blind eagerness
 To seize Goervyl, set at nought the
 power
 Of female hands, and stooping as he
 came
 Beneath her spear-point, thought with
 lifted arm
 To turn the thrust aside. But she drew
 back,
 And lowered at once the spear with aim
 so sure,
 That on the front it met him, and
 plough'd up
 The whole scalp-length. He, blinded
 by the blood,
 Stagger'd aside, escaping by that chance
 A second push, else mortal. And by this,
 The women, learning courage from
^{despair,}
 And by Goervyl's bold example fired,
 Took heart, and rushing on with one
 accord,
 Drove out the foe. Then took they
 hope ; for then
 They saw but seven remain in plight for
²³⁰
 war ;
 And, knowing their own number, in the
 pride
 Of strength, caught up stones, staves,
 or axe, or spear,
 To hostile use converting whatsoever
 The hasty hand could seize. Such
 fierce attack
 Confused the ruffian band ; nor had
 they room
 To aim the arrow, nor to speed the
 spear,
 Each now beset by many. But their
 Prince,
 Still mindful of his purport, call'd to
 them, . .
 Secure my ^{passage} while I bear away
 The White King's Sister ; having her,
 the law
 Of peace is in our power. . . And on he
 went
 Toward Goervyl, and, with sudden turn,
 While on another foe her eye was fix'd,
 Ran in upon her, and stoop'd down, and
 claspt
 The Maid above the knees, and throwing
 her
 Over his shoulder, to the valley straits
 Set off : . . ill seconded in ill attempt ;
 For now his comrades are too close beset
 To aid their Chief, and Mervyn hath
 beheld
 His lady's peril. At the sight, inspired
 With force, as if indeed that manly garb
 Had clothed a manly heart, the Page
 ran on,
 And with a bill-hook striking at his ham,
 Cut the back sinews. Amalahta fell ;
 The Maid fell with him : and she first
 hath risen,
 While, grovelling on the earth, he
 gnash'd his teeth
 For agony. Yet, even in those pangs,
 Remembering still revenge, he turn'd
 and seized

Goervyl's skirt, and pluck'd her to the
 ground, ²⁶⁰
 And roll'd himself upon her, and essay'd
 To kneel upon her breast; but she
 clench'd fast
 His bloody locks, and drew him down
 aside,
 Faint now with anguish, and with loss
 of blood;
 And Mervyn, coming to her help again,
 As once again he rose, around the neck
 Seized him, with throttling grasp, and
 held him down, . .
 Strange strife and horrible, . . till Malinal
 Crawl'd to the spot, and thrust into his
 groin
 The mortal sword of Madoc; he himself,
 At the same moment, fainting, now no
 more ²⁷¹
 By his strong will upheld, the service
 done.
 The few surviving traitors, at the sight
 Of their fallen Prince and Leader, now
 too late
 Believed that some diviner power had
 given
 These female arms strength for their
 overthrow,
 Themselves proved weak before them,
 as, of late,
 Their God, by Madoc crush'd.
 Away they fled
 Toward the valley straits; but in the
 gorge
 Erillyab met their flight: and then her
 heart, ²⁸⁰
 Boding the evil, smote her, and she bade
 Her people seize, and bring them on in
 bonds,
 For judgement. She herself, with
 quicken'd pace,
 Advanced, to know the worst; and o'er
 the dead
 Casting a rapid glance, she knew her
 son.
 She knew him by his garments, by the
 work
 Of her own hands; for now his face,
 besmear'd
 And black with gore, and stiffen'd in its
 pangs,
 Bore of the life no semblance. . . God is
 good!

She cried, and closed her eyelids, and
 her lips ²⁹⁰
 Shook, and her countenance changed.
 But in her heart
 She quell'd the natural feeling. . . Bear
 away
 These wretches! . . to her followers she
 exclaim'd;
 And root them from the earth. Then
 she approach'd
 Goervyl, who was pale and trembling
 now,
 Exhausted with past effort; and she took
 Gently the Maiden's tremulous hand,
 and said,
 God comfort thee, my Sister! At that
 voice
 Of consolation, from her dreamy state
 Goervyl to a sense of all her woe ³⁰⁰
 Awoke, and burst into a gush of tears.
 God comfort thee, my Sister! cried the
 Queen,
 Even as He strengthens me. I would
 not raise
 Deceitful hope, . . but in His hand, even
 yet,
 The issue hangs; and He is merciful.

Yea, daughter of Aberfraw, take thou
 hope!
 For Madoc lives! . . he lives to wield the
 sword
 Of righteous vengeance, and accomplish
 all.

XVII. THE DELIVERANCE

MADOC, meantime, in bonds and solitude,
 Lay listening to the tumult. How his
 heart
 Panted! how then, with fruitless
 strength, he strove
 And struggled for enlargement, as the
 sound
 Of battle from without the city came;
 While all things near were still, nor foot
 of man
 Nor voice, in that deserted part, were
 heard.
 At length one light and solitary step
 Approach'd the place; a woman cross'd
 the door.

MADOC IN AZTLAN

From Madoc's busy mind her image
 pass'd, 10
 Quick as the form that caused it; but
 not so
 Did the remembrance fly from Coatel,
 That Madoc lay in bonds. That thought
 possess'd
 Her soul, and made her, as she garlanded
 The fane of Coatlantona with flowers,
 Tremble in strong emotion.
 It was now
 The hour of dusk; the Pabas all were
 gone,
 Gone to the battle; . . none could see
 her steps;
 The gate was nigh. A momentary
 thought
 Shot through her; she delay'd not to
 reflect, 20
 But hasten'd to the Prince, and took
 the knife
 Of sacrifice, which by the altar hung,
 And cut his bonds, and with an eager
 eye,
 Motioning haste and silence, to the gate
 She led him. Fast along the forest way,
 And fearfully, he follow'd to the chasm.
 She beckon'd, and descended, and drew
 out
 From underneath her vest, a cage, or net
 It rather might be called, so fine the
 twigs
 Which knit it, where confined two fire-
 flies gave 30
 Their lustre. By that light did Madoc
 first
 Behold the features of his lovely guide;
 And through the entrance of the cavern
 gloom
 He followed in full trust.
 Now have they reach'd
 The abrupt descent; there Coatel held
 forth
 Her living lamp, and turning, with a
 smile
 Sweet as good Angels wear when they
 pass'd
 Their mortal charge before the throne
 of Heaven,
 She show'd where little Hoel slept below.
 Poor child! he lay upon that very spot,
 The last whereto his feet had followed
 her; 40
 And, as he slept, his hand was on the
 bones
 Of one, who years ago had perish'd
 there,
 There, on the place where last his
 wretched eyes
 Could catch the gleam of day. But
 when the voice,
 The well-known voice of Madoc, wakened
 him, . .
 His uncle's voice, . . he started, with a
 scream
 Which echoed through the cavern's
 winding length,
 And stretch'd his arms to reach him.
 Madoc hush'd
 The dangerous transport, raised him up
 the ascent, 50
 And followed Coatel again, whose face,
 Though tears of pleasure still were
 coursing down,
 Betoken'd fear and haste. Adown the
 wood
 They went; and coasting now the lake,
 her eye
 First what they sought beheld, a light
 canoe,
 Moor'd to the bank. Then in her arms
 she took
 The child, and kiss'd him with maternal
 love,
 And placed him in the boat; but when
 the Prince,
 With looks and gestures and imperfect
 words
 Such as the look, the gesture, well ex-
 plain'd, 60
 Urged her to follow, doubtfully she
 stood:
 A dread of danger, for the thing she had
 done,
 Came on her, and Lincoya rose to mind.
 Almost she had resolved; but then the
 thought
 Of her dear father, whom that flight
 would leave
 Alone in age; how he would weep for her,
 As one among the dead, and to the grave
 Go sorrowing; or, if ever it were known
 What she had dared, that on his head
 the weight
 Of punishment would fall. That dread-
 ful fear 70

Resolved her, and she waved her head,
 and raised
 Her hand, to bid the Prince depart in
 haste,
 With looks whose painful seriousness
 forbade
 All farther effort. Yet unwillingly,
 And boding evil, Madoc from the shore
 Push'd off his little boat. She on its
 way
 Stood gazing for a moment, lost in
 thought,
 Then struck into the woods.
 Swift through the lake
 Madoc's strong arm impell'd the light
 canoe.
 Fainter and fainter to his distant ear so
 The sound of battle came; and now
 the Moon
 Arose in heaven, and poured o'er lake
 and land
 A soft and mellowing ray. Along the
 shore
 Llaian was wandering with distracted
 And groaning for her child. She saw
 the boat
 Approach; and as on Madoc's naked
 limbs,
 And on his countenance, the moonbeam
 fell,
 And as she saw the boy in that dim light,
 It seem'd as though the Spirits of the
 dead
 Were moving on the waters; and she
 stood ⁹⁰
 With open lips that breathed not, and
 fix'd eyes,
 Watching the unreal shapes: but when
 the boat
 Drew nigh, and Madoc landed, and she
 saw
 His step substantial, and the child came
 near,
 Unable then to move, or speak, or
 breathe,
 Down on the sand she sunk.
 But who can tell,
 Who comprehend, her agony of joy,
 When, by the Prince's care restored to
 sense,
 She recognized her child, she heard the
 name
 Of mother from that voice, which, sure,
 she thought ¹⁰⁰
 Had pour'd upon some Priest's remorse-
 less ear
 Its last vain prayer for life! No tear
 relieved
 The insupportable feeling that con-
 vulsed
 Her swelling breast. She look'd, and
 look'd, and felt
 The child, lest some delusion should have
 mock'd
 Her soul to madness; then the gushing
 joy
 Burst forth, and with caresses and with
 tears
 She mingled broken prayers of thanks
 to heaven.
 And now the Prince, when joy had
 had its course,
 Said to her, Knowest thou the mountain
 path? ¹¹⁰
 For I would to the battle. But at that,
 A sudden damp of dread came over
 her, . . .
 O leave us not! she cried; lest haply ill
 Should have befallen; for I remember
 now,
 How in the woods I spied a savage band
 Making towards Caermadoc. God fore-
 fend
 The evil that I fear! . . . What! Madoc
 cried,
 Were ye then left defenceless? . . . She
 replied,
 All ran to arms: there was no time for
 thought,
 Nor counsel, in that sudden ill; nor
 one ¹²⁰
 Of all thy people, who could, in that hour
 Have brook'd home-duty, when thy life
 or death
 Hung on the chance.
 Now God be merciful!
 Said he; for of Goervyl then he thought,
 And the cold sweat started at every pore.
 Give me the boy! . . . he travels all too
 slow.
 Then in his arms he took him, and sped
 on,
 Suffering more painful terrors, than of
 late

His own near death provoked. They
 held their way
 In silence up the heights; and, when
 at length ¹³⁰
 They reached the entrance of the vale,
 the Prince
 Bade her remain, while he went on to
 spy
 The footsteps of the spoiler. Soon he
 saw
 Men, in the moonlight, stretch'd upon
 the ground;
 And quickening then his pace, in worse
 alarm,
 Along the shade, with cautious step, he
 moved
 Toward one, to seize his weapons: 'twas
 a corpse;
 Nor whether, at the sight, to hope or
 fear
 Yet knew he. But anon, a steady light,
 As of a taper, seen in his own home, ¹⁴⁰
 Comforted him; and, drawing nearer
 now,
 He saw his sister on her knees, beside
 The rushes, ministering to a wounded
 man.
 Safe that the dear one lived, then back
 he sped
 With joyful haste, and summon'd
 Llaian on,
 And in loud talk advanced. Erillya'
 first
 Came forward at the sound; for she had
 faith
 To trust the voice. . . They live! the
 live! she cried:
 God hath redeem'd them! . . Nor th
 Maiden yet
 Believed the actual joy; like on
 astound, ¹⁵
 Or as if struggling with a dream, she
 stood,
 Till he came close, and spread his arms
 and call'd
 Goervyl! . . and she fell in his embrace

 But Madoc linger'd not, his eager son
 Was in the war, in haste he donn'd his
 arms;
 And as he felt his own good sword again
 Exulting play'd his heart. . . Boy, he
 exclaim'd
 To Mervyn, arm thyself, and follow me!
 'or in this battle we shall break the
 power
 Of our blood-thirsty foe: and, in thine
 age, ¹⁶⁰
 Wouldst thou not wish, when young men
 men crowd around,
 'o hear thee chronicle their fathers'
 words,
 Wouldst thou not wish to add, . . And
 I, too, fought
 In that day's conflict?
 Mervyn's cheek turn'd pale
 A moment, then, with terror all suffused,
 Grew fever-red. Nay, nay, Goervyl
 cried,
 He is too young for battles! . . But the
 Prince,
 With erring judgement, in that fear-
 flush'd cheek
 Beheld the glow of enterprizing hope,
 And youthful courage. 'I was such
 a boy, ¹⁷⁰
 Sister! he cried, at Counsylvllt; and that
 day,
 In my first field, with stripling arm,
 smote down
 Many a tall Saxon. Saidst thou not but
 now,
 How bravely in the fight of yesterday,
 He flesh'd his sword, . . and wouldst
 thou keep him here
 And rob him of his glory? See his
 cheek!
 How it hath crimson'd at the unworthy
 thought!
 Arm! arm! and to the battle!
 How her heart
 Then panted! how, with late regret,
 and vain, ¹⁷⁹
 Senena wished Goervyl then had heard
 The secret, trembling on her lips so oft,
 So oft by shame withheld. She thought
 that now
 She could have fallen upon her Lady's
 neck,
 And told her all; but when she saw the
 Prince,
 Imperious shame forbade her, and she
 felt
 It were an easier thing to die than
 speak.
 Avail'd not now regret or female fear!

She mail'd her delicate limbs; beneath
the plate

Compress'd her bosom; on her golden
locks

The helmet's overheavy load she placed;
Hung from her neck the shield; and,
though the sword

Which swung beside her lightest she had
chosen,

Though in her hand she held the slen-
derest spear,

Alike unwieldy for the maiden's grasp,
The sword and ashen lance. But as she
touch'd

The murderous point, an icy shudder ran
Through every fibre of her trembling
frame;

And, overcome by womanly terror then,
The damsel to Goervyl turn'd, and let
The breastplate fall, and on her bosom
placed

The Lady's hand, and hid her face, and
ed,

Save me! The warrior, who beheld the
act,

And heard not the low voice, with angry
eye

Glow'd on the seemly boy of feeble heart.
But, in Goervyl, joy had overpower'd

The wonder; joy to find the boy she
loved

Was one, to whom her heart with closer
love

Might cling; and to her brother she
exclaim'd,

She must not go! We women in the war
Have done our parts.

A moment Madoc dwelt
On the false Mervyn, with an eye from
whence

Displeasure did not wholly pass away.
Nor loitering to resolve Love's riddle
now

To Malinal he turn'd, where, on his
couch,

The wounded youth was laid. . . True
friend, said he,

And brother mine, . . for truly by that
name

I trust to greet thee, . . if, in this near
fight,

My hour should overtake me, . . as who
knows

The lot of war? . . Goervyl hath my
charge

To quite thee for thy service with her-
self;

That so thou mayest raise up seed to me
Of mine own blood, who may inherit
here

The obedience of thy people and of
mine.

Malinal took his hand, and to his lips
Feebly he press'd it, saying, One boon

more,
Father and friend, I ask! . . if thou
shouldst meet

Yuhidhtiton in battle, think of me.

XVIII. THE VICTORY

MERCIFUL God! how horrible is night
Upon the plain of Aztlan! there the
shout

Of battle, the barbarian yell, the bray
Of dissonant instruments, the clang of
arms,

The shriek of agony, the groan of death,
In one wild uproar and continuous din,
Shake the still air; while, overhead, the
Moon,

Regardless of the stir of this low world,
Holds on her heavenly way. Still un-
allay'd

By slaughter raged the battle, unrelax'd
By lengthened toil; anger supplying
still

Strength undiminish'd for the desperate
strife.

And lo! where yonder, on the temple
top,

Blazing aloft, the sacrificial fire
Scene more accurst and hideous than
the war

Displays to all the vale; for whoso'er
That night the Aztecas could bear away,

Hoaman or Briton, thither was he
borne;

And as they stretch'd him on the stone
of blood,

Did the huge tambour of the God, with
voice

Loud as the thunder-peal, and heard as
far,

MADOC IN AZTLAN

Proclaim the act of death, more visible
Than in broad day-light, by those mid-
night fires

Distinctlier seen. Sight that with
horror fill'd

The Cymry, and to mightier efforts
roused.

Howbeit, this abhorr'd idolatry
Work'd for their safety; the deluded
foes,

Obstinate in their faith, forbearing still
The mortal stroke, that they might to
the God

Present the living victim, and to him 30
Let the life flow.

And now the orient sky
Glow'd with the ruddy morning, when
the Prince

Came to the field. He lifted up his
voice,

And shouted Madoc! Madoc! They
who heard

The cry, astonish'd turn'd; and when
they saw

The countenance his open helm dis-
closed,

They echoed, Madoc! Madoc! Through
the host

Spread the miraculous joy, . . He lives!
he lives!

He comes himself in arms! . . Lincoya
heard,

As he had raised his arm to strike a foe,
And stay'd the stroke, and thrust him
off, and cried, 41

Go tell the tidings to thy countrymen,
Madoc is in the war! Tell them his God
Hath set the White King free! Astonish-
ment

Seized on the Azteca; on all who heard,
Amazement and dismay; and Madoc
now

Stood in the foremost battle, and his
sword, . .

His own good sword, . . flash'd like the
sudden death

Of lightning in their eyes.

The King of Aztlan
Heard and beheld, and in his noble
heart 50

Heroic hope arose. Forward he moved,
And in the shock of battle, front to
front,

Encountered Madoc. A strong-statured
man

Coanocotzin stood, one well who knew
The ways of war, and never yet in fight
Had found an equal foe. Adown his
back

Hung the long robe of feather'd royalty;
Gold fenced his arms and legs; upon his
helm

A sculptured snake pretends the arrowy
tongue;

Around a coronal of plumes arose, 60
Brighter than beam the rainbow hues
of light,

Or than the evening glories which the
sun

Slants o'er the moving many-colour'd
sea,

Such their surpassing beauty; bells of
gold

Emboss'd his glittering helmet, and
where'er

Their sound was heard, there lay the
press of war,

And Death was busiest there. Over
the breast

And o'er the golden breastplate of the
King,

A feathery cuirass, beautiful to eye,
Light as the robe of peace, yet strong to
save; 70

For the sharp faulchion's baffled edge
would glide

From its smooth softness. On his arm
he held

A buckler overlaid with beaten gold;
And so he stood, guarding his thighs

and legs,

His breast and shoulders also, with the
length

Of his broad shield.

Opposed, in mail complete,
Stood Madoc in his strength. The flexile
chains

Gave play to his full muscles, and dis-
play'd

How broad his shoulders, and his ample
breast.

Small was his shield, there broadest
where it fenced 80

The well of life, and gradual to a point
Lessening, steel-strong, and wieldy in
his grasp.

It bore those blazoned eaglets, at whose sight,
 Along the Marches, or where holy Dee
 Through Cestrian pastures rolls his
 tamer stream,
 So oft the yeoman had, in days of yore,
 Cursing his perilous tenure, wound the
 horn,
 And warden from the castle-tower rung
 out
 The loud alarum-bell, heard far and
 wide.
 Upon his helm no sculptured dragon
 sate,
 Sate no fantastic terrors ; a white plume ⁹⁰
 Nodded above, far-seen, floating like
 foam
 Upon the stream of battle, always where
 The tide ran strongest. Man to man
 opposed,
 The Sea Lord and the King of Aztlan
 stood.

Fast on the intervening buckler fell
 The Azteca's stone faulchion. Who
 hath watch'd
 The midnight lightnings of the summer
 storm,
 That with their awful blaze irradiate
 heaven,
 Then leave a blacker night ? so quick,
 so fierce, ¹⁰⁰
 Flash'd Madoc's sword, which, like the
 serpent's tongue,
 Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of
 light.

Unequal arms ! for on the British shield
 Avail'd not the stone faulchion's brittle

And in the golden buckler, Madoc's
 sword
 Bit deep. Coanocotzin saw, and dropt
 The unprofitable weapon, and received
 His ponderous club, . . that club,
 beneath whose force,
 Driven by his father's arm, Tepollomi
 Had fallen subdued, . . and fast and
 fierce he drove ¹¹⁰
 The massy weight on Madoc. From his
 shield,
 The deadening force communicated ran
 Up his stunn'd arm ; anon upon his
 helm,

Crashing, it came ; . . his eyes shot fire,
 his brain

Swam dizzy. . . he recoils, . . he reels. . .
 again

The club descends.

That danger to himself
 Recall'd the Lord of Ocean. On he
 sprung,

Within the falling weapon's curve of
 death,

Shunning its frustrate aim, and breast
 to breast

He grappled with the King. The pliant
 mail ¹²⁰

Bent to his straining limbs, while plates
 of gold,

The feathery robe, the buckler's ampli-
 tude

Cumbered the Azteca, and from his arm,
 Clench'd in the Briton's mighty grasp,
 at once

He dropt the impeding buckler, and let
 fall

The unfasten'd club ; which when the
 Prince beheld,

He thrust him off, and drawing back
 resumed

The sword that from his wrist suspended
 hung,

And twice he smote the King ; twice
 from the quilt

Of plumes the iron glides : and lo ! the
 King, ¹³⁰

So well his soldiers watch their mon-
 arch's need,

Shakes in his hand a spear.

But now a cry
 Burst on the ear of Madoc, and he saw
 Through opening ranks, where Urien
 was convey'd

A captive to his death. Grief then and
 shame

And rage inspired him. With a mighty
 blow

He cleft Coanocotzin's helm ; exposed
 The monarch stood ; . . again the
 thunder-stroke

Came on him, and he fell. . . The multi-
 tude,

Forgetful of their country and them-
 selves, ¹⁴⁰

Crowd round their dying King. Madoc,
 e

Still follow'd Urien, call'd upon his men,
And through the broken army of the foe,
Press'd to his rescue.

But far off the old man
Was borne with furious speed. Ririd
alone

Pursued his path, and through the thick
of war

Close on the captors, with avenging
sword,

Follow'd right on, and through the
multitude,

And through the gate of Aztlan, made
his way,

And through the streets, till, from the
temple-mound. 150

The press of Pabas and the populace
Repell'd him, while the old man was

hurried up.
Hark ! that infernal tambour ! o'er the
lake

Its long-loud thunders roll, and through
the hills,

Awakening all their echoes. Ye accurst,
Ye blow the fall too soon ! Ye Dogs of
Hell,

The Hart is yet at bay ! . . Thus long the
old man,

As one exhausted or resign'd, had lain,
Resisting not ; but at that knell of
death,

Springing with unexpected force, he
freed 160

His feet, and shook the Pabas from their
hold,

And, with his armed hand, between the
eyes

Smote one so sternly, that to earth he
fell,

Bleeding, and all astound. A man of
proof

Was Urien in his day, thought worthiest,
In martial thewes and manly discipline,

To train the sons of Owen. He had
lost

Youth's supple slight ; yet still the skill
remain'd,

And in his stiffen'd limbs a strength,
which yet

Might put the young to shame. And
now he set 170

His back against the altar, resolute
Not as a victim by the knife to die,

But in the act of battle, as became
A man grown grey in arms : and in his
heart

There was a living hope ; for now he
knew

That Madoc lived, nor could the struggle
long

Endure against that arm.
Soon was the way

Laid open by the sword ; for side by
side

The brethren of Aberfraw mow'd their
path ;

And, following close, the Cymry drive
along, 180

Till on the summit of the mound their
cry

Of victory rings aloud. The temple
floor,

So often which had reek'd with innocent
blood,

Reeks now with righteous slaughter.
Frantically,

In the wild fury of their desperate zeal,
The Priests crowd round the God, and
with their knives

Hack at the foe, and call on him to
save ; . .

At the altar, at the Idol's feet they fall.
Nor with less frenzy did the multitude

Flock to defend their God. Fast as
they fell, 190

New victims rush'd upon the British
sword ;

And sure that day had rooted from the
earth

The Aztecas, and on their conquerors.
drawn

Promiscuous ruin, had not Madoc now
Beheld from whence the fearless ardour

sprang ; . .
They saw Mexitli ; momentarily they
hoped

That he would rise in vengeance. Madoc
seized

A massy club, and from his azure throne
Shattered the giant idol.

At that sight
The men of Aztlan pause ; so was their
pause 200

Dreadful, as when a multitude expect
The Earthquake's second shock. But
when they saw

Earth did not open, nor the temple fall
 To crush their impious enemies, dis-
 may'd,
 They felt themselves forsaken by their
 Gods;
 Then from their temples and their homes
 they fled,
 And, leaving Aztlan to the conqueror,
 Sought the near city, whither they had
 sent
 Their women, timely saved.

 But Tlalala,
 With growing fury as the danger grew,
 Raged in the battle; but Yuhidthiton
 Still with calm courage, till no hope
 remain'd, 212
 Fronted the rushing foe. When all was
 vain,
 When back within the gate Cadwallon's
 force
 Resistless had compell'd them, then the
 Chief
 Call'd on the Tiger, . . Let us bear from
 hence
 The dead Ocellopan, the slaughter'd

Not to the Strangers should their bones
 be left,
 O Tlalala! . . The Tiger wept with rage,
 With generous anger. To the place of
 death, 220
 Where, side by side, the noble dead
 were stretch'd,
 They fought their way. Eight warriors
 join'd their shields;
 On these, a bier which well beseem'd the
 dead,
 The lifeless Chiefs were laid. Yuhidthiton
 Call'd on the people, . . Men of Aztlan!
 yet
 One effort more! Bear hence Ocellopan,
 Bear hence the body of your noble King!
 Not to the Strangers should their bones
 be left!
 That who's heard, with wailing and loud
 cries,
 Prest round the body-bearers; few in-
 deed, 230
 For few were they who in that fearful
 hour
 Had ears to hear, . . but with a holy zeal,
 Careless of death, around the bier they
 ranged

Their bulwark breasts. So toward the
 farther gate
 They held their steady way, while outer-
 most
 In unabated valour, Tlalala
 Faced, with Yuhidthiton, the foe's pur-
 suit.
 Vain valour then, and fatal piety,
 As the fierce conquerors bore on their
 retreat,
 If Madoc had not seen their perilous
 strife: 240
 Remembering Malinal, and in his heart
 Honouring a gallant foe, he call'd aloud,
 And bade his people cease the hot
 pursuit.
 So, through the city gate, they bore away
 The dead; and, last of all their country-
 men,
 Leaving their homes and temples to the
 foe,
 Yuhidthiton and Tlalala retired.

XIX. THE FUNERAL

SOUTHWARD of Aztlan stood beside the
 Lake,
 A city of the Aztecas, by name
 Patamba. Thither, from the first
 alarm,
 The women and infirm old men were
 sent,
 And children: thither they who from
 the fight,
 And from the fall of Aztlan, had escaped,
 In scatter'd bands repair'd. Their City
 lost,
 Their Monarch slain, their Idols over-
 thrown, . .
 These tidings spread dismay; but to
 dismay
 Succeeded horror soon, and kindling
 rage, 10
 Horror, by each new circumstance
 increased,
 By numbers, rage embolden'd. Lo! to
 the town,
 Lamenting loud, a numerous train ap-
 proach,
 Like mountain torrents, swelling as they
 go.

Borne in the midst, upon the bier of
 shields,
 The noble dead were seen. To tenfold
 grief
 That spectacle provoked, to tenfold
 wrath
 That anguish stung them. With their
 yells and groans
 Curses are mix'd, and threats, and bitter
 vows
 Of vengeance full and speedy. From
 the wreck 20
 Of Aztlan who is saved? Tezozomoc,
 Chief servant of the Gods, their favoured
 Priest,
 The voice by whom they speak: young
 Tlalala,
 Whom even defeat with fresher glory
 crowns;
 And full of fame, their country's rock of
 strength,
 Yuhdithiton: him to their sovereign slain
 Allied in blood, mature in wisdom him,
 Of valour unsurpassable, by all
 Beloved and honour'd, him the general
 voice
 Acclaims their King; him they demand,
 to lead 30
 Their gather'd force to battle, to revenge
 Their Lord, their Gods, their kinsmen,
 to redeem
 Their altars and their country.
 But the dead
 First from the nation's gratitude require
 The rites of death. On mats of moun-
 tain palm,
 Wrought of rare texture and of richest
 hues,
 The slaughter'd warriors, side by side,
 were laid;
 Their bodies wrapt in many-colour'd
 robes
 Of gossampine, bedeck'd with gems and
 gold.
 The livid paleness of the countenance,
 A mask conceal'd, and hid their ghastly
 wounds, 41
 The Pabas stood around, and one by
 one,
 Placed in their hands the sacred aloe
 leaves,
 With mystic forms and characters
 inscribed;

And as each leaf was given, Tezozomoc
 Address'd the dead, . . So may ye safely
 Between the mountains, which in endless
 war
 Hurtle, with horrible uproar and frush
 Of rocks that meet in battle. Arm'd with
 this,
 In safety shall ye walk along the road, so
 Where the Great Serpent from his lurid
 eyes
 Shoots lightning, and across the guarded
 way
 Vibrates his tongue of fire. Receive the
 third,
 And cross the waters where the Crocodile
 In vain expects his prey. Your pass-
 port this
 Through the Eight Deserts; through
 the Eight Hills this;
 And this be your defence against the
 Wind,
 Whose fury sweeps like dust the up-
 rooted rocks,
 Whose keenness cuts the soul. Ye
 noble dead,
 Protected with these potent amulets, 60
 Soon shall your Spirits reach trium-
 phantly
 The Palace of the Sun!
 The funeral train
 Moved to Mexitli's temple. First on high
 The noble dead were borne; in loud
 lament
 Then follow'd all by blood allied to
 them,
 Or by affection's voluntary ties
 Attach'd more closely, brethren, kins-
 men, wives.
 The Peers of Aztlan, all who from the
 sword
 Of Britain had escaped, honouring the
 rites,
 Came clad in rich array, and bore the
 arms 70
 And ensigns of the dead. The slaves
 went last,
 And dwarfs, the pastime of the living
 chiefs,
 In life their sport and mockery, and in
 death
 Their victims. Wailing and with
 funeral hymns,

The long procession moved. Mexitli's
Priest,

With all his servants, from the temple-
gate

Advanced to meet the train. Two piles
were built

Within the sacred court, of odorous
wood,

And rich with gums; on these, with all
their robes,

Their ensigns and their arms, they laid
the dead, 80

Then lit the pile. The rapid light ran
up,

Up flamed the fire, and o'er the darken'd
sky

Sweet clouds of incense curl'd.

The Pabas then
Perform'd their bloody office. First
they slew

The women whom the slaughter'd most
had loved,

Who most had loved the dead. Silent
they went

Toward the fatal stone, resisting not,
Nor sorrowing, nor dismay'd, but, as it
seem'd,

Stunn'd, senseless. One alone there
was, whose cheek

Was flush'd, whose eye was animate
with fire, 90

Her most in life Coanocotzin prized,
By ten years' love endear'd, his coun-
sellor,

His friend, the partner of his secret
thoughts;

Such had she been, such merited to be.
She as she bared her bosom to the knife,
Call'd on Yuhidthiton. . . Take heed,
O King!

Aloud she cried, and pointed to the
Priests,

Beware these wicked men! they to the
war

Forced my dead Lord. . . Thou knowest,
and I know,

He loved the Strangers; that his noble
mind, 100

Enlighten'd by their lore, had willingly
Put down these cursed altars! . . As she
spake,

They dragg'd her to the stone. . . Nay!
nay! she cried,

There needs not force! I go to join my
Lord!

His blood and mine be on you! . . Ere

The knife was in her breast. Tezozomoc,
Trembling with rage, held up toward the
Sun

Her reeking heart.

The dwarfs and slaves died last.
That bloody office done, they gathered
up

The ashes of the dead, and coffer'd them
art; the teeth with them, which un-
consumed 111

Among the ashes lay, a single lock
Shorn from the corpse, and his lip-
emerald

Now held to be the Spirit's flawless heart,
In better worlds. The Priest then held
on high

The little ark which shrined his last
remains,

And call'd upon the people; . . Aztecas,
This was your King, the bountiful, the
brave,

Coanocotzin! Men of Aztlan, hold
His memory holy! learn from him to
love 120

Your country and your Gods; for them
to live

Like him, like him to die. So from you
Heaven,

Where in the Spring of Light his Spirit
bathes,

Often shall he descend; hover above
On evening clouds, or plumed with rain
bow wings,

Sip honey from the flowers, and warble
joy.

Honour his memory! emulate his worth!
So saying, in the temple-tower he laid
The relics of the King.

These duties done,
The living claim their care. His birth,
his deeds, 130

The general love, the general voice, have
mark'd

Yuhidthiton for King. Bare-headed,
bare

Of foot, of limb, scarfed only round the
loins,

The Chieftain to Mexitli's temple moved
And knelt before the God. Tezozomoc

King over Aztlan there anointed him,
 And over him, from hallowed cedar-
 branch,
 Sprinkled the holy water. Then the
 Priest
 In a black garment robed him, figured
 white
 With skulls and bones, a garb to emblem
 war, 140
 Slaughter, and ruin, his imperial tasks.
 Next in his hand the Priest a censer

And while he knelt, directing to the God
 The steaming incense, thus address'd the
 King :

Chosen by the people, by the Gods ap-
 proved,
 Swear to protect thy subjects, to main-
 tain

The worship of thy fathers, to observe
 Their laws, to make the Sun pursue his
 course,

The clouds descend in rain, the rivers
 hold

Their wonted channels, and the fruits
 of earth 150

To ripen in their season ; Swear, O King !
 And prosper, as thou holdest good thine
 oath.

He raised his voice, and swore. Then
 on his brow

Tezozomoc the crown of Aztlan placed ;
 And in the robe of emblem'd royalty,
 Preceded by the golden wands of state,
 Yuhidhtjon went forth, anointed King.

XX. THE DEATH OF COATEL

WHEN now the multitude beheld their
 King,

In gratulations of reiterate joy
 They shout his name, and bid him lead
 them on

To vengeance. But to answer that
 appeal

Tezozomoc advanced. . . Oh ! go not
 forth,

Cried the Chief Paba, till the land be
 purged

From her offence ! No God will lead ye
 on,

While there is guilt in Aztlan. Let the
 Priests

Who from the ruined city have escaped,
 And all who in her temples have per-
 form'd 10

The ennobling service of her injured
 Gods,

Gather together now.

He spake ; the train
 Assembled, priests and matrons, youths
 and maids.

Servants of Heaven ! aloud the Arch-
 Priest began,

The Gods had favour'd Aztlan ; bound
 for death

The White King lay : our countrymen
 were strong

In battle, and the conquest had been
 ours, . .

I speak not from myself, but as the
 Powers,

Whose voice on earth I am, impel the
 truth, . .

The conquest had been ours ; but treason
 lurk'd 20

In Aztlan, treason and foul sacrilege ;
 And therefore were her children in the
 hour

Of need abandon'd ; therefore were her
 youth

Cut down, her altars therefore over-
 thrown.

The White King, whom ye saw upon the
 Stone

Of Sacrifice, and whom ye held in bonds,
 Stood in the foremost fight and slew
 your Lord.

Not by a God, O Aztecas, enlarged
 Broke he his bondage ! by a mortal hand,

An impious, sacrilegious, traitorous
 hand, 30

Your city was betray'd, your King was
 slain,

Your shrines polluted. The insulted
 Power,

He who is terrible, beheld the deed,
 And now he calls for vengeance.

Stern he spake,
 And from Mexitli's altar bade the Priest

Bring forth the sacred water. In his
 hand

He took the vase, and held it up, and
 cried,

Accurst be he who did this deed ! Ac-
curst

The father who begat him, and the
breast

At which he fed ! Death be his portion
now, 40

Eternal infamy his lot on earth,
His doom eternal horrors ! Let his name
From sire to son, be in the people's
mouth,

Through every generation ! Let a curse
Of deep and pious and effectual hate
For ever follow the detested name ;
And every curse inflict upon his soul
A stab of mortal anguish.

Then he gave
The vase. . . Drink one by one ! the
innocent

Boldly ; on them the water hath no
power ; 50

But let the guilty tremble ! it shall
flow

A draught of agony and death to him,
A stream of fiery poison.

Coatel !
What were thy horrors when the fatal
vase

Pass'd to thy trial, . . when Tezozomoc
Fix'd his keen eye on thee ! A deathiness
Came over her, . . her blood ran back, . .
her joints

Shook like the palsy, and the dreadful
cup

Dropt from her conscious hold. The
Priest exclaim'd,

The hand of God ! the avenger manifest !
Drag her to the altar ! . . At that sound
of death 61

The life forsook her limbs, and down she
fell,

Senseless. They dragg'd her to the
Stone of Blood.

All senseless as she lay ; . . in that dread
hour

Nature was kind.

Tezozomoc then cried,
Bring forth the kindred of this wretch
accurst,

That none pollute the earth ! An aged
Priest

Came forth and answered, There is none
but I,

The father of the dead.

To death with him !
Exclaim'd Tezozomoc ; to death with
him ;

And purify the nation ! . . But the King
Permitted not that crime. . . Chief of the
Priests,

If he be guilty, let the guilty bleed,
Said he ; but never, while I live and
reign,

The innocent shall suffer. Hear him
speak !

Hear me ! the old man replied. That
fatal day

I never saw my child. At morn she left
The city, seeking flowers to dress the
shrine

Of Coatlantona ; and that at eve
I stood among the Pabas in the gate, 80

Blessing our soldiers, as they issued out,
Let them who saw bear witness. . . Two
came forth,

And testified Aculhua spake the words
Of truth.

Full well I know, the old
man pursued,
My daughter loved the Strangers, . .
that her heart

Was not with Aztlan ; but not I the
cause !

Ye all remember how the Maid was
given, . .

She being, in truth, of all our Maids the
flower, . .

In spousals to Lincoya, him who fled
From sacrifice. It was a misery 90

For me to see my only child condemn'd
In early widowhood to waste her youth,

My only and my beautifullest girl !
Chief of the Priests, you order'd ; I

obeyed.

Not mine the fault, if when Lincoya fled,
And fought among the enemies, her heart
Was with her husband.

He is innocent !
He shall not die ! Yuhidthiton ex-
claim'd.

Nay, King Yuhidthiton ! Aculhua cried,
I merit death. My country over-
thrown, 100

My daughter slain, alike demand on me
That justice. When her years of
ministry

Vow'd to the temple had expired, my love,
 My selfish love, still suffer'd her to give
 Her youth to me, by filial piety
 In widowhood detain'd. That selfish
 crime
 Heavily, . . . heavily, . . . do I expiate !
 But I am old ; and she was all to me.
 O King Yuhidthiton, I ask for death ;
 In mercy, let me die ! cruel it were 110
 To bid me waste away alone in age,
 By the slow pain of grief. . . Give me the
 knife
 Which pierced my daughter's bosom !
 The old man
 Moved to the altar ; none opposed his
 way ;
 With a firm hand he buried in his heart
 The reeking flint, and fell upon his child.

XXI. THE SPORTS

A TRANSITORY gloom that sight of death
 Impress'd upon the assembled multi-
 tude ;
 But soon the brute and unreflecting crew
 Turn'd to their sports. Some bare
 their olive limbs,
 And in the race contend ; with hopes
 and fears
 Which rouse to rage, some urge the
 mimic war.
 Here one upon his ample shoulders bears
 A comrade's weight, upon whose head
 a third
 Stands poised, like Mercury in act to fly.
 Two others balance here on their
 shoulders 10
 A bifork'd beam, while on its height a
 third
 To nimble cadence shifts his glancing
 feet,
 And shakes a plume aloft, and wheels
 around
 A wreath of bells with modulating sway.
 Here round a lofty mast the dancers
 move
 Quick, to quick music ; from its top
 affix'd,
 Each holds a coloured cord, and as they

The complex crossings of the mazy
 dance,
 The chequer'd network twists around
 the tree
 Its intertexture of harmonious hues. 20
 But now a shout went forth, the
 Flyers mount,
 And from all meaner sports the multi-
 tude
 Flock to their favourite pastime. In
 the ground,
 Branchless and bark'd, the trunk of
 some tall pine
 Is planted : near its summit a square
 frame ;
 Four cords pass through the perforated
 square,
 And fifty times and twice around the
 tree,
 A mystic number, are entwined above.
 Four Aztecas, equipp'd with wings,
 ascend,
 And round them bind the ropes ; anon
 they wave 30
 Their pinions, and upborn on spreading
 plumes
 Launch on the air, and wheel in circling
 flight,
 The lengthening cords untwisting as
 they fly.
 A fifth above, upon the perilous point
 Dances, and shakes a flag ; and on the
 frame,
 Others the while maintain their giddy
 stand,
 Till now, with many a round, the
 wheeling cords
 Draw near their utmost length, and
 toward the ground
 The aerial circles speed ; then down the
 ropes
 They spring, and on their way from line
 to line 40
 Pass, while the shouting multitude
 endure
 A shuddering admiration.
 On such sports,
 Their feelings center'd in the joy of sight,
 The multitude stood gazing, when a
 man,
 Breathless, and with broad eyes, came
 running on,

His pale lips trembling, and his bloodless
cheek

Like one who meets a lion in his path.
The fire! the fire! the temple! he
exclaim'd;

Mexitli! . . They, astonish'd at his words,
Hasten toward the wonder, . . and
behold!

The inner fane is sheeted white with fire.
Dumb with affright they stood; the
enquiring King

Look'd to Tezozomoc; the Priest replied,
I go! the Gods protect me; . . and
therewith

He entered boldly in the house of flame.
But instant bounding with inebriate joy
He issues forth. . . The God! the God!
he cries,

Joy! . . joy! . . the God! . . the visible
hand of Heaven!

Repressing then his transport, . . Ye all
know

How that in Aztlan Madoc's impious
hand

Destroyed Mexitli's image; . . it is here,
Unbroken, and the same! . . Toward the
gate

They press; they see the Giant Idol
there,

The serpent girding him, his neck with
hearts

Beaded, and in his hand the club, . . even
such

As oft in Aztlan, on his azure throne,
They had adored the God, they see him
now,

Unbroken and the same! . . Again the
Priest

Enter'd; again a second joy inspired
To frenzy all around; . . for forth he
came,

Shouting with new delight, . . for in his
hand

The banner of the nation he upheld,
That banner to their fathers sent from
Heaven,

By them abandon'd to the conqueror.

He motion'd silence, and the crowd
were still.

People of Aztlan! he began, when first
Your fathers from their native land
went forth,

In search of better seats, this banner
came

From Heaven. The Famine and the
Pestilence

Had been among them; in their hearts
the spring

Of courage was dried up: with mid-
night fires

Radiate, by midnight thunders heralded,
This banner came from Heaven; and
with it came

Health, valour, victory. Aztecas! again
The God restores the blessing. To the
God

Move now in solemn dance of grateful
joy;

Exalt for him the song.

They form'd the dance,
They rais'd the hymn, and sung Mexitli's
praise.

Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God! . . From whence
art thou,

O Son of Mystery? From whence art
thou,

Whose sire thy Mother knew not? She
at eve

Walk'd in the temple court, and saw
from Heaven

A plume descend, as bright and beauti-
ful,

As if some spirit had embodied there
The rainbow hues, or dipt it in the light
Of setting suns. To her it floated down;
She placed it in her bosom, to bedeck
The altar of the God; she sought it
there;

Amazed she found it not, amazed she
felt

Another life infused. . . From whence art
thou,

O son of Mystery? From whence art
thou,

Whose sire thy Mother knew not?

Grief was hers,
Wonder and grief, for life was in her
womb,

And her stern children with revengeful

Beheld their Mother's shame. She saw
their frowns,

shall she look

For succour, when her sons conspire her death !

Where hope for comfort, when her daughter whets

The impious knife of murder ? From her womb 110

The voice of comfort came, the timely aid :

Already at her breast the blow was aim'd,

When forth Mexitli leapt, and in his hand
The angry spear, to punish and to save.
Glory to thee, the Great, the Terrible,
Mexitli, guardian God !

Arise and save,
Mexitli, save thy people ! Dreadful one,
Arise, redeem thy city, and revenge !

An impious, an impenetrable foe,
Hath blacken'd thine own altars, with
the blood 120

Of thine own priests ; hath dash'd thine
Image down.

In vain did valour's naked breast oppose

Their mighty arms ; in vain the feeble sword

On their impenetrable mail was driven.
Not against thee, Avenger, shall those
arms

Avail, nor that impenetrable mail
Resist the fiery arrows of thy wrath.
Arise, go forth in anger, and destroy !

XXII. THE DEATH OF LINCOYA

AZTLAN, meantime, presents a hideous scene

Of slaughter. The hot sunbeam, in her streets,

Parch'd the blood pools ; the slain were heap'd in hills ;

The victors, stretch'd in every little shade,

With unhelm'd heads, reclining on their shields,

Slept the deep sleep of weariness. Ere long,

To needful labour rising, from the gates
They drag the dead ; and with united toil,

They dig upon the plain the general grave,

The grave of thousands, deep and wide and long. 10

Ten such they delved, and o'er the multitudes

Who levell'd with the plain the deep-dug pits,

Ten monumental hills they heap'd on high.

Next horror heightening joy, they overthrew

The skull-built towers, the files of human heads,

And earth to earth consign'd them. To the flames

They cast the idols, and upon the wind
Scatter'd their ashes ; then the temples fell,

Whose black and putrid walls were scaled with blood,

And not one stone of those accursed piles 20

Was on another left.

Victorious thus
In Aztlan, it behoved the Cymry now

There to collect their strength, and there await,

Or thence with centered numbers urge, the war.

For this was Ririd missioned to the ships,
For this Lincoya from the hills invites

Erillyab and her tribe. There did not breathe,

On this wide world, a happier man that day

Than young Lincoya, when from their retreat

He bade his countrymen come repossess
The land of their forefathers ; proud at heart 31

To think how great a part himself had borne

In their revenge, and that beloved one,
The gentle saviour of the Prince, whom well

He knew his own dear love, and for the deed

Still dearer loved the dearest. Round the youth,

Women and children, the infirm and old,
Gather to hear his tale ; and as they stood

With eyes of steady wonder, out-
stretch'd necks,
And open lips of listening eagerness, 40
Fast play'd the tide of triumph in his
veins,
Flush'd his brown cheek, and kindled
his dark eye.

And now, reposing from his toil
awhile,
Lincoya, on a crag above the straits,
Sate underneath a tree, whose twinkling
leaves
Sung to the gale at noon. Ayayaca
Sate by him in the shade: the old man
had loved
The youth beside him from his boyhood
up,
And still would call him boy. They sate
and watch'd 49
The laden bison winding down the way,
The multitude who now with joy forsook
Their desolated dwellings; and their talk
Was of the days of sorrow, when they
groan'd
Beneath the intolerable yoke, till, sent
By the Great Spirit o'er the pathless
Prince Madoc the Deliverer came to
save.
As thus they communed, came a woman
up,
Seeking Lincoya; 'twas Aculhua's
slave,
The nurse of Coatel. Her wretched eye,
Her pale and livid countenance foretold
Some tale of misery, and his life-blood
ebb'd 61
In ominous fear. But when he heard
her words
Of death, he seized the lance, and
raised his arm
To strike the blow of comfort.
The old man
Caught his uplifted hand. . . O'er-hasty
boy,
Quoth he, regain her yet, if she was
dear!
Seek thy beloved in the Land of Souls,
And beg her from the Gods. The Gods
will hear,
And in just recompense of love so true
Restore their charge.

The miserable youth 70
Turn'd at his words a hesitating eye.
I knew a prisoner, . . so the old man
pursued,
Or hoping to beguile the youth's despair
With tales that suited the despair of
youth,
Or credulous himself of what he told, . .
I knew a prisoner once who welcomed
death
With merriment and songs and joy of
heart,
Because, he said, the friends whom he
loved best
Were gone before him to the Land of
Souls;
Nor would they to resume their mortal
state, 80
Even when the Keeper of the Land
allow'd,
Forsake its pleasures; therefore he
rejoiced
To die and join them there. I question'd
him,
How of these hidden things unknowable
So certainly he spake. The man replied,
One of our nation lost the maid he loved,
Nor would he bear his sorrow, . . being
one
Into whose heart fear never found a
way, . . 88
But to the Country of the Dead pursued
Her spirit. Many toils he underwent,
And many dangers gallantly surpass'd,
Till to the Country of the Dead he came.
Gently the Guardian of the Land
received
The living suppliant; listen'd to his
prayer,
And gave him back the Spirit of the
Maid.
But from that happy country, from the
Of joyance, from the splendour-spark-
ling dance,
Unwillingly compell'd, the Maiden's Soul
Loathed to return; and he was warn'd
to guard
The subtle captive well and warily, 100
Till in her mortal tenement relodged.
Earthly delights might win her to re-
main
A sojourner on earth. Such lessoning

The Ruler of the Souls departed gave ;
 And mindful of his charge the adventurer brought
 His subtle captive home. There underneath
 The shelter of a hut, his friends had watch'd
 The Maiden's corpse, secured it from the sun.
 And fann'd away the insect swarms of heaven. 109
 A busy hand marr'd all the enterprize !
 Curious to see the Spirit, he unloosed
 The knotted bag which held her, and she fled.
 Lincoya, thou art brave ; where man has gone
 Thou wouldst not fear to follow :
Silently
 Lincoya listen'd, and with unmoved eyes ;
 At length he answer'd, Is the journey long ?
 The old man replied, A way of many moons.
 I know a shorter path ! exclaim'd the youth ;
 And up he sprung, and from the precipice
 Darted : a moment, . . and Ayayaca heard 120
 His body fall upon the rocks below.

XXIII. CARADOC AND SENENA

MAID of the golden locks, far other lot
 May gentle Heaven assign thy happier love,
 Blue-eyed Senena ! . . She, though not as yet
 Had she put off her boy-habiliments,
 Had told Goervyl all the history
 Of her sad flight, and easy pardon gain'd
 From that sweet heart, for guile which meant no ill,
 And secrecy, in shame too long maintain'd.
 With her dear Lady now, at this still hour
 Of evening is the seeming page gone forth, 10

Beside Caermadoc mere. They loiter'd on,
 Along the windings of its grassy shore,
 In such free interchange of inward thought
 As the calm hour invited ; or at times,
 Willingly silent, listening to the bird
 Whose one repeated melancholy note,
 By oft repeating melancholy made,
 Solicited the ear ; or gladlier now
 Harkening that cheerful one, who knoweth all
 The songs of all the winged choristers, 20
 And in one sequence of melodious sounds -
 Pours all their music. But a wilder strain
 At fits came o'er the water ; rising now,
 Now with a dying fall, in sink and swell
 More exquisitely sweet than ever art
 Of man evoked from instrument of touch,
 Or beat, or breath. It was the evening gale,
 Which passing o'er the harp of Caradoc,
 Swept all its chords at once, and blended all
 Their music into one continuous flow. 30
 The solitary Bard beside his harp
 Leant underneath a tree, whose spreading boughs,
 With broken shade that shifted to the breeze,
 Play'd on the waving waters. Overhead
 There was the leafy murmur, at his foot
 The lake's perpetual ripple ; and from far,
 Borne on the modulating gale, was heard
 The roaring of the mountain cataract. . .
 A blind man would have loved the lovely spot.

Here was Senena by her Lady led, 40
 Trembling, but not reluctant. They drew nigh,
 Their steps unheard upon the elastic moss,
 Till playfully Goervyl, with quick touch,

Ran o'er the harp-strings. At the sudden sound
He rose. . . Hath then thy hand, quoth she, O Bard,
Forgot its cunning, that the wind should be
Thine harper ? . . Come ! one strain for Britain's sake ;
And let the theme be Woman ! . . He replied,
But if the strain offend, O Lady fair,
Blame thou the theme, not me ! . . Then to the harp 50
He sung, . . Three things a wise man will not trust,
The Wind, the Sunshine of an April day,
And Woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The Weathercock upon the steeple-point
Seen
The bees go forth upon an April morn,
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers ;
But when was Woman true ?
False Bard ! thereat,
With smile of playful anger, she exclaimed,
False Bard ! and slanderous song !
Were such thy thoughts 60
Of woman, when thy youthful lays were heard
In Helyn's hall ? . . But at that name his heart
Leapt, and his cheek with sudden flush was fired ;
In Helyn's hall, quoth he, I learn'd the song.
There was a Maid, who dwelt among the hills
Of Arvon, and to one of humbler birth
Had pledged her troth ; . . nor rashly, nor beguiled, . .
They had been playmates in their infancy,
And she in all his thoughts had borne a part,
And all his joys. The Moon and all the Stars 70
Witness'd their mutual vows ; and for her sake

The song was framed ; for in the face of day
She broke them. . . But her name ? Goervyl ask'd ;
Quoth he, The poet loved her still too well,
To couple it with shame.
O fate unjust
Of womankind ! she cried ; our virtues bloom,
Like violets, in shade and solitude,
While evil eyes hunt all our failings out,
For evil tongues to bruit abroad in jest, 79
And song of obloquy ! . . I knew a Maid,
And she too dwelt in Arvon, and she too
Loved one of lowly birth, who ill repaid
Her spotless faith ; for he to ill reports,
And tales of falsehood cunningly devised,
Lent a light ear, and to his rival left
The loathing Maid. The wedding-day arrived,
The harpers and the gleemen, far and near,
Came to the wedding-feast ; the wedding-guests
Were come, the altar drest, the bride-maids met ;
The father, and the bridegroom, and the priest 90
Wait for the bride. But she the while did off
Her bridal robes, and clipt her golden locks,
And put on boy's attire, through wood and wild
To seek her own true love ; and over sea,
Forsaking all for him, she followed him, . .
Nor hoping nor deserving fate so fair ;
And at his side she stood, and heard him wrong
Her faith with slanderous tales ; and his dull eye,
As it had learnt his heart's forgetfulness,
Knows not the trembling one, who even now 100
Years to forgive him all !
He turn'd, he knew
The blue-eyed Maid, who fell upon his breast.

XXIV. THE EMBASSY

HARK! from the towers of Aztlan how
the shouts

Of clamorous joy re-ring! the rocks and
hills

Take up the joyful sound, and o'er the
lake

Roll their slow echoes. . . Thou art
beautiful!

Queen of the Valley! thou art beautiful,
Thy walls, like silver, sparkle to the
sun;

Melodious wave thy groves, thy garden-
sweets

Enrich the pleasant air, upon the lake
Lie the long shadows of thy towers, and
high

In heaven thy temple-pyramids arise, to
Upon whose summit now, far visible
Against the clear blue sky, the Cross of
Christ

Proclaims unto the nations round the
news

Of thy redemption. Thou art beautiful,
Aztlan! O City of the Cymbric Prince!
Long mayest thou flourish in thy beauty,
long

Prosper beneath the righteous con-
queror,

Who conquers to redeem! Long years
of peace

And happiness await thy Lord and thee,
Queen of the Valley!

Hither joyfully to
The Hoamen came to repossess the land
Of their forefathers. Joyfully the youth
Came shouting, with acclaim of grateful
praise,

Their great Deliverer's name; the old,
in talk

Of other days, which mingled with their
joy

Memory of many a hard calamity,
And thoughts of time and change, and
human life

How changeful and how brief. Prince
Madoc met

Erillyab at the gate. . . Sister and Queen,
Said he, here let us hold united reign, 30
O'er our united people; by one faith,

One interest bound, and closer to be
link'd

By laws and language and domestic ties,
Till both become one race, for ever more
Indissolubly knit.

O friend, she cried,
The last of all my family am I;
Yet sure, though last, the happiest, and
by Heaven

Favour'd abundantly above them all.
Dear Friend, and brother dear! enough
for me

Beneath the shadow of thy shield to
dwell,

And see my people, by thy fostering
care,

Made worthy of their fortune. Graciously
Hath the Beloved One appointed all,
Educing good from ill, himself being
good.

Then to the royal palace of the Kings
Of Aztlan, Madoc led Erillyab,
There where her sires had held their
runder reign,

To pass the happy remnant of her years,
Honour'd and loved by all.

Now had the Prince
Provided for defence, disposing all 50
As though a ready enemy approach'd.
But from Patamba yet no army moved;

Four Heralds only, by the King dis-
patch'd,

Drew nigh the town. The Hoamen as
they came,

Knew the green mantle of their privilege,
The symbols which they bore, an arrow-
point

Depress'd, a shield, a net, which, from
the arm

Suspended, held their food. They
through the gate

Pass with permitted entrance, and
demand

To see the Ocean Prince. The Con-
queror 60

Received them, and the elder thus
began:

Thus to the White King, King Yuhid-
thiton

His bidding sends; such greeting as
from foe

Foe may receive, where individual hate
Is none, but honour and assured esteem,

And what were friendship did the Gods
 permit,
 The King of Aztlan sends. Oh dream
 not thou
 That Aztlan is subdued; nor in the
 pride
 Of conquest tempt thy fortune ! Unpre-
 pared
 For battle, at an hour of festival, 70
 Her children were surprised; and thou
 canst tell
 How perilously they maintain'd the long
 And doubtful strife. From yonder
 temple-mount
 Look round the plain, and count her
 towns, and mark
 Her countless villages, whose habitants
 All are in arms against thee ! Thinkest
 thou
 To root them from the land ? Or wouldst
 thou live,
 Harass'd by night and day with endless
 war,
 War at thy gates; and to thy children
 leave
 That curse for their inheritance ? . . The
 land 80
 Is all before thee : Go in peace, and
 choose
 Thy dwelling-place, North, South, or
 East, or West ;
 Or mount again thy houses of the sea
 And search the waters. Whatsoe'er thy
 wants
 Demand, will Aztlan willingly supply,
 Prepared with friendly succour, to assist
 Thy soon departure. Thus Yuhid-
 thiton,
 Remembering his old friendship, coun-
 sels thee ; 88
 Thus, as the King of Aztlan, for himself
 And people, he commands. If obstinate,
 If blind to your own welfare, ye persist,
 Woe to ye, wretches ! to the armed
 man,
 Who in the fight must perish ; to the
 wife,
 Who vainly on her husband's aid will
 call ;
 Woe to the babe that hangs upon the
 breast,
 For Aztlan comes in anger, and her Gods
 Spare none.

The Conqueror calmly answer'd
 him, . .
 By force we won your city, Azteca ;
 By force we will maintain it : . . to the
 King
 Repeat my saying. . . To this goodly
 land 100
 Your fathers came for an abiding place,
 Strangers like us, but not like us, in
 peace.
 They conquer'd and destroyed. A
 tyrant race,
 Bloody and faithless, to the hills they
 drove
 The unoffending children of the vale,
 And, day by day, in cruel sacrifice
 Consumed them. God hath sent the
 Avengers here !
 Powerful to save we come, and to
 destroy,
 When Mercy on Destruction calls for aid.
 Go tell your nation that we know their
 force, 110
 That they know ours ! that their
 Patamba soon
 Shall fall like Aztlan ; and what other
 towns
 They seek in flight, shall like Patamba
 fall :
 Till broken in their strength and spirit-
 crush'd
 They bow the knee, or leave the land
 to us,
 Its worthier Lords.

If this be thy reply,
 Son of the Ocean ! said the messenger,
 I bid thee, in the King of Aztlan's
 name
 Mortal defiance. In the field of blood,
 Before our multitudes shall trample
 down 120
 Thy mad and miserable countrymen.
 Yuhidthiton invites thee to the strife
 Of equal danger. So may he avenge
 Coanocotzin, or like him in death
 Discharge his duty.

Tell Yuhidthiton,
 Madoc replied, that in the field of
 blood
 I never shunn'd a foe. But say thou to
 him,
 I will not seek him there, against his
 life

To raise the hand which hath been
 joined with his
 In peace. . . With that the Heralds went
 their way ; 130
 Nor to the right nor to the left they turn,
 But to Patamba straight they journey
 back.

XXV. THE LAKE FIGHT

THE mariners, meantime, at Ririd's will,
 Unreeve the rigging, and the masts they
 strike ;
 And now ashore they haul the lighten'd
 hulks,
 Tear up the deck, the severed planks
 bear off,
 Disjoin the well-scarfed timbers, and
 the keel
 Loosen asunder : then to the lake-side
 Bear the materials, where the Ocean
 Lord
 Himself directs their work. Twelve
 vessels there,
 Fitted alike to catch the wind, or sweep
 With oars the moveless surface, they
 prepare ; 10
 Lay down the keel, the stern-post rear,
 and fix
 The strong-curved timbers. Others
 from the wood
 Bring the tall pines, and from their his-
 sing trunks
 Force, by the aid of fire, the needful
 gum ;
 Beneath the close-caulk'd planks its
 odorous stream
 They pour ; then, last, the round-pro-
 jecting prows
 With iron arm, and launch, in uproar
 loud
 Of joy, anticipating victory,
 The galleys long and sharp. The masts
 are rear'd,
 The sails are bent, and lo ! the ready
 barks 20
 Lie on the lake.

It chanced, the Hoamen found
 A spy of Aztlan, and before the Prince
 They led him. But when Madoc bade
 him tell,

As his life-ransom, what his nation's
 force,
 And what their plans : the savage
 answer'd him,
 With dark and sullen eye and smile of
 wrath,
 If aught the knowledge of my country's
 force
 Could profit thee, be sure, ere I would let
 My tongue play traitor, thou shouldst
 limb from limb
 Hew me, and make each separate
 member feel 30
 A separate agony of death. O Prince !
 But I will tell ye of my nation's force,
 That ye may know and tremble at your
 doom ;
 That fear may half subdue ye to the
 sword
 Of vengeance. . . Can ye count the stars
 of Heaven ?
 The waves which ruffle o'er the lake ?
 the leaves
 Swept from the autumnal forest ? Can
 ye look
 Upon the eternal snows of yonder height
 And number each particular flake that
 form'd
 The mountain-mass ? . . so numberless
 they come, 40
 Whoe'er can wield the sword, or hurl the
 lance,
 Or aim the arrow ; from the growing boy,
 Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
 Who to revenge his country and his
 Gods
 Hastens, and then to die. By land they
 come ;
 And years must pass away ere on their
 path
 The grass again will grow : they come
 by lake ;
 And ye shall see the shoals of their canoes
 Darken the waters. Strangers ! when
 our Gods
 Have conquer'd, when ye lie upon the
 Stone 50
 Of Sacrifice extended one by one,
 Half of our armies cannot taste your
 flesh,
 Though given in equal shares, and every
 share
 Minced like a nestling's food !

Madoc replied,
Azteca, we are few; but through the
woods
The Lion walks alone. The lesser fowls
Flock multitudinous in heaven, and fly
Before the eagle's coming. We are few;
And yet thy nation hath experienced us
Enough for conquest. Tell thy country-
men, 60
We can maintain the city which we
won.

So saying he turn'd away, rejoiced at
heart
To know himself alike by lake or land
Prepared to meet their power.

The fateful day
Draws on; by night the Aztecas em-
bark.

At day-break from Patamba they set
forth,

From every creek and inlet of the lake,
All moving towards Aztlan; safely thus
Weening to reach the plain before her
walls,

And fresh for battle. Shine thou forth,
O Sun! 70

Shine fairly forth upon a scene so fair!
Their thousand boats, and the ten
thousand oars

From whose broad bowls the waters fall
and flash,

And twice ten thousand feather'd helms,
and shields,

Glittering with gold and scarlet plumery.
Onward they come with song and swell-
ing horn;

While, louder than all voice and instru-
ment,

The dash of their ten thousand oars.
from shore

To shore and hill to hill, re-echoing rolls,
In undistinguishable peals of sound 80
And endless echo. On the other side

Advance the British barks; the fresh-
ening breeze

Fills the broad sail, around the rushing
keel

The waters sing, while proudly they sail
on

Lords of the water. Shine thou forth,
O Sun!

Shine forth upon their hour of victory!

Onward the Cymry speed. The Az-
tecas,

Though wondering at that unexpected
sight,

Bravely made on to meet them, seized
their bows,

And shower'd, like rain, upon the
pavaised barks, 90

The rattling shafts. Strong blows the
auspicious gale;

Madoc, the Lord of Ocean, leads the
way;

He holds the helm; the galley where
he guides

Flies on, and full upon the first canoe
Drives shattering; midway its long

length it struck,
And o'er the wreck with unimpeded

force
Dashes among the fleet. The astonish'd

men
Gaze in inactive terror. They behold

Their splinter'd vessels floating all
around,

Their warriors struggling in the lake,
with arms 100

Experienced in the battle vainly now.
Dismay'd they drop their bows, and

cast away
Their unavailing spears, and take to

flight,
Before the Masters of the Elements,

Who rode the waters, and who made the
winds

Wing them to vengeance! Forward
now they bend,

And backward then, with strenuous
strain of arm,

Press the broad paddle. . . Hope of
victory

Was none, nor of defence, nor of revenge.
To sweeten death. Toward the shore

they speed, 110
Toward the shore they lift their longing
eyes: . .

O fools, to meet on their own element
The Sons of Ocean! . . Could they but

aland

Set foot, the strife were equal, or to die
Less dreadful. But, as if with wings of

wind,
On fly the British barks! . . the favour-
ing breeze

Blows strong ; . . far, far behind their
 roaring keels
 Lies the long line of foam ; the helm
 directs
 Their force ; they move as with the
 limbs of life,
 Obedient to the will that governs them.
 Where'er they pass, the crashing shock
 is heard, 121
 The dash of broken waters, and the cry
 Of sinking multitudes. Here one plies
 fast
 The practised limbs of youth, but o'er
 his head
 The galley drives ; one follows a canoe
 With skill availing only to prolong
 Suffering ; another, as with wiser aim
 He swims across, to meet his coming
 friends,
 Stunn'd by the hasty and unheeding oar,
 Sinks senseless to the depths. Lo !
 yonder boat 130
 Graspt by the thronging strugglers ; its
 light length
 Yields to the overbearing weight, and all
 Share the same ruin. Here another
 shows
 Crueller contest, where the crew hack off
 The hands that hang for life upon its
 side,
 Lest all together perish ; then in vain
 The voice of friend or kinsman prays for
 mercy,
 Imperious self controuls all other
 thoughts ;
 And still they deal around unnatural
 wounds,
 When the strong bark of Britain over all
 Sails in the path of death. . . God of the
 Lake, 141
 Tlaloc ! and thou, O Aiauh, green-robed
 Queen !
 How many a wretch, in dying agonies,
 Invoked ye in the misery of that day !
 Long after, on the tainted lake, the dead
 Welter'd ; there, perch'd upon his
 swimming
 The vulture in daylight ; and the
 wolves,
 Assembled at their banquet round its
 banks,
 Disturb'd the midnight with their howl
 of joy.

XXVI. THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY

THERE was mourning in Patamba ; the
 north wind
 Blew o'er the lake, and drifted to the
 shore
 The floating wreck and bodies of the
 dead.
 Then on the shore the mother might be
 seen,
 Seeking her child ; the father to the
 tomb,
 With limbs too weak for that unhappy
 weight,
 Bearing the bloated body of his son ;
 The wife, who, in expectant agony,
 Watch'd the black carcass on the coming
 wave.
 On every brow terror was legible, 10
 Anguish in every eye. There was not
 one
 Who in the general ruin did not share
 Peculiar grief, and in his country's loss
 Lament some dear one dead. Along the
 lake
 The frequent funeral-piles, for many a
 day,
 With the noon-light their melancholy
 Dimly commingled ; while the mourners
 stood,
 Watching the pile, to feed the lingering
 fire,
 As slowly it consumed the watery corpse.
 Thou didst not fear, young Tlalala !
 thy soul, 20
 Unconquer'd and unconquerable, rose
 Superior to its fortune. When the
 Chiefs
 Hung their dejected heads, as men sub-
 dued
 In spirit, then didst thou, Yuhidhilton,
 Calm in the hour of evil, still maintain
 Thy even courage. They from man to
 man
 Go, with the mourners mourning, and
 by grief
 Exciting rage, till, at the promised fight,

The hope of vengeance, a ferocious joy
Flash'd in the eyes which glisten'd still
with tears 30

Of tender memory. To the brave they
spake

Of Aztlan's strength, . . for Aztlan still
was strong : . .

The late defeat, . . not there by manly
might,

By honourable valour, by the force
Of arms subdued, shame aggravated
loss ;

The White Men from the waters came,
perchance

Sons of the Ocean, by their parent Gods
Aided, and conquerors not by human
skill.

When man met man, when in the field
of fight

The soldier on firm earth should plant
his foot, 40

Then would the trial be, the struggle
then,

The glory, the revenge.

Tezozomoc,

Alike unbroken by defeat, endured

The evil day ; but in his sullen mind
Work'd thoughts of other vengeance.

He the King
Summon'd apart from all, with Tlalala,
And thus advised them : We have vainly
tried

The war ; these mighty Strangers will
not yield

To mortal strength ; yet shall they be
cut off

So ye will heed my counsel, and to force
Add wisdom's aid. Put on a friendly
front ; 51

Send to their Prince the messenger of

He will believe our words : he will for-
give

The past ; . . the offender may. So days
and months,

Yea, years, if needful, will we wear a face
Of friendliness, till some fit hour arrive,
When we may fire their dwellings in the
night,

Or mingle poison in their cups of mirth.
The warrior, from whose force the Lion
flies,

Falls by the Serpent's tooth.

Thou speakest well, 60

Tlalala answer'd ; but my spirit ill
Can brook revenge delay'd.

The Priest then turn'd
His small and glittering eye toward the
King ;

But on the Monarch's mild and manly
brow

A meaning sate, which made that
crafty eye

Bend, quickly abash'd. While yet I
was a child,

Replied the King of Aztlan, on my heart
My father laid two precepts. Boy, be
brave !

So, in the midnight battle, shalt thou
meet,

Fearless, the sudden foe. Boy, let thy
lips 70

Be clean from falsehood ! in the mid-
day sun,

So never shalt thou need from mortal
man

To turn thy guilty face. Tezozomoc,
Holy I keep the lessons of my sire.

But if the enemy, with their dreadful
arms,

Again, said Tlalala, . . If again the Gods
Will our defeat, Yuhidhthon replied,
Vain is it for the feeble power of man

To strive against their will. I augur
not

Of ill, young Tiger ! but if ill betide, so
The land is all before us. Let me hear
Of perfidy and serpent-wiles no more !

In the noon-day war, and in the face of
Heaven,

I meet my foes. Let Aztlan follow me ;
And if one man of all her multitudes

Shall better play the warrior in that
hour,

Be his the sceptre ! But if the people
fear

The perilous strife, and own themselves
subdued,

Let us depart ! The universal Sun
Confinés not to one land his partial

beams ; 90

Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have
cast,

There where he cannot prosper.

The dark Priest
 Conceal'd revengeful anger, and replied.
 Let the King's will be done ! An awful
 day
 Draws on ; the Circle of the Years is
 full ;
 We tremble for the event. The times
 are strange ;
 There are portentous changes in the
 world ;
 Perchance its end is come.

Be it thy care,
 Priest of the Gods, to see the needful
 rites ¹⁰⁰
 Duly perform'd, Yuhidthiton replied.
 On the third day, if yonder Lord of Light
 Begin the Circle of the Years anew,
 Again we march to war.

One day is past ;
 Another day comes on. At earliest dawn
 Then was there heard through all
 Patamba's streets
 The warning voice . . Woe ! woe ! the
 Sun hath reach'd
 The limits of his course ; he hath ful-
 fill'd
 The appointed cycle ! . . Fast, and weep,
 and pray, . .

Four Suns have perish'd, . . fast, and
 weep, and pray, ¹¹⁰
 Lest the fifth perish also. On the first
 The floods arose ; the waters of the
 heavens,
 Bursting their everlasting boundaries,
 Whelm'd in one deluge earth and sea
 and sky,

And quench'd its orb of fire. The
 second Sun
 Then had its birth, and ran its round of
 years ;
 Till having reach'd its date, it fell from
 heaven,

And crush'd the race of men. Another
 life
 The Gods assign'd to Nature ; the third
 Sun

Form'd the celestial circle ; then its
 flames ¹²⁰
 Burst forth, and overspread earth, sea,
 and sky,

Deluging the wide universe with fire,
 Till all things were consumed, and its
 own flames

Fed on itself, and spent themselves, and
 all

Was vacancy and darkness. Yet again
 The World had being, and another Sun
 Roll'd round the path of Heaven. That
 perish'd too :

The mighty Whirlwinds rose, and far
 away

Scatter'd its dying flames. The fifth
 was born ;

The fifth to-day completes its destined
 course, ¹³⁰

Perchance to rise no more. O Aztlan,
 fast

And pray ! the Cycle of the Years is
 full !

Thus through Patamba did the
 ominous voice

Exhort the people. Fervent vows all
 day

Were made, with loud lament ; in every
 fane,

In every dwelling-place of man, were
 prayers,

The supplications of the affrighted heart,
 Earnestly offered up with tears and
 groans.

So pass'd the forenoon ; and when now
 the Sun

Sloped from his southern height the
 downward way ¹⁴⁰

Of Heaven, again the ominous warner
 cried,

Woe ! woe ! the Cycle of the Years is
 full !

Quench every fire ! Extinguish every
 light !

And every fire was quench'd, and every
 light

Extinguish'd at the voice.

Meantime the Priests
 Began the rites. They gash'd them-
 selves, and plunged

Into the sacred pond of Ezapan,
 Till the clear water, on whose bed of
 sand

The sunbeams sparkled late, opaque
 with blood,

On its black surface mirror'd all things
 round. ¹⁵⁰

The children of the temple, in long
 search,

Had gather'd for the service of this
 day
 All venomous things that fly, or wind
 their path
 With sinuous trail, or crawl on reptile
 feet.
 These in one cauldron, o'er the sacred
 fire

They scorch, till of the loathsome living
 tribes,
 Who, writhing in their burning agonies,
 Fix on each other ill-directed wounds,
 Ashes alone are left. In infants' blood
 They mix the infernal unction, and the
 Priests 160
 Anoint themselves therewith.

Lo! from the South
 The Orb of Glory his regardless way
 Holds on. Again Patamba's streets
 receive
 The ominous voice, . . . Woe! woe! the
 Sun pursues
 His journey to the limits of his course!
 Let every man in darkness veil his
 wife;
 Veil every maiden's face; let every
 child
 Be hid in darkness, there to weep and
 pray,
 That they may see again the birth of
 light!
 They heard, and every husband veil'd
 his wife 170
 In darkness; every maiden's face was
 veil'd;
 The children were in darkness led to
 pray,
 That they might see the birth of light
 once more.

Westward the Sun proceeds; the
 tall tree casts
 A longer shade; the night-eyed insect
 tribes
 Wake to their portion of the circling
 hours;
 The water-fowl, retiring to the shore,
 Sweep in long files the surface of the
 lake.
 Then from Patamba to the sacred
 mount
 The Priests go forth; but not with
 songs of joy, 180

Nor cheerful instruments they go, nor
 train
 Of festive followers; silent and alone,
 Leading one victim to his dreadful
 death,
 They to the mountain-summit wend
 their way.

On the south shore, and level with the
 lake,
 Patamba stood; westward were seen
 the walls
 Of Aztlan rising on a gentle slope;
 Southward the plain extended far and
 wide;
 To the east the mountain-boundary

And there the sacred mountain rear'd its
 head; 190
 Above the neighbouring heights, its
 lofty peak
 Was visible far off. In the vale below,
 Along the level borders of the lake,
 The assembled Aztecas, with wistful
 eye,
 Gaze on the sacred summit, hoping
 there
 Soon to behold the fire of sacrifice
 Arise, sure omen of continued light.
 The Pabas to the sacred peak begin
 Their way, and as they go, with ancient
 songs
 Hymn the departed Sun.

O Light of Life 200
 Yet once again arise! yet once again
 Commence thy course of glory! Time
 hath seen
 Four generations of mankind destroy'd,
 When the four Suns expired; oh, let not
 thou,
 Human thyself of yore, the human race
 Languish and die in darkness!
 The fourth Sun
 Had perish'd; for the mighty Whirl-
 winds rose,
 And swept it, with the dust of the shat-
 ter'd world,
 Into the great abyss. The eternal Gods
 Built a new World, and to a Hero race
 Assign'd it for their goodly dwelling-
 place; 211
 And shedding on the bones of the
 destroy'd

A quickening dew, from them, as from
 a seed,
 Made a new race of human-kind spring
 up,
 The menials of the Heroes born of
 Heaven.

But in the firmament no orb of day
 Perform'd its course; Nature was
 blind; the fount

Of light had ceased to flow; the eye of
 Heaven

Was quenched in darkness. In the sad
 obscure,

The earth-possessioners to their parent
 Gods ²²⁰

Pray'd for another Sun, their bidding
 heard,

And in obedience raised a flaming pile.
 Hopeful they circled it, when from above
 The voice of the Invisible proclaim'd,
 That he who bravely plunged amid the
 fire

Should live again in heaven, and there
 shine forth

The Sun of the young World. The
 Hero race

Grew pale, and from the fiery trial
 shrunk.

Thou, Nahuaztin, thou, O mortal born,
 Heardest! thy heart was strong, the
 flames received ²³⁰

Their victim, and the humbled Heroes
 saw

The orient sky, with smiles of rosy joy,
 Welcome the coming of the new-born
 God.

O human once, now let not human-kind
 Languish, and die in darkness!

In the East

Then didst thou pause to see the Hero
 race

Perish. In vain, with impious arms,
 they strove

Against thy will; in vain against thine
 orb

They shot their shafts; the arrows of
 their pride

Fell on themselves; they perish'd, to
 thy praise. ²⁴⁰

So perish still thine impious enemies,
 O Lord of Day! But to the race
 devout,

Who offer up their morning sacrifice,

Honouring thy godhead, and with
 morning hymns,

And with the joy of music and of dance,
 Welcome thy glad uprise, . . to them,

O Sun,
 Still let the fountain-streams of splendour
 flow,

Still smile on them propitious, thou
 whose smile

Is light and life and joyance! Once
 again, ²⁴⁹

Parent of Being, Prince of Glory, rise,
 Begin thy course of beauty once again!

Such was their ancient song, as up the
 height

Slowly they wound their way. The
 multitude

Beneath repeat the strain; with fearful
 eyes

They watch the spreading glories of the
 west!

And when at length the hastening orb
 hath sunk

Below the plain, such sinking at the
 heart

They feel, as he who hopeless of return
 From his dear home departs. Still on
 the light,

The last green light that lingers in the
 west, ²⁶⁰

Their looks are fasten'd, till the clouds
 of night

Roll on, and close in darkness the whole
 heaven.

Then ceased their songs; then o'er the
 crowded vale

No voice of man was heard. Silent and
 still

They stood, all turn'd toward the east,
 in hope

There on the holy mountain to behold
 The sacred fire, and know that once

again
 The Sun begins his stated round of
 years.

The Moon arose; she shone upon the
 lake,

Which lay one smooth expanse of silver
 light! ²⁷⁰

She shone upon the hills and rocks, and
 cast

XXVII. THE MIGRATION OF
THE AZTECAS

THE storm hath ceased ; but still the
lava-tides
Roll down the mountain-side in streams
of fire ;

Down to the lake they roll, and yet roll
on,

All burning, through the waters. Heaven
above

Glow round the burning mount, and
fiery clouds

Scour through the black and starless
firmament.

Far off, the Eagle, in her mountain-nest,
Lies watching in alarm, with steady eye,
The midnight radiance.

But the storm hath ceased ;
The earth is still ; . . and lo ! while yet
the dawn

Is struggling through the eastern cloud,
the barks

Of Madoc on the lake !

What man is he
On yonder crag, all dripping from the
flood

Who hath escaped its force ? He lies
along,

Now near exhaust with self-preserving
toil,

And still his eye dwells on the spreading
waves,

Where late the multitudes of Aztlan
stood,

Collected in their strength. It is the
King

Of Aztlan, who, extended on the rock,
Looks vainly for his people. He be-
holds

The barks of Madoc plying to preserve
The strugglers ; . . but how few ! upon
the crags

Which verge the northern shore, upon
the heights

Eastward, how few have refuged ! Then
the King

Almost repented him of life preserved,
And wished the waves had whelmed
him, or the sword

Fallen on him, ere this ill, this wretched-
ness,

This desolation. Spirit-troubled thus,
He call'd to mind how, from the first, his
heart

Inclined to peace, and how reluctantly,
Obedient to the Pabas and their Gods,
Had he to this unhappy war been
driven.

All now was ended : it remain'd to yield,
To obey the inevitable will of Heaven,
From Aztlan to depart. As thus he
mused,

A Bird, upon a bough which overhung
The rock, as though in echo to his
thought,

Cried out, . . Depart ! depart ! for so
the note,

Articulately in his native tongue,
Spake to the Azteca. The King look'd

up ;
The hour, the horrors round him, had
impress'd

Feelings and fears well fitted to receive
All superstition ; and the voice which
cried,

Depart ! depart ! seem'd like the voice
of fate,

He thought, perhaps Coanocotzin's soul,
Descending from his blissful halls in the
hour

Of evil thus to comfort and advise,
Hover'd above him.

Lo ! toward the rock,
O'ring with feeble arms his difficult way,
A warrior struggles ; he hath reach'd
the rock,

Hath graspt it, but his strength, ex-
hausted, fails

To lift him from the depth. The King
descends

Timely in aid ; he holds the feeble one
By his long locks, and on the safety-place
Lands him. He, panting, from his
clotted hair

Shook the thick waters, from his fore-
head wiped

The blinding drops ; on his preserver's
face

Then look'd, and knew the King. Then
Tlalala

Fell on his neck, and groan'd. They laid
them down

In silence, for their hearts were full of
woe.

The sun came forth, it shone upon the
 rock ;
 They felt the kindly beams ; their
 strengthen'd blood
 Flow'd with a freer action. They arose,
 And look'd around, if aught of hope
 might meet
 Their prospect. On the lake the galleys
 plied

Their toil successfully, ever to the shore
 Bearing their rescued charge : the
 eastern heights,
 Rightward and leftward of the fiery
 mount,

Were throng'd with fugitives, whose
 growing crowds

Speckled the ascent. Then Tlalala took
 hope, 70

And his young heart, reviving, re-assumed

Its wonted vigour. Let us to the
 heights,

He cried ; . . all is not lost, Yuhidthiton !
 When they behold thy countenance, the
 sight

Will cheer them in their woe, and they
 will bless

The Gods of Aztlan.

To the heights they went ;
 And when the remnant of the people saw
 Yuhidthiton preserved, such comfort
 then

They felt, as utter wretchedness can
 feel,

That only gives grief utterance, only
 speaks 80

In groans and recollections of the past.
 He look'd around ; a multitude was
 there, . .

But where the strength of Aztlan ?
 where her hosts ?

Her marshal'd myriads where, whom
 yester Sun

Had seen in arms array'd, in spirit
 high,

Mighty in youth and courage ? . . What
 were these,

This remnant of the people ? Women
 most,

Who from Patamba when the shock
 began

Ran with their infants ; widow'd now,
 yet each

Among the few who from the lake
 escaped, 90

Wandering with eager eyes and wretched
 hope.

The King beheld and groan'd ; against
 a tree

He leant, and bow'd his head, subdued
 of soul.

Meantime, amid the crowd, doth
 Tlalala

Seek for his wife and boy. In vain he
 seeks

Ilanquel there ; in vain for her he
 asks ;

A troubled look, a melancholy eye,
 A silent motion of the hopeless head,

These answer him. But Tlalala repress
 His anguish, and he call'd upon the
 King ; . . 100

Yuhidthiton ! thou seest thy people
 left ;

Their fate must be determined ; they
 are here

Houseless and wanting food.

The King look'd up, . .
 It is determined, Tlalala ! the Gods

Have crush'd us. Who can stand
 against their wrath ?

Have we not life and strength ? the
 Tiger cried.

Disperse these women to the towns
 which stand

Beyond the ruinous waters ; against
 them

The White Men will not war. Ourselves
 are few,

Too few to root the invaders from our
 land, 110

Or meet them with the hope of equal
 fight ;

Yet may we shelter in the woods, and
 share

The Lion's liberty ; and man by man
 Destroy them, till they shall not dare to
 walk

Beyond their city walls, to sow their
 fields,

Or bring the harvest in. We may steal
 forth

In the dark midnight, go and burn and
 kill,

Till all their dreams shall be of fire and death,
 Their sleep be fear and misery.

Then the King
 Stretch'd forth his hand, and pointed
 to the lake 120
 Where Madoc's galleys still to those who
 clung

To the tree-tops for life, or faintly still
 Were floating on the waters, gave their
 aid. . .

O think not, Tlalala, that ever more
 Will I against those noble enemies
 Raise my right hand in war, lest
 righteous Heaven
 Should blast the impious hand and
 thankless heart!

The Gods are leagued with them; the
 Elements
 Banded against us! For our over-
 throw

Were yonder mountain-springs of fire
 ordain'd; 130
 For our destruction the earth-thunders
 loosed,

And the everlasting boundaries of the
 lake

Gave way, that these destroying floods
 might roll

Over the brave of Aztlan! . . We must
 leave

The country which our fathers won in
 arms:

We must depart.

The word yet vibrated
 Fresh on their hearing, when the Bird
 above,

Flapping his heavy wings, repeats the
 sound,

Depart! depart! . . Ye hear! the King
 exclaim'd;

It is an omen sent to me from Heaven;
 I heard it late in solitude, the voice 141
 Of fate. . . It is Coanocotzin's soul,
 Who counsels our departure. . . And the
 Bird

Still flew around, and in his wheeling
 flight

Pronounced the articulate note. The
 people heard

In faith, and Tlalala made no reply;
 But dark his brow, and gloomy was his
 frown.

Then spake the King, and called a
 messenger,

And bade him speed to Aztlan. . . Seek
 the Lord

Of Ocean; tell him that Yuhidthiton
 Yields to the will of Heaven, and leaves
 the land 151

His fathers won in war. Only one boon,
 In memory of our former friendship,
 ask,

The Ashes of my Fathers, . . if indeed
 The conqueror have not cast them to
 the winds.

The herald went his way circuitous,
 Along the mountains, . . for the flooded
 vale

Barr'd the near passage: but before his
 his feet

Could traverse half their track, the
 fugitives 159

Beheld canoes from Aztlan, to the foot
 Of that protecting eminence, whereon
 They had their stand, draw nigh. The
 doubtful sight

Disturb'd them, lest perchance with
 hostile strength

They came upon their weakness. Wrong-
 ful fear, . .

For now Cadwallon, from his bark un-
 arm'd,

Set foot ashore, and for Yuhidthiton
 Enquired, if yet he lived? The King
 receives

His former friend. . . From Madoc come
 I here,

The Briton said: Raiment and food he

And peace; so shall this visitation
 prove 170

A blessing, if it knit the bonds of peace,
 And make us as one people.

Tlalala!
 Hearest thou him? Yuhidthiton ex-
 claim'd.

Do thou thy pleasure, King! the Tiger
 cried:

Mypath is plain. . . Thereat Yuhidthiton,
 Answering, replied, Thus humbled as
 thou seest,

Beneath the visitation of the Gods,
 We bow before their will! To them we
 yield;

To you, their favourites, we resign the
land

Our fathers conquer'd. Never more
may Fate 180

In your days or your children's to the
end

Of time afflict it thus !

He said, and call'd
The Heralds of his pleasure. . . Go ye
forth

Throughout the land : North, South,
and East, and West,

Proclaim the ruin. Say to all who bear
The name of Azteca, Heaven hath
destroy'd

Our nation : Say, the voice of Heaven
was heard, . .

Heard ye it not ? . . bidding us leave the
land,

Who shakes us from her bosom. Ye
will find,

Women, old men, and babes ; the many,
weak 190

Of body and of spirit ill prepared,
With painful toil, through long and
dangerous ways

To seek another country. Say to them,
The White Men will not lift the arm of
power

Against the feeble ; here they may
remain

In peace, and to the grave in peace go
down.

But they who would not have their
children lose

The name their fathers bore, will join
our march.

Ere ye set forth, behold the destined
way. 199

He bade a pile be raised upon the top
Of that high eminence, to all the winds
Exposed. They raised the pile, and
left it free

To all the winds of Heaven ; Yuhidthiton
Alone approach'd it, and applied the
torch.

The day was calm, and o'er the flaming
pile

The wavy smoke hung lingering, like
a mist

That in the morning tracks the valley-
stream.

Swell over swell it rose, erect above,
On all sides spreading like a stately
palm.

So moveless were the winds. Upward
it roll'd, 210

Still upward, when a stream of upper air
Cross'd it, and bent its top. and drove it
on,

Straight over Aztlan. An acclaiming
shout

Welcomed the will of Heaven ; for lo,
the smoke

Fast travelling on, while not a breath
of air

Is felt below. Ye see the appointed
course ;

Exclaim'd the King. Proclaim it where
ye go !

On the third morning we begin our
march.

Soon o'er the lake a winged galley
sped,

Wafting the Ocean Prince. He bore,
preserved 220

When Aztlan's bloody temples were cast
down,

The Ashes of the Dead. The King
received

The relics, and his heart was full ; his
eye

Dwelt on his father's urn. At length
he said,

One more request, O Madoc ! . . If the
lake

Should ever to its ancient bounds return,
Shrined in the highest of Patamba's
towers

Coanocotzin rests. . . But wherefore
this ?

Thou wilt respect the Ashes of the King.

Then Madoc said, Abide not here,
O King, 230

Thus open to the changeful elements ;
But till the day of your departure come,
Sojourn with me. . . Madoc, that must
not be !

Yuhidthiton replied. Shall I behold
A stranger dwelling in my father's
house ?

Shall I become a guest, where I was
wont

To give the guest his welcome He
 pursued,
 After short pause of speech, . . For our
 old men,
 And helpless babes and women ; for all
 those
 Whom wisely fear and feebleness deter
 To tempt strange paths, through
 swamp and wilderness 241
 And hostile tribes, for these Yuhidthiton
 Intreats thy favour. Underneath thy
 sway,
 They may remember me without regret,
 Yet not without affection. . . They shall
 be
 My people, Madoc answer'd. . . And the
 rites
 Of holiness transmitted from their
 sires, . .
 Pursued the King, . . will these be suf-
 fer'd them ? . .
 Blood must not flow, the Christian
 Prince replied ;
 No Priest must dwell among us ; that
 hath been 250
 The cause of all this misery ! . . Enough,
 Yuhidthiton replied ; I ask no more.
 It is not for the conquer'd to impose
 Their law upon the conqueror.
 Then he turn'd,
 And lifted up his voice, and call'd upon
 The people : . . All whom fear or feeble-
 ness
 Withhold from following my adven-
 turous path,
 Prince Madoc will receive. No blood
 must flow,
 No Paba dwell among them. Take
 upon ye,
 Ye who are weak of body or of heart,
 The Strangers' easy yoke : beneath their
 sway 261
 Ye may remember me without regret.
 Soon take your choice, and speedily
 depart,
 Lest ye impede the adventurers. . . As
 he spake,
 Tears flow'd, and groans were heard.
 The line was drawn,
 Which whoso would accept the
 Strangers' yoke
 Should pass. A multitude o'erpast the
 line ;

But all the youth of Aztlan crowded
 round
 Yuhidthiton, their own beloved King.
 So two days long, with unremitting
 toil, 270
 The barks of Britain to the adventurers
 Bore due supply ; and to new habitants
 The city of the Cymry spread her
 And in the vale around, and on the
 heights,
 Their numerous tents were pitch'd.
 Meantime the tale
 Of ruin went abroad, and how the Gods
 Had driven her sons from Aztlan. To
 the King,
 Companions of his venturous enterprize,
 The bold repair'd ; the timid and the
 weak,
 All whom, averse from perilous wan-
 A gentler nature had disposed to peace,
 Beneath the Strangers' easy rule re-
 main'd.
 Now the third morning came. At
 break of day
 The mountain echoes to the busy sound
 Of multitudes. Before the moving
 tribe
 The Pabas bear, enclosed from public
 sight,
 Mexitli ; and the Ashes of the Kings
 Follow the Chair of God. Yuhidthiton
 Then leads the marshall'd ranks, and by
 his side, 289
 Silent and thoughtfully, went Tlalala.

At the north gate of Aztlan, Malinal,
 Borne in a litter, waited their approach ;
 And now alighting, as the train drew
 nigh,
 Propt by a friendly arm, with feeble step
 Advanced to meet the King. Yuhid-
 thiton,
 With eye severe and darkening coun-
 tenance,
 Met his advance. I did not think, quoth
 he,
 Thou wouldst have ventured this ! and
 liefer far
 Should I have borne away with me the
 thought

That Malinal had shunn'd his brother's
sight,

Because their common blood yet raised³⁰⁰
in him

A sense of his own shame ! . . Comest
thou to show

Those wounds, the marks of thine un-
natural war

Against thy country ? Or to boast the
meed

Of thy dishonour, that thou tarriest
here,

Sharing the bounty of the Conqueror,
While, with the remnant of his country-
men,

Saving the Gods of Aztlan and the
name,

Thy brother and thy King goes forth to
seek

His fortune !³⁰⁹

Calm and low the youth replied,
Ill dost thou judge of me, Yuhidthiton !

And rashly doth my brother wrong the
heart

He better should have known ! Howbeit,
I come

Prepared for grief. These honourable
wounds

Were gain'd when, singly, at Caer-
madoc, I

Opposed the ruffian Hoamen : and even
now,

Thus feeble as thou seest me, come I
thence,

For this farewell. Brother, . . Yuhid-
thiton, . .

By the true love which thou didst bear
my youth,

Which ever, with a love as true, my
heart³²⁰

Hath answer'd, . . by the memory of
that hour

When at our mother's funeral pile we
stood,

Go not away in wrath, but call to
mind

What thou hast ever known me ! Side
by side

We fought against the Strangers, side by
side

We fell ; together in the council-hall
We counsel'd peace, together in the
field

Of the assembly pledged the word of
peace.

When plots of secret slaughter were
devised,³²⁹

I raised my voice alone, alone I kept
My plighted faith, alone I prophesied

The judgement of just Heaven ; for this
I bore

Reproach and shame and wrongful
banishment,

In the action self-approved, and justi-
fied

By this unhappy issue.

As he spake,
Did natural feeling strive within the
King,

And thoughts of other days, and bro-
therly love,

And inward consciousness that had he
too

Stood forth, obedient to his better
mind,

Nor weakly yielded to the wily priests,
Wilfully blind, perchance even now in
peace

The kingdom of his fathers had pre-
served³⁴²

Her name and empire. . . Malinal, he
cried,

Thy brother's heart is sore : in better
times

I may with kindlier thoughts remember
thee

And honour thy true virtue. Now,
farewell !

So saying, to his heart he held the
youth,

Then turn'd away. But then cried
Tlalala,

Farewell, Yuhidthiton ! the Tiger cried ;
For I too will not leave my native
land, . .³⁵⁰

Thou who wert King of Aztlan ! Go thy
way ;

And be it prosperous. Through the
gate thou seest

Yon tree that overhangs my father's
house ;

My father lies beneath it. Call to
mind

Sometimes that tree ; for at its foot in
peace

Shall Tlalala be laid, who will not live Respect them ! . . Nay, Ilanquel ! hast
 Survivor of his country. thou yet
 And through the gate, regardless of the Thus he said, To learn with what unshakeable resolve
 King, My soul maintains its purposes ? I leave
 Turn'd to his native door. Yuhidthiton thee
 Follow'd, and Madoc ; but in vain their To a brave foe's protection. . . Lay me,
 words Madoc,
 Essay'd to move the Tiger's steady Here, in my father's grave.
 heart ; With that he took
 When from the door a tottering boy His mantle off, and veil'd Ilanquel's
 came forth face ; . . 381
 And clung around his knees with joyful Woman, thou may'st not look upon the
 cries, Sun,
 And called him father. At the joyful Who sets to rise no more ! . . That done,
 sound he placed
 Out ran Ilanquel ; and the astonish'd His javelin hilt against the ground ; the
 man point
 Beheld his wife and boy, whom sure he He fitted to his heart ; and, holding
 deem'd firm
 Whelm'd in the flood ; but them the The shaft, fell forward, still with steady
 British barks, hand
 Returning homeward from their merci- Guiding the death-blow on.
 ful quest, So in the land
 Found floating on the waters. . . For a Madoc was left sole Lord ; and far
 while, away
 Abandon'd by all desperate thoughts, he Yuhidthiton led forth the Aztecas,
 stood : To spread in other lands Mexitli's
 370 name, 390
 Soon he collected, and to Madoc turn'd, And rear a mightier empire, and set
 And said, O Prince, this woman and up
 her boy Again their foul idolatry ; till Heaven,
 I leave to thee. As thou hast ever Making blind Zeal and bloody Avarice
 found Its ministers of vengeance, sent among
 In me a fearless unrelenting foe, them
 hting with ceaseless zeal his coun- The heroic Spaniard's unrelenting
 try's cause, sword.

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

[First published in *The Oracle*, afterwards in *Poems*, 1797.]

The circumstances related in the following Ballad were told me when a school-boy, as having happened in the north of England. Either Furnes or Kirkstall Abbey (I forget which) was named as the scene. The original story, however, is in Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 291.

The metre is Mr. Lewis's invention; and metre is one of the few things concerning which popularity may be admitted as a proof of merit. The ballad has become popular owing to the metre and the story; and it has been made the subject of a fine picture by Mr. Barker.

Who is yonder poor Maniac, whose
wildly-fix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she

She never complains, but her silence
implies

The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms doth she
seek;

Nor for raiment nor food doth she
care:

Through her tatters the winds of the
winter blow bleak

On that wither'd breast, and her
weather-worn cheek

Hath the hue of a mortal despair. 10

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the
day,

Poor Mary the Maniac hath been;
The Traveller remembers who journey'd
this way

No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests
with delight

As she welcomed them in with a
smile;

Her heart was a stranger to childish
affright,

And Mary would walk by the Abbey at
night

When the wind whistled down the
dark aisle. 20

She loved, and young Richard had
settled the day,

And she hoped to be happy for
life:

But Richard was idle and worthless, and
they

Who knew him would pity poor Mary,

That she was too good for his wife.

6

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark
was the night,

And fast were the windows and
door;

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that
burnt bright,

And smoking in silence with tranquil
delight

They listen'd to hear the wind roar. 30

'Tis pleasant,' cried one, 'seated by the
fire-side,

To hear the wind whistle without.'

'What a night for the Abbey!' his
comrade replied,

'Methinks a man's courage would now
be well tried

Who should wander the ruins about.

'I myself, like a school-boy, should
tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded
by fear,
Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit ap-
pear,
For this wind might awaken the
dead!'

40

'I'll wager a dinner,' the other one cried,
'That Mary would venture there now.'
'Then wager and lose!' with a sneer
he replied,
'I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her
side,
And faint if she saw a white cow.'

10

'Will Mary this charge on her courage
allow?'
His companion exclaim'd with a
smile;
'I shall win, . . for I know she will ven-
ture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a
bough
From the elder that grows in the
aisle.'

50

11

With fearless good-humour did Mary
comply,
And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The night was dark, and the wind was
high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through
the sky,
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

12

O'er the path so well known still pro-
ceeded the Maid
Where the Abbey rose dim on the
Through the gateway she enter'd, she
felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and
their shade
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the
night.

60

13

All around her was silent, save when the
rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-cover'd fragments she fear-
lessly pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at
last
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

14

Well pleased did she reach it, and
quickly drew near,
And hastily gather'd the bough;
When the sound of a voice seem'd to
rise on her ear,
She paused, and she listen'd intently, in
fear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

15

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook
over her head,
She listen'd . . nought else could she
hear;
The wind fell; her heart sunk in her
bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the
tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

16

Behind a wide column half breathless
with fear
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud
shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two
ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they
bear.

80

17

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood
curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by, . .
It blew off the hat of the one, and
beheld
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it
roll'd, . .
She felt, and expected to die.

18
 'Curse the hat!' he exclaims: 'Nay,
 come on till we hide
 The dead body,' his comrade replies.
 She beholds them in safety pass on by
 her side, [supplied,
 She seizes the hat, fear her courage
 And fast through the Abbey she flies.

19
 She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in
 at the door, 91
 She gazed in her terror around,
 Then her limbs could support their faint
 burthen no more,
 And exhausted and breathless she sank
 on the floor,
 Unable to utter a sound.

20
 Ere yet her pale lips could the story
 impart,
 For a moment the hat met her view; . .
 Her eyes from that object convulsively
 start,
 For . . what a cold horror then thrilled
 through her heart
 When the name of her Richard she
 knew! 100

21
 Where the old Abbey stands, on the
 common hard by,
 His gibbet is now to be seen;
 His irons you still from the road may
 espy;
 The traveller beholds them, and thinks
 with a sigh
 Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.
Bristol, 1796.

DONICA

[Published in *Poems*, 1797. The Ballad
 is founded on stories 'to be found in the
 notes to *The Hierarchies of the Blessed*
Angels, a poem by Thomas Heywood, . .
 1635.]

HIGH on a rock whose castle shade
 Darken'd the lake below,
 In ancient strength majestic stood
 The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
 Durst never cast his net,
 Nor ever swallow in its waves
 Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
 In wild alarm would run, 10
 Though parch'd with thirst, and faint
 beneath
 The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze
 The long lank sedges waved,
 All white with foam and heaving high
 Its deafening billows raved.

And when the tempest from its base
 The rooted pine would shake,
 The powerless storm unruffling swept
 Across the calm dead lake. 20

And ever then when death drew near
 The house of Arlinkow,
 Its dark unfathom'd waters sent
 Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old,
 One only child had he,
 Donica was the Maiden's name,
 As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
 Suffused her clear white cheek; 30
 The music of her voice was mild,
 Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
 So fair could Finland boast;
 Her parents loved the Maiden much,
 Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
 The pleasant path of life,
 For now the day drew near to make
 Donica Eberhard's wife. 40

The eve was fair and mild the air,
 Along the lake they stray;
 The eastern hill reflected bright
 The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream'd
 The liquid radiance wide;
 Donica's little dog ran on
 And gambol'd at her side.

- Youth, health, and love bloom'd on her
cheek,
Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.
- Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sigh'd through the long lank sedge ;
The air was hush'd, no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge :
- When suddenly the lake sent forth
Its music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sail'd
The solemn sounds of death.
- As those deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The lifeless Maiden fell.
- Loudly the Youth in terror shriek'd,
And loud he call'd for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the lifeless Maid.
- But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The Maiden raise her eyes.
- And on his arm reclined she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recover'd
reach'd
The towers of Arlinkow.
- Yet never to Donica's cheeks
Return'd their lively hue ;
Her cheeks were deathly white and wan,
Her lips a livid blue ;
- Her eyes so bright and black of yore
Were now more black and bright,
And beam'd strange lustre in her face
So deadly wan and white.
- The dog that gambol'd by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his alter'd mistress howl'd,
And fled in fear away.
- Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the Maid the less ;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.
- And when he found her health unharm'd
He would not brook delay,
But press'd the not unwilling Maid
To fix the bridal day.
- And when at length it came, with joy
He hail'd the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.
- But when they at the altar stood,
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd
A pale sulphureous light.
- And when the Youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.
- But loudly then he shriek'd, for lo !
A Spirit met his view,
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.
- That instant from her earthly frame
A Daemon howling fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The livid corpse fell dead.
- Bristol, 1796.*

RUDIGER

[Published in *Poems*, 1797. The story has been adapted from Thomas Heywood.]

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light ;
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

- With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on. 20
- And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.
- Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie,
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.
- Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret; 30
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken looks like jet.
- And many a rich and noble youth
Had sought to win the fair,
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.
- At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies. 40
- His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.
- Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they?
- Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought, 50
And his dark downward eye would
seem
With anxious meaning fraught:
- But soon he raised his looks again,
And smil'd his cares away,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.
- And onward roll'd the waning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name. 60
- But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed,—
A gloomy man was he.
- And when to bless the little babe
The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,
- Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue, 70
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;
- And faltering in his speech he bade
The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.
- When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine; 80
- 'And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose.'
- And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.
- Many gay companies that eve
Along the river roam, 90
But when the mist began to rise,
They all betook them home.
- Yet Rudiger continued still
Along the banks to roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.
- 'Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The evening wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!' 100
- 'Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Is shelter'd on my arm.'

'Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home.'

He answer'd not; for now he saw
A Swan come sailing strong, 110
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret . . . breathless now,
And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately Swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on. 120

The full orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendour through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear, 130
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry;
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice,
'Give me the child!' she said.

'Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness. 140

'And hush thee too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease;
Lie still, lie still; . . . a little while
And thou shalt be at peace.'

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there; 150
But there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moon-beam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's
blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, 'Lo, I am here!' 160

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd, 'Lo, I am here!'
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh; [then
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds, 170
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

'Now help me, Jesus!' loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

The mother holds her precious babe;
But the black arms clasp'd him round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound. 180
Bristol, 1796.

JASPAR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
May 3, 1798; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii,
1799.]

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone;
And Jaspas look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loiter'd on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came . . . he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around, 190
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That crost the lonely way,
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away :

He sate beneath a willow tree
Which cast a trembling shade ;
The gentle river full in front
A little island made ; 20

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd . . and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree ;
He heard the waters flow along,
And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread,
The nightingale sung sweet ; . . 30
He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet ;

He started up and graspt a stake,
And waited for his prey ;
There came a lonely traveller,
And Jasper crost his way.

But Jasper's threats and curses fail'd
The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
Which held his little all. 40

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
With Jasper's strength in vain ;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
And never spake again.

Jasper raised up the murder'd man,
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse,
And cleansed his hands from gore, 50
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jasper's conscience never felt
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
The gold he gain'd so ill,
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
And he was needy still. 60

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sate as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jasper knew full well.

He sate him down by Jasper's side,
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
With little was content ; 70
But sickness on his wife had fallen,
And all was well-nigh spent.

Long with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal.
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

Their Landlord, a hard man, that day,
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft. 80

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jasper's side he sate,
And not a word said he.

' Nay, . . why so downcast ? ' Jasper
cried,
' Come . . cheer up, Jonathan !
Drink, neighbour, drink ! 'twill warm
thy heart . .
Come ! come ! take courage, man ! '

He took the cup that Jasper gave,
And down he drain'd it quick ; 90
' I have a wife,' said Jonathan,
' And she is deadly sick.

' She has no bed to lie upon,
I saw them take her bed . .
And I have children . . would to God
That they and I were dead !

' Our Landlord he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace . .
I would that I were in my grave,
For there all troubles cease. 100

' In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he !
God be to him as merciless
As he has been to me ! '

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

'This Landlord on his homeward road
'Twere easy now to meet. 110
The road is lonesome, Jonathan!
And vengeance, man! is sweet.'

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start; . .
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
And waited for their prey,
They sate them down beside the stream
That crost the lonely way. 120

They sate them down beside the stream
And never a word they said,
They sate and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale; 130
The soul of Jonathan was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

'Tis weary waiting here,' he cried,
'And now the hour is late, . .
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait.'

'Have patience, man!' the ruffian said,
'A little we may wait;
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate.' 140

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart;
'My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar . . it is not yet too late . .
I will not linger here.'

'How now!' cried Jaspar, 'why, I
thought
Thy conscience was asleep;
No more such qualms, the night is dark,
The river here is deep.'

'What matters that,' said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze, 150
'When there is One above whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees?'

'We are safe enough,' said Jaspar then,
'If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye above, nor eye below,
Can pierce the darkness here.'

That instant as the murderer spake
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night; 160

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair; 170
For Jaspar since that hour has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul. 180
Bath, 1798.

ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY

[The last twenty-four stanzas were published in *The Morning Post*, May 8, 1798.]

This Ballad was published (1801) in the *Tales of Wonder*, by Mr. Lewis, who found it among the welts and strays of the Press. He never knew that it was mine; but after his death I bestowed some pains in recomposing it, because he had thought it worth preserving.

It is founded upon the abridged extract which M. le Grand has given in his *Fabliaux* of a Metrical legend, by Marie de France.

1

'ENTER, Sir Knight,' the warden cried,
'And trust in Heaven whate'er betide,
Since you have reach'd this bourn;
But first receive refreshment due,
'Twill then be time to welcome you
If ever you return.'

Three sops were brought of bread and wine ;
 Well might Sir Owen then divine
 The mystic warning given,
 That he against our ghostly Foe 10
 Must soon to mortal combat go,
 And put his trust in Heaven.

3

Sir Owen pass'd the convent gate,
 The Warden him conducted straight
 To where a coffin lay ;
 The Monks around in silence stand,
 Each with a funeral torch in hand
 Whose light bedimm'd the day.

4

' Few Pilgrims ever reach this bourn,'
 They said, ' but fewer still return ; 20
 Yet, let what will ensue,
 Our duties are prescribed and clear ;
 Put off all mortal weakness here,
 This coffin is for you.

5

' Lie there, while we with pious breath
 Raise over you the dirge of death,
 This comfort we can give ;
 Belike no living hands may pay
 This office to your lifeless clay,
 Receive it while you live ! ' 30

6

Sir Owen in a shroud was drest,
 They placed a cross upon his breast,
 And down he laid his head ;
 Around him stood the funeral train,
 And sung with slow and solemn strain
 The Service of the Dead.

Then to the entrance of the Cave
 They led the Christian warrior brave ;
 Some fear he well might feel.
 For none of all the Monks could tell 40
 The terrors of that mystic cell,
 Its secrets none reveal.

8

' Now enter here,' the Warden cried,
 ' And God, Sir Owen, be your guide !
 Your name shall live in story :
 For of the few who reach this shore,
 Still fewer venture to explore
 St. Patrick's Purgatory.'

Adown the Cavern's long descent,
 Feeling his way, Sir Owen went, 50
 With cautious feet and slow ;
 Unarm'd, for neither sword nor spear,
 Nor shield of proof avail'd him here
 Against our ghostly Foe.

10

The ground was moist beneath his tread,
 Large drops fell heavy on his head,
 The air was damp and chill,
 And sudden shudderings o'er him came,
 And he could feel through all his frame
 An icy sharpness thrill. 60

11

Now steeper grew the dark descent ;
 In fervent prayer the Pilgrim went,
 'Twas silence all around,
 Save his own echo from the cell,
 And the large drops that frequent fell
 With dull and heavy sound.

12

But colder now he felt the cell,
 Those heavy drops no longer fell,
 Thin grew the piercing air ;
 And now upon his aching sight, 70
 There dawn'd far off a feeble light,
 In hope he hasten'd there.

13

Emerging now once more to day
 A frozen waste before him lay,
 A desert wild and wide,
 Where ice-rocks in a sunless sky,
 On ice-rocks piled, and mountains high,
 Were heap'd on every side.

14

Impending as about to fall
 They seem'd, and had that sight been 80
 all,
 Enough that sight had been
 To make the stoutest courage quail ;
 For what could courage there avail
 Against what then was seen ?

15

He saw, as on in faith he past,
 Where many a frozen wretch was fast
 Within the ice-clefts pent,
 Yet living still, and doom'd to bear
 In absolute and dumb despair
 Their endless punishment. 90

16

A Voice then spake within his ear,
And fill'd his inmost soul with fear,
'O mortal Man,' it said,
'Adventurers like thyself were these !'
He seem'd to feel his life-blood freeze,
And yet subdued his dread.

17

'O mortal Man,' the Voice pursued,
'Be wise in time ! for thine own good
Alone I counsel thee ;
Take pity on thyself, retrace 100
Thy steps, and fly this dolorous place
While yet thy feet are free.

18

'I warn thee once ! I warn thee twice !
Behold ! that mass of mountain-ice
Is trembling o'er thy head !
One warning is allow'd thee more ;
O mortal Man, that warning o'er,
And thou art worse than dead !'

19

Not without fear, Sir Owen still
Held on with strength of righteous will,
In faith and fervent prayer ; 111
When at the word, 'I warn thee thrice !'
Down came the mass of mountain ice,
And overwhelm'd him there.

20

Crush'd though, it seem'd, in every bone,
And sense for suffering left alone,
A living hope remain'd ;
In whom he had believed, he knew,
And thence the holy courage grew
That still his soul sustain'd. 120

21

For he, as he beheld it fall,
Fail'd not in faith on Christ to call,
'Lord, Thou canst save !' he cried ;
O heavenly help vouchsafed in need,
When perfect faith is found indeed ;
The rocks of ice divide.

22

Like dust before the storm-wind's sway
The shiver'd fragments roll'd away,
And left the passage free ;
New strength he feels, all pain is gone,
New life Sir Owen breathes, and on 131
He goes rejoicingly.

23

Yet other trials he must meet,
For soon a close and piercing heat
Relax'd each loosen'd limb ;
The sweat stream'd out from every part,
In short quick beatings toil'd his heart,
His throbbing eyes grew dim.

24

Along the wide and wasted land
A stream of fire through banks of sand
Its molten billows spread ; 41
Thin vapours tremulously light
Hung quivering o'er the glowing white,
The air he breathed was red.

25

A Paradise beyond was seen,
Of shady groves and gardens green,
Fair flowers and fruitful trees,
And flowing fountains cool and clear,
Whose gurgling music reach'd his ear
Borne on the burning breeze. 150

26

How should he pass that molten flood ?
While gazing wistfully he stood,
A Fiend, as in a dream,
'Thus !' answer'd the unutter'd thought,
Stretch'd forth a mighty arm, and
caught
And cast him in the stream.

27

Sir Owen groan'd, for then he felt
His eyeballs burn, his marrow melt,
His brain like liquid lead,
And from his heart the boiling blood 160
Its agonizing course pursued
Through limbs like iron red.

28

Yet, giving way to no despair,
But mindful of the aid of prayer,
'Lord, Thou canst save !' he said ;
And then a breath from Eden came,
With life and healing through his frame
The blissful influence spread.

29

No Fiends may now his way oppose,
The gates of Paradise unclose, 170
Free entrance there is given ;
And songs of triumph meet his ear,
Enrapt, Sir Owen seems to hear
The harmonies of Heaven.

30

'Come, Pilgrim! take thy foretaste
meet,
Thou who hast trod with fearless feet
St. Patrick's Purgatory,
For after death these seats divine,
Reward eternal, shall be thine,
And thine eternal glory.' 280

31

Inebriate with the deep delight,
Dim grew the Pilgrim's swimming sight,
His senses died away;
And when to life he woke, before
The Cavern-mouth he saw once more
The light of earthly day.

Westbury, 1798.

THE CROSS ROADS

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799.]

The tragedy related in this Ballad happened about the year 1760, in the parish of Bedminster, near Bristol. One who was present at the funeral told me the story and the circumstances of the interment, as I have versified them.

1

THERE was an old man breaking stones
To mend the turnpike way;
He sate him down beside a brook,
And out his bread and cheese he took,
For now it was mid-day.

2

He leant his back against a post,
His foot the brook ran by;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing,
For he was hot and dry. 10

3

A soldier with his knapsack on
Came travelling o'er the down;
The sun was strong and he was tired;
And he of the old man enquired,
'How far to Bristol town?'

Half an hour's walk for a young man,
By lanes and fields and stiles;
But you the foot-path do not know,
And if along the road you go
Why then 'tis three good miles.' 20

The soldier took his knapsack off,
For he was hot and dry;
And out his bread and cheese he took,
And he sat down beside the brook
To dine in company.

6

'Old friend! in faith,' the soldier says,
'I envy you almost;
My shoulders have been sorely prest,
And I should like to sit, and rest
My back against that post.' 30

7

'In such a sweltering day as this
A knapsack is the devil
And if on t'other side I sat,
It would not only spoil our chat,
But make me seem uncivil.'

The old man laugh'd and moved . . 'I
wish
It were a great-arm'd chair!
But this may help a man at need; . .
And yet it was a cursed deed
That ever brought it there. 40

9

'There's a poor girl lies buried here,
Beneath this very place.
The earth upon her corpse is prest,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face.'

10

The soldier had but just leant back,
And now he half rose up.
'There's sure no harm in dining here,
My friend? and yet, to be sincere,
I should not like to sup.' 50

11

'God rest her! she is still enough
Who sleeps beneath my feet!
The old man cried. 'No harm I trow.
She ever did herself, though now
She lies where four roads meet.

12

'I have pass'd by about that hour
When men are not most brave;
It did not make my courage fail,
And I have heard the nightingale
Sing sweetly on her grave. 60

13

'I have pass'd by about that hour
When ghosts their freedom have ;
But here I saw no ghastly sight,
And quietly the glow-worm's light
Was shining on her grave.

14

'There's one who like a Christian lies
Beneath the church-tree's shade ;
I'd rather go a long mile round
Than pass at evening through the ground
Wherein that man is laid. 70

15

'A decent burial that man had,
The bell was heard to toll,
When he was laid in holy ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
I would not be with his soul !

16

'Did'st see a house below the hill
Which the winds and the rains de-
stroy ?
In that farm-house did that man dwell,
And I remember it full well
When I was a growing boy. 80

17

'But she was a poor parish girl
Who came up from the west :
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day
Was taken in to rest.

18

'A man of a bad name was he,
An evil life he led ;
Passion made his dark face turn white,
And his grey eyes were large and light,
And in anger they grew red. 90

19

'The man was bad, the mother worse,
Bad fruit of evil stem ;
'Twould make your hair to stand on end
If I should tell to you, my friend,
The things that were told of them !

20

'Did'st see an out-house standing by ?
The walls alone remain ;
It was a stable then, but now
Its mossy roof has fallen through
All rotted by the rain. 100

21

'This poor girl she had served with
them
Some half-a-year or more,
When she was found hung up one day,
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay,
Behind that stable door.

22

'It is a wild and lonesome place,
No hut or house is near ;
Should one meet a murderer there alone,
'Twere vain to scream, and the dying
groan
Would never reach mortal ear. 110

23

'And there were strange reports about ;
But still the coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the way-side,
And not in Christian ground.

24

'This was the very place he chose,
Just where these four roads meet ;
And I was one among the throng
That hither follow'd them along,
I shall never the sight forget ! 120

25

'They carried her upon a board
In the clothes in which she died ;
I saw the cap blown off her head,
Her face was of a dark dark red,
Her eyes were starting wide :

26

'I think they could not have been
closed,
So widely did they strain.
O Lord, it was a ghastly sight,
And it often made me wake at night,
When I saw it in dreams again. 130

27

'They laid her where these four roads
meet
Here in this very place.
The earth upon her corpse was prest,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face.'

Westbury, 1798.

THE PIOUS PAINTER

[First published in *The Morning Post*, November 2, 1798; afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

The legend of the Pious Painter is related in the *Pia Hilaria* of Gazaeus; but the Pious Poet has omitted the second part of the story, though it rests upon quite as good authority as the first. It is to be found in the *Fabliaux* of Le Grand.

THE FIRST PART

I

THERE once was a painter in Catholic

Like JÖB who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may
gaze

With applause and with pleasure, but
chiefly his praise

And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were Angels, compared to the
Devils he drew,

Who besieged poor St. Anthony's
cell;

Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-
like hue!

And round them a sulphurous colouring
he threw

That their breath seem'd of brim-
stone to smell. 10

And now had the artist a picture begun,

'Twas over the Virgin's church-door;
She stood on the Dragon embracing her
Son;

Many Devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The Old Dragon's imps as they fled
through the air,

At seeing it paused on the wing;
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself
had been there,

To pay their respects to their King. 20

Every child at beholding it trembled
with dread,

And scream'd as he turn'd away
quick.

Not an old woman saw it, but, raising
her head,

Dropt a bead, made a cross on her
wrinkles, and said.

Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought
on by day,

He sometimes would dream of by
night;

But once he was startled as sleeping he
lay;

'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could
plainly survey

That the Devil himself was in sight. 30

'You rascally dauber!' old Beelzebub
cries,

'Take heed how you wrong me
again!

Though your caricatures for myself I
despise.

Make me handsomer now in the multi-
tude's eyes,

Or see if I threaten in vain!' 35

8

Now the Painter was bold, and religious
beside,

And on faith he had certain reliance;
So carefully he the grim countenance
eyed,

And thank'd him for sitting with
Catholic pride,

And sturdily bade him defiance. 40

9

Betimes in the morning the Painter
arose,

He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
Every look, every line, every feature he
knows,

'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he
goes,

And he has the old Wicked One
quite.

10

Happy man ! he is sure the resemblance
can't fail ;

The tip of the nose is like fire,
There's his grin and his fangs, and his
dragon-like mail,
And the very identical curl of his
tail, . .

So that nothing is left to desire. 50

11

He looks and retouches again with
delight ;
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind ;
And exulting again and again at the

He looks round for applause, and he sees
with affright

The Original standing behind.

12

'Fool ! Idiot !' old Beelzebub grinn'd
as he spoke,

And stamp'd on the scaffold in ire ;
The Painter grew pale, for he knew it
no joke ;

'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffold-
ing broke,
The Devil could wish it no higher. 60

13

'Help . . help ! Blessed Mary !' he
cried in alarm,

As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended
her arm,

She caught the good Painter, she saved
him from harm ;

There were hundreds who saw in the
street.

14

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder
he spied,

And cursed his own fruitless en-
deavour ;

While the Painter call'd after his rage
to deride,

Shook his pallett and brushes in triumph
and cried, 69

'I'll paint thee more ugly than ever !'

THE PIOUS PAINTER

THE SECOND PART

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
July 26, 1799.]

1

THE Painter so pious all praise had
acquired

For defying the malice of Hell ;
The Monks the unerring resemblance
admired ;

Not a Lady lived near but her portrait
desired

From a hand that succeeded so well.

2

One there was to be painted the number
among

Of features most fair to behold ;
The country around of fair Marguerite
rung,

Marguerite she was lovely and lively
and young,

Her husband was ugly and old. 10

3

O Painter, avoid her ! O Painter, take
care,

For Satan is watchful for you !
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked

One's snare,
The net is made ready, O Painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

4

She seats herself now, now she lifts up
her head,

On the artist she fixes her eyes ;
The colours are ready, the canvas is
spread,

He lays on the white, and he lays on
the red,

And the features of beauty arise. 20

5

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright
and so blue !

There's a look which he cannot
express ; . .

His colours are dull to their quick-
sparkling hue ; [view,

More and more on the lady he fixes his
On the canvas he looks less and less.

6

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle
 more,
 And that look which fair Marguerite
 gave!
 Many Devils the artist had painted of
 yore,
 But he never had tried a live Angel
 before, . .
 St. Anthony, help him and save! 30

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be
 told,
 To the Woman, the Tempter, and
 Fate.
 It was settled the Lady so fair to
 behold
 Should elope from her Husband so ugly
 and old,
 With the Painter so pious of late.

8

Now Satan exults in his vengeance
 complete,
 To the Husband he makes the scheme
 known;
 Night comes and the lovers impatiently
 meet;
 Together they fly, they are seized in the
 street, 39
 And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion,
 he lies,
 And a dismal companion is she!
 On a sudden he saw the Old Enemy
 rise,
 'Now, you villainous dauber!' Sir
 Beelzebub cries,
 'You are paid for your insults to me!

10

'But my tender heart you may easily
 move,
 If to what I propose you agree;
 That picture, . . be just! the resem-
 blance improve;
 Make a handsomer portrait, your chains
 I'll remove,
 And you shall this instant be free.' 50

11

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he
 hears, [said.
 'I'll make you quite handsome!' he
 He said, and his chain on the Devil
 appears;
 Released from his prison, released from
 his fears,
 The Painter is snug in his bed.

12

At morn he arises, composes his look,
 And proceeds to his work as before;
 The people beheld him, the culprit they
 took;
 They thought that the Painter his
 prison had broke, 59
 And to prison they led him once more.

13

They open the dungeon; . . behold in
 his place
 In the corner old Beelzebub lay;
 He smirks and he smiles and he leers
 with a grace,
 That the Painter might catch all the
 charms of his face,
 Then vanish'd in lightning away.

14

Quoth the Painter, 'I trust you'll sus-
 pect me no more,
 Since you find my assertions were true.
 But I'll alter the picture above the
 Church-door, [before,
 For he never vouchsafed me a sitting
 And I must give the Devil his due.' 70
 Westbury, 1798.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 April 27, 1799; afterwards in *The Annual*
Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.
 Southey quotes as his authority for the
 story *Whitaker's Supplement to the First*
and Second Book of Polwhele's History of
Cornwall, pp. 6, 7.]

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,
 When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his
 wife
 Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
 Cheerful and frank and free,
 But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,

For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
 Till patience avail'd no longer, 10
 Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick
 would take,
 And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
 To sit in St. Michael's chair;
 For she should be the mistress then
 If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
 They thought he would have died;
 Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life,
 As she knelt by his bed-side. 20

'Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
 My husband's life,' quoth she;
 'And to thine altar we will go,
 Six marks to give to thee.'

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
 For woundily sick was he;
 'Save me, St. Michael, and we will go
 Six marks to give to thee.'

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
 Teazed him by night and by day: 30
 'O mine own dear! for you I fear,
 If we the vow delay.'

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
 The bells of St. Michael's tower,
 When Richard Penlake and Rebecca
 his wife
 Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
 And Richard knelt in prayer:
 She left him to pray, and stole away
 To sit in St. Michael's chair. 40

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
 Round and round and round;
 'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top,
 And look upon the ground.

'A curse on the ringers for rocking
 The tower!' Rebecca cried,
 As over the church battlements
 She strode with a long stride.

'A blessing on St. Michael's chair!'
 She said as she sat down: 50
 Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
 And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
 That his good wife was dead:
 'Now shall we toll for her poor soul
 The great church bell?' they said.

'Toll at her burying,' quoth Richard Penlake,
 'Toll at her burying,' quoth he;
 'But don't disturb the ringers now
 In compliment to me.' 60
Westbury, 1798.

KING HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
 September 24, 1798; afterwards in *The
 Annual Anthology*, 1799.]

'While Henry V lay at the siege of Dreux,
 an honest Hermit, unknown to him, came
 and told him the great evils he brought on
 Christendom by his unjust ambition, who
 usurped the kingdom of France, against all
 manner of right, and contrary to the will of
 God; wherefore in his holy name he
 threatened him with a severe and sudden
 punishment if he desisted not from his
 enterprise. Henry took this exhortation
 either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion
 of the dauphin's, and was but the more
 confirmed in his design. But the blow soon
 followed the threatening; for within some
 few months after he was smitten with a
 strange and incurable disease.'—*Mezercay*.

He pass'd unquestion'd through the
 camp,

Their heads the soldiers bent
 In silent reverence, or begg'd
 A blessing as he went;
 And so the Hermit pass'd along
 And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,
 The map before him lay,
 Fresh conquests he was planning there
 To grace the future day. 10

KING HENRY V AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX 625

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold ;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old,
His look was gentle as a Saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

' Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land !
O King, repent in time, for know
The judgement is at hand. 20

' I have pass'd forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days !

' I used to see along the stream
The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

' Henry ! I never now behold
The white sail gliding down ; 30
Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou
Destroy that wretched town.

' I used to hear the traveller's voice
As here he pass'd along,
Or maiden as she loiter'd home
Singing her even-song.

' No traveller's voice may now be heard,
In fear he hastens by ;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry. 40

' I used to see the youths row down
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came soften'd to the shore.

' King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down !
Thou man of blood ! repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town.'

' I shall go on,' King Henry cried,
' And conquer this good land ; 50
Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand ? '

The Hermit heard King Henry speak,
And angrily look'd down ; . .
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

' What if no miracle from Heaven
The murderer's arm controul,
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul ? 6c

' Thou conqueror King, repent in time
Or dread the coming woe !
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat
And soon shalt feel the blow ! '

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the Hermit went his way ;
But Henry soon remember'd him
Upon his dying day.
Westbury, 1798.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

A BALLAD OF A YOUNG MAN THAT
WOULD READ UNLAWFUL BOOKS,
AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROFITABLE.

[First published in *The Morning Post* ;
afterwards in *The Annual Anthology*, 1799,
and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805.]

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His Study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his
wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on
her life.

' And if any one ask my Study to see,
I charge you to trust them not with the
key ;
Whoever may beg, and entreat, and
implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door.'

There lived a young man in the house,
who in vain
Access to that Study had sought to
obtain ; 10
And he begg'd and pray'd the books
to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been read-
ing that day ;
The letters were written with blood
therein, [skin ;
And the leaves were made of dead men's

And these horrible leaves of magic
between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever
were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold,
That what they were is not fit to be
told. 20

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the
door,
Which as he read on grew more and
more.

And more and more the knocking
grew,
The young man knew not what to do :
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke, and the Devil
came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had
got,
Like iron heated nine times red-hot ; 30
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone
blue
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

'What wouldst thou with me ?' the
Wicked One cried,
But not a word the young man replied ;
Every hair on his head was standing
upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with
affright.

'What wouldst thou with me ?' cried
the Author of ill ;
But the wretched young man was silent
still ;
Not a word had his lips the power to
say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting
away. 40

'What wouldst thou with me ?' the
third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his
eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the
air,
And the young man had not strength
for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart
As out he tore the young man's heart ;
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

THE MORAL

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a Conjuror's books they read. 50

Westbury, 1798.

ST. ROMUALD

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
February 5, 1799 ; afterwards in *The*
Annual Anthology, 1800, and in *Metrical*
Tales, 1805.]

'Les Catalans ayant appris que S.
Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en
furent très-affligés ; ils délibérèrent sur les
moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils
imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le
tuer, afin de profiter du moins de ses
reliques et des guérisons et autres miracles
qu'elles opéreroient après sa mort. La
dévotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui,
ne plut point de tout à S. Romuald ; il usa
de stratagème et leur échappa.'—*St. Foix*,
Essais Historiques sur Paris, t. v, p. 163.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Frenchman stopt at an inn door :
The Landlord came to welcome him,
and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the Traveller there
before.

'Doth holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell ?'
The Traveller ask'd, 'or is the old man
dead ?'

'No ; he has left his loving flock,
and we 10
So great a Christian never more shall
see,
The Landlord answer'd, and he shook
his head.

'Ah, Sir ! we knew his worth !
If ever there did live a saint on earth ! . .

Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and
night ;

Good man, he knew it was not right
For Dust and Ashes to fall out with
Dirt !

And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again. 20

' There has been perilous work
With him and the Devil there in yonder
cell ;

For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sun-set until morn,

He with a cross, the Devil with his horn ;
The Devil spitting fire with might and
main

Enough to make St. Michael half afraid :
He splashing holy water till he made 30
His red hide hiss again,

And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking
cell.

This was so common that his face became
All black and yellow with the brim-
stone flame,

And then he smelt, . . O Lord ! how
he did smell !

Then, Sir ! to see how he would
mortify

The flesh ! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and
cry,

" O Belly, Belly, 40
You would begormandizing now, I know ;
But it shall not be so ! . .

Home to your bread and water . . home,
I tell ye ! " "

' But,' quoth the Traveller, ' wherefore
did he leave

A flock that knew his saintly worth so
well ? '

' Why,' said the Landlord, ' Sir, it so
befell

He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour : and you
know,

He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he
went.' 50

' What might this honour be ? ' the
Traveller cried ;

' Why, Sir,' the Host replied,
' We thought perhaps that he might
one day leave us ;

And then should strangers have
The good man's grave.

A loss like that would naturally grieve
us,

For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to
secure

His relics while we might ;
And so we meant to strangle him one
night.' 60

Westbury, 1798.

THE ROSE

[Published in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The
story on which this poem is based is to be
found in *The Voyage and Traitaile of Sir
John Maundeville*.]

NAY, Edith ! spare the Rose ; . . per-
haps it lives,

And feels the noontide sun, and drinks
refresh'd

The dews of night ; let not thy gentle
hand

Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy
The sense of being ! . . Why that infidel
smile ?

Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful ;
And thou shalt have a tale of other days,
For I am skill'd in legendary lore,
So thou wilt let it live. There was
a time

Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower
that blooms, 10

Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou
hast not heard

How first by miracle its fragrant leaves
Spread to the sun their blushing love-
liness.

There dwelt in Bethlehem a Jewish
maid,
And Zillah was her name, so passing
fair

That all Judea spake the virgin's praise.
 He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance
 How it reveal'd her soul, and what
 a soul
 Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe to
 him !
 For not in solitude, for not in crowds, so
 Might he escape remembrance, nor
 avoid
 Her imaged form which followed every
 where,
 And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent
 eye.
 Alas for him ! her bosom own'd no
 love
 Save the strong ardour of religious
 zeal,
 For Zillah on her God had center'd all
 Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
 Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet
 reverenced
 The obdurate virtue that destroy'd
 their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and
 wretched man, 30
 Who saw, desired, despaired, and hated
 her.
 His sensual eye had gloated on her
 cheek
 Even till the flush of angry modesty
 Gave it new charms, and made him
 gloat the more.
 She loathed the man, for Hamuel's eye
 was bold,
 And the strong workings of brute
 force
 Had moulded his broad features ; and
 she feared
 The bitterness of wounded vanity
 That with a fiendish hue would over-
 cast
 His faint and lying smile. Nor vain
 her fear, 40
 For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and laid
 a plot
 Against her virgin fame. He spread
 abroad
 Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
 That soon obtain belief ; how Zillah's
 eye,
 When in the temple heaven-ward it was
 raised,

Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there
 were those
 Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting
 glance
 With other feelings fill'd : . . that 'twas
 a task
 Of easy sort to play the saint by day
 Before the public eye, but that 'all
 eyes 50
 Were closed at night ; . . that Zillah's
 life was foul,
 Yea, forfeit to the law.
 Shame . . shame to man,
 That he should trust so easily the
 tongue
 Which stabs another's fame ! The ill
 report
 Was heard, repeated, and believed, . .
 and soon,
 For Hamuel by his well-schemed
 villainy
 Produced such semblances of guilt, . .
 the Maid
 Was to the fire condemn'd.

Without the walls,
 There was a barren field ; a place
 abhor'd,
 For it was there where wretched
 criminals 60
 Receiv'd their death ! and there they
 fix'd the stake,
 And piled the fuel round which should
 consume
 The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it
 seem'd,
 By God and Man. The assembled
 Bethlemites
 Beheld the scene, and when they saw
 the Maid
 Bound to the stake, with what calm
 holiness
 She lifted up her patient looks to
 Heaven,
 They doubted of her guilt. With other
 thoughts
 Stood Hamuel near the pile ; him
 savage joy
 Led thitherward, but now within his
 heart 70
 Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first
 pangs
 Of wakening guilt, anticipant of Hell.
 The eye of Zillah as it glanced around

Fell on the slanderer once, and rested
there

A moment : like a dagger did it pierce,
And struck into his soul a cureless
wound.

Conscience ! thou God within us ! not
in the hour

Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty
wretch,

Not in the hour of infamy and death
Forsake the virtuous ! They draw near
the stake, . . . 80

They bring the torch ! . . hold, hold
your erring hands !

Yet quench the rising flames ! . . they
rise ! they spread !

They reach the suffering Maid ! oh God
protect

The innocent one !

They rose, they spread, they raged ; . .
The breath of God went forth ; the
ascending fire

Beneath its influence bent, and all its
flames,

In one long lightning-flash concen-
trating,

Darted and blasted Hamuel, . . him
alone.

Hark ! . . what a fearful scream the
multitude

Pour forth ! . . and yet more miracles !
the stake 90

Branches and buds, and, spreading its
green leaves,

Embowers and canopies the innocent
Maid

Who there stands glorified ; and Roses,
then

First seen on earth since Paradise was
lost,

Profusely blossom round her, white and
red

In all their rich variety of hues ;
And fragrance such as our first parents
breathed

In Eden she inhales, vouchsafed to her
A presage sure of Paradise regain'd.

Westbury, 1798.

THE LOVER'S ROCK

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
April 18, 1798 ; afterwards in *The Annual
Anthology*, 1799. Southey quotes *Mariana*
as his authority for the story.]

THE Maiden through the favouring night
From Granada took her flight,
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain,
The father's wrath, the captive's chain ;
In hope to Seville on they flee, 11
To peace, and love, and liberty.

Chiuma they have left, and now,
Beneath a precipice's brow,
Where Guadalhorce winds its way,
There in the shade awhile they lay ;

For now the sun was near its height,
And she was weary with her flight ;
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest. 20

While thus the lovely Laila slept,
A fearful watch young Manuel kept,
Alas ! her Father and his train
He sees come speeding o'er the plain.

The Maiden started from her sleep,
They sought for refuge up the steep,
To scale the precipice's brow
Their only hope of safety now.

But them the angry Father sees,
With voice and arm he menaces, 30
And now the Moors approach the steep,
Loud are his curses, loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd stones and roll'd below,
He loosen'd crags, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was perilous and high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair. 40

The Moorish chief unmoved could see
His daughter bend her suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the offenders both should bleed.

The Lady Argentine hath fled;
In an evil day and an hour of woe
She hath left the husband who loved
her well,
To go to Count Aymerique's bed. 10

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below;
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair, 50
'Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below and die with me.'

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
And falling o'er the rock's steep side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid;
But never Cross was planted there,
Because they perish'd for despair. 60

Yet every Moorish maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

Westbury, 1798.

GARCI FERRANDEZ

[Published in *The Edinburgh Annual Register* for 1809. The story is to be found in the *Coronica General de España*.]

PART I

1

In an evil day and an hour of woe
Did Garci Ferrandez wed!
He wedded the Lady Argentine,
As ancient stories tell,
He loved the Lady Argentine,
Alas! for what befell!

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young,
The comeliest of the land;
There was never a knight of Leon in fight
Who could meet the force of his
matchless might;
There was never a foe in the infidel band
Who against his dreadful sword could
stand;
And yet Count Garci's strong right hand
Was shapely, and soft, and white;
As white and as soft as a lady's hand
Was the hand of the beautiful Knight.

In an evil day and an hour of woe 21
To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique
go;
In an evil hour and a luckless night
From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,
And bear with him that lady bright,
That lady false, his bale and bane.
There was feasting and joy in Count
Aymerique's bower,
When he with triumph, and pomp,
and pride,
Brought home the adult'ress like a
bride:

His daughter only sate in her tower,
She sate in her lonely tower alone, 31
And for her dead mother she made her
moan;
'Methinks,' said she, 'my father for me
Might have brought a bridegroom home.
A stepmother he brings hither instead,
Count Aymerique will not his daughter
should wed,

But he brings home a leman for his
own bed.'
So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill
Were working thus in Abba's will;
And Argentine with evil intent 40
Ever to work her woe was bent;
That still she sate in her tower alone,
And in that melancholy gloom,
When for her mother she made her moan,
She wish'd her father too in the tomb.

She watches the pilgrims and poor who
 wait
 For daily food at her father's gate,
 'I would some Knight were there,'
 thought she,
 'Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me !
 For Aymerique's blessing I would not
 stay, 50
 Nor he nor his leman should say me nay,
 But I with him would wend away.'

She watches her handmaid the pittance
 deal,
 They took their dole and went away ;
 But yonder is one who lingers still
 As though he had something in his will,
 Some secret which he fain would say ;
 And close to the portal she sees him go,
 He talks with her handmaid in
 accents low ;
 Oh then she thought that time went
 slow, 60
 And long were the minutes that she
 must wait
 Till her handmaid came from the
 castle-gate.

From the castle-gate her handmaid came,
 And told her that a knight was there,
 Who sought to speak with Abba the fair,
 Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter
 and heir.
 She bade the stranger to her bower ;
 His stature was tall, his features bold,
 A goodlier form might never maid
 At tilt or tourney hope to see ; 70
 And though in pilgrim-weeds array'd,
 Yet noble in his weeds was he,
 And did his arms in them enfold
 As they were robes of royalty.

He told his name to the high-born fair,
 He said that vengeance led him there.
 'Now aid me, lady dear,' quoth he,
 'To smite the adulteress in her pride ;
 Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be,
 And I will take you for my bride.' 80

He pledged the word of a true Knight,
 From out the weeds his hand he drew ;
 She took the hand that Garci gave,
 And then she knew his tale was true,
 For she saw the warrior's hand so white,
 And she knew the fame of the beautiful
 Knight.

I

'Tis the hour of noon,
 The bell of the convent hath done,
 And the Sexts are begun ;
 The Count and his leman are gone to
 their meat.
 They look to their pages, and lo they see
 Where Abba, a stranger so long before,
 The ewer, and bason, and napkin bore ;
 She came and knelt on her bended
 knee,
 And first to her father minister'd she ;
 Count Aymerique look'd on his
 daughter down, 10
 He look'd on her then without a frown.

And next to the Lady Argentine
 Humbly she went and knelt ;
 The Lady Argentine the while
 A haughty wonderer felt ;
 Her face put on an evil smile ;
 'I little thought that I should see
 The Lady Abba kneel to me
 In service of love and courtesy !
 Count Aymerique,' the leman cried,
 'Is she weary of her solitude, 21
 Or hath she quell'd her pride ?'
 Abba no angry word replied,
 She only raised her eyes and cried,
 'Let not the Lady Argentine
 Be wroth at ministry of mine !'
 She look'd at Aymerique and sigh'd ;
 'My father will not frown, I ween,
 That Abba again at his board should
 be seen !'
 Then Aymerique raised her from her
 knee, 30
 And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be
 The daughter she was wont to be.

The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique.
That mood his crafty daughter knew;
She came and kiss'd her father's cheek,
And stroked his beard with gentle

hand,
And winning eye and action bland,
As she in childhood used to do.

'A boon! Count Aymerique,' quoth she;

'If I have found favour in thy sight,
Let me sleep at my father's feet to-night.

Grant this,' quoth she, 'so I shall see
That you will let your Abba be

The daughter she was wont to be.'

With asking eye did Abba speak,

Her voice was soft and sweet;

The wine had warm'd Count Aymerique,

And when the hour of rest was come,

She lay at her father's feet.

In Aymerique's arms the adulteress
lay,

Their talk was of the distant day, 50

How they from Garci fled away

In the silent hour of night;

And then amid their wanton play

They mock'd the beautiful Knight.

Far, far away his castle lay,

The weary road of many a day;

'And travel long,' they said, 'to him,

It seem'd, was small delight;

And he belike was loth with blood 60

To stain his hands so white.'

They little thought that Garci then

Heard every scornful word!

They little thought the avenging hand

Was on the avenging sword!

Fearless, unrepentent, unblest,

Without a prayer they sunk to rest,

The adulterer on the leman's breast.

Then Abba, listening still in fear,
To hear the breathing long and slow, 70

At length the appointed signal gave,

And Garci rose and struck the blow.

One blow sufficed for Aymerique, . .

He made no moan, he utter'd no groan;

But his death-start waken'd Argentine,

And by the chamber-lamp she saw

The bloody falchion shine!

She raised for help her in-drawn breath,

But her shriek of fear was her shriek
of death.

6

In an evil day and an hour of woe 80

Did Garci Ferrandez wed!

One wicked wife he has sent to her

grave,

He hath taken a worse to his bed.

Bristol, 1801.

BISHOP BRUNO

[First published in *The Morning Post*,
November 17, 1798; afterwards in *The*
Annual Anthology, 1799, and in *Metrical Tales*,
1805. Southey quotes as his authority for
the story here versified a passage in Hey-
wood's *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*.]

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead mid-
night,

And he heard his heart beat loud with
affright:

He dreamt he had rung the Palace bell,

And the sound it gave was his passing
knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep and he dreamt again;

He rang at the Palace gate once more,

And Death was the Porter that open'd
the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-

owl scream; 10

Bishop Bruno slept no more that
night, . .

Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-
light!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day;

There was not a Baron in Germany

That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they
bent,

But nobody blest him as he went. 20

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
'Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel
with glee, . .

But I would have you know, you travel
to me!'

Behind and before and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop at that grew cold with
fear,

For he heard the words distinct and
clear.

And when he rang at the Palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell; 30
And when the Porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the Emperor welcomed him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and
there

Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his
seat, . .

'With the Emperor now you are dining
with glee,

But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup
with me!'

40

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart that was
sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
Till at length he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man
there; . . 50

But when the masquers enter'd the hall
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud, . .
'You have pass'd the day, Bishop
Bruno, in glee;

But you must pass the night with me!'

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls
glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristled his
hair;

With that there came one from the
masquers' band,
And took the Bishop by the hand. 60

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of
Death;

On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the Palace
hall.

Westbury, 1798.

A TRUE BALLAD OF ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL

[Published in *The Morning Post*, 1802, or
early in 1803. Southey took the subject of
this Ballad from the *Coronica de España*.]

It is Antidius the Bishop
Who now at even tide,
Taking the air and saying a prayer,
Walks by the river side.

The Devil had business that evening,
And he upon earth would go;
For it was in the month of August,
And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle,
And up to earth he hied, 10
To do it there in the evening air,
All by the river side.

His imps came flying around him,
Of his affairs to tell;
From the north, and the south, and
the east, and the west;
They brought him the news that he
liked best,

Of the things they had done,
And the souls they had won,
And how they sped well
In the service of Hell. 20

There came a devil posting in
 Return'd from his employ,
 Seven years had he been gone from
 Hell,
 And now he came grinning for joy.

'Seven years,' quoth he, 'of trouble
 and toil
 Have I labour'd the Pope to win ;
 And I to-day have caught him,
 He hath done a deadly sin !'
 And then he took the Devil's book,
 And wrote the deed therein. 30

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy,
 He drew his mouth so wide,
 You might have seen his iron teeth,
 Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail,
 He knew not for joy what to do,
 In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels
 and his corns,
 It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this, 39
 Straight how to act bethought him ;
 He leapt upon the Devil's back,
 And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
 As fast as he could say,
 And made a cross on the Devil's head,
 And bade him to Rome away.

Away, away, the Devil flew,
 All through the clear moonlight ;
 I warrant who saw them on their way
 He did not sleep that night. 50

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or
 spur,
 Away they go like the wind ;
 The beads of the Bishop are hanging
 before,
 And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them,
 As soon as she came within call ;
 'Ave Maria !' the Bishop exclaim'd,
 It frightened her broomstick and she
 got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star,
 So fast for fear did he sail, 60
 And he singed the beard of the Bishop
 Against a Comet's tail ;
 And he pass'd between the horns of
 the Moon,
 With Antidius on his back ;
 And there was an eclipse that night,
 Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out,
 To tell his beads begun ;
 And he was by the bed of the Pope
 Before the string was done. 70

The Pope fell down upon his knees,
 In terror and confusion,
 And he confess'd the deadly sin,
 And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be,
 Sung, O be joyful ! then ;
 And all the Popes in bale that be,
 They howl'd for envy then ;
 For they before kept jubilee,
 Expecting his good company, 80
 Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done
 To bind his soul to Hell ?
 Ah ! that is the mystery of this
 wonderful history,
 And I wish that I could tell !

But would you know, there you must
 go,
 You can easily find the way ;
 It is a broad and a well-known road
 That is travell'd by night and by day. 89

And you must look in the Devil's book ;
 You will find one debt that was never
 paid yet
 If you search the leaves throughout ;
 And that is the mystery of this
 wonderful history,
 And the way to find it out.

Bristol, 1802.

HENRY THE HERMIT

[First published in *The Morning Post*, November 1, 1798; afterwards in *Poems*, vol. ii, 1799. The story is related in the *English Martyrology*, 1608.]

It was a little island where he dwelt,
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark

Its grey stone surface. Never mariner
Approach'd that rude and uninviting
coast,

Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
Anchor'd beside its shore. It was a
place

Befitting well a rigid anchoret,
Dead to the hopes and vanities and
joys,

And purposes of life: and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle;
For in ripe manhood he abandon'd arms,
Honours and friends and country and
the world,

And had grown old in solitude. That
isle

Some solitary man in other times
Had made his dwelling-place; and
Henry found

The little chapel which his toil had built
Now by the storms unroof'd, his bed of
leaves

Wind-scatter'd; and his grave o'er-
grown with grass,

And thistles, whose white seeds there
wing'd in vain

Wither'd on rocks, or in the waves were
lost.

So he repair'd the chapel's ruin'd roof,
Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar
stone,

And underneath a rock that shelter'd
him

From the sea-blast, he built his her-
mitage.

The peasants from the shore would
bring him food,
And beg his prayers; but human con-
verse else
He knew not in that utter solitude;

Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick
bed

Implored his blessing and his aid in
death.

That summons he delay'd not to obey,
Though the night tempest or autumnal
wind

Madden'd the waves; and though the
mariner,

Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he
lived

A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence and age and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at
last

To rise at midnight from his bed of
leaves

And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not
the less,

Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of
leaves

And bent his knees in prayer; but with
more zeal,

More self-condemning fervour, raised his
voice

Imploring pardon for the natural sin
Of that reluctance, till the atoning
prayer

Had satisfied his heart, and given it
peace,

And the repented fault became a joy.

One night upon the shore his chapel-
bell

Was heard; the air was calm, and its
far sounds

Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarm'd at that unusual hour to hear

Its toll irregular, a monk arose,
And crost to the island-chapel. On a
stone

Henry was sitting there, dead, cold, and
stiff,

The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady
light.

Westbury, 1799.

ST. GUALBERTO

ADDRESSED TO GEORGE BURNETT.

[Published in *The Annual Anthology*, 1800, and in *Metrical Tales*, 1805. Southey quotes Villegas, *Flos Sanctorum*, and other writers, as narrating the stories which he has versified in this ballad.]

THE work is done, the fabric is complete;
 Distinct the Traveller sees its distant tower,
 Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,
 Must toil for many a league and many an hour.
 Elate the Abbot sees the pile and knows,
 Stateliest of convents now, his new Mosquera rose.

Long were the tale that told Mosquera's pride,
 Its columns cluster'd strength and lofty state,
 How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptured side,
 What intersecting arches graced its gate;
 Its towers how high, its massy walls how strong,
 These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,
 But little store of charity, I ween,
 The passing pilgrim at Mosquera found;
 And often there the mendicant was seen
 Hopeless to turn him from the convent-door,
 Because this costly work still kept the brethren poor.

Now all is finish'd, and from every side
 They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
 Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
 When on the Sabbath-day his eyes behold
 The multitudes that crowd his church's floor,
 Some sure to serve their God, to see Mosquera more?

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
 Since sainted for a life of saintly
 He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,
 And o'er the structure whilst his eye proceeds,
 Sorrow'd, as one whose holier feelings deem
 That ill so proud a pile did humble monks besee.

6

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
 And forth he came to greet the holy guest:
 For him he knew as one who held the law
 Of Benedict, and each severe behest
 So duly kept with such religious care,
 That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

'Good brother, welcome!' thus Rodulfo cries,
 'In sooth it glads me to behold you here;
 It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes
 Did not deceive me: yet full many a year
 Hath slipt away, since last you bade farewell
 To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
 And such as suited ill a guest so dear.
 The pile was ruinous, the base unsound;
 It glads me more to bid you welcome here,
 For you can call to mind our former state;
 Come, brother, pass with me the new
 Moscera's gate.'

9

So spake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile
 Of answering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow;
 He raised his hand and pointed to the pile,
 'Moscera better pleased me then, than now;
 A palace this, befitting kingly pride!
 Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?'

10

'Ay,' cries Rodulfo, 'tis a stately place!
 And pomp becomes the House of Worship well.
 Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face!
 When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
 Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
 Can poor and sordid huts besem the Lord of all?'

11

'And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high
 To serve your God?' the Monk severe replied.
 'It rose from zeal and earnest piety,
 And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside.'
 'Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere
 However poor the cell, God will incline his ear.'

12

'Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose,
 Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
 Did charity relieve the orphan's woes?
 Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
 He who with alms most succours the distrest,
 Proud Abbot! know he serves his heavenly Father best.'

13

'Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
 Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord?
 Their place of worship was the desert cell,
 Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,
 And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
 They blest their gracious God, and "thought it luxury".'

14

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face;
 'Enough of preaching,' sharply he replied;
 'Thou art grown envious; . . 'tis a common case,
 Humility is made the cloak of pride.
 Proud of our home's magnificence are we,
 But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.'

15

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
 'O, Father, hear me! If this costly pile
 Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone,
 Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile!
 Still may it stand, and never evil know,
 Long as beside its walls the endless stream shall flow.'

16

'But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
Have wasted here the wealth which
thou hast lent,
To pamper worldly pride; frown on
it then!
Soon be thy vengeance manifestly
sent!
Let yonder brook, that gently flows
beside,
Now from its base sweep down the un-
holy house of pride!'

17

He said, . . and lo, the brook no longer
flows!
The waters pause, and now they
swell on high;
Erect in one collected heap they rose;
The affrighted brethren from Mos-
cera fly, 100
And upon all the Saints in Heaven
they call,
To save them in their flight from that
impending fall.

18

Down the heapt waters came, and,
with a sound
Like thunder, overthrown the
fabric falls;
Swept far and wide its fragments
strew the ground,
Prone lie its columns now, its high-
arch'd walls,
Earth shakes beneath the onward-
rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the
unholy house of pride.

19

Were old Gualberto's reasons built
on truth,
Dear George, or like Moscera's base
unsound? 110
This sure I know, that glad am I, in
sooth, [ground;
He only play'd his pranks on foreign
For had he turn'd the stream on
England too,
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many
a goodly view.

20

Then Malmesbury's arch had never
met my sight,
Nor Battle's vast and venerable
pile;
I had not traversed then with such
delight
The hallowed ruins of our Alfred's
isle,
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well
bestow'd
On those who rob its walls to mend the
turnpike road. 120

21

Wells would have fallen, dear George,
our country's pride;
And Canning's stately church been
rear'd in vain;
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower
descried,
Which when thou seest far o'er the
fenny plain,
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn
that way,
Its ancient beauties sure will well
reward delay.

22

And we should never then have
heard, I think,
At evening hour, great Tom's
tremendous knell.
The fountain streams that now in
Christ-church stink
Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle:
But, as 'twas beauty that deserved
the flood, 131
I ween, dear George, thy own old Pom-
pey might have stood.

23

Then had not Westminster, the house
of God,
Served for a concert room, or
signal-post;
Old Thames, obedient to the father's
nod,
Had swept down Greenwich, Eng-
land's noblest boast;
And, eager to destroy the unholy
walls,
Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to over-
whelm St. Paul's.

24

George, dost thou deem the legendary
deeds

Of saints like this but rubbish, a
mere store 140

Of trash, that he flings time away who

And would'st thou rather bid me
puzzle o'er

Matter and Mind and all the eternal
round,

Plunged headlong down the dark and
fathomless profound ?

25

Now do I bless the man who under-
took

These Monks and Martyrs to bio-
graphize ;

And love to ponder o'er his ponderous
book,

The mingle-mangle mass of truth
and lies,

Where waking fancies mixt with
dreams appear,

And blind and honest zeal, and holy
faith sincere. 150

26

All is not truth ; and yet, methinks,
'twere hard

Of wilful fraud such fablers to
accuse ;

What if a Monk, from better themes
debarr'd,

Should for an edifying story chuse,
How some great Saint the Flesh and

Fiend o'ercame,
His taste I trow, and not his conscience,
were to blame.

27

No fault of his, if what he thus de-
sign'd,

Like pious novels for the use of
youth,

Obtain'd such hold upon the simple
mind

That 'twas received at length for
gospel-truth. 160

A fair account ! and should'st thou
like the plea,

Thank thou our valued friend, dear
George, who taught it me.

28

All is not false which seems at first
a lie.

Fernan Antolinez, a Spanish knight,
Knelt at the mass, when lo ! the
troops hard by

Before the expected hour began the
fight.

Though courage, duty, honour, sum-
mon'd there,

He chose to forfeit all, not leave the un-
finish'd prayer.

29

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd
knight

Waits till the holy service should
be o'er, 170

Even then the foremost in the furious
fight

Was he beheld to bathe his sword
in gore ;

First in the van his plumes were seen
to play,

And all to him decreed the glory of the
day.

30

The truth is told, and men at once
exclaim,

Heaven had his Guardian Angel
deign'd to send ;

And thus the tale is handed down to
fame.

Now if our good Sir Fernan had a
friend

Who in this critical season served him
well,

Dear George, the tale is true, and yet no
miracle. 180

31

I am not one who scan with scornful
eyes

The dreams which make the en-
thusiast's best delight ;

Nor thou the legendary lore despise
If of Gualberto yet again I write,

How first impell'd he sought the
convent-cell ;

A simple tale it is, but one that pleased
me well.

32

Fortune had smiled upon Gualberto's
 birth,
 The heir of Valdespesa's rich
 domains;
 An only child, he grew in years and
 worth,
 And well repaid a father's anxious
 pains. 190
 In many a field that father had been
 tried,
 Well for his valour known, and not less
 known for pride.

33

It chanced that one in kindred near
 allied
 Was slain by his hereditary foe;
 Much by his sorrow moved and more
 by pride,
 The father vow'd that blood for
 blood should flow,
 And from his youth Gualberto had
 been taught
 That with unceasing hate should just
 revenge be sought.

Long did they wait; at length the
 tidings came
 That through a lone and unfre-
 quented way 200
 Soon would Anselmo, such the mur-
 derer's name,
 Pass on his journey home, an easy
 prey.
 'Go,' said the father, 'meet him in
 the wood!'
 And young Gualberto went, and laid in
 wait for blood.

35

When now the youth was at the
 forest shade
 Arrived, it drew toward the close of
 day;
 Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
 And he, already wearied with his
 way,
 Beneath an ancient oak his limbs
 reclined,
 And thoughts of near revenge alone
 possess'd his mind. 210

36

Slow sunk the glorious sun; a roseate
 light
 Spread o'er the forest from his
 lingering rays; [sight
 The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's
 Soften'd in shade, . . he could not
 chuse but gaze;
 And now a placid greyneess clad the
 heaven,
 Save where the west retain'd the last
 green light of even.

37

Cool breathed the grateful air, and
 fresher now
 The fragrance of the autumnal
 leaves arose;
 The passing gale scarce moved the
 o'erhanging bough,
 And not a sound disturb'd the deep
 repose. 220
 Save when a falling leaf came flut-
 tering by,
 Save the near brooklet's stream that
 murmur'd quietly.

38

Is there who has not felt the deep
 delight,
 The hush of soul, that scenes like
 these impart?
 The heart they will not soften is not
 right,
 And young Gualberto was not hard
 of heart.
 Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes
 him well,
 When from a neighbouring church he
 heard the vesper-bell.

39

The Romanist who hears that vesper-
 bell,
 Howe'er employ'd, must send a
 prayer to Heaven. 230
 In foreign lands I liked the custom
 well,
 For with the calm and sober
 thoughts of even
 It well accords; and wert thou
 journeying there,
 It would not hurt thee, George, to join
 that vesper-prayer.

40

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
 All pious customs with religious care ;
 And, . . for the young man's feelings
 were not cold,
 He never yet had miss'd his vesper-prayer.
 But strange misgivings now his heart
 invade,
 And when the vesper-bell had ceased he
 had not pray'd. 240

41

And wherefore was it that he had not
 pray'd ?
 The sudden doubt arose within his
 mind,
 And many a former precept then he
 weigh'd,
 The words of Him who died to save
 mankind ;
 How 'twas the meek who should
 inherit Heaven,
 And man must man forgive, if he would
 be forgiven.

42

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a
 hope,
 That yet some chance his victim
 might delay.
 So as he mused, adown the neigh-
 bouring slope
 He saw a lonely traveller on his
 way ; 250
 And now he knows the man so much
 abhor'd, . .
 His holier thoughts are gone, he bares
 the murderous sword.

43

'The house of Valdespesa gives the
 blow !
 Go, and our vengeance to our
 kinsman tell !' . . [foe,
 Despair and terror seized the unarm'd
 And prostrate at the young man's
 knees he fell,
 And stopt his hand and cried, ' Oh,
 do not take
 A wretched sinner's life ! mercy, for
 Jesus' sake !'

44

At that most blessed name, as at a
 spell,
 Conscience, the power within him,
 smote his heart. 260
 His hand, for murder raised, un-
 harming fell ;
 He felt cold sweat-drops on his
 forehead start ;
 A moment mute in holy horror stood,
 Then cried, ' Joy, joy, my God ! I have
 not shed his blood !'

45

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him
 live,
 And bless, for both preserved, that
 holy name :
 And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to
 forgive
 The bloody purpose led by which
 he came.
 Then to the neighbouring church he
 His over-burden'd soul before his God
 to lay. 270

46

He ran with breathless speed, . . he
 reach'd the door,
 With rapid throbs his feverish
 pulses swell ; . .
 He came to crave for pardon, to adore
 For grace vouchsafed ; before the
 cross he fell,
 And raised his swimming eyes, and
 thought that there
 He saw the imaged Christ smile favour-
 ing on his prayer.

47

A blest illusion ! from that very night
 The Monk's austere life devout
 he led ;
 And still he felt the enthusiast's deep
 delight,
 Seraphic visions floated round his
 head, 280
 The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his
 soul,
 And still the good man's name adorns
 the sainted roll.

Westbury, 1799.

QUEEN MARY'S CHRISTENING

[Southey quotes as his authorities for the story here versified, *Zurita*, l. ii, c. 59, and *La Historia del muy alto é invencible Rey Don Jayme de Aragon, Primero deste Nombre, llamado El Conquistador*. . .—Valencia, 1584.]

THE first wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is, that she may bear a son,
Who shall inherit in his time
The kingdom of Aragon.

She hath put up prayers to all the Saints
This blessing to accord,
But chiefly she hath call'd upon
The Apostles of our Lord.

The second wish of Queen Mary's heart
Is to have that son call'd James, 10
Because she thought for a Spanish King
'Twas the best of all good names.

To give him this name of her own will
Is what may not be done,
For having applied to all the Twelve
She may not prefer the one.

By one of their names she hath vow'd
to call
Her son, if son it should be;
But which, is a point whereon she must
let

The Apostles themselves agree. 20

Already Queen Mary hath to them
Contracted a grateful debt,
And from their patronage she hoped
For these farther blessings yet.

Alas! it was not her hap to be
As handsome as she was good;
And that her husband King Pedro
thought so
She very well understood.

She had lost him from her lawful bed
For lack of personal graces, 30
And by prayers to them, and a pious
deceit,
She had compass'd his embraces.

But if this hope of a son should fail,
All hope must fail with it then,
For she could not expect by a second
device
To compass the King again.

Queen Mary hath had her first heart's
wish—

She hath brought forth a beautiful
boy;
And the bells have rung, and masses
been sung,
And bonfires have blazed for joy. 40

And many's the cask of the good red
wine,
And many the cask of the white,
Which was broach'd for joy that morn-
ing,
And emptied before it was night.

But now for Queen Mary's second
heart's wish,
It must be determined now,
And Bishop Boyl, her Confessor,
Is the person who taught her how.

Twelve waxen tapers he hath had made,
In size and weight the same; 50
And to each of these twelve tapers
He hath given an Apostle's name.

One holy Nun had bleach'd the wax,
Another the wicks had spun;
And the golden candlesticks were blest,
Which they were set upon.

From that which should burn the

The infant his name must take;
And the Saint who own'd it was to be
His Patron for his name's sake. 60

A godlier or a goodlier sight
Was nowhere to be seen,
Methinks, that day, in Christendom,
Than in the chamber of that good
Queen

Twelve little altars have been there
Erected, for the nonce;
And the twelve tapers are set thereon,
Which are all to be lit at once.

Altars more gorgeously drest
You nowhere could desire; 70
At each there stood a minist'ring Priest
In his most rich attire.

A high altar hath there been raised,
Where the crucifix you see;
And the sacred Pix that shines with gold
And sparkles with jewelry.

Bishop Boyl, with his precious mitre on,
 Hath taken there his stand,
 In robes which were embroidered
 By the Queen's own royal hand. 80

In one part of the ante-room
 The Ladies of the Queen,
 All with their rosaries in hand,
 Upon their knees are seen.

In the other part of the ante-room
 The Chiefs of the realm you behold,
 Ricos Omes, and Bishops and Abbots,
 And Knights and Barons bold.

Queen Mary could behold all this
 As she lay in her state bed ; 90
 And from the pillow needed not
 To lift her languid head.

One fear she had, though still her heart
 The unwelcome thought eschew'd,
 That haply the unlucky lot
 Might fall upon St. Jude.

But the Saints, she trusted, that ill
 chance
 Would certainly forefend ;
 And moreover there was a double hope
 Of seeing the wish'd-for end : 100

Because there was a double chance
 For the best of all good names ;
 If it should not be Santiago himself,
 It might be the lesser St. James.

And now Bishop Boyl hath said the
 mass ;
 And as soon as the mass was done,
 The priests who by the twelve tapers
 stood
 Each instantly lighted one.

The tapers were short and slender too,
 Yet to the expectant throng, 110
 Before they to the socket burnt,
 The time, I trow, seem'd long.

The first that went out was St. Peter,
 The second was St. John ;
 And now St. Matthias is going,
 And now St. Matthew is gone.

Next there went St. Andrew,
 There goes St. Philip too ;
 And see ! there is an end
 Of St. Bartholomew. 120

St. Simon is in the snuff ;
 But it was a matter of doubt
 Whether he or St. Thomas could be said
 Soonest to have gone out.

There are only three remaining,
 St. Jude, and the two Sts. James :
 And great was then Queen Mary's hope
 For the best of all good names.

Great was then Queen Mary's hope,
 But greater her fear, I guess, 130
 When one of the three went out,
 And that one was St. James the Less.

They are now within less than quarter-
 inch,
 The only remaining two !
 When there came a thief in St. James,
 And it made a gutter too !

Up started Queen Mary,
 Up she sate in her bed :
 ' I never can call him Judas ! '
 She claspt her hands and said. 140

' I never can call him Judas ! '
 Again did she exclaim ;
 ' Holy mother preserve us ! '
 It is not a Christian name ! '

She spread her hands and claspt them
 again,
 And the Infant in the cradle
 Set up a cry, an angry cry,
 As loud as he was able.

' Holy Mother preserve us ! '
 The Queen her prayer renew'd ; 150
 When in came a moth at the window
 And flutter'd about St. Jude.

St. James hath fallen in the socket,
 But as yet the flame is not out,
 And St. Jude hath sing'd the silly moth
 That flutters so blindly about.

And before the flame and the molten
 wax
 That silly moth could kill,
 It hath beat out St. Jude with its wings,
 And St. James is burning still ! 160

Oh, that was a joy for Queen Mary's
 heart ;
 The babe is christened James ;
 The Prince of Aragon hath got
 The best of all good names !

Glory to Santiago,
The mighty one in war !
James he is call'd, and he shall be
King James the Conqueror !

Now shall the Crescent wane,
The Cross be set on high 170
In triumph upon many a Mosque ;
Woe, woe to Mawmetry !

Valencia shall be subdued ;
Majorca shall be won ;
The Moors be routed every where ;
Joy, joy, for Aragon !

Shine brighter now, ye stars, that crown
Our Lady del Pilar,
And rejoice in thy grave, Cid Campeador
Ruy Diez de Bivar ! 180

Keswick, 1829.

ROPRECHT THE ROBBER

The story here versified is told by Taylor the Water Poet, in his ' Three Weeks, Three Days, and Three Hours' Observations from London to Hamburg in Germany; amongst Jews and Gentiles, with Descriptions of Towns and Towers, Castles and Citadels, artificial Gallowses and natural Hangmen; and dedicated for the present to the absent Odombian Knight Errant, Sir Thomas Coryat.' It is in the volume of his collected works, p. 82, of the third paging.

Collein, which is the scene of this story, is more probably Kollen on the Elbe, in Bohemia, or a town of the same name in Prussia, than Cologne, to which great city the reader will perceive I had good reasons for transferring it.

PART I

ROPRECHT the Robber is taken at last,
In Cologne they have him fast ;
Trial is over, and sentence past ;
And hopes of escape were vain he knew,
For the gallows now must have its due.

But though pardon cannot here be
bought,
It may for the other world, he thought ;
And so to his comfort, with one consent,
The Friars assured their penitent.

Money, they teach him, when rightly
given, 10
Is put out to account with Heaven ;
For suffrages therefore his plunder went,
Sinfully gotten, but piously spent.

All Saints, whose shrines are in that city,
They tell him, will on him have pity,
Seeing he hath liberally paid,
In this time of need, for their good aid.

In the Three Kings they bid him confide,
Who there in Cologne lie side by side ;
And from the Eleven Thousand Virgins
eke, 20
Intercession for him will they bespeak.

And also a sharer he shall be
In the merits of their community ;
All which they promise, he need not fear,
Through Purgatory will carry him clear.

Though the furnace of Babylon could
not compare
With the terrible fire that rages there,
Yet they their part will so zealously do,
He shall only but frizzle as he flies
through.

And they will help him to die well, 30
And he shall be hang'd with book and
bell ;
And moreover with holy water they
Will sprinkle him, ere they turn away.

For buried Roprecht must not be,
He is to be left on the triple tree :
That they who pass along may spy
Where the famous Robber is hanging
on high.

Seen is that gibbet far and wide
From the Rhine and from the Dussel-
dorff side ;
And from all roads which cross the sand,
North, south, and west, in that level
land. 41

It will be a comfortable sight
To see him there by day and by night ;
For Roprecht the Robber many a year
Had kept the country round in fear.

So the Friars assisted, by special grace,
With book and bell to the fatal place ;
And he was hang'd on the triple tree,
With as much honour as man could be.

In his suit of irons he was hung, 50
 They sprinkled him then, and their
 psalm they sung;
 And turning away when this duty was
 paid,
 They said what a goodly end he had
 made.

The crowd broke up and went their way;
 All were gone by the close of day;
 And Roprecht the Robber was left there
 Hanging alone in the moonlight air.

The last who look'd back for a parting
 sight,
 Beheld him there in the clear moonlight;
 But the first who look'd when the
 morning shone, 60
 Saw in dismay that Roprecht was gone.

PART II

THE stir in Cologne is greater to-day
 Than all the bustle of yesterday;
 Hundreds and thousands went out to
 see;
 The irons and chains, as well as he,
 Were gone, but the rope was left on the
 tree.

A wonderful thing! for every one said
 He had hung till he was dead, dead,
 dead;
 And on the gallows was seen, from noon
 Till ten o'clock, in the light of the moon.

Moreover the Hangman was ready to
 swear 10
 He had done his part with all due care;
 And that certainly better hang'd than he
 No one ever was, or ever could be.

Neither kith nor kin, to bear him
 away
 And funeral rites in secret pay,
 Had he, and none that pains would take,
 With risk of the law, for a stranger's
 sake.

So 'twas thought, because he had died
 so well,
 He was taken away by miracle.
 But would he again alive be found? 20
 Or had he been laid in holy ground?

If in holy ground his relics were laid,
 Some marvellous sign would show, they
 said;
 If restored to life, a Friar he would be,
 Or a holy Hermit certainly,
 And die in the odour of sanctity.

That thus it would prove they could not
 doubt,
 Of a man whose end had been so devout;
 And to disputing then they fell 29
 About who had wrought this miracle.

Had the Three Kings this mercy shown,
 Who were the pride and honour of
 Cologne?
 Or was it an act of proper grace,
 From the Army of Virgins of British
 race,
 Who were also the glory of that place?

Pardon, some said, they might presume,
 Being a kingly act, from the Kings
 must come;
 But others maintain'd that St. Ursula's
 heart
 Would sooner be moved to the merciful
 part.

There was one who thought this aid
 divine 40
 Came from the other bank of the
 Rhine;
 For Roprecht there too had for favour
 applied,
 Because his birth-place was on that side.

To Dusseldorff then the praise might
 belong,
 And its Army of Martyrs, ten thousand
 strong;
 But he for a Dusseldorff man was
 known,
 And no one would listen to him in
 Cologne,
 Where the people would have the whole
 wonder their own.

The Friars, who help'd him to die so
 well,
 Put in their claim to the miracle; 50
 Greater things than this, as their Annals
 could tell,
 The stock of their merits for sinful men
 Had done before, and would do again.

'Twas a whole week's wonder in that great town,
 And in all places, up the river and down:
 But a greater wonder took place of it then,
 For Roprecht was found on the gallows again!

WITH that the whole city flocked out to see;
 There Roprecht was on the triple tree,
 Dead, past all doubt, as dead could be;
 But fresh he was as if spells had charm'd him,
 And neither wind nor weather had harm'd him.

While the multitude stood in a muse,
 One said, I am sure he was hang'd in shoes!
 In this the Hangman and all concurr'd;
 But now, behold, he was booted and spur'd!

Plainly therefore it was to be seen, 10
 That somewhere on horseback he had been;
 And at this the people marvelled more
 Than at any thing which had happen'd before.

For not in riding trim was he
 When he disappear'd from the triple tree;
 And his suit of irons he still was in,
 With the collar that clipp'd him under the chin.

With that this second thought befell,
 That perhaps he had not died so well,
 Nor had Saints perform'd the miracle;
 But rather there was cause to fear, 21
 That the foul Fiend had been busy here!

Roprecht the Robber had long been their curse,
 And hanging had only made him worse;
 For bad as he was when living, they said
 They had rather meet him alive than dead.

What a horse must it be which he had ridden,
 No earthly beast could be so bestridden;
 And when by a hell-horse a dead rider was carried,
 The whole land would be fearfully harried! 30

So some were for digging a pit in the place,
 And burying him there with a stone on his face;
 And that hard on his body the earth should be press'd,
 And exorcists be sent for to lay him at rest.

But others, whose knowledge was greater, opined
 That this corpse was too strong to be confined;
 No weight of earth which they could lay
 Would hold him down a single day,
 If he chose to get up and ride away.

There was no keeping Vampires under ground; 40
 And bad as a Vampire he might be found,
 Pests against whom it was understood
 Exorcism never had done any good.

But fire, they said, had been proved to be
 The only infallible remedy;
 So they were for burning the body outright,
 Which would put a stop to his riding by night.

Others were for searching the mystery out,
 And setting a guard the gallows about,
 Who should keep a careful watch, and see 50
 Whether Witch or Devil it might be
 That helped him down from the triple tree.

For that there were Witches in the land,
 Was what all by this might understand;
 And they must not let the occasion slip
 For detecting that cursed fellowship.

Some were for this, and some for that,
 And some they could not tell for what:
 And never was such commotion known
 In that great city of Cologne. 60

PART IV

PIETER SNOYE was a boor of good
renown,
Who dwelt about an hour and a half
from the town :

And he, while the people were all in
debate,
Went quietly in at the city gate.

For Father Kijf he sought about,
His confessor, till he found him out ;
But the Father Confessor wonder'd to see
The old man, and what his errand
might be.

The good Priest did not wonder less,
When Pieter said he was come to
confess ;

' Why, Pieter, how can this be so ?
I confessed thee some ten days ago !

' Thy conscience, methinks, may be
well at rest,
An honest man among the best ;
I would that all my flock, like thee,
Kept clear accounts with Heaven and
me !'

Always before, without confusion,
Being sure of easy absolution,
Pieter his little slips had summ'd ;
But he hesitated now, and he haw'd,
and humm'd.

And something so strange the Father
saw
In Pieter's looks, and his hum and his
haw,
That he began to doubt it was something
more

Than a trifle omitted in last week's score.

At length it came out, that in the affair
Of Roprecht the Robber he had some
share ;

The Confessor then gave a start in fear—
' God grant there have been no witch-
craft here !'

Pieter Snoye, who was looking down,
With something between a smile and
a frown,

Felt that suspicion move his bile,
And look'd up with more of a frown
than a smile.

' Fifty years I, Pieter Snoye,
Have lived in this country, man and boy,
And have always paid the Church her
due,
And kept short scores with Heaven and
you.

' The Devil himself, though Devil he be,
Would not dare impute that sin to me ;
He might charge me as well with heresy:
And if he did, here, in this place, 40
I'd call him liar, and spit in his face !'

The Father, he saw, cast a gracious eye,
When he heard him thus the Devil defy ;
The wrath, of which he had eased his
mind,
Left a comfortable sort of warmth
behind,

Like what a cheerful cup will impart,
In a social hour, to an honest man's
heart :

And he added, ' For all the witchcraft
here,
I shall presently make that matter clear.

' Though I am, as you very well know,
Father Kijf, 50
A peaceable man, and keep clear of
strife,

It's a queerish business that now I've
been in ;
But I can't say that it's much of a sin.

' However, it needs must be confess'd,
And as it will set this people at rest,
To come with it at once was best :
Moreover, if I delayed, I thought
That some might perhaps into trouble
be brought.

' Under the seal I tell it you,
And you will judge what is best to do, 60
That no hurt to me and my son may
ensue.

No earthly harm have we intended,
And what was ill done, has been well
mended.

' I and my son Piet Pieterszoon,
Were returning home by the light of
the moon,
From this good city of Cologne,
On the night of the execution day ;
And hard by the gibbet was our way.

' About midnight it was we were passing
by,
My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I, 70
When we heard a moaning as we came
near,
Which made us quake at first for fear.

' But the moaning was presently heard
again,
And we knew it was nothing ghostly
then ;

" Lord help us, father ! " Piet Pieters-
zoon said,

" Roprecht, for certain, is not dead ! "

' So under the gallows our cart we
drive,

And, sure enough, the man was alive ;
Because of the irons that he was in,
He was hanging, not by the neck, but
the chin. 80

' The reason why things had got thus
wrong,

Was, that the rope had been left too
long ;

The Hangman's fault—a clumsy rogue,
He is not fit to hang a dog.

' Now Roprecht, as long as the people
were there,

Never stirr'd hand or foot in the air ;
But when at last he was left alone,
By that time so much of his strength
was gone,

That he could do little more than groan.

' Piet and I had been sitting it out, 90
Till a latish hour, at a christening
bout ;

And perhaps we were rash, as you may
think,

And a little soft or so, for drink.

' Father Kijf, we could not bear
To leave him hanging in misery there ;
And 'twas an act of mercy, I cannot but
say,

To get him down, and take him away.

' And as you know, all people said
What a goodly end that day he had
made ;

So we thought for certain, Father Kijf,
That if he were saved he would mend
his life. 100

' My son, Piet Pieterszoon, and I,
We took him down, seeing none was
nigh ;

And we took off his suit of irons with
care,

When we got him home, and we hid
him there.

' The secret, as you may guess, was known
To Alit, my wife, but to her alone ;
And never sick man, I dare aver,
Was better tended than he was by her.

' Good advice, moreover, as good could
be, 110

He had from Alit my wife, and me ;
And no one could promise fairer than he :
So that we and Piet Pieterszoon our son,
Thought that we a very good deed had
done.

' You may well think we laughed in our

At what the people then seem'd to
believe ;

Queer enough it was to hear them say,
That the Three Kings took Roprecht
away :

' Or that St. Ursula, who is in bliss,
With her Army of Virgins had done
this : 120

The Three Kings and St. Ursula, too,
I warrant, had something better to do.

' Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I,
We heard them talk as we stood by,
And Piet look'd at me with a comical
eye.

We thought them fools, but, as you
shall see,

Not over-wise ourselves were we.

' For I must tell you, Father Kijf,
That when we told this to Alit my wife,
She at the notion perk'd up with
delight, 130

And said she believed the people were
right.

' Had not Roprecht put in the Saints
his hope,
And who but they should have loosen'd
the rope,

When they saw that no one could intend
To make at the gallows a better end ?

'Yes, she said, it was perfectly clear
That there must have been a miracle
here;
And we had the happiness to be in it,
Having been brought there just at the
minute.

'And therefore it would become us to
make 140
An offering for this favour's sake
To the Three Kings and the Virgins too,
Since we could not tell to which it was
due.

'For greater honour there could be none
Than what in this business the Saints
had done
To us and Piet Pieterszoon our son;
She talk'd me over, Father Kijf,
With that tongue of hers, did Alit my
wife.

'Lord, forgive us! as if the Saints
would deign
To come and help such a rogue in grain;
When the only mercy the case could
admit 151
Would have been to make his halter fit!

'That would have made one hanging do
In happy season for him too,
When he was in a proper cue;
And have saved some work, as you
will see,
To my son Piet Pieterszoon, and me.

'Well, Father, we kept him at bed and
board,
Till his neck was cured and his strength
restored;
And we should have sent him off this
day 160
With something to help him on his way.

'But this wicked Roprecht, what did he?
Though he had been saved thus merci-
fully,
Hanging had done him so little good,
That he took to his old ways as soon as
he could.

'Last night, when we were all asleep,
Out of his bed did this gallows-bird creep,
Piet Pieterszoon's boots and spurs he
put on,
And stole my best horse, and away he
went

'Now Alit, my wife, did not sleep so
hard, 170
But she heard the horse's feet in the
yard;
And when she jogg'd me, and bade me
awake,
My mind misgave me as soon as she
spake.

'To the window my good woman went,
And watch'd which way his course he
bent;
And in such time as a pipe can be lit,
Our horses were ready with bridle and
bit.

'Away, as fast as we could hie,
We went, Piet Pieterszoon and I;
And still on the plain we had him in
sight; 180
The moon did not shine for nothing
that night.

'Knowing the ground, and riding fast,
We came up with him at last,
And—would you believe it? Father
Kijf,
The ungrateful wretch would have
taken my life,
If he had not miss'd his stroke, with
a knife!

'The struggle in no long time was done,
Because, you know, we were two to one;
But yet all our strength we were fain
to try,
Piet Pieterszoon my son, and I. 190

'When we had got him on the ground,
We fastened his hands, and his legs we
bound;
And across the horse we laid him then,
And brought him back to the house again.

"We have robbed the gallows and
that was ill done!"
Said I, to Piet Pieterszoon my son;
"And restitution we must make
To that same gallows, for justice' sake."

'In his suit of irons the rogue we array'd,
And once again in the cart he was laid!
Night not yet so far was spent, 201
But there was time enough for our
intent;
And back to the triple tree we went.

'His own rope was ready there ;
To measure the length we took good
care ;
And the job which the bungling Hang-
man begun,
This time, I think, was properly
done,
By me and Piet Pieterszoon my son.'

If every one in Antioch
Had reasoned in this strain,
It never would have raised alarm
In Satan's dark domain.
But Mary's Image every day
Looks down on crowds who come to pray ;
Her votaries never falter :
While Dian's temple is so bare,
That unless her Priestess take good care,
She will have a grass-green altar. 30

THE YOUNG DRAGON

[Parts I and II were published in *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1830 ; Parts III and IV in the issues of the same Magazine for June and July 1830, respectively.]

The legend on which this poem is founded is related in the 'Vida y Hazañas del Gran Tamorlan, con la Descripción de las Tierras de su Imperio y Señorío, escrita por Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, Camarero del muy alto y Poderoso Señor Don Enrique, Tercero deste Nombre, Rey de Castilla y de Leon ; con un Itinerario de lo Sucedido en la Embajada, que por dicho Señor el Rey hizo al dicho Príncipe, llamado por otro Nombre Tamurbec, Año del Nacimiento de 1403.'

PART I

PITHYRIAN was a Pagan,
An easy-hearted man,
And Pagan sure he thought to end
As Pagan he began ;
Thought he, the one must needs be
true,
The old Religion, or the new,
And therefore nothing care I ;
I call Diana the Divine ;
My daughter worships at the shrine
Of the Christian Goddess, Mary. 10

In this uncertain matter
If I the wrong course take,
Mary to me will mercy show
For my Marana's sake.
If I am right, and Dian bend
Her dreadful bow, or Phoebus send
His shafts abroad for slaughter,
Safe from their arrows shall I be,
And the twin Deities for me
Will spare my dear-loved daughter. 20

Perceiving this, the old Dragon
Inflamed with anger grew ; [ills,
Earthquakes and Plagues were common
There needed something new ;
Some vengeance so severe and strange
That forepast times in all their range
With no portent could match it :
So for himself a nest he made,
And in that nest an egg he laid,
And down he sate to hatch it. 40

He built it by the fountain
Of Phlegethon's red flood,
In the innermost abyss, the place
Of central solitude ;
Of adamantine blocks unhewn,
With lava scoria interstrewn,
The sole material fitting ;
With amianth he lined the nest,
And incombustible asbest,
To bear the fiery sitting. 50

There with malignant patience
He sate in fell despite,
Till this dracontine cockatrice
Should break its way to light.
Meantime his angry heart to cheer,
He thought that all this while no fear
The Antiocheans stood in,
Of what on deadliest vengeance bent
With imperturbable intent
He there for them was brooding. 60

The months of incubation
At length were duly past,
And now the infernal Dragon-chick
Hath burst its shell at last ;
At which long-look'd-for sight enrapt,
For joy the father Dragon clapt
His brazen wings like thunder,
So loudly that the mighty sound
Was like an earthquake felt around
And all above and under. 70

The diabolic youngling
 Came out no callow birth,
 Puling, defenceless, blind and weak,
 Like bird or beast of earth ;
 Or man, most helpless thing of all
 That fly, or swim, or creep, or crawl ;
 But in his perfect figure ;
 His horns, his dreadful tail, his sting,
 Scales, teeth, and claws, and every thing
 Complete and in their vigour. 80

The Old Dragon was delighted,
 And proud withal to see
 In what perfection he had hatch'd
 His hellish progeny ;
 And round and round, with fold on fold,
 His tail about the imp he roll'd
 In fond and close enlacement ;
 And neck round neck with many a turn
 He coil'd, which was, you may discern,
 Their manner of embracement. 90

A VOICE was heard in Antioch,
 Whence utter'd none could know,
 But from their sleep it waken'd all,
 Proclaiming Woe, woe, woe !
 It sounded here, it sounded there,
 Within, without, and every where,
 A terror and a warning ;
 Repeated thrice the dreadful word
 By every living soul was heard
 Before the hour of morning. 10

And in the air a rushing
 Pass'd over, in the night ;
 And as it pass'd, there pass'd with it
 A meteoric light ;
 The blind that piercing light intense
 Felt in their long seal'd visual sense,
 With sudden short sensation :
 The deaf that rushing in the sky
 Could hear, and that portentous cry
 Reach'd them with consternation. 20

The astonished Antiocheans
 Impatiently await
 The break of day, not knowing when
 Or what might be their fate.
 Alas ! what then the people hear,
 Only with certitude of fear
 Their sinking hearts affrighted ;
 For in the fertile vale below,
 Came news that, in that night of woe,
 A Dragon had alighted. 30

It was no earthly monster
 In Libyan deserts nurst ;
 Nor had the Lerna lake sent forth
 This winged worm accurst ;
 The Old Dragon's own laid egg was this,
 The fierce Young Dragon of the abyss,
 Who from the fiery fountain,
 Through earth's concavities that night
 Had made his way, and taken flight
 Out of a burning mountain. 40

A voice that went before him
 The cry of woe prefer'd ;
 The motion of his brazen wings
 Was what the deaf had heard ;
 The flashing of his eyes, that light
 The which upon their inward sight
 The blind had felt astounded ;
 What wonder then, when from the wall
 They saw him in the vale, if all
 With terror were confounded. 50

Compared to that strong armour
 Of scales which he was in,
 The hide of a rhinoceros
 Was like a lady's skin.
 A battering ram might play in vain
 Upon his head, with might and main,
 Though fifty men had work'd it ;
 And from his tail they saw him fling
 Out, like a rocket, a long sting,
 When he for pastime jerk'd it. 60

To whom of Gods or Heroes
 Should they for aid apply ?
 Where should they look for succour now,
 Or whither should they fly ?
 For now no Demigods were found
 Like those whose deathless deeds
 abound
 In ancient song and story ;
 No Hercules was then on earth,
 Nor yet of her St. George's birth
 Could Cappadocia glory. 70

And even these against him
 Had found their strength but small ;
 He could have swallowed Hercules,
 Club, lion-skin, and all.
 Yea, had St. George himself been there
 Upon the fiercest steed that e'er
 To battle bore bestrider,
 This dreadful Dragon in his might,
 One mouthful only, and one bite,
 Had made of horse and rider. 80

They see how unavailing
 All human force must prove ;
 Oh might their earnest prayers obtain
 Protection from above !
 The Christians sought our Lady's shrine
 To invoke her aid divine ;
 And, with a like emotion,
 The Pagans on that fearful day
 Took to Diana's fane their way,
 And offer'd their devotion.

90

But there the offended Goddess
 Beheld them with a frown ;
 The indignant altar heaved itself
 And shook their offerings down ;
 The Priestess with a deathlike hue
 Pale as the marble Image grew,
 The marble Image reddened ;
 And these poor suppliants at the sight
 Felt in fresh access of affright
 Their hearts within them deaden'd.

Behold the marble eyeballs
 With life and motion shine !
 And from the moving marble lips
 There comes a voice divine.
 A demon voice, by all the crowd
 Distinctly heard, nor low, nor loud,
 But deep and clear and thrilling ;
 And carrying to the soul such dread
 That they perforce must what it said
 Obey, however unwilling.

101

110

Hear ! hear ! it said, ye people !
 The ancient Gods have sent
 In anger for your long neglect
 This signal punishment.
 To mortal Mary vows were paid,
 And prayers prefer'd, and offerings
 made ;
 Our temples were deserted ;
 Now, when our vengeance makes ye wise,
 Unto your proper Deities
 In fear ye have reverted !

120

Hear now the dreadful judgement
 For this which ye have done ;
 The infernal Dragon will devour
 Your daughters, one by one ;
 A Christian Virgin every day
 Ye must present him for his prey,
 With garlands deck'd, as meet is :
 That with the Christians he begins
 Is what, in mercy to your sins,
 Ye owe to my entreaties.

130

Whether, if to my worship
 Ye now continue true,
 I may, when these are all consumed,
 Avert the ill from you :
 That on the Ancient Gods depends,
 If they be made once more your friends
 By your sincere repentance :
 But for the present, no delay ;
 Cast lots among ye, and obey
 The inexorable sentence.

140

THOUGH to the Pagan priesthood
 A triumph this might seem,
 Few families there were who thus
 Could in their grief misdeem ;
 For oft in those distracted days,
 Parent and child went different ways,
 The sister and the brother ;
 And when, in spirit moved, the wife
 Chose one religious course of life,
 The husband took the other.

10

Therefore in every household
 Was seen the face of fear ;
 They who were safe themselves, exposed
 In those whom they held dear.
 The lists are made, and in the urn
 The names are placed to wait their turn
 For this far worse than slaughter ;
 And from that fatal urn, the first
 Drawn for this dreadful death accurst
 Was of Pithyrian's daughter.

20

With Christian-like composure
 Marana heard her lot,
 And though her countenance at first
 Grew pale, she trembled not.
 Not for herself the Virgin grieved ;
 She knew in whom she had believed,
 Knew that a crown of glory
 In Heaven would recompense her worth,
 And her good name remain on earth
 The theme of sacred story.

30

Her fears were for her father,
 How he should bear this grief,
 Poor wretched heathen, if he still
 Remain'd in misbelief ;
 Her looks amid the multitude,
 Who struck with deep compassion stood,
 Are seeking for Pithyrian :
 He cannot bear to meet her eye. [thy,
 Where goest thou ? whither wouldst thou
 Thou miserable Syrian ?

40

Hath sudden hope inspired him,
Or is it in despair
That through the throng he made his
way

And sped he knew not where ?
For how could he the sight sustain,
When now the sacrificial train
Inhumanly surround her !
How bear to see her, when with flowers
From rosiers and from jasmine bowers
They like a victim crown'd her ! 50

He knew not why nor whither
So fast he hurried thence,
But felt like one possess'd by some
Controlling influence,
Nor turn'd he to Diana's fane,
Inly assured that prayers were vain
If made for such protection ;
His pagan faith he now forgot,
And the wild way he took was not
His own, but Heaven's direction. 60

He who had never enter'd
A Christian church till then,
Except in idle mood profane
To view the ways of men,
Now to a Christian church made straight,
And hastened through its open gate,
By his good Angel guided,
And thinking, though he knew not why,
That there some blessed Power on high
Had help for him provided. 70

Wildly he look'd about him
On many a form divine,
Whose Image o'er its altar stood,
And many a sculptured shrine,
In which believers might behold
Relics more precious than the gold
And jewels which encased them,
With painful search from far and near
Brought to be venerated here
Where piety had placed them. 80

There stood the Virgin Mother
Crown'd with a starry wreath,
And there the awful Crucifix
Appear'd to bleed and breathe ;
Martyrs to whom their palm is given,
And sainted Maids who now in Heaven
With glory are invested :
Glancing o'er these his rapid eye
Toward one image that stood nigh
Was drawn, and there it rested. 90

The countenance that fix'd him
Was of a sun-burnt mien,
The face was like a Prophet's face
Inspired, but yet serene ;
His arms and legs and feet were bare ;
The raiment was of camel's hair,
That, loosely hanging round him,
Fell from the shoulders to the knee ;
And round the loins, though elsewhere
free,
A leathern girdle bound him. 100

With his right arm uplifted
The great Precursor stood,
Thus represented to the life
In carved and painted wood.
Below the real arm was laid
Within a crystal shrine display'd
For public veneration ;
Not now of flesh and blood, . . but bone,
Sinews, and shrivell'd skin alone,
In ghastly preservation. 110

Moved by a secret impulse
Which he could not withstand,
Let me, Pithyrian cried, adore
That blessed arm and hand !
This day, this miserable day,
My pagan faith I put away,
Abjure it and abhor it ;
And in the Saints I put my trust,
And in the Cross ; and, if I must,
Will die a Martyr for it. 120

This is the arm whose succour
Heaven brings me here to seek !
Oh let me press it to my lips,
And so its aid bespeak !
A strong faith makes me now presume
That, when to this unhappy doom
A hellish power hath brought her,
The heavenly hand whose mortal mould
I humbly worship, will unfold
Its strength, and save my daughter.

The Sacristan with wonder 135
And pity heard his prayer,
And placed the relic in his hand,
As he knelt humbly there.
Right thankfully the kneeling man
To that confiding Sacristan
Return'd it, after kissing ;
And he within its crystal shrine
Replaced the precious arm divine,
Nor saw that aught was missing. 140

PART IV

Oh piety audacious !

Oh boldness of belief !

Oh sacrilegious force of faith,
That then inspired the thief !

Oh wonderful extent of love,
That Saints enthroned in bliss above

Should bear such profanation,
And not by some immediate act,
Striking the offender in the fact,
Prevent the perpetration !

But sure the Saint that impulse
Himself from Heaven had sent,

In mercy predetermining
The marvellous event ;
So inconceivable a thought,
Seeming with such irreverence fraught,

Could else have no beginning ;
Nor else might such a deed be done,
As then Pithyrian ventured on,
Yet had no fear of sinning.

Not as that Church he enter'd

Did he from it depart,
Like one bewilder'd by his grief,
But confident at heart ;
Triumphantly he went his way
And bore the Holy Thumb away,

Elated with his plunder ;
That Holy Thumb which well he knew
Could pierce the Dragon through and
through,

Like Jupiter's own thunder.

Meantime was meek Marana

For sacrifice array'd,
And now in sad procession forth
They led the flower-crown'd Maid.

Of this infernal triumph vain,
The Pagan Priests precede the train,
Oh hearts devoid of pity !

And to behold the abhorr'd event,
At far or nearer distance, went
The whole of that great city.

The Christians go to succour

The sufferer with their prayers,
The Pagans to a spectacle

Which dreadfully declares,
In this their over-ruling hour,
Their Gods' abominable power ;

Yet not without emotion
Of grief, and horror, and remorse,
And natural piety, whose force
Prevail'd o'er false devotion.

The walls and towers are cluster'd,
And every hill and height

That overlooks the vale, is throng'd
For this accursed sight.

Why art thou joyful, thou green Earth ?
Wherefore, ye happy Birds, your mirth
Are ye in carols voicing ?

And thou, O Sun, in yon blue sky
How canst thou hold thy course on high
This day, as if rejoicing ?

Already the procession

Hath pass'd the city gate,
And now along the vale it moves
With solemn pace sedate.

And now the spot before them lies,
Where waiting for his promised prize
The Dragon's chosen haunt is ;

Blacken'd beneath his blasting feet,
Though yesterday a green retreat
Beside the clear Orontes.

There the procession halted ;

The Priests on either hand

Dividing then, a long array,

In order took their stand.

Midway between, the Maid is left

Alone, of human aid bereft :

The Dragon now hath spied her ;

But in that moment of most need,

Arriving breathless with his speed,

Her Father stood beside her.

On came the Dragon rampant,

Half running, half on wing,

His tail uplifted o'er his back

In many a spiral ring ;

His scales he ruffled in his pride,

His brazen pennons waving wide

Were gloriously distended ;

His nostrils smoked, his eyes flash'd fire,

His lips were drawn, and in his ire

His mighty jaws extended.

On came the Dragon rampant,

Expecting there no check,

And open-mouth'd to swallow both

He stretch'd his burnish'd neck.

Pithyrian put his daughter by,

Waiting for this with watchful eye

And ready to prevent it ;
 Within arm's length he let him come,
 Then in he threw the Holy Thumb,
 And down his throat he sent it. 100

The hugest brazen mortar
 That ever yet fired bomb,
 Could not have check'd this fiendish beast
 As did that Holy Thumb.
 He stagger'd as he wheel'd short round,
 His loose feet scraped along the ground,
 To lift themselves unable :
 His pennons in their weakness flagg'd,
 His tail erected late, now dragg'd,
 Just like a long wet cable. 110

A rumbling and a tumbling
 Was heard in his inside,
 He gasp'd, he panted, he lay down,
 He rolled from side to side :
 He moan'd, he groan'd, he snuff'd, he
 snored,
 He growl'd, he howl'd, he raved, he
 roar'd ;
 But loud as were his clamours,
 Far louder was the inward din,
 Like a hundred braziers working in
 A caldron with their hammers. 120

The hammering came faster,
 More faint the moaning sound,
 And now his body swells, and now
 It rises from the ground.
 Not upward with his own consent,
 Nor borne by his own wings he went,
 Their vigour was abated ;
 But lifted no one could tell how
 By power unseen, with which he now
 Was visibly inflated. 130

Abominable Dragon,
 Now art thou overmatch'd,
 And better had it been for thee
 That thou hadst ne'er been hatch'd ;
 For now, distended like a ball
 To its full stretch, in sight of all,
 The body mounts ascendant ;
 The head before, the tail behind,
 The wings, like sails that want a wind,
 On either side are pendant. 140

Not without special mercy
 Was he thus borne on high,
 Till he appear'd no bigger than
 An Eagle in the sky.

For when about some three miles height,
 Yet still in perfect reach of sight,
 Oh, wonder of all wonders !
 He burst in pieces, with a sound
 Heard for a hundred leagues around,
 And like a thousand thunders. 150

But had that great explosion
 Been in the lower sky,
 All Antioch would have been laid
 In ruins, certainly.
 And in that vast assembled rout
 Who crowded joyfully about
 Pithyrian and his daughter,
 The splinters of the monster's hide
 Must needs have made on every side
 A very dreadful slaughter. 160

So far the broken pieces
 Were now dispersed around,
 And shiver'd so to dust, that not
 A fragment e'er was found.
 The Holy Thumb (so it is thought)
 When it this miracle had wrought
 At once to Heaven ascended :
 As if, when it had thus display'd
 Its power, and saved the Christian Maid,
 Its work on earth was ended. 170

But at Constantinople
 The arm and hand were shown,
 Until the mighty Ottoman
 O'erthrew the Grecian throne.
 And when the Monks this tale who told
 To pious visitors would hold
 The holy hand for kissing,
 They never fail'd, with faith devout,
 In confirmation to point out,
 That there the Thumb was missing. 179

Keswick, 1829.

EPILOGUE TO THE YOUNG DRAGON

I TOLD my tale of the Holy Thumb
 That split the Dragon asunder,
 And my daughters made great eyes as
 they heard,
 Which were full of delight and wonder.

With listening lips and looks intent,
 There sate an eager boy, [hands,
 Who shouted sometimes and clapt his
 And could not sit still for joy.

- But when I look'd at my Mistress's face,
It was all too grave the while ; 10
And when I ceased, methought there
was more
Of reproof than of praise in her smile.
- That smile I read aright, for thus
Reprovingly said she,
' Such tales are meet for youthful ears
But give little content to me.
- ' From thee far rather would I hear
Some sober, sadder lay,
Such as I oft have heard, well pleased
Before those locks were grey.' 20
- ' Nay, Mistress mine,' I made reply,
' The autumn hath its flowers,
Nor ever is the sky more gay
Than in its evening hours.
- ' Our good old Cat, Earl Tomlemagne,
Upon a warm spring day,
Even like a kitten at its sport,
Is sometimes seen to play.
- ' That sense which held me back in youth
From all intemperate gladness, 30
That same good instinct bids me shun
Unprofitable sadness.
- ' Nor marvel you if I prefer
Of playful themes to sing ;
The October grove hath brighter tints
Than Summer or than Spring :
- ' For o'er the leaves before they fall
Such hues hath Nature thrown,
That the woods wear in sunless days
A sunshine of their own. 40
- ' Why should I seek to call forth tears ?
The source from whence we weep
Too near the surface lies in youth,
In age it lies too deep.
- ' Enough of foresight sad, too much
Of retrospect have I ;
And well for me that I sometimes
Can put those feelings by ;
- ' From public ills, and thoughts that
else
Might weigh me down to earth, 50
That I can gain some intervals
For healthful, hopeful mirth ;
- ' That I can sport in tales which suit
Young auditors like these,
Yet, if I err not, may content
The few I seek to please.
- ' I know in what responsive minds
My lightest lay will wake
A sense of pleasure, for its own,
And for its author's sake. 60
- ' I know the eyes in which the light
Of memory will appear ;
I know the lips which while they read
Will wear a smile sincere :
- ' The hearts to which my sportive song
The thought of days will bring,
When they and I, whose Winter now
Comes on, were in our Spring.
- ' And I their well known voices too,
Though far away, can hear, 70
Distinctly, even as when in dreams
They reach the inward ear.
- ' " There speaks the man we knew of
yore,"
Well pleased I hear them say,
" Such was he in his lighter moods
Before our heads were grey.
- ' " Buoyant he was in spirit, quick
Of fancy, blithe of heart,
And Care and Time and Change have
left
Untouch'd his better part." 80
- ' Thus say my morning friends who
now
Are in the vale of years,
And I, save such as thus may rise,
Would draw no other tears.'
- Keswick, 1829.*

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

PREFACE

ONE of my friends observed to me in a letter, that many stories which are said to be *founded* on fact, have in reality been *founded* on it. This is the case if there be any gross violation committed or ignorance betrayed of historical manners in the prominent parts of a narrative wherein the writer affects to observe them: or when the ground-work is taken from some part of history so popular and well known that any mixture of fiction disturbs the sense of truth. Still more so, if the subject be in itself so momentous that any alloy of invention must of necessity debase it: but most of all in themes drawn from Scripture, whether from the more familiar or the more awful portions; for when what is true is sacred, whatever may be added to it is so surely felt to be false, that it appears profane.

Founded on fact the Poem is, which is here committed to the world: but whatever may be its defects, it is liable to none of these objections. The story is so singular, so simple, and withal so complete, that it must have been injured by any alteration. How faithfully it has been followed, the reader may perceive if he chooses to consult the abridged translation of Dobrizhoffer's History of the Abipones. . .

[In the original Preface Southey here subjoined a long extract from Dobrizhoffer de Abiponibus, Lib. *Prodromus*, pp. 97-106, which it has not been thought necessary to reprint in the present edition.—ED.]

TO EDITH MAY SOUTHEY

1

EDITH! ten years are number'd, since
the day,
Which ushers in the cheerful month of
May,
To us by thy dear birth, my daughter
dear,

Was blest. Thou therefore didst the
name partake
Of that sweet month, the sweetest of
the year;
But fittier was it given thee for the
Of a good man, thy father's friend
sincere,
Who at the font made answer in thy
name.
Thy love and reverence rightly may he
claim,
For closely hath he been with me allied
In friendship's holy bonds, from that
first hour
When in our youth we met on Tejo's side;
Bonds which, defying now all Fortune's
power,
Time hath not loosen'd, nor will Death
divide.

A child more welcome, by indulgent
Heaven
Never to parents' tears and prayers was
given:
For scarcely eight months at thy happy
birth
Had pass'd, since of thy sister we were
left, . .
Our first-born, and our only babe, bereft.
Too fair a flower was she for this rude
earth!
The features of her beauteous infancy
Have faded from me, like a passing
cloud,
Or like the glories of an evening sky:
And seldom hath my tongue pronounced
her name,
Since she was summon'd to a happier
sphere.
But that dear love, so deeply wounded
then,
I in my soul with silent faith sincere
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

3

I saw thee first with trembling
 thankfulness,
 O daughter of my hopes and of my
 fears! ³⁰
 Press'd on thy senseless cheek a
 troubled kiss,
 And breathed my blessing over thee
 with tears. [alloy ;
 But memory did not long our bliss
 For gentleness, who had given relief,
 Wean'd with new love the chaste'n'd
 heart from grief ;
 And the sweet season minister'd to joy.

4

It was a season when their leaves and
 flowers [spread ;
 The trees as to an Arctic summer
 When chilling wintry winds and
 snowy showers,
 Which had too long usurp'd the
 vernal hours, ⁴⁰
 Like spectres from the sight of
 morning, fled [May ;
 Before the presence of that joyous
 And groves and gardens all the live-
 long day
 Rung with the birds' loud love-songs.
 Over all,
 One thrush was heard from morn till
 even-fall ; [lay
 Thy Mother well remembers, when she
 The happy prisoner of the genial bed,
 How from yon lofty poplar's topmost
 spray
 At earliest dawn his thrilling pipe
 was heard ;
 And, when the light of evening died
 away, ⁵⁰
 That blithe and indefatigable bird
 Still his redundant song of joy and love
 prefer'd.

5

How I have doted on thine infant
 smiles
 At morning, when thine eyes unclosed
 on mine ;
 How, as the months in swift suc-
 cession roll'd,
 I mark'd thy human faculties unfold,
 And watch'd the dawning of the
 light divine ;

And with what artifice of playful guiles
 Won from thy lips with still-repeated
 wiles

Kiss after kiss, a reckoning often
 told. . . ⁶⁰

Something I ween thou know'st ; for
 thou hast seen

Thy sisters in their turn such fondness
 prove, [years

And felt how childhood in its winning
 The attemper'd soul to tenderness
 can move.

This thou canst tell ; but not the
 hopes and fears

With which a parent's heart doth
 overflow, . .

The thoughts and cares inwoven with
 that love, . .

Its nature and its depth, thou dost not,
 canst not know.

6

The years which since thy birth have
 pass'd away

May well to thy young retrospect
 appear ⁷⁰

A measureless extent : . . like yester-
 day [career.

To me, so soon they filled their short
 To thee discourse of reason have they
 brought,

With sense of time and change ; and
 something too

Of this precarious state of things have
 taught,

Where Man abideth never in one stay ;
 And of mortality a mournful thought.

And I have seen thine eyes suffused
 in grief, [grey

When I have said that with autumnal
 The touch of old hath mark'd thy

father's head ; ⁸⁰
 That even the longest day of life is
 brief, [leaf.

And mine is falling fast into the yellow

7

Thy happy nature from the painful
 thought

With instinct turns, and scarcely
 canst thou bear

To hear me name the Grave : Thou
 knowest not [there !

How large a portion of my heart is

The faces which I loved in infancy
 Are gone; and bosom-friends of
 riper age,
 With whom I fondly talk'd of years
 to come,
 Summon'd before me to their heri-
 tage, 90
 Are in the better world, beyond the
 tomb.
 And I have brethren there, and
 sisters dear,
 And dearer babes. I therefore needs
 must dwell
 Often in thought with those whom still
 I love so well.

8

Thus wilt thou feel in thy maturer
 mind;
 When grief shall be thy portion, thou
 wilt find
 Safe consolation in such thoughts as
 these, . .
 A present refuge in affliction's hour.
 And, if indulgent Heaven thy lot
 should bless
 With all imaginable happiness. 100
 Here shalt thou have, my child,
 beyond all power
 Of chance, thy holiest, surest, best
 delight.
 Take therefore now thy Father's
 latest lay, . .
 Perhaps his last; . . and treasure in
 thine heart
 The feelings that its musing strains
 convey.
 A song it is of life's declining day,
 Yet meet for youth. Vain passions
 to excite,
 No strains of morbid sentiment I sing,
 Nor tell of idle loves with ill-spent
 breath;
 A reverent offering to the Grave I
 bring, 110
 And twine a garland for the brow of
 Death.

Keswick, 1814.

PROEM

THAT was a memorable day for Spain.
 When on Pamplona's towers, so basely
 won, [the plain
 The Frenchmen stood, and saw upon
 Their long-expected succours hasten-
 ing on: [array,
 Exultingly they mark'd the brave
 And deem'd their leader should his
 purpose gain,
 Though Wellington and England
 barr'd the way.
 Anon the bayonets glitter'd in the sun,
 And frequent cannon flash'd, whose
 lurid light
 Redden'd through sulphurous smoke;
 fast volleying round 10
 Roll'd the war-thunders, and with
 long rebound
 Backward from many a rock and
 cloud-capt height
 In answering peals Pyrene sent th
 sound.
 Impatient for relief, toward the fight
 The hungry garrison their eye-balls
 strain:
 Vain was the Frenchman's skill, his
 valour vain;
 And even then, when eager hope
 almost [prayer,
 Had moved their irreligious lips to
 Averting from the fatal scene their
 sight, [despair.
 They breathed the execrations of
 For Wellesley's star hath risen
 ascendant there; 21
 Once more he drove the host of
 France to fight,
 And triumph'd once again for God and
 for the right.

That was a day, whose influence far
 and wide [a joy
 The struggling nations felt; it was
 Wherewith all Europe rung from
 side to side. [time
 Yet hath Pamplona seen in former
 A moment big with mightier conse-
 quence, [clime.
 Affecting many an age and distant
 That day it was which saw in her
 defence, 30

Contending with the French before
 her wall,
 A noble soldier of Guipuzcoa fall,
 Sore hurt, but not to death. For
 when long care
 Restored his shatter'd leg and set
 him free, [formity,
 He would not brook a slight de-
 As one who, being gay and debonnair,
 In courts conspicuous as in camps
 must be :
 So he forsooth a shapely boot must
 wear ; [life,
 And the vain man, with peril of his
 Laid the recover'd limb again beneath
 the knife. 40

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay
 Whiling with books the weary hours
 away ;

And from that circumstance and this
 vain man [began,

A train of long events their course
 Whose term it is not given us yet to
 see. [name,

Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted
 Before whom Kings and Nations
 bow'd the knee ?

Thy annals, Ethiopia, might proclaim
 What deeds arose from that prolific
 day ;

And of dark plots might shuddering
 Europe tell. 50

But Science too her trophies would
 display ;

Faith give the martyrs of Japan their
 fame ; [dwell

And Charity on works of love would
 In California's dolorous regions drear ;
 And where, amid a pathless world of
 wood, [way,

Gathering a thousand rivers on his
 Huge Orellana rolls his affluent flood ;
 And where the happier sons of

Paraguay,
 By gentleness and pious art subdued,
 Bow'd their meek heads beneath the
 Jesuits' sway, 60
 And lived and died in filial servitude.

I love thus uncontroll'd, as in a dream,
 To muse upon the course of human
 things ;

Exploring sometimes the remotest
 springs, [gleam ;

Far as tradition lends one guiding
 Or following, upon Thought's auda-
 cious wings,

Into Futurity, the endless stream.
 But now, in quest of no ambitious
 height, [way,

I go where Truth and Nature lead my
 And, ceasing here from desultory
 flight, 70

In measured strains I tell a Tale of
 Paraguay.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

CANTO I

JENNER ! for ever shall thy honour'd
 name [blest,
 Among the children of mankind be
 Who by thy skill hast taught us how
 to tame [pest
 One dire disease, . . the lamentable
 Which Africa sent forth to scourge
 the West,
 As if in vengeance for her sable brood
 So many an age remorselessly oppress.
 For that most fearful malady subdued
 Receive a poet's praise, a father's
 gratitude.

Fair promise be this triumph of an
 age, 10

When Man, with vain desires no
 longer blind,

And wise though late, his only war
 shall wage [mankind,

Against the miseries which afflict
 Striving with virtuous heart and
 strenuous mind [away.

Till evil from the earth shall pass
 Lo, this his glorious destiny assign'd !
 For that blest consummation let us
 pray,

And trust in fervent faith, and labour
 as we may.

The hideous malady which lost its power
 When Jenner's art the dire contagion stay'd,²⁰
 Among Columbia's sons, in fatal hour
 Across the wide Atlantic wave convey'd,^{[play'd :}
 Its fiercest form of pestilence dis-
 Where'er its deadly course the plague

Vainly the wretched sufferer look'd for aid;
 Parent from child, and child from parent ran,
 For tyrannous fear dissolved all natural bonds of man.

Alas, it was no medicable grief
 Which herbs might reach ! Nor could the juggler's power
 With all his antic mummeries bring relief.^{[hour,}
 Faith might not aid him in that ruling
 Himself a victim now. The dreadful stour⁵⁰
 None could escape, nor aught its force assuage.
 The marriageable maiden had her dower
 From death ; the strong man sunk beneath its rage,
 And death cut short the thread of childhood and of age.

4

A feeble nation of Guarani race,
 Thinn'd by perpetual wars, but unsubdued,
 Had taken up at length a resting-place
 Among those tracts of lake and swamp and wood,³¹
 Where Mondai issuing from its solitude
 Flows with slow stream to Empalado's bed.
 It was a region desolate and rude ;
 But thither had the horde for safety fled,
 And being there conceal'd in peace their lives they led.

No time for customary mourning now ;
 With hand close-clench'd to pluck the rooted hair,
 To beat the bosom, on the swelling brow^{[tear}
 Inflict redoubled blows, and blindly
 The cheeks, indenting bloody furrows there,
 The deep-traced signs indelible of woe ;⁶⁰
 Then to some crag, or bank abrupt, repair,^{[throw}
 And, giving grief its scope, infuriate
 The impatient body thence upon the earth below.

8

There had the tribe a safe asylum found
 Amid those marshes wide and woodlands dense,
 With pathless wilds and waters spread around,
 And labyrinthine swamps, a sure defence⁴⁰
 From human foes, . . but not from pestilence.
 The spotted plague appear'd, that direst ill, . .
 How brought among them none could tell, or whence ;^{[still,}
 The mortal seed had lain among them
 And quicken'd now to work the Lord's mysterious will.

Devices these by poor weak nature taught,
 Which thus a change of suffering would obtain ;
 And, flying from intolerable thought
 And piercing recollections, would full fain
 Distract itself by sense of fleshly pain
 From anguish that the soul must else endure.
 Easier all outward torments to sustain,⁷⁰
 Than those heart-wounds which only time can cure,
 And He in whom alone the hopes of man are sure.

9

None sorrow'd here ; the sense of woe
 was sear'd, [ill.
 When every one endured his own sore
 The prostrate sufferers neither hoped
 nor fear'd ;
 The body labour'd, but the heart
 was still : . .
 So let the conquering malady fulfil
 Its fatal course, rest cometh at the
 end ! [will
 Passive they lay with neither wish nor
 For aught but this ; nor did they long
 attend 80
 That welcome boon from death, the
 never-failing friend.

10

Who is there to make ready now the
 pit,
 The house that will content from this
 day forth
 Its easy tenant ? Who in vestments fit
 Shall swathe the sleeper for his bed of
 earth,
 Now tractable as when a babe at
 birth ?
 Who now the ample funeral urn shall
 knead,
 And burying it beneath his proper
 hearth
 Deposit there with careful hands the
 dead,
 And lightly then relay the floor above
 his head ? 90

11

Unwept, unshrouded, and unsepul-
 chred,
 The hammock where they hang for
 winding sheet
 And grave suffices the deserted dead :
 There from the armadillo's searching
 feet
 Safer than if within the tomb's re-
 treat.
 The carrion birds obscene in vain essay
 To find that quarry : round and
 round they beat
 The air, but fear to enter for their
 prey,
 And from the silent door the jaguar
 turns away.

12

But nature for her universal law 100
 Hath other surer instruments in store,
 Whom from the haunts of men no
 wonted awe
 Withholds as with a spell. In
 swarms they pour
 From wood and swamp : and when
 their work is o'er,
 On the white bones the mouldering
 roof will fall ;
 Seeds will take root, and spring in sun
 and shower ;
 And Mother Earth ere long with her
 green pall,
 Resuming to herself the wreck, will
 cover all.

13

Oh ! better thus with earth to have
 their part, 109
 Than in Egyptian catacombs to lie,
 Age after age preserved by horrid art,
 In ghastly image of humanity !
 Strange pride that with corruption
 thus would vie !
 And strange delusion that would thus
 maintain
 The fleshly form, till cycles shall pass
 by,
 And in the series of the eternal chain,
 The spirit come to seek its old abode
 again.

14

One pair alone survived the general
 fate ;
 Left in such drear and mournful
 solitude,
 That death might seem a preferable
 state. 120
 Not more deprest the Arkite patriarch
 stood,
 When landing first on Ararat he
 view'd,
 Where all around the mountain
 summits lay,
 Like islands seen amid the boundless
 flood :
 Nor our first parents more forlorn
 than they,
 Through Eden when they took their
 solitary way.

15

Alike to them, it seem'd in their despair,
 Whither they wander'd from the
 infected spot.
 Chance might direct their steps : they
 took no care ;
 Come well or ill to them, it matter'd
 not ! 130
 Left as they were in that unhappy lot,
 The sole survivors they of all their
 race,
 They reck'd not when their fate, nor
 where, nor what, [case,
 In this resignation to their hopeless
 Indifferent to all choice or circumstance
 of place.

16

That palsyng stupor pass'd away ere
 long,
 And, as the spring of health resum'd
 its power,
 They felt that life was dear, and hope
 was strong.
 What marvel ? 'Twas with them the
 morning hour,
 When bliss appears to be the natural
 dower 140
 Of all the creatures of this joyous
 earth ;
 And sorrow fleeting like a vernal
 shower [mirth ;
 Scarce interrupts the current of our
 Such is the happy heart we bring with
 us at birth.

17

Though of his nature and his bound-
 less love [sense,
 Erring, yet tutor'd by instinctive
 They rightly deem'd the Power who
 rules above [pestilence.
 Had saved them from the wasting
 That favouring Power would still be
 their defence :
 Thus were they by their late deliver-
 ance taught 150
 To place a child-like trust in Provi-
 dence,
 And in their state forlorn they found
 this thought
 Of natural faith with hope and consol-
 ation fraught.

18

And now they built themselves a leafy
 bower, [beside,
 Amid a glade, slow Mondai's stream
 Screen'd from the southern blast of
 piercing power :
 Not like their native dwelling, long
 and wide,
 By skilful toil of numbers edified,
 The common home of all, their human
 nest,
 Where threescore hammocks pendant
 side by side 160
 Were ranged, and on the ground the
 fires were drest ;
 Alas, that populous hive hath now no
 living guest !

19

A few firm stakes they planted in the
 ground,
 Circling a narrow space, yet large
 enow ;
 These strongly interknit they closed
 around
 With basket-work of many a pliant
 bough.
 The roof was like the sides ; the doo-
 was low,
 And rude the hut, and trimm'd with
 little care, [now ;
 For little heart had they to dress it
 Yet was the humble structure fresh
 and fair, 170
 And soon its inmates found that love
 might sojourn there.

20

Quiara could recall to mind the course
 Of twenty summers ; perfectly he
 knew
 Whate'er his fathers taught of skill
 or force.
 Right to the mark his whizzing lance
 he threw,
 And from his bow the unerring arrow
 flew [bee
 With fatal aim : and when the laden
 Buzz'd by him in its flight, he could
 pursue [free
 Its path with certain ken, and follow
 Until he traced the hive in hidden bank
 or tree. 180

21

Of answering years was Monnema,
 nor less [ways]
 Expert in all her sex's household
 The Indian weed she skilfully could
 dress ;
 And in what depth to drop the yellow
 maize
 She knew, and when around its stem
 to raise
 The lighten'd soil ; and well could she
 prepare
 Its ripen'd seed for food, her proper
 praise ; [care
 Or in the embers turn with frequent
 Its succulent head yet green, sometimes
 for daintier fare.

22

And how to macerate the bark she
 knew, 190
 And draw apart its beaten fibres fine.
 And, bleaching them in sun, and air,
 and dew,
 From dry and glossy filaments en-
 twine
 With rapid twirl of hand the length-
 ening line ;
 Next, interknitting well the twisted
 thread, [combine,
 In many an even mesh its knots
 And shape in tapering length the
 pensile bed,
 Light hammock there to hang beneath
 the leafy shed.

23

Time had been when, expert in works
 of clay,
 She lent her hands the swelling urn
 to mould, 200
 And fill'd it for the appointed festal
 day [bold
 With the beloved beverage which the
 Quaff'd in their triumph and their joy
 of old ; [rude,
 The fruitful cause of many an uproar
 When, in their drunken bravery un-
 controll'd,
 Some bitter jest awoke the dormant
 feud,
 And wrath and rage and strife and
 wounds and death ensued.

24

These occupations were gone by : the
 skill
 Was useless now, which once had
 been her pride.
 Content were they, when thirst im-
 pell'd, to fill 210
 The dry and hollow gourd from
 Mondai's side ;
 The river from its sluggish bed sup-
 plied
 A draught for repetition all unmeet ;
 Howbeit the bodily want was satisfied,
 No feverish pulse ensued, nor ireful
 heat,
 Their days were undisturb'd, their
 natural sleep was sweet.

25

She too had learnt in youth how best
 to trim [day,
 The honour'd Chief for his triumphal
 And covering with soft gums the
 obedient limb
 And body, then with feathers over-
 lay, 220
 In regular hues disposed, a rich dis-
 play.
 Well-pleased the glorious savage stood
 and eyed
 The growing work ; then vain of his
 array
 Look'd with complacent frown from
 side to side,
 Stalk'd with elater step, and swell'd
 with statelier pride.

26

Feasts and carousals, vanity and
 strife,
 Could have no place with them in
 solitude
 To break the tenor of their even life.
 Quiaara day by day his game pursued,
 Searching the air, the water, and the
 wood, 230
 With hawk-like eye, and arrow sure
 as fate ; [food :
 And Monnema prepared the hunter's
 Cast with him here in this forlorn
 estate,
 In all things for the man was she a
 fitting mate.

27

The Moon had gather'd oft her
 monthly store
 Of light, and oft in darkness left the
 sky, [bore
 Since Monnema a growing burthen
 Of life and hope. The appointed
 weeks go by ;
 And now her hour is come, and none
 is nigh
 To help : but human help she needed
 none. ²⁴⁰
 A few short throes endured with
 scarce a cry, [son,
 Upon the bank she laid her new-born
 Then slid into the stream, and bathed,
 and all was done.

28

Might old observances have there
 been kept,
 Then should the husband to that
 pensile bed,
 Like one exhausted with the birth
 have crept, [head,
 And, laying down in feeble guise his
 For many a day been nursed and
 dieted [due.
 With tender care, to childing mothers
 Certes a custom strange, and yet far
 spread ²⁵⁰
 Through many a savage tribe, how'er
 it grew,
 And once in the old world known as
 widely as the new.

29

This could not then be done ; he
 might not lay
 The bow and those unerring shafts
 aside ;
 Nor through the appointed weeks
 forego the prey, [wide,
 Still to be sought amid those regions
 None being there who should the
 while provide
 That lonely household with their
 needful food :
 So still Quiara through the forest plied
 His daily task, and in the thickest
 wood ²⁶⁰
 Still laid his snares for birds, and still
 the chase pursued.

30

But seldom may such thoughts of
 mingled joy
 A father's agitated breast dilate,
 As when he first beheld that infant
 boy.
 Who hath not proved it, ill can
 estimate
 The feeling of that stirring hour, . .
 the weight
 Of that new sense, the thoughtful,
 pensive bliss.
 In all the changes of our changeful
 state,
 Even from the cradle to the grave,
 I wis,
 The heart doth undergo no change so
 great as this. ²⁷⁰

31

A deeper and unwonted feeling fill'd
 These parents, gazing on their new-
 born son.
 Already in their busy hopes they build
 On this frail sand. Now let the seasons
 run, [done
 And let the natural work of time be
 With them, . . for unto them a child is
 born :
 And when the hand of Death may
 reach the one,
 The other will not now be left to
 mourn
 A solitary wretch, all utterly forlorn.

32

Thus Monnema and thus Quiara
 thought, ²⁸⁰
 Though each the melancholy thought
 repress ;
 They could not choose but feel, yet
 utter'd not
 The human feeling, which in hours of
 rest
 Often would rise, and fill the boding
 breast
 With a dread foretaste of that mourn-
 ful day,
 When, at the inexorable Power's
 behest, [away,
 The unwilling spirit, called perforce
 Must leave, for ever leave, its dear con-
 natural clay.

33

Link'd as they were, where each to
 each was all,
 How might the poor survivor hope to
 bear ²⁹⁰
 That heaviest loss which one day
 must befall,
 Nor sink beneath the weight of his
 despair?
 Scarce could the heart even for a
 moment dare
 That miserable time to contemplate,
 When the dread Messenger should
 find them there,
 From whom is no escape, . . and
 reckless Fate,
 Whom it had bound so close, for ever

34

Lighter that burthen lay upon the
 heart
 When this dear babe was born to
 share their lot;
 They could endure to think that they
 must part. ³⁰⁰
 Then too a glad consolatory thought
 Arose, while gazing on the child they
 sought
 With hope their dreary prospect to
 delude, ^{[taught,}
 Till they almost believed, as fancy
 How that from them a tribe should
 spring renew'd,
 To people and possess that ample
 solitude.

35

Such hope they felt, but felt that
 whatsoe'er ^{[prove,}
 The undiscoverable to come might
 Unwise it were to let that bootless care
 Disturb the present hours of peace
 and love. ³¹⁰
 For they had gain'd a happiness above
 The state which in their native horde
 was known:
 No outward causes were there here to
 move
 Discord and alien thoughts; being
 thus alone
 From all mankind, their hearts and their
 desires were one.

36

Different their love in kind and in
 From what their poor depraved fore-
 fathers knew,
 With whom degenerate instincts were
 left free ^{[pursue,}
 To take their course, and blindly to
 Unheeding they the ills that must
 ensue, ³²⁰
 The bent of brute desire. No moral
 tie ^{[crew}
 Bound the hard husband to his servile
 Of wives; and they the chance of
 change might try,
 All love destroy'd by such preposterous
 liberty.

37

Far other tie this solitary pair
 Indissolubly bound; true helpmates
 they,
 In joy or grief, in weal or woe to
 share,
 In sickness or in health, through life's
 long day;
 And reassuming in their hearts her
 sway
 Benignant Nature made the burthen
 light. ³³⁰
 It was the Woman's pleasure to obey,
 The Man's to ease her toil in all he
 might,
 So each in serving each obtain'd the
 best delight.

38

And as connubial, so parental love
 Obey'd unerring Nature's order here,
 For now no force of impious custom
 strove
 Against her law; . . such as was wont
 to sear
 The unhappy heart with usages
 severe,
 Till harden'd mothers in the grave
 could lay
 Their living babes with no compunc-
 tious tear; ³⁴⁰
 So monstrous men become, when
 from the way
 Of primal light they turn thro' heathen
 paths astray.

39

Deliver'd from this yoke, in them
 henceforth
 The springs of natural love may freely
 flow :
 New joys, new virtues with that
 happy birth
 Are born, and with the growing
 infant grow.
 Source of our purest happiness below
 Is that benignant law which hath
 entwined
 Dearest delight with strongest duty so,
 That in the healthy heart and
 righteous mind 350
 Ever they co-exist, inseparably com-
 bined.

40

Oh ! bliss for them when in that
 infant face
 They now the unfolding faculties
 descry,
 And fondly gazing, trace . . or think
 they trace
 The first faint speculation in that eye,
 Which hitherto hath roll'd in vacancy !
 Oh ! bliss in that soft countenance
 to seek
 Some mark of recognition, and espy
 The quiet smile which in the innocent
 cheek
 Of kindness and of kind its conscious-
 ness doth speak ! 360

41

For him, if born among their native
 tribe,
 Some haughty name his parents had
 thought good,
 As weening that therewith they should
 ascribe
 The strength of some fierce tenant of
 the wood,
 The water, or the aerial solitude,
 Jaguar or vulture, water-wolf or
 snake,
 The beast that prowls abroad in
 search of blood,
 Or reptile that within the treacherous
 brake
 Waits for the prey, uncoil'd, its hunger
 to aslake.

42

Now soften'd as their spirits were by
 love, 370
 Abhorrent from such thoughts they
 turn'd away ; [dove,
 And, with a happier feeling, from the
 They named the Child Yeruti. On
 a day
 When smiling at his mother's breast
 in play,
 They in his tones of murmuring
 pleasure heard
 A sweet resemblance of the stock-
 dove's lay,
 Fondly they named him from that
 gentle bird,
 And soon such happy use endear'd the
 fitting word.

43

Days pass, and moons have wax'd
 and waned, and still
 This dovelet nestled in their leafy
 bower 380
 Obtains increase of sense, and strength
 and will,
 As in due order many a latent power
 Expands, . . humanity's exalted
 dower : [fled,
 And they, while thus the days serenely
 Beheld him flourish like a vigorous
 flower, [head,
 Which, lifting from a genial soil its
 By seasonable suns and kindly showers
 is fed.

44

Ere long the cares of helpless baby-
 hood [place,
 To the next stage of infancy give
 That age with sense of conscious
 growth endued, 390
 When every gesture hath its proper
 grace :
 Then come the unsteady step, the
 tottering pace ;
 And watchful hopes and emulous
 thoughts appear ;
 The imitative lips essay to trace
 Their words, observant both with eye
 and ear,
 In mutilated sounds which parents love
 to hear.

45

Serenely thus the seasons pass away ;
 And, oh ! how rapidly they seem to
 fly [to-day
 With those for whom to-morrow like
 Glides on in peaceful uniformity ! 400
 Five years have since Yeruti's birth
 gone by,
 Five happy years ! .. and, ere the Moon
 which then
 Hung like a Sylphid's light canoe on
 high
 Should fill its circle, Monnema again
 Laying her burthen down must bear
 a mother's pain.

46

Alas, a keener pang before that day
 Must by the wretched Monnema be
 borne !
 In quest of game Quiara went his way
 To roam the wilds as he was wont, one
 morn ;
 She look'd in vain at eve for his
 return. 410
 By moonlight through the midnight
 solitude
 She sought him ; and she found his
 garment torn,
 His bow and useless arrows in the
 wood,
 Marks of a jaguar's feet, a broken spear,
 and blood.

CANTO II

1

O THOU who listening to the Poet's
 song
 Dost yield thy willing spirit to his
 sway,
 Look not that I should painfully
 prolong
 The sad narration of that fatal day
 With tragic details : all too true the
 lay !
 Nor is my purpose e'er to entertain
 The heart with useless grief ; but, as
 I may,
 Blend in my calm and meditative
 strain [pain.
 Consolatory thoughts, the balm for real

O Youth or Maiden, whosoe'er thou
 art, 10
 Safe in my guidance may thy spirit
 be ;
 I wound not wantonly the tender
 heart :
 And if sometimes a tear of sympathy
 Should rise, it will from bitterness be
 free . .
 Yea, with a healing virtue be endued,
 As thou in this true tale shalt hear
 from me
 Of evils overcome, and grief subdued,
 And virtues springing up like flowers in
 solitude.

The unhappy Monnema, when thus
 bereft,
 Sunk not beneath the desolating
 blow. 20
 Widow'd she was : but still her child
 was left ;
 For him must she sustain the weight
 of woe,
 Which else would in that hour have
 have laid her low.
 Nor wish'd she now the work of death
 complete :
 Then only doth the soul of woman
 know
 Its proper strength, when love and
 duty meet ;
 Invincible the heart wherein they have
 their seat.

The seamen, who upon some coral reef
 Are cast amid the interminable main,
 Still cling to life, and, hoping for relief,
 Drag on their days of wretchedness
 and pain. 31
 In turtle shells they hoard the scanty
 rain,
 And eat its flesh, sun-dried for lack of
 fire,
 Till the weak body can no more sus-
 tain
 Its wants, but sinks beneath its
 sufferings dire ;
 Most miserable man who sees the rest
 expire !

He lingers there while months and
 years go by :
 And holds his hope though months
 and years have past ;
 And still at morning round the
 farthest sky,
 And still at eve his eagle glance is
 cast, ⁴⁰
 If there he may behold the far-off
 mast
 Arise, for which he hath not ceased
 to pray.
 And if perchance a ship should come
 at last,
 And bear him from that dismal bank
 away,
 He blesses God that he hath lived to see
 that day.

6

So strong a hold hath life upon the
 soul,
 Which sees no dawning of eternal
 light,
 But subject to this mortal frame's
 controul,
 Forgetful of its origin and right,
 Content in bondage dwells and utter
 night. ⁵⁰
 By worthier ties was this poor mother
 bound
 To life ; even while her grief was at
 the height,
 Then in maternal love support she
 found,
 And in maternal cares a healing for her
 wound.

For now her hour is come : a girl is
 born,
 Poor infant, all unconscious of its fate,
 How passing strange, how utterly
 forlorn !
 The genial season served to mitigate
 In all it might their sorrowful estate
 Supplying to the mother at her door
 From neighbouring trees, which bent
 beneath their weight, ⁶¹
 A full supply of fruitage now mature,
 So in that time of need their sustenance
 was sure.

Nor then alone, but always did the
 Eye
 Of Mercy look upon that lonely
 bower.
 Days pass'd, and weeks and months
 and years went by ;
 And never evil thing the while had
 power
 To enter there. The boy in sun and
 shower
 Rejoicing in his strength to youthhood
 grew ;
 And Mooma, that beloved girl, a
 dower ⁷⁰
 Of gentleness from bounteous nature
 drew,
 With all that should the heart of woman-
 kind imbue.

9

The tears, which o'er her infancy were
 shed
 Profuse, resented not of grief alone :
 Maternal love their bitterness allay'd,
 And with a strength and virtue all its
 own
 Sustain'd the breaking heart. A look,
 a tone,
 A gesture of that innocent babe, in
 With saddest recollections overflown
 Would sometimes make a tender smile
 arise, ⁸⁰
 Like sunshine opening thro' a shower in
 vernal skies.

10

No looks but those of tenderness were
 found
 To turn upon that helpless infant
 dear ;
 And, as her sense unfolded, never
 sound
 Of wrath or discord brake upon her
 ear.
 Her soul its native purity sincere
 Possess'd, by no example here defiled ;
 From envious passions free, exempt
 from fear,
 Unknowing of all ill, amid the wild
 Beloving and beloved she grew, a happy
 child. ⁹⁰

11

Yea, where that solitary bower was
placed,
Though all unlike to Paradise the
scene,
(A wide circumference of woodland's
waste :)
Something of what in Eden might
have been
Was shadow'd there imperfectly, I
ween,
In this fair creature : safe from all
offence,
Expanding like a shelter'd plant
serene,
Evils that fret and stain being far
from thence,
Her heart in peace and joy retain'd its
innocence. 99

12

At first the infant to Yeruti proved
A cause of wonder and disturbing joy.
A stronger tie than that of kindred
moved
His inmost being, as the happy boy
Felt in his heart of hearts without alloy
The sense of kind : a fellow creature
she,
In whom, when now she ceased to be
a toy
For tender sport, his soul rejoiced to
see
Connatural powers expand, and growing
sympathy.

13

For her he cull'd the fairest flowers,
and sought
Throughout the woods the earliest
fruits for her. 110
The cayman's eggs, the honeycomb
he brought
To this beloved sister, . . . whatsoe'er,
To his poor thought, of delicate or
rare
The wilds might yield, solicitous to
find.
They who affirm all natural acts de-
clare
Self-love to be the ruler of the mind,
Judge from their own mean hearts, and
foully wrong mankind.

14

Three souls in whom no selfishness had
place
Were here : three happy souls, which,
undefiled,
Albeit in darkness, still retain'd a
trace 120
Of their celestial origin. The wild
Was as a sanctuary where Nature
smiled
Upon these simple children of her
own,
And, cherishing whate'er was meek
and mild,
Call'd forth the gentle virtues, such
alone,
The evils which evoke the stronger being
unknown.

15

What though at birth we bring with
us the seed
Of sin, a mortal taint, . . . in heart and
will
Too surely felt, too plainly shown in
deed, . . .
Our fatal heritage ; yet are we still
The children of the All Merciful ; and
ill 131
They teach, who tell us that from
hence must flow
God's wrath, and then his justice to
fulfil,
Death everlasting, never-ending woe :
O miserable lot of man if it were so !

16

Falsely and impiously teach they who
thus
Our heavenly Father's holy will mis-
read !
In bounty hath the Lord created us,
In love redeem'd. From this authen-
tic creed
Let no bewildering sophistry impede
The heart's entire assent, for God is
good. 141
Hold firm this faith, and, in whatever
need,
Doubt not but thou wilt find thy soul
endued
With all-sufficing strength of heavenly
fortitude !

17

By nature peccable and frail are we,
 Easily beguiled; to vice, to error
 prone;
 But apt for virtue too. Humanity
 Is not a field where tares and thorns
 alone
 Are left to spring; good seed hath
 there been sown
 With no unsparing hand. Sometimes
 the shoot 150
 Is choked with weeds, or withers on
 a stone;
 But in a kindly soil it strikes its
 root,
 And flourisheth, and bringeth forth
 abundant fruit.

18

Love, duty, generous feeling, tender-
 ness,
 Spring in the uncontaminated mind;
 And these were Mooma's natural
 dower. Nor less
 Had liberal Nature to the boy assign'd,
 Happier herein than if among man-
 kind
 Their lot had fallen, . . oh, certes
 happier here!
 That all things tended still more close
 to bind 160
 Their earliest ties, and they from year
 to year
 Retain'd a childish heart, fond, simple,
 and sincere.

19

They had no sad reflection to alloy
 The calm contentment of the passing
 day,
 Nor foresight to disturb the present
 joy.
 Not so with Monnema; albeit the
 sway
 Of time had reach'd her heart, and
 worn away,
 At length, the grief so deeply seated
 there,
 The future often, like a burthen, lay
 Upon that heart, a cause of secret
 care 170
 And melancholy thought; yet did she
 not despair.

20

Chance from the fellowship of human
 kind
 Had cut them off, and chance might
 reunite.
 On this poor possibility her mind
 Reposed; she did not for herself
 invite
 The unlikely thought, and cherish
 with delight
 The dream of what such change might
 haply bring;
 Gladness with hope long since had
 taken flight
 From her; she felt that life was on
 the wing,
 And happiness like youth has here no
 second spring. 180

21

So were her feelings to her lot com-
 That to herself all change had now
 been pain.
 For Time upon her own desires had
 closed;
 But in her children as she lived again,
 For their dear sake she learnt to
 entertain
 A wish for human intercourse renew'd;
 And oftentimes, while they devour'd
 the strain,
 Would she beguile their evening soli-
 tude
 With stories strangely told and strangely
 understood.

22

Little she knew, for little had she seen,
 And little of traditional lore 191
 Had reach'd her ear; and yet to them
 I ween
 Their mother's knowledge seem'd
 a boundless store.
 A world it open'd to their thoughts,
 yea more, . .
 Another world beyond this mortal
 state.
 Bereft of her they had indeed been
 poor,
 Being left to animal sense, degenerate,
 Mere creatures, they had sunk below
 the beasts' estate.

23

The human race, from her they understood,
 Was not within that lonely hut confined,
 But distant far beyond their world of wood²⁰⁰
 Were tribes and powerful nations of their kind;
 And of the old observances which bind
 People and chiefs, the ties of man and wife,
 The laws of kin religiously assign'd,
 Rites, customs, scenes of riotry and strife,
 And all the strange vicissitudes of
 savage life.

24

Wondering they listen to the wondrous tale,
 But no repining thought such tales excite :²⁰⁹
 Only a wish, if wishes might avail,
 Was haply felt, with juvenile delight,
 To mingle in the social dance at night,
 Where the broad moonshine, level as a flood,
 O'erspread the plain, and in the silver
 Well-pleased, the placid elders sate
 and view'd
 The sport, and seem'd therein to feel
 their youth renew'd.

25

But when the darker scenes their mother drew,
 What crimes were wrought when drunken fury raged,
 What miseries from their fatal discord grew,
 When horde with horde in deadly strife engaged :²²⁰
 The rancorous hate with which their wars they waged,
 The more unnatural horrors which ensued,
 When, with inveterate vengeance unassuaged,
 The victors round their slaughter'd captives stood,
 And babes were brought to dip their
 little hands in blood :

26

Horrent they heard ; and with her hands the Maid [blot
 Prest her eyes close as if she strove to
 The hateful image which her mind portray'd.
 The Boy sate silently, intent in thought ;
 Then with a deep-drawn sigh, as if he sought²³⁰
 To heave the oppressive feeling from his breast,
 Complacently compared their harmless lot
 With such wild life, outrageous and unblest ; [best.
 Securely thus to live, he said, was surely

27

On tales of blood they could not bear to dwell,
 From such their hearts abhorrent shrunk in fear. [tell
 Better they liked that Monnemashould
 Of things unseen ; what Power had placed them here,
 And whence the living spirit came, and where
 It pass'd, when parted from this mortal mould ;²⁴⁰
 Of such mysterious themes with willing ear
 They heard, devoutly listening while she told
 Strangely-disfigured truths, and fables feign'd of old.

28

By the Great Spirit man was made, she said,
 His voice it was which peal'd along the sky,
 And shook the heavens and fill'd the earth with dread.
 Alone and inaccessible, on high
 He had his dwelling-place eternally,
 And Father was his name. This all knew well ;
 But none had seen his face : and if his eye²⁵⁰
 Regarded what upon the earth befell,
 Or if he cared for man, she knew not : ..
 who could tell ?

29

But this, she said, was sure, that after
 death
 There was reward and there was
 punishment :
 And that the evil doers, when the
 breath [spent,
 Of their injurious lives at length was
 Into all noxious forms abhorr'd were
 sent, [still
 Of beasts and reptiles ; so retaining
 Their old propensities, on evil bent,
 They work'd where'er they might
 their wicked will, 260
 The natural foes of man, whom we pur-
 sue and kill.

30

Of better spirits, some there were who
 said
 That in the grave they had their place
 of rest.
 Lightly they laid the earth upon the
 dead,
 Lest in his narrow tenement the guest
 Should suffer underneath such load
 oppress. [free,
 But that death surely set the spirit
 Sad proof to them poor Monnema
 address,
 Drawn from their father's fate ; no
 grave had he
 Wherein his soul might dwell. This
 therefore could not be. 270

31

Likelier they taught who said that to
 the Land
 Of Souls the happy spirit took its
 flight,
 A region underneath the sole com-
 mand
 Of the Good Power ; by him for the
 upright
 Appointed and replenish'd with de-
 light ;
 A land where nothing evil ever came.
 Sorrow, nor pain, nor peril, nor
 affright,
 Nor change, nor death ; but there the
 human frame,
 Untouch'd by age or ill, continued still
 the same.

32

Winds would not pierce it there, nor
 heat and cold 280
 Grieve, nor thirst parch and hunger
 pine ; but there
 The sun by day its even influence hold
 With genial warmth, and through
 the unclouded air
 The moon upon her nightly journey
 fare :
 The lakes and fish-full streams are
 never dry ;
 Trees ever green perpetual fruitage
 bear ; [eye,
 And, wheresoe'er the hunter turns his
 Water and earth and heaven to him
 their stores supply.

33

And once there was a way to that
 good land,
 For in mid-earth a wondrous Tree
 there grew, 290
 By which the adventurer might with
 foot and hand
 From branch to branch his upward
 course pursue ; [true,
 An easy path, if what were said be
 Albeit the ascent was long : and when
 the height
 Was gain'd, that blissful region was
 in view,
 Wherein the traveller safely might
 alight,
 And roam abroad at will, and take his
 free delight.

34

O happy time, when ingress thus was
 given
 To the upper world, and at their
 pleasure they
 Whose hearts were strong might pass
 from Earth to Heaven 300
 By their own act and choice ! In evil
 day
 Mishap had fatally cut off that way,
 And none may now the Land of Spirits
 gain, [clay
 Till from its dear-loved tenement of
 Violence or age, infirmity and pain,
 Divorce the soul which there full gladly
 would remain.

35

Such grievous loss had by their own
 misdeed
 Upon the unworthy race of men
 been brought.
 An aged woman once who could not
 speed
 In fishing, earnestly one day besought
 Her countrymen, that they of what
 they caught 321
 A portion would upon her wants
 bestow.
 They set her hunger and her age at
 nought,
 And still to her entreaties answered
 no !
 And mock'd her, till they made her
 heart with rage o'erflow.

36

But that Old Woman by such wanton
 wrong
 Inflamed, went hurrying down ; and
 in the pride
 Of magic power, wherein the crone
 was strong,
 Her human form infirm she laid aside.
 Better the Capiguara's limbs supplied
 A strength accordant to her fierce
 intent : 321
 These she assumed, and, burrowing
 deep and wide
 Beneath the Tree, with vicious will,
 she went,
 To inflict upon mankind a lasting
 punishment.

37

Downward she wrought her way, and
 all around [mined
 Labouring, the solid earth she under-
 And loosen'd all the roots ; then from
 the ground
 Emerging, in her hatred of her kind,
 Resumed her proper form, and
 breathed a wind
 Which gather'd like a tempest round
 its head : 330
 Eftsoon the lofty Tree its top inclined
 Uptorn with horrible convulsion
 dread,
 And over half the world its mighty
 wreck lay spread.

38

But never scion sprouted from that
 Tree,
 Nor seed sprang up ; and thus the
 easy way,
 Which had till then for young and old
 been free, [aye.
 Was closed upon the sons of men for
 The mighty ruin moulder'd where it
 lay
 Till not a trace was left ; and now
 in sooth
 Almost had all remembrance pass'd
 away. 340
 This from the Elders she had heard in
 youth ;
 Some said it was a tale, and some a very
 truth.

39

Nathless departed spirits at their will
 Could from the Land of Souls pass to
 " " and fro ; [still,
 They come to us in sleep when all is
 Sometimes to warn against the im-
 pending blow,
 Alas ! more oft to visit us in woe :
 Though in their presence there was
 poor relief !
 And this had sad experience made her
 know,
 For when Quiara came, his stay was
 brief, 350
 And, waking then, she felt a freshen'd
 sense of grief.

40

Yet to behold his face again, and hear
 His voice, though painful, was a
 deep delight :
 It was a joy to think that he was near,
 To see him in the visions of the
 night, . .
 To know that the departed still re-
 quire
 The love which to their memory still
 will cling :
 And, though he might not bless her
 waking sight
 With his dear presence, 'twas a blessed
 thing
 That sleep would thus sometimes his
 actual image bring. 360

41

Why comes he not to me? Yeruti
cries:
And Mooma, echoing with a sigh the
thought, [eyes
Ask'd why it was that to her longing
No dream the image of her father
brought?
Nor Monnema to solve that question
sought
In vain, content in ignorance to dwell;
Perhaps it was because they knew
him not;
Perhaps . . . but sooth she could not
answer well;
What the departed did, themselves
alone could tell.

42

What one tribe held another dis-
believed, 370
For all concerning this was dark, she
said;
Uncertain all, and hard to be received.
The dreadful race, from whom their
fathers fled,
Boasted that even the Country of the
Dead
Was theirs, and where their Spirits
chose to go,
The ghosts of other men retired in
dread
Before the face of that victorious foe;
No better, then, the world above, than
this below!

43

What then, alas! if this were true,
was death?
Only a mournful change from ill to ill!
And some there were who said the
living breath 381
Would ne'er be taken from us by the
will
Of the Good Father, but continue still
To feed with life the mortal frame he
gave,
Did not mischief or wicked witch-
craft kill; . . .
Evils from which no care avail'd to
save,
And whereby all were sent to fill the
greedy grave.

44

In vain to counterwork the baleful
charm
By spells of rival witchcraft was it
sought,
Less potent was that art to help than
harm. 390
No means of safety old experience
brought:
Nor better fortune did they find who
thought
From Death, as from some living foe,
to fly:
For speed or subterfuge avail'd them
nought,
But wheresoe'er they fled they found
him nigh: [enemy.
None ever could elude that unseen

45

Bootless the boast, and vain the proud
intent
Of those who hoped, with arrogant
display
Of arms and force, to scare him from
their tent,
As if their threatful shouts and fierce
array 400
Of war could drive the Invisible away!
Sometimes, regardless of the sufferer's
groan,
They dragg'd the dying out, and as
prey
Exposed him, that content with him
alone
Death might depart, and thus his fate
avert their own.

46

Depart he might, . . . but only to return
In quest of other victims, soon or late;
When they who held this fond belief
would learn,
Each by his own inevitable fate,
That in the course of man's uncertain
state 410
Death is the one and only certain
thing.
Oh folly then to fly or deprecate
That which at last Time, ever on the
wing,
Certain as day and night, to weary age
must bring!

47

While thus the Matron spake, the
youthful twain
Listen'd in deep attention, wistfully ;
Whether with more of wonder or of
pain [eye
Uneath it were to tell. With steady
Intent they heard ; and, when she
paused, a sigh
Their sorrowful foreboding seem'd to
speak : 420
Questions to which she could not give
reply
Yeruti ask'd ; and for that Maiden
meek, . . [cheek.
Involuntary tears ran down her quiet

48

A different sentiment within them
stirr'd, [day,
When Monnema recall'd to mind one
Imperfectly, what she had sometimes
heard
In childhood, long ago, the Elders say :
Almost from memory had it pass'd
away, . .
How there appear'd amid the wood-
lands men
Whom the Great Spirit sent there to
convey 430
His gracious will ; but little heed she
then
Had given, and like a dream it now
recurr'd again.

49

But these young questioners from
time to time
Call'd up the long-forgotten theme
anew.
Strange men they were, from some
remotest clime,
She said, of different speech, uncouth
to view,
Having hair upon their face, and
white in hue ;
Across the World of waters wide they
came
Devotedly the Father's work to do,
And seek the Red-Men out, and in his
name 440
His merciful laws, and love, and promises
proclaim.

50

They served a Maid more beautiful
than tongue
Could tell, or heart conceive. Of
human race,
All heavenly as that Virgin was, she
sprung ;
But for her beauty and celestial grace,
Being one in whose pure elements no
trace
Hade'er inhered of sin or mortal stain,
The highest Heaven was now her
dwelling-place ;
There as a Queen divine she held her
reign,
And there in endless joy for ever would
remain. 450

51

Her feet upon the crescent Moon were
set,
And, moving in their order round her
head,
The Stars compose her sparkling
coronet.
There at her breast the Virgin Mother
fed
A Babe divine, who was to judge the
dead,
Such power the Spirit gave this awful
Child ;
Severe he was, and in his anger dread,
Yet always at his Mother's will grew
mild,
So well did he obey that Maiden unde-
filed.

52

Sometimes she had descended from
above 460
To visit her true votaries, and requite
Such as had served her well. And
for her love,
These bearded men, forsaking all
delight,
With labour long and dangers infinite,
Across the great blue waters came,
and sought
The Red-Men here, to win them, if
they might, [aught,
From bloody ways, rejoiced to profit
Even when with their own lives the
benefit was bought.

53

For, trusting in this heavenly Maiden's
 grace,
 It was for them a joyful thing to die,
 As men who went to have their happy
 place ⁴⁷¹
 With her, and with that Holy Child,
 on high,
 In fields of bliss above the starry sky,
 In glory at the Virgin Mother's feet :
 And all who kept their lessons faith-
 fully
 An everlasting guerdon there would
 meet,
 When Death had led their souls to that
 celestial seat.

54

On earth they offer'd, too, an easy life
 To those who their mild lessons would
 obey,
 Exempt from want, from danger, and
 from strife ; ⁴⁸⁰
 And from the forest leading them
 away,
 They placed them underneath this
 Virgin's sway,
 A numerous fellowship, in peace to
 dwell ;
 Their high and happy office there to
 pay
 Devotions due, which she requited
 well,
 Their heavenly Guardian she in what-
 soe'er befell.

55

Thus, Monnema remember'd, it was
 told
 By one who in his hot and headstrong
 youth
 Had left her happy service ; but
 when old
 Lamented oft with unavailing ruth,
 And thoughts which sharper than a
 serpent's tooth ⁴⁹¹
 Pierced him, that he had changed
 that peaceful place
 For the fierce freedom and the ways
 uncouth [grace,
 Of their wild life, and lost that Lady's
 Wherefore he had no hope to see in
 Heaven her face.

56

And she remember'd, too, when first
 they fled
 For safety to the farthest solitude
 Before their cruel foes, and lived in
 dread
 That thither too their steps might be
 pursued
 By those old enemies athirst for
 blood ; ⁵⁰⁰
 How some among them hoped to see
 the day
 When these beloved messengers of
 good
 To that lone hiding-place might find
 the way,
 And them to their abode of blessedness
 convey.

57

Such tales excited in Yeruti's heart
 A stirring hope that haply he might
 meet
 Some minister of Heaven ; and many
 a part
 Untrod before of that wild wood
 retreat
 Did he with indefatigable feet
 Explore ; yet ever from the fruitless
 quest ⁵¹⁰
 Return'd at evening to his native seat
 By daily disappointment undeprest, ..
 So buoyant was the hope that fill'd his
 youthful breast.

58

At length the hour approach'd that
 should fulfil
 His harmless heart's desire, when they
 shall see
 Their fellow-kind, and take for good
 or ill
 The fearful chance, for such it needs
 must be,
 Of change from that entire simplicity.
 Yet wherefore should the thought of
 change appal ?
 Grief it perhaps might bring, and
 injury, ⁵²⁰
 And death ; . . but evil never can
 befall
 The virtuous, for the Eye of Heaven is
 over all.

CANTO III

AMID those marshy woodlands far and wide
 Which spread beyond the soaring vulture's eye,
 There grew on Empalado's southern side [supply
 Groves of that tree whose leaves adust
 The Spaniards with their daily luxury;
 A beverage whose salubrious use obtains
 Through many a land of mines and slavery, [plains,
 Even over all La Plata's sea-like
 And Chili's mountain realm, and proud Peru's domains.

But better for the injured Indian race
 Had woods of manchineel the land o'erspread :
 Yea, in that tree so blest by Nature's grace
 A direr curse had they inherited,
 Than if the Upas there had rear'd its head
 And sent its baleful scions all around,
 Blasting where'er its effluent force was shed, [ground,
 In air and water, and the infected
 All things wherein the breath or sap of life is found.

3

The poor Guaranies dreamt of no such ill,
 When for themselves in miserable hour, 20
 The virtues of that leaf, with pure good will,
 They taught their unsuspected visitor,
 New in the land as yet. They learnt his power
 Too soon, which law nor conscience could restrain,
 A fearless but inhuman conqueror,
 Heart-harden'd by the accursed lust of gain.
 O fatal thirst of gold ! O foul reproach for Spain !

For gold and silver had the Spaniards sought,
 Exploring Paraguay with desperate pains,
 Their way through forests axe in hand they wrought ;
 Drench'd from above by unremitting rains 30
 They waded over inundated plains,
 Forward by hope of plunder still allured ;
 So they might one day count their golden gains,
 They cared not at what cost of sin procured,
 All dangers they defied, all sufferings they endured.

Barren alike of glory and of gold
 That region proved to them ; nor would the soil
 Unto their unindustrious hands unfold
 Harvests, the fruit of peace, . . and wine and oil, 40
 The treasures that repay contented toil
 With health and weal ; treasures that with them bring
 No guilt for priest and penance to assail,
 Nor with their venom arm the awaken'd sting
 Of conscience at that hour when life is vanishing.

But keen of eye in their pursuit of gain
 The conquerors look'd for lucre in this tree : [attain,
 An annual harvest there might they
 Without the cost of annual industry.
 'Twas but to gather in what there grew free 50
 And share Potosi's wealth. Nor thence alone.
 But gold in glad exchange they soon should see
 From all that once the Incas called their own,
 Or where the Zipa's power or Zaque's laws were known.

10

For this, in fact, though not in name
 a slave,
 The Indian from his family was torn ;
 And droves on droves were sent to
 find a grave
 In woods and swamps, by toil severe
 outworn,
 No friend at hand to succour or to
 mourn,
 In death unpitied, as in life unblest. 60
 O miserable race, to slavery born !
 Yet, when we look beyond this
 world's unrest,
 More miserable then the
 than the oppress.

Often had Kings essay'd to check the
 ill [meant ;
 By edicts not so well enforced as
 A present power was wanting to fulfil
 Remote authority's sincere intent.
 To Avarice, on its present purpose
 bent,
 The voice of distant Justice spake in
 vain ;
 False magistrates and priests their
 influence lent 70
 The accursed thing for lucre to main-
 tain :
 O fatal thirst of gold ! O foul reproach
 for Spain !

O foul reproach ! but not for Spain
 alone,
 But for all lands that bear the Chris-
 tian name !
 Where'er commercial slavery
 known,
 O shall not Justice trumpet-tongued
 proclaim
 The foul reproach, the black offence
 the same ?
 Hear, guilty France ! and thou,
 O England, hear !
 Thou who hast half redeem'd thyself
 from shame,
 When slavery from thy realms shall
 disappear, 80
 Then from this guilt, and not till then
 wilt thou be clear.

Uncheck'd in Paraguay it ran its
 course,
 Till all the gentler children of the land
 Well nigh had been consumed without
 remorse.
 The bolder tribes meantime, whose
 skilful hand
 Had tamed the horse, in many a war-
 like band
 Kept the field well with bow and
 dreadful spear.
 And now the Spaniards dared no more
 withstand
 Their force, but in their towns grew
 pale with fear
 If the Mocobio, or the Abipon drew near.

11

Bear witness, Chaco, thou, from thy
 domain 90
 With Spanish blood, as erst with
 Indian, fed !
 And Corrientes, by whose church the
 slain
 Were piled in heaps, till for the
 gather'd dead
 One common grave was dug, one
 service said !
 Thou too, Parana, thy sad witness bear
 From shores with many a mournful
 vestige spread,
 And monumental crosses here and
 there,
 And monumental names that tell where
 dwellings were !

12

Nor would with all their power the
 Kings of Spain, 100
 Austrian or Bourbon, have at last
 avail'd
 This torrent of destruction to restrain,
 And save a people every where assail'd
 By men before whose face their
 courage quail'd,
 But for the virtuous agency of those
 Who with the Cross alone, when arms
 had fail'd,
 Achieved a peaceful triumph o'er the
 foes,
 And gave that weary land the blessings
 of repose.

13

For whensoe'er the Spaniards felt or
 fear'd
 An Indian enemy, they call'd for aid
 Upon Loyola's sons, now long en-
 dear'd ¹¹¹
 To many a happy tribe, by them con-
 vey'd
 From the open wilderness or woodland
 In towns of happiest polity to dwell.
 Freely these faithful ministers essay'd
 The arduous enterprize, contented
 well [fell.
 If with success they sped, or if as martyrs

14

And now it chanced some traders who
 had fell'd
 The trees of precious foliage far and
 wide
 On Empalado's shore, when they
 beheld ¹²⁰
 The inviting woodlands on its northern
 side,
 Crost thither in their quest, and there
 espied
 Yeruti's footsteps: searching then
 the shade
 At length a lonely dwelling they
 descried,
 And at the thought of hostile hordes
 dismay'd
 - To the nearest mission sped and ask'd
 the Jesuit's aid.

15

That was a call which ne'er was made
 in vain
 Upon Loyola's sons. In Paraguay
 Much of injustice had they to com-
 plain,
 Much of neglect; but faithful
 labourers they ¹³⁰
 In the Lord's vineyard, there was no
 delay
 When summon'd to his work. A
 little band
 Of converts made them ready for the
 way; [hand
 Their spiritual father took a Cross in
 To be his staff, and forth they went to
 search the land.

16

He was a man of rarest qualities,
 Who to this barbarous region had
 confined
 A spirit with the learned and the
 wise
 Worthy to take its place, and from
 mankind
 Receive their homage, to the immortal
 mind ¹⁴⁰
 Paid in its just inheritance of fame.
 But he to humbler thoughts his heart
 inclined;
 From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he
 came,
 And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's
 honour'd name.

17

It was his evil fortune to behold
 The labours of his painful life
 destroy'd;
 His flock which he had brought within
 the fold
 Dispersed; the work of ages render'd
 void,
 And all of good that Paraguay en-
 joy'd
 By blind and suicidal Power o'er-
 thrown. ¹⁵⁰
 So he the years of his old age em-
 ploy'd,
 A faithful chronicler, in handing down
 Names which he loved, and things well
 worthy to be known.

18

And thus, when exiled from the dear-
 loved scene,
 In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain
 Of sad remembrance; and the
 Empress Queen,
 That great Teresa, she did not disdain
 In gracious mood sometimes to enter-
 tain
 Discourse with him both pleasurable
 and sage;
 And sure a willing ear she well might
 deign ¹⁶⁰
 To one whose tales may equally en-
 The wondering mind of youth, the
 thoughtful heart of age.

19

But of his native speech because well
 nigh
 Disuse in him forgetfulness had
 wrought,
 In Latin he composed his history ;
 A garrulous, but a lively tale, and
 fraught
 With matter of delight and food for
 thought.
 And, if he could in Merlin's glass have
 seen
 By whom his tomes to speak our
 tongue were taught,
 The old man would have felt as
 pleased, I ween, 170
 As when he won the ear of that great
 Empress Queen.

20

Little he deem'd, when with his
 Indian band
 He through the wilds set forth upon
 his way,
 A Poet then unborn, and in a land
 Which had proscribed his order, should
 one day
 Take up from thence his moralizing
 lay,
 And shape a song that, with no fiction
 drest,
 Should to his worth its grateful
 tribute pay,
 And, sinking deep in many an English
 breast,
 Foster that faith divine that keeps the
 heart at rest. 180

21

Behold him on his way ! the breviary
 Which from his girdle hangs, his only
 shield ;
 That well-known habit is his panoply,
 That Cross, the only weapon he will
 wield ;
 By day he bears it for his staff afield,
 By night it is the pillar of his bed ;
 No other lodging these wild woods
 can yield
 Than earth's hard lap, and rustling
 overhead
 A canopy of deep and tangled boughs
 far spread.

22

Yet may they not without some
 cautious care 190
 Take up their inn content upon the
 ground.
 First it behoves to clear a circle there,
 And trample down the grass and
 plantage round,
 Where many a deadly reptile might
 be found, [heat
 Whom with its bright and comfortable
 The flame would else allure : such
 plagues abound
 In these thick woods, and therefore
 must they beat
 The earth, and trample well the herbs
 beneath their feet.

23

And now they heap dry reeds and
 broken wood ;
 The spark is struck, the crackling
 faggots blaze, 200
 And cheer that unaccustom'd solitude.
 Soon have they made their frugal
 meal of maize ;
 In grateful adoration then they raise
 The evening hymn. How solemn in
 the wild
 That sweet accordant strain where-
 with they praise
 The Queen of Angels, merciful and
 mild :
 Hail, holiest Mary ! Maid, and Mother
 undefiled.

24

Blame as thou may'st the Papist's
 erring creed,
 But not their salutary rite of even !
 The prayers that from a pious soul
 proceed, 210
 Though misdirected, reach the ear of
 Heaven.
 Us, unto whom a purer faith is given,
 As our best birthright it behoves to
 hold
 The precious charge ; but, oh, be-
 ware the leaven
 Which makes the heart of charity
 grow cold !
 We own one Shepherd, we shall be at
 last one fold.

25

Thinkest thou the little company who
 here
 Pour forth their hymn devout at close
 of day,
 Feel it no aid that those who hold
 them dear
 At the same hour the self-same homage
 pay, 220
 Commending them to Heaven when
 far away ?
 That the sweet bells are heard in
 solemn chime
 Through all the happy towns of
 Paraguay,
 Where now their brethren in one
 point of time
 Join in the general prayer, with sym-
 pathy sublime ?

26

That to the glorious Mother of their
 Lord
 Whole Christendom that hour its
 homage pays ?
 From court and cottage that with one
 accord
 Ascends the universal strain of praise ?
 Amid the crowded city's restless ways,
 One reverential thought pervades the
 throng ; 231
 The traveller on his lonely road obeys
 The sacred hour, and, as he fares along,
 In spirit hears and joins his household's
 even-song.

27

What if they think that every prayer
 enroll'd
 Shall one day in their good account
 appear ;
 That guardian Angels hover round
 and fold [hear ;
 Their wings in adoration while they
 Ministrant Spirits through the ethereal
 sphere
 Waft it with joy, and to the grateful
 theme, 240
 Well pleased, the Mighty Mother
 bends her ear ?
 A vain delusion this we rightly deem :
 Yet what they feel is not a mere illusive
 dream.

28

That prayer perform'd, around the
 fire reclined
 Beneath the leafy canopy they lay
 Their limbs : the Indians soon to
 sleep resign'd ;
 And the good Father with that toil-
 some day
 Fatigued, full fain to sleep, . . if sleep
 he may,
 Whom all tormenting insects there
 assail ;
 More to be dreaded these than beasts
 of prey 250
 Against whom strength may cope, or
 skill prevail,
 But art of man against these enemies
 must fail.

29

Patience itself that should the
 sovereign cure,
 For ills that touch ourselves alone,
 supply,
 Lends little aid to one who must en-
 dure
 This plague : the small tormentors fill
 the sky,
 And swarm about their prey ; there
 he must lie
 And suffer while the hours of darkness
 wear ; [sigh
 At times he utters with a deep-drawn
 Some name adored, in accents of
 despair 260
 Breath'd sorrowfully forth, half murmur
 and half prayer.

30

Welcome to him the earliest gleam of
 light ;
 Welcome to him the earliest sound of
 day ;
 That from the sufferings of that
 weary night [way,
 Released, he may resume his willing
 Well pleased again the perils to essay
 Of that drear wilderness, with hope
 renew'd :
 Success will all his labours overpay,
 A quest like his is cheerfully pursued,
 The heart is happy still that is intent on
 good. 270

31

And now where Empalado's waters
 creep
 Through low and level shores of wood-
 land wide,
 They come; prepared to cross the
 sluggish deep,
 An ill-shaped coracle of hardest hide;
 Ruder than ever Cambrian fisher plied
 Where Towey and the salt-sea waters
 meet,
 The Indians launch; they steady it
 and guide,
 Winning their way with arms and
 practised feet,
 While in the tottering boat the Father
 keeps his seat.

32

For three long summer days on every
 side ²⁸⁰
 They search in vain the sylvan soli-
 tude;
 The fourth a human footstep is espied,
 And through the mazes of the pathless
 wood
 With hound-like skill and hawk-like
 eye pursued; [they
 For keen upon their pious quest are
 As e'er were hunters on the track of
 blood. [betray
 Where softer ground or trodden herbs
 The slightest mark of man, they there
 explore the way.

33

More cautious, when more certain of
 the trace,
 In silence they proceed; not like
 a crew ²⁹⁰
 Of jovial hunters, who the joyous chase
 With hound and horn in open field
 pursue,
 Cheering their way with jubilant
 halloo,
 And hurrying forward to their spoil
 desired,
 The panting game before them, full
 in view:
 Humaner thoughts this little band
 inspired,
 Yet with a hope as high their gentle
 hearts were fired.

34

Nor is their virtuous hope devoid of
 fear;
 The perils of that enterprise they
 know;
 Some savage horde may have its
 fastness here, ³⁰⁰
 A race to whom a stranger is a foe,
 Who not for friendly words, nor pro-
 fer'd show
 Of gifts, will peace or parley entertain.
 If by such hands their blameless blood
 should flow
 To serve the Lamb who for their sins
 was slain,
 Blessed indeed their lot, for so to die is
 gain!

35

Them, thus pursuing where the track
 may lead,
 A human voice arrests upon their
 way;
 They stop, and thither, whence the
 sounds proceed,
 All eyes are turn'd in wonder, . . not
 dismay, ³¹⁰
 For sure such sounds might charm
 all fear away;
 No nightingale whose brooding mate
 is nigh,
 From some sequester'd bower at close
 of day,
 No lark rejoicing in the orient sky,
 Ever pour'd forth so wild a strain of
 melody.

36

The voice which through the ringing
 forest floats
 Is one which, having ne'er been
 taught the skill
 Of marshalling sweet words to sweeter
 notes,
 Utters all unpremeditate, at will,
 A modulated sequence loud and shrill
 Of inarticulate and long-breathed
 sound, ³²¹
 Varying its tones with rise and fall
 and trill,
 Till all the solitary woods around
 With that far-piercing power of melody
 resound.

37

In mute astonishment attent to hear,
 As if by some enchantment held, they
 stood,
 With bending head, fix'd eye, and
 eager ear,
 And hand upraised in warning atti-
 tude
 To check all speech or step that might
 intrude
 On that sweet strain. Them leaving
 thus spell-bound, 330
 A little way alone into the wood
 The Father gently moved toward the
 sound,
 Treading with quiet feet upon the
 grassy ground.

38

Anon advancing thus the trees be-
 tween,
 He saw beside her bower the songs-
 tress wild,
 Not distant far, himself the while un-
 seen.
 Mooma it was, that happy maiden
 mild,
 Who in the sunshine, like a careless
 child
 Of nature, in her joy was caroling.
 A heavier heart than his it had be-
 guiled 340
 So to have heard so fair a creature
 sing
 The strains which she had learnt from all
 sweet birds of spring.

39

For these had been her teachers, these
 alone;
 And she in many an emulous essay,
 At length into a descant of her own
 Had blended all their notes, a wild
 display
 Of sounds in rich irregular array;
 And now, as blithe as bird in vernal
 bower,
 Pour'd in full flow the unexpressive
 lay,
 Rejoicing in her consciousness of
 power, 350
 But in the inborn sense of harmony yet
 more.

40

In joy had she begun the ambitious
 song,
 With rapid interchange of sink and
 swell;
 And sometimes high the note was
 raised, and long
 Produced, with shake and effort
 sensible,
 As if the voice exulted there to dwell;
 But when she could no more that
 pitch sustain,
 So thrillingly attuned the cadence fell,
 That with the music of its dying
 strain
 She moved herself to tears of pleasurable
 pain. 360

41

It might be deem'd some dim presage
 possess'd
 The virgin's soul; that some mys-
 terious sense
 Of change to come, upon her mind
 impress'd,
 Had then call'd forth, ere she de-
 parted thence,
 A requiem to their days of innocence.
 For what thou lovest in thy native
 shade
 There is one change alone that may
 compensate,
 O Mooma, innocent and simple maid,
 Only one change, and it will not be long
 delay'd!

42

When now the Father issued from
 the wood 370
 Into that little glade in open sight,
 Like one entranced, beholding him,
 she stood;
 Yet had she more of wonder than
 affright,
 Yet less of wonder than of dread
 delight,
 When thus the actual vision came in
 view;
 For instantly the maiden read aright
 Wherefore he came; his garb and
 beard she knew;
 All that her mother heard had then in-
 deed been true.

43

Nor was the Father filled with less
surprise ;
He too strange fancies well might
entertain, ³⁸⁰
When this so fair a creature met his
eyes.
He might have thought her not of
mortal strain ;
Rather, as bards of yore were wont to
feign,
A nymph divine of Mondai's secret
stream ;
Or haply of Diana's woodland train :
For in her beauty Mooma such
might seem,
Being less a child of earth than like a
poet's dream.

44

No art of barbarous ornament had
scarr'd
And stain'd her virgin limbs, or 'fild
her face ;
Nor ever yet had evil passion marr'd
In her sweet countenance the natural
grace ³⁹¹
Of innocence and youth ; nor was
there trace
Of sorrow, or of hardening want and
care.
Strange was it in this wild and savage
place,
Which seem'd to be for beasts a fitting
lair, [fair.
Thus to behold a maid so gentle and so

45

Across her shoulders was a hammock
flung,
By night it was the maiden's bed, by
day [hung,
Her only garment. Round her as it
In short unequal folds of loose array,
The open meshes, when she moves,
display ⁴⁰¹
Her form. She stood with fix'd and
wondering eyes,
And, trembling like a leaf upon the
spray,
Even for excess of joy, with eager cries
She call'd her mother forth to share
that glad surprise.

46

At that unwonted call with quicken'd
pace
The matron hurried thither, half in
fear.
How strange to Monnema a stranger's
face !
How strange it was a stranger's voice
to hear,
How strangely to her disaccustom'd
ear ⁴¹⁰
Came even the accents of her native
tongue !
But when she saw her countrymen
appear,
Tears for that unexpected blessing
sprung,
And once again she felt as if her heart
were young.

47

Soon was her melancholy story told,
And glad consent unto that Father
good
Was given, that they to join his happy
fold
Would leave with him their forest
solitude.
Why comes not now Yeruti from the
wood ?
Why tarrieth he so late this blessed
day ? ⁴²⁰
They long to see their joy in his
renew'd,
And look impatiently toward his way,
And think they hear his step, and chide
his long delay.

48

He comes at length, a happy man, to
find
His only dream of hopeful fill'd at last.
The sunshine of his all-believing mind
There is no doubt or fear to overcast ;
No chilling forethought checks his
bliss ; the past
Leaves no regret for him, and all to
come
Is change and wonder and delight.
How fast ⁴³⁰
Hath busy fancy conjured up a sum
Of joys unknown, whereof the expect-
tance makes him dumb.

49

O happy day, the Messenger of Heaven
 Hath found them in their lonely
 dwelling-place !
 O happy day, to them it would be
 given
 To share in that Eternal Mother's
 grace,
 And one day see in heaven her glorious
 face, [adore !
 Where Angels round her mercy-throne
 Now shall they mingle with the
 human race,
 Sequester'd from their fellow-kind no
 more ; 440
 O joy of joys supreme ! O bliss for them
 in store !

50

Full of such hopes this night they lay
 them down,
 But not as they were wont, this night
 to rest.
 Their old tranquillity of heart is gone ;
 The peace wherewith till now they
 have been blest
 Hath taken its departure. In the
 breast
 Fast following thoughts and busy
 fancies throng ;
 Their sleep itself is feverish, and
 possest [belong ;
 With dreams that to the wakeful mind
 To Mooma and the youth then first the
 night seem'd long. 450

51

Day comes, and now a first and last
 farewell
 To that fair bower within their
 native wood.
 Their quiet nest till now. The bird
 may dwell
 Henceforth in safety there, and rear
 her brood,
 And beasts and reptiles undisturb'd
 intrude ; [go,
 Reckless of this, the simple tenants
 Emerging from their peaceful solitude.
 To mingle with the world, . . but not
 to know
 Its crimes, nor to partake its cares, nor
 feel its woe.

CANTO IV

THE bells rung blithely from St.
 Mary's tower,
 When in St. Joachin's the news was
 told [hour
 That Dobrizhoffer from his quest that
 Drew nigh : the glad Guaraniés young
 and old
 Throng through the gate, rejoicing to
 behold [glee
 His face again ; and all with heartfelt
 Welcome the Pastor to his peaceful
 fold, [he,
 Where so beloved amid his flock was
 That this return was like a day of
 jubilee.

2

How more than strange, how mar-
 vellous a sight 10
 To the newcomers was this multitude !
 Something like fear was mingled with
 affright [view'd ;
 When they the busy scene of turmoil
 Wonder itself the sense of joy sub-
 dued, [oppress
 And with its all-unwonted weight
 These children of the quiet solitude ;
 And now and then a sigh that heaved
 the breast
 Unconsciously bewray'd their feeling of
 unrest.

3

Not more prodigious than that little
 town
 Seem'd to these comers, were the
 pomp and power 20
 To us, of ancient Rome in her renown ;
 Nor the elder Babylon, or ere that
 hour
 When her high gardens, and her cloud-
 capt tower,
 And her broad walls before the Per-
 sian fell ;
 Nor those dread fancies on Nile's for-
 saken shore
 Whose ruins yet their pristine
 grandeur tell,
 Wherein the demon Gods themselves
 might deign to dwell.

But if, all humble as it was, that
 scene
 Possess'd a poor and uninstructed
 mind
 With awe, the thoughtful spirit, well
 I ween, 30
 Something to move its wonder there
 might find,
 Something of consolation for its kind,
 Some hope and earnest of a happier
 age,
 When vain pursuits no more the
 heart shall blind,
 But Faith the evils of this earth
 assuage,
 And to all souls assure their heavenly
 heritage.

Yes; for in history's mournful map
 the eye
 On Paraguay, as on a sunny spot,
 May rest complacent: to humanity,
 There, and there only, hath a peaceful
 lot 40
 Been granted, by Ambition troubled
 not,
 By Avarice undebased, exempt from
 care,
 By perilous passions undisturb'd.
 And what
 If Glory never rear'd her standard
 there,
 Nor with her clarion's blast awoke the
 slumbering air?

Content and cheerful Piety were
 found
 Within those humble walls. From
 youth to age
 The simple dwellers paced their even
 round
 Of duty, not desiring to engage
 Upon the busy world's contentious
 stage, 50
 Whose ways they wisely had been
 train'd to dread:
 Their inoffensive lives in pupillage
 Perpetually, but peacefully they led.
 From all temptation saved, and sure of
 daily bread.

They on the Jesuit, who was nothing
 loth,
 Reposed alike their conscience and
 their cares: [both
 And he, with equal faith, the trust of
 Accepted and discharged. The bliss
 is theirs [pares
 Of that entire dependence that pre-
 Entire submission, let what may be-
 fall; 60
 And his whole careful course of life
 declares
 That for their good he holds them
 thus in thrall,
 Their Father and their Friend, Priest,
 Ruler, all in all.

8

Food, raiment, shelter, safety, he
 provides;
 No forecast, no anxieties have they;
 The Jesuit governs, and instructs and
 guides;
 Their part it is to honour and obey,
 Like children under wise parental
 sway.
 All thoughts and wishes are to him
 confess'd;
 And, when at length in life's last
 weary day 70
 In sure and certain hope they sink
 to rest,
 By him their eyes are closed, by him
 their burial blest.

9

Deem not their lives of happiness de-
 void,
 Though thus the years their course
 obscurely fill,
 In rural and in household arts em-
 ploy'd, [skill;
 And many a pleasing task of pliant
 For emulation here unmix'd with ill
 Sufficient scope was given. Each
 had assign'd
 His proper part, which yet left free
 the will:
 So well they knew to mould the duc-
 tile mind 80
 By whom the scheme of that wise order
 was combined.

10

It was a land of priestcraft, but the
 Priest
 Believed himself the fables that he
 taught :
 Corrupt their forms, and yet those
 forms at least
 Preserved a salutary faith that
 wrought,
 Maugre the alloy, the saving end it
 sought. [there,
 Benevolence had gain'd such empire
 That even superstition had been
 brought
 An aspect of humanity to wear,
 And make the weal of man its first and
 only care. 90

11

Nor lack'd they store of innocent
 delight,
 Music and song and dance and proud
 array,
 Whate'er might win the ear, or charm
 the sight ; [play
 Banners and pageantry in rich dis-
 Brought forth upon some Saint's high
 holyday,
 The altar drest, the church with gar-
 lands hung, [way,
 Arches and floral bowers beside the
 And festal tables spread for old and
 young,
 Gladness in every heart, and mirth on
 every tongue.

12

Thou who despisest so debased a fate,
 As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st
 call 100
 These meek submissive Indians' low
 Look round the world, and see where
 over all
 Injurious passions hold mankind in
 thrall,
 How barbarous Force asserts a ruth-
 less reign, [ball,
 Or Mammon, o'er his portion of the
 Hath learn'd a baser empire to main-
 tain,
 Mammon, the god of all who give their
 souls to gain.

13

Behold the fraudful arts, the covert
 strife,
 The jarring interests that engross
 mankind ; 110
 The low pursuits, the selfish aims of
 life ;
 Studies that weary and contract the
 mind,
 That bring no joy, and leave no peace
 behind ;
 And Death approaching to dissolve
 the spell !
 The immortal soul, which hath so
 long been blind,
 Recovers then clear sight, and sees
 too well
 The error of its ways, when irretrievable.

14

Far happier the Guaranies' humble
 race, [wise,
 With whom, in dutiful contentment
 The gentle virtues had their dwelling-
 place. 120
 With them the dear domestic charities
 Sustain'd no blight from fortune ;
 natural ties
 There suffer'd no divorcement, save
 alone [arise ;
 That which in course of nature might
 No artificial wants and ills were
 known ;
 But there they dwelt as if the world
 were all their own.

15

Obedience in its laws that takes
 Was theirs ; simplicity that knows
 no art :
 Love, friendship, grateful duty in its
 height ;
 Meekness and truth, that keep all
 strife apart, 130
 And faith and hope which elevate the
 heart
 Upon its heavenly heritage intent.
 Poor, erring, self-tormentor that thou
 art, [bent,
 O Man ! and on thine own undoing
 Wherewith canst thou be blest, if not
 with these content ?

16

Mild pupils in submission's perfect
 school,
 Two thousand souls were gather'd
 here, and here
 Beneath the Jesuit's all-embracing
 rule
 They dwelt, obeying him with love
 sincere,
 That never knew distrust, nor felt a
 fear,
 Nor anxious thought which wears the¹⁴⁰
 heart away. [dear ;
 Sacred to them their laws, their Ruler
 Humbler or happier none could be
 than they
 Who knew it for their good in all things
 to obey.

17

The Patron Saint, from whom their
 town was named,
 Was that St. Joachin, who, legends
 say, [claim'd
 Unto the Saints in Limbo first pro-
 The Advent. Being permitted, on
 the day
 That Death enlarged him from this
 mortal clay,
 His daughter's high election to behold,
 Thither his soul, glad herald, wing'd
 its way,
 And to the Prophets and the Patri-¹⁵¹
 archs old
 The tidings of great joy and near
 deliverance told.

18

There on the altar was his image set,
 The lamp before it burning night and
 day,
 And there was incensed, when his
 votaries met
 Before the sacred shrine, their beads
 to say,
 And for his fancied intercession pray
 Devoutly as in faith they bent the
 knee.
 Such adoration they were taught to¹⁶⁰
 pay ;
 Good man, how little had he ween'd
 that he [idolatry
 Should thus obtain a place in Rome'

19

But chiefly there the Mother of our
 Lord,
 His blessed daughter, by the multi-
 tude
 Was for their special patroness adored.
 Amid the square on high her image
 stood,
 Claspings the Babe in her beatitude,
 The Babe Divine on whom she fix'd
 her sight ;
 And in their hearts, albe the work
 was rude,
 It rais'd the thought of all-command-
 ing might,
 Combin'd with boundless love and¹⁷⁰
 mercy infinite.

20

To this great family the Jesuit
 brought
 His new-found children now ; for
 young and old
 He deem'd alike his children, while he
 wrought
 For their salvation, . . seeking to un-
 fold
 The saving mysteries in the creed
 enroll'd,
 To their slow minds, that could but
 ill conceive [told.
 The import of the mighty truths he
 But errors they have none to which
 they cleave,
 And whatsoe'er he tells they willingly¹⁸⁰
 believe.

21

Safe from that pride of ignorance were
 they
 That with small knowledge thinks
 itself full wise.
 How at believing aught should these
 delay,
 When every where new objects met
 their eyes
 To fill the soul with wonder and sur-
 prise ?
 Not of itself, but by temptation bred,
 In man doth impious unbelief arise ;
 It is our instinct to believe and dread,
 God bids us love, and then our faith is
 perfected.

22

Quick to believe, and slow to comprehend,
 Like children, unto all the teacher taught
 Submissively an easy ear they lend :
 And to the font at once he might have brought
 These converts, if the Father had not thought
 Theirs was a case for wise and safe delay,
 Lest lightly learnt might lightly be forgot ;
 And meanwhile due instruction day by day
 Would to their opening minds the sense of truth convey.

23

Of this they reck'd not whether soon or late ;
 For overpowering wonderment possess their faculties ; and in this new estate
 Strange sights and sounds and thoughts well nigh oppress
 Their sense, and raised a turmoil in the breast
 Resenting less of pleasure than of pain ;
 And sleep afforded them no natural rest,
 But in their dreams, a mix'd disorder'd
 The busy scenes of day disturb'd their hearts again.

24

Even when the spirit to that secret wood
 Return'd, slow Mondai's silent stream beside,
 No longer there it found the solitude
 Which late it left : strange faces were descried,
 Voices, and sounds of music far and wide,
 And buildings seem'd to tower amid the trees,
 And forms of men and beasts on every side,
 As ever wakeful fancy hears and sees,
 All things that it had heard, and seen, and more than these.

25

For in their sleep strange forms deform'd they saw
 Of frightful fiends, their ghostly enemies,
 And souls who must abide the rigorous law
 Weltering in fire, and there with dolorous cries
 Blaspheming roll around their hope-
 And those who, doom'd a shorter term to bear
 In penal flames, look upward to the skies,
 Seeking and finding consolation there,
 And feel, like dew from heaven, the precious aid of prayer.

26

And Angels who around their glorious Queen
 In adoration bent their heads abased ;
 And infant faces in their dreams were seen
 Hovering on cherub-wings ; and Spirits placed
 To be their guards invisible, who chased
 With fiery arms their fiendish foes away :
 Such visions overheated fancy traced,
 Peopling the night with a confused array
 That made its hours of rest more restless than the day.

27

To all who from an old erratic course
 Of life, within the Jesuit's fold were led,
 The change was perilous. They felt the force
 Of habit, when, till then in forests bred,
 A thick perpetual umbrage overhead,
 They came to dwell in open light and air.
 This ill the Fathers long had learnt to dread,
 And still devised such means as might prepare
 The new-reclaim'd unhurt this total change to bear.

28

All thoughts and occupations to com-
 mute,
 To change their air, their water, and
 their food,
 And those old habits suddenly uproot,
 Conform'd to which the vital powers
 pursued
 Their functions, such mutation is too
 rude
 For man's fine frame unshaken to
 sustain.
 And these poor children of the soli-
 tude²⁵⁰
 Began ere long to pay the bitter
 pain
 That their new way of life brought with
 it in its train.

29

On Monnema the apprehended ill
 Came first; the matron sunk beneath
 the weight
 Of a strong malady, whose force no
 skill
 In healing might avert, or mitigate.
 Yet, happy in her children's safe estate,
 Her thankfulness for them she still
 exprest;
 And, yielding then complacently to
 fate,
 With Christian rites her passing hour
 was blest,²⁶⁰
 And with a Christian's hope she was
 consign'd to rest.

30

They laid her in the Garden of the
 Dead;
 Such as a Christian burial-place should
 be
 Was that fair spot, where every grave
 was spread
 With flowers, and not a weed to spring
 was free;
 But the pure blossoms of the orange
 tree
 Dropt like a shower of fragrance on
 the bier;
 And palms, the type of immortality,
 Planted in stately colonnades appear,
 That all was verdant there throughout
 the unvarying year.²⁷⁰

31

Nor ever did irreverent feet intrude
 Within that sacred spot: nor sound
 of mirth,
 Unseemly there, profane the solitude,
 Where solemnly committed earth to
 earth,
 Waiting the summons for their second
 birth,
 Whole generations in Death's peace-
 ful fold
 Collected lay; green innocence, ripe
 worth,
 Youth full of hope, and age whose
 days were told,
 Compress'd alike into that mass of
 mortal mould.

32

Mortal, and yet at the Archangel's
 voice²⁸⁰
 To put on immortality. That call
 Shall one day make the sentient dust
 rejoice;
 These bodies then shall rise and cast
 off all
 Corruption, with whate'er of earthy
 thrall
 Had clogg'd the heavenly image, then
 set free.
 How then should Death a Christian's
 heart appal?
 Lo, Heaven for you is open; . . enter
 ye
 Children of God, and heirs of his eternity!

33

This hope supported Mooma, hand in
 hand
 When with Yeruti at the grave she
 stood.²⁹⁰
 Less even now of death they under-
 stand
 Than of the joys eternal that en-
 sued;
 The bliss of infinite beatitude
 To them had been their teacher's
 favourite theme,
 Wherewith their hearts so fully were
 imbued,
 That it the sole reality might seem,
 Life, death, and all things else, a shadow
 or a dream.

34

Yea, so possess with that best hope
were they.

That, if the heavens had open'd over

And the Archangel with his trump
that day ³⁰⁰

To judgement had convoked the quick
and dead.

They would have heard the summons
not with dread,

But in the joy of faith that knows no
fear;

Come, Lord! come quickly! would
this pair have said,

And thou, O Queen of men and Angels
dear,

Lift us whom thou hast loved into thy
happy sphere!

35

They wept not at the grave, though
overwrought

With feelings there as if the heart
would break.

Some haply might have deem'd they
suffer'd not;

Yet they who look'd upon that Maiden
meek ³¹⁰

Might see what deep emotion blanch'd
her cheek.

An inward light there was which fill'd
her eyes,

And told, more forcibly than words
could speak,

That this disruption of her earliest ties
Had shaken mind and frame in all their
faculties.

36

It was not passion only that disturb'd
Her gentle nature thus; it was not
grief;

Nor human feeling by the effort curb'd
Of some misdeeming duty, when relief

Were surely to be found, albeit brief,
If sorrow at its springs might freely
flow; ³²¹

Nor yet repining, stronger than belief
In its first force, that shook the Maiden

so,
Though these alone might that frail
fabric overthrow.

37

The seeds of death were in her at that
hour,

Soon was their quick'ning and their
growth display'd;

Thenceforth she droop'd and wither'd
like a flower,

Which, when it flourish'd in its native
shade,

Some child to his own garden hath
convey'd,

And planted in the sun, to pine away.
Thus was the gentle Mooma seen to

fade, ³³¹

Not under sharp disease, but day by
day
Losing the powers of life in visible decay.

38

The sunny hue that tinged her cheek
was gone,

A deathly paleness settled in its stead;
The light of joy which in her eyes had

shone,
Now, like a lamp that is no longer fed,
Grew dim; but, when she raised her

heavy head
Some proffer'd help of kindness to
partake,

Those feeble eyes a languid lustre
shed, ³⁴⁰

And her sad smile of thankfulness
would wake
Grief even in callous hearts for that
sweet sufferer's sake.

39

How had Yeruti borne to see her fade?
But he was spared the lamentable

sight,
Himself upon the bed of sickness laid.

Joy of his heart, and of his eyes the
light

Had Mooma been to him, his soul's
delight,

On whom his mind for ever was in-
tent,

His darling thought by day, his dream
by night,

The playmate of his youth in mercy
sent, ³⁵⁰

With whom his life had pass'd in peace-
fullest content.

40

Well was it for the youth, and well for
 her,
 As there in placid helplessness she lay,
 He was not present with his love to
 stir [clay,
 Emotions that might shake her feeble
 And rouse up in her heart a strong
 array
 Of feelings, hurtful only when they
 bind [away.
 To earth the soul that soon must pass
 But this was spared them; and no
 pain of mind
 To trouble her had she, instinctively
 resign'd. 360

41

Nor was there wanting to the sufferers
 aught
 Of careful kindness to alleviate
 The affliction; for the universal
 thought
 In that poor town was of their sad
 estate,
 And what might best relieve or miti-
 gate
 Their case, what help of nature or of
 art;
 And many were the prayers compas-
 sionate
 That the good Saints their healing
 would impart,
 Breathed in that maid's behalf from
 many a tender heart.

42

And vows were made for her, if vows
 might save; 370
 She for herself the while preferr'd no
 prayer;
 For, when she stood beside her
 Mother's grave,
 Her earthly hopes and thoughts had
 ended there.
 Her only longing now was, free as air
 From this obstructive flesh to take
 her flight
 For Paradise, and seek her Mother
 there,
 And then regaining her beloved sight
 Rest in the eternal sense of undisturb'd
 delight.

43

Her heart was there, and there she
 felt and knew
 That soon full surely should her
 spirit be. 380
 And who can tell what foretastes might
 ensue
 To one, whose soul, from all earth's
 thralldom free,
 Was waiting thus for immortality?
 Sometimes she spake with short and
 hurried breath [see,
 As if some happy sight she seem'd to
 While in the fulness of a perfect faith,
 Even with a lover's hope, she lay and
 look'd for death.

44

I said that for herself the patient
 maid
 Preferr'd no prayer; but oft her
 feeble tongue
 And feebler breath a voice of praise
 essay'd; 390
 And duly, when the vesper bell was
 rung, [sung
 Her evening hymn in faint accord she
 So piously, that they who gather'd
 round [hung,
 Awe-stricken on her heavenly accents
 As though they thought it were no
 mortal sound,
 But that the place whereon they stood
 was holy ground.

45

At such an hour when Dobrizhoffer
 stood
 Beside her bed, oh! how unlike, he
 thought,
 This voice to that which ringing
 through the wood
 Had led him to the secret bower he
 sought! 400
 And was it then for this that he had
 brought
 That harmless household from their
 native shade? [lot;
 Death had already been the mother's
 And this fair Mooma, was she form'd
 to fade
 So soon, . . . so soon must she in earth's
 cold lap be laid?

46

Yet he had no misgiving at the sight ;
And wherefore should he ? he had
acted well,
And, deeming of the ways of God
aright, [befell
Knew that to such as these, whate'er
Must needs for them be best. But
who could dwell 470
Unmoved upon the fate of one so
young,
So blithesome late ? What marvel if
tears fell, [hung,
From that good man as over her he
And that the prayers he said came fal-
tering from his tongue !

47

She saw him weep, and she could
understand
The cause thus tremulously that made
him speak.
By his emotion moved she took his
hand; [cheek
A gleam of pleasure o'er her pallid
Pass'd, while she look'd at him with
meaning meek,
And for a little while, as loth to part,
Detaining him, her fingers lank and
weak, 422
Play'd with their hold; then letting
him depart
She gave him a slow smile that touch'd
him to the heart.

48

Mourn not for her! for what hath
 life to give [here?
 That should detain her ready spirit
 Thinkest thou that it were worth a
 wish to live,
 Could wishes hold her from her proper
 sphere?
 That simple heart, that innocence
 sincere
 The world would stain. Fitter she
 ne'er could be
 For the great change; and now that
 change is near, 430
 Oh who would keep her soul from
 Maiden beloved of Heaven, to die is best
 for thee!

49

She hath pass'd away, and on her lips
a smile
Hath settled, fix'd in death. Judged
they aright,
Or suffer'd they their fancy to beguile
The reason, who believed that she
had sight
Of Heaven before her spirit took its
flight ;
That Angels waited round her lowly
bed ;
And that in that last effort of delight,
When, lifting up her dying arms, she
said, 440
I come ! a ray from heaven upon her
face was shed ?

50

St. Joachin's had never seen a day
Of such profuse and general grief
before,
As when with tapers, dirge, and long
array
The Maiden's body to the grave they
bore.
All eyes, all hearts, her early death
deplore ;
Yet, wondering at the fortune they
lament,
They the wise ways of Providence
adore,
By whom the Pastor surely had been
sent,
When to the Mondai woods upon his
quest he went.

51

This was, indeed, a chosen family,
For Heaven's especial favour mark'd,
they said ;
Shut out from all mankind they
seem'd to be,
Yet mercifully there were visited,
That so within the fold they might
be led, [two
Thou call'd away to bliss. Already
In their baptismal innocence were
dead ;
The third was on the bed of death,
they knew,
And in the appointed course must
presently ensue.

52

They marvell'd therefore, when the
youth once more ⁴⁶⁰
Rose from his bed and walk'd abroad
again ;
Severe had been the malady, and sore
The trial, while life struggled to main-
tain
Its seat against the sharp assaults of
pain :
But life in him was vigorous ; long he
lay
Ere it could its ascendancy regain,
Then, when the natural powers re-
sumed their sway,
All trace of late disease pass'd rapidly
away.

53

The first inquiry, when his mind was
free,
Was for his Sister. She was gone, they
said, ⁴⁷⁰
Gone to her Mother, evermore to be
With her in Heaven. At this no tears
he shed,
Nor was he seen to sorrow for the
dead ;
But took the fatal tidings in such part
As if a dull unfeeling nature bred
His unconcern ; for hard would seem
the heart
To which a loss like his no suffering
could impart.

54

How little do they see what is, who
frame
Their hasty judgement upon that
which seems !
Waters that babble on their way pro-
claim ⁴⁸⁰
A shallowness : but in their strength
deep streams
Flow silently. Of death Yeruti
deems
Not as an ill, but as the last great
good,
Compared wherewith all other he
esteems
Transient and void : how then should
thought intrude
Of sorrow in his heart for their beatitude ?

55

While dwelling in their sylvan solitude
Less had Yeruti learnt to entertain
A sense of age than death. He under-
stood
Something of death from creatures
he had slain ; ⁴⁹⁰
But here the ills which follow in the
train
Of age had first to him been mani-
fest, . .
The shrunken form, the limbs that
move with pain,
The failing sense, infirmity, unrest, . .
That in his heart he said to die betimes
was best.

56

Nor had he lost the dead : they were
but gone
Before him, whither he should shortly
go.
Their robes of glory they had first
put on ;
He, cumber'd with mortality, below
Must yet abide awhile, content to
know ⁵⁰⁰
He should not wait in long expectance
here.
What cause then for repining, or for
woe ?
Soon shall he join them in their
heavenly sphere,
And often, even now, he knew that they
were near.

57

'Twas but in open day to close his
eyes
And shut out the unprofitable view
Of all this weary world's realities,
And forthwith, even as if they lived
anew,
The dead were with him ; features,
form and hue,
And looks and gestures were restored
again : ⁵¹⁰
Their actual presence in his heart he
knew ;
And, when their converse was dis-
turb'd, oh then
How flat and stale it was to mix with
living men !

But not the less, whate'er was to be
done,
With living men he took his part
content,
At loom, in garden, or a-field, as one
Whose spirit, wholly on obedience
bent,
To every task its prompt attention
lent.
Alert in labour he among the best ;
And when to church the congregation
went, ⁵²⁰
None more exact than he to cross his
breast,
And kneel, or rise, and do in all things
like the rest.

59

Cheerful he was, almost like one elate
With wine, before it hath disturb'd
his power
Of reason. Yet he seem'd to feel the
weight
Of time ; for always, when from
yonder tower
He heard the clock tell out the passing
hour,
The sound appear'd to give him some
delight :
And, when the evening shades began
to lower,
Then was he seen to watch the fading
light ⁵³
As if his heart rejoiced at the return o
night.

60

The old man to whom he had been
given in care [said.
To Dobrizhoffer came one day and
The trouble which our youth was
thought to bear
With such indifference hath deranged
his head.
He says that he is nightly visited ;
His Mother and his Sister come an
say
That he must give this message from
the dead,
Not to defer his baptism, and delay
A soul upon the earth which should n
longer stay. ⁵⁴⁰

61

A dream the Jesuit deem'd it ; a deceit
Upon itself by feverish fancy wrought ;
A mere delusion which it were not
meet
To censure, lest the youth's distem-
per'd thought
Might thereby be to farther error
brought ;
But he himself its vanity would
find, . . [not.
They argued thus, . . if it were noticed
His baptism was in fitting time
design'd
The Father said, and then dismiss'd it
from his mind.

62

But the old Indian came again ere
long ⁵⁵⁰
With the same tale, and freely then
confest [wrong ;
His doubt that he had done Yeruti
For something more than common
seem'd imprint ;
And now he thought that certes it
were best
From the youth's lips his own account
to hear,
Haply the Father then to his request
Might yield, regarding his desire
sincere,
Nor wait for farther time, if there were
ought to fear.

63

Considerately the Jesuit heard, and
bade
The youth be called. Yeruti told
his tale. ⁵⁶⁰
Nightly these blessed spirits came, he
said,
To warn him he must come within
the pale
Of Christ without delay ; nor must
he fail
This warning to their Pastor to repeat,
Till the renewed entreaty should pre-
vail.
Life's business then for him would be
complete,
And 'twas to tell him this they left their
starry seat.

64

Came they to him in dreams ? . . he
 could not tell.
 Sleeping or waking now small difference made ;
 For even while he slept he knew full
 well 570
 That his dear Mother and that darling
 Maid
 Both in the Garden of the Dead were
 laid : [same,
 And yet he saw them as in life, the
 Save only that in radiant robes array'd,
 And round about their presence when
 they came
 There shone an effluent light as of a
 harmless flame.

65

And where he was he knew, the time,
 the place, . .
 All circumstantial things to him were
 clear.
 His own heart undisturb'd. His
 Mother's face
 How could he choose but know ; or,
 knowing, fear 580
 Her presence and that Maid's, to him
 more dear [below ?
 Than all that had been left him now
 Their love had drawn them from their
 happy sphere ;
 That dearest love unchanged they
 came to show ;
 And he must be baptized, and then he
 too might go.

66

With searching ken the Jesuit while
 he spake
 Perused him, if in countenance or tone
 Aught might be found appearing to
 partake
 Of madness. Mark of passion there
 was none ;
 None of derangement : in his eye
 alone, 590
 As from a hidden fountain emanate,
 Something of an unusual brightness
 shone : [state
 But neither word nor look betray'd a
 Of wandering, and his speech, though
 earnest, was sedate.

67

Regular his pulse, from all disorder
 free,
 The vital powers perform'd their part
 assign'd ;
 And to whate'er was ask'd collectedly
 He answer'd. Nothing troubled him
 in mind ;
 Why should it ? Were not all around
 him kind ?
 Did not all love him with a love
 sincere, 600
 And seem in serving him a joy to find ?
 He had no want, no pain, no grief, no
 fear ;
 But he must be baptized ; he could not
 tarry here.

68

Thy will be done, Father in heaven
 who art !
 The Pastor said, nor longer now
 denied ;
 But with a weight of awe upon his
 heart
 Enter'd the church, and there, the
 font beside,
 With holy water, chrism and salt
 applied,
 Perform'd in all solemnity the rite.
 His feeling was that hour with fear
 allied ; 610
 Yeruti's was a sense of pure delight,
 And while he knelt his eyes seem'd
 larger and more bright.

69

His wish hath been obtain'd, and this
 being done
 His soul was to its full desire content.
 The day in its accustom'd course
 pass'd on,
 The Indian mark'd him ere to rest he
 went,
 How o'er his beads, as he was wont,
 he bent,
 And then, like one who casts all care
 aside, [event,
 Lay down. The old man fear'd no ill
 When, ' Ye are come for me ! ' Yeruti
 cried ; 620
 ' Yes, I am ready now ! ' and instantly
 he died.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO.

ΕΥΑΝΘΕΑ Δ' ΑΝΑΒΑΣΟΜΑΙ
ΣΤΟΛΟΝ ΑΜΦ' ΑΡΕΤΑ
ΚΕΛΑΔΕΩΝ.—PINDAR, *Pyth.* 2.

TO
JOHN MAY,
AFTER A FRIENDSHIP OF TWENTY YEARS,
THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED,
IN TESTIMONY OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM AND AFFECTION,
BY
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ARGUMENT

THE first part of this Poem describes a journey to the scene of war. The second is in an allegorical form; it exposes the gross material philosophy which has been the guiding principle of the French politicians, from Mirabeau to Buonaparte; and it states the opinions of those persons who lament the restoration of the Bourbons, because the hopes which they entertained from the French Revolution have not been realized: and of those who see only evil, or blind chance, in the course of human events.

To the Christian philosopher all things are consistent and clear. Our first parents brought with them the light of natural religion and the moral law; as men departed from these, they tended towards barbarous and savage life; large portions of the world are in this degenerated state; still, upon the great scale, the human race, from the beginning, has been progressive. But the direct object of Buonaparte was to establish a military despotism wherever his power extended; and the immediate and inevitable consequence of such a system is to brutalize and degrade mankind. The contest in which this country was engaged against that Tyrant, was a struggle between good and evil principles, and never was there a victory so important to the best hopes

of human nature as that which was won by British valour at Waterloo, . . its effects extending over the whole civilized world, and involving the vital interests of all mankind.

That victory leaves England in security and peace. In no age and in no country has man ever existed under circumstances so favourable to the full developement of his moral and intellectual faculties, as in England at this time. The peace which she has won by the battle of Waterloo, leaves her at leisure to pursue the great objects and duties of bettering her own condition, and diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity.

PROEM

1

ONCE more I see thee, Skiddaw! once again

Behold thee in thy majesty serene,
Where, like the bulwark of this favour'd plain,

Alone thou standest, monarch of the scene . .

Thou glorious Mountain, on whose ample breast

The sunbeams love to play, the vapours
love to rest!

Once more, O Derwent, to thy awful
shores

I come, insatiate of the accustom'd
sight;

And, listening as the eternal torrent
roars,

Drink in with eye and ear a fresh
delight: 10

For I have wander'd far by land and
sea,

In all my wanderings still remembering
thee.

Twelve years, (how large a part of
man's brief day !)

Nor idly, nor ingloriously spent,
Of evil and of good have held their way,
Since first upon thy banks I pitch'd
my tent.

Hither I came in manhood's active
prime,

And here my head hath felt the touch
of time.

Heaven hath with goodly increase blest
me here,

Where childless and oppress'd with
grief I came; 20

With voice of fervent thankfulness
sincere

Let me the blessings which are mine
proclaim;

Here I possess, . . what more should
I require ?

Books, children, leisure, . . all my heart's
desire.

O joyful hour, when to our longing
home

The long-expected wheels at length
drew nigh !

When the first sound went forth, ' They
come, they come ! '

And hope's impatience quicken'd
every eye !

' Never had man whom Heaven would
heap with bliss

More glad return, more happy hour,
than this.' 30

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms
dispread,

My boy stood, shouting there his
father's name,

Waving his hat around his happy head ;
And there, a younger group, his sisters
came :

Smiling they stood with looks of pleased
surprize,

While tears of joy were seen in elder
eyes.

7

Soon each and all came crowding round
to share

The cordial greeting, the beloved
sight; [there !

What welcomings of hand and lip were
And, when those overflowings of
delight 40

Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

8

The young companion of our weary way
Found here the end desired of all her
ills ;

She, who in sickness pining many a day
Hunger'd and thirsted for her native
hills,

Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
Rejoiced to see her own dear home again.

Recover'd now, the homesick moun-
taineer

Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
Her twin-like comrade, . . render'd
doubly dear 51

For that long absence : full of life was
she,

With voluble discourse and eager mien
Telling of all the wonders she had seen.

10

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove ;

And gently oft from time to time she
woo'd [love,

Pressure of hand, or word, or look of
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,

Soliciting again the wish'd caress. 60

700 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

11

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,

My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :
Long of our promised coming, day by day,
It had been their delight to hear and tell ;

And now, when that long-promised hour
was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held
them dumb.

12

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life
declines,

A dim and troubled power doth
Memory hold :

But soon the light of young Remem-
brance shines 70
Renew'd, and influences of dormant love
Waken'd within, with quickening in-
fluence move.

13

O happy season theirs, when absence
brings [pain,

Small feeling of privation, none of
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn ex-
pand again !

Nor deem our second infancy unblest,
When gradually composed we sink to
rest. 78

14

Soon they grew blithe as they were
wont to be ; [seek :

Her old endearments each began to
And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
And pat with fondling hand her
father's cheek ; [thus

With voice and touch and look reviving
The feelings which had slept in long
disuse.

15

But there stood one whose heart could
entertain

And comprehend the fulness of the joy ;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy :
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had
watch'd his infancy. 90

16

Bring forth the treasures now, . . a proud
display, . . [return !

For rich as Eastern merchants we
Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey,
The Friars whose heads with sober
motion turn, [hives,
The Ark well-fill'd with all its numerous
Noah and Shem and Ham and Japhet,
and their wives.

17

The tumbler, loose of limb ; the
wrestlers twain ; [device,

And many a toy beside of quaint
Which, when his fleecy troops no more
can gain

Their pasture on the mountains hoar
with ice, 100

The German shepherd carves with
curious knife, [life.

Earning in easy toil the food of frugal

18

It was a group which Richter, had he
view'd, [fect skill ;

Might have deem'd worthy of his per-
The keen impatience of the younger
brood, [still ;

Their eager eyes and fingers never
The hope, the wonder, and the restless
joy [boy !

Of those glad girls, and that vociferous

19

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own
delight ; 110

The mother's heart-felt happiness the
while ; [sight ;

The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful
And he who, in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue perform'd
the showman's part.

20

Scoff ye who will ! but let me, gracious
Heaven, [day !

Preserve this boyish heart till life's last
For so that inward light by Nature given

Shall still direct, and cheer me on my
way, [descend,

And, brightening as the shades of ago
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at
the end. 120

21

This was the morning light vouchsafed,
 which led
 My favour'd footsteps to the Muses'
 hill,
 Whose arduous paths I have not ceased
 to tread,
 From good to better persevering still ;
 And, if but self-approved, to praise or
 blame
 Indifferent, while I toil for lasting fame.

23

But when I reach at themes of loftier
 thought,
 And tell of things surpassing earthly
 sense,
 (Which by yourselves, O Muses, I am
 taught,)
 Then aid me with your fuller influence,
 And to the height of that great argu-
 ment
 Support my spirit in her strong ascent !

22

And O ye nymphs of Castaly divine !
 Whom I have dutifully served so
 long,
 Benignant to your votary now incline,
 That I may win your ear with gentle
 song, ¹³⁰
 Such as, I ween, is ne'er disown'd by
 you, . .
 A low prelusive strain, to nature true.

24

So may I boldly round my temples bind
 The laurel which my master Spenser
 wore ; ¹⁴⁰
 And, free in spirit as the mountain wind
 That makes my symphony in this
 lone hour,
 No perishable song of triumph raise,
 But sing in worthy strains my Country's
 praise.

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE

PART I

THE JOURNEY

ΤΩΝ ΠΟΛΥΚΤΟΝΩΝ ΓΑΡ
 ΟΥΚ ΑΣΚΟΠΟΙ ΘΕΟΙ.
 ÆSCHYLUS.

I. FLANDERS

OUR world hath seen the work of war's
 debate
 Consummated in one momentous
 day
 Twice in the course of time ; and twice
 the fate
 Of unborn ages hung upon the
 fray :
 First at Platæa, in that awful hour
 When Greece united smote the Persian's
 power.

For, had the Persian triumph'd, then the
 spring
 Of knowledge from that living source
 had ceast ;
 All would have fallen before the bar-
 barous King,
 Art, Science, Freedom ; the despotic
 East, ¹⁰
 Setting her mark upon the race subdued,
 Had stamp'd them in the mould of
 sensual servitude.

The second day was that when Martel
 broke ^{[oppress,}
 The Musselmen, delivering France
 And, in one mighty conflict, from the yoke
 Of misbelieving Mecca saved the
 West ;
 Else had the Impostor's law destroy'd
 the ties
 Of public weal and private charities.

Such was the danger, when that Man of
 Blood
 Burst from the iron Isle, and brought
 again, 20
 Like Satan rising from the sulphurous
 flood,
 His impious legions to the battle
 plain : [field
 Such too was our deliverance, when the
 Of Waterloo beheld his fortunes yield.

I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
 Even when the Tyrant seem'd to
 touch the skies,
 Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble
 burst,
 And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
 Even in that faith had look'd not for
 defeat 29
 So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.

Me most of all men it behoved to raise
 The strain of triumph for this foe
 subdued,
 To give a voice to joy, and in my lays
 Exalt a nation's hymn of gratitude,
 And blazon forth in song that day's
 renown, . .
 For I was graced with England's laurel
 crown.

And, as I once had journey'd to behold
 Far off, Ourique's consecrated field,
 Where Portugal the faithful and the bold
 Assumed the symbols of her sacred
 shield, 40
 More reason now that I should bend my
 way
 The field of British glory to survey.

So forth I set upon this pilgrimage,
 And took the partner of my life with
 me, [age
 And one dear girl, just ripe enough of
 Retentively to see what I should see ;
 That thus, with mutual recollections
 fraught,
 We might bring home a store for after-
 thought,

We left our pleasant Land of Lakes, and
 went
 Throughout whole England's length,
 a weary way, 50
 Even to the farthest shores of eastern
 Kent :
 Embarking there upon an autumn
 day,
 Toward Ostend we held our course all
 night,
 And anchor'd by its quay at morning's
 earliest light.

Small vestige there of that old siege
 appears,
 And little of remembrance would be
 found,
 When for the space of three long painful
 years
 The persevering Spaniard girt it
 round,
 And gallant youths of many a realm
 from far
 Went students to that busy school of
 war. 60

Yet still those wars of obstinate defence
 Their lessons offer to the soldier's
 hand ;
 Large knowledge may the statesman
 draw from thence :
 And still from underneath the drifted
 sand,
 Sometimes the storm, or passing foot
 lays bare
 Part of the harvest Death has gather'd
 there.

Peace be within thy walls, thou famous
 town,
 For thy brave bearing in those times
 of old ;
 May plenty thy industrious children
 crown,
 And prosperous merchants day by
 day behold 70
 Many a rich vessel from the injurious
 sea
 Enter the bosom of thy quiet quay,

13

Embarking there, we glided on between
 Strait banks raised high above the
 level land,
 With many a cheerful dwelling white
 and green [hand.
 In goodly neighbourhood on either
 Huge-timber'd bridges o'er the passage
 lay, [way.
 Which wheel'd aside and gave us easy

14

Four horses, aided by the favouring
 breeze,
 Drew our gay vessel, slow and sleek
 and large; 80
 Crack goes the whip, the steersman at
 his ease [barge.
 Directs the way, and steady went the
 Ere evening closed to Bruges thus we
 came, . .
 Fair city, worthy of her ancient fame.

15

The season of her splendour is gone by,
 Yet every where its monuments
 remain; [on high,
 Temples which rear their stately heads
 Canals that intersect the fertile plain,
 Wide streets and squares, with many
 a court and hall
 Spacious and undefaced, but ancient all.

16

Time hath not wrong'd her, nor hath
 Ruin sought 91
 Rudely her splendid structures to
 destroy, [fraught,
 Save in those recent days with evil
 When Mutability, in drunken joy
 Triumphant, and from all restraint
 released, [beast.
 Let loose the fierce and many-headed

17

But for the scars in that unhappy rage
 Inflicted, firm she stands and unde-
 cay'd;
 Like our first sires', a beautiful old age
 Is hers, in venerable years array'd;
 And yet to her benignant stars may
 bring, 101
 What fate denies to man, . . a second
 spring.

18

When I may read of tilts in days of old,
 And tourneys graced by chieftains of
 renown, [bold,
 Fair dames, grave citizens, and warriors
 If Fancy would pourtray some stately
 town, [be,
 Which for such pomp fit theatre should
 Fair Bruges, I shall then remember thee.

19

Nor did thy landscape yield me less
 delight,
 Seen from the deck as slow it glided
 by, 110
 Or when beneath us, from thy Belfroy's
 height, [sky;
 Its boundless circle met the bending
 The waters smooth and straight, thy
 proper boast,
 And lines of road-side trees in long
 perspective lost.

20

No happier landscape may on earth be
 seen, [groves,
 Rich gardens all around and fruitful
 White dwellings trim relieved with
 lively green, [loves,
 The pollard that the Flemish painter
 With aspens tall and poplars fair to view,
 Casting o'er all the land a grey and
 willow hue. 120

21

My lot hath lain in scenes sublime and
 rude,
 Where still devoutly I have served
 and sought [tude.
 The Power divine which dwells in soli-
 In boyhood was I wont, with rapture
 fraught, [free,
 Amid those rocks and woods to wander
 Where Avon hastens to the Severn sea.

22

In Cintra also have I dwelt erewhile,
 That earthly Eden, and have seen at
 eve [tain pile,
 The sea-mists, gathering round its moun-
 Whelm with their billows all below,
 but leave 130
 One pinnacle sole seen, whereon it stood
 Like the Ark on Ararat, above the flood.

And now am I a Cumbrian moun-
taineer;
Their wintry garment of unsullied
snow
The mountains have put on, the heavens
are clear,
And yon dark lake spreads silently
below;
Who sees them only in their summer
hour
Sees but their beauties half, and knows
not half their power.

Yet hath the Flemish scene a charm for
me
That soothes and wins upon the
willing heart; 140
Though all is level as the sleeping
sea,
A natural beauty springs from perfect
art,
And something more than pleasure fills
the breast
To see how well-directed toil is blest.

Two nights have pass'd; the morning
opens well,
Fair are the aspects of the favouring
sky;
Soon yon sweet chimes the appointed
hour will tell,
For here to music Time moves merrily:
Aboard! aboard! no more must we
delay, . . .
Farewell, good people of the *Fleur de*
Bled! 150

Beside the busy wharf the Trekschuit
rides,
With painted plumes and tent-like
awning gay;
Carts, barrows, coaches, hurry from all
sides,
And passengers and porters throng
the way,
Contending all at once in clamorous
speech,
French, Flemish, English, each confusing
each.

All disregardant of the Babel sound,
A swan kept oaring near with upraised
eye, . . . 158
A beauteous pensioner, who daily found
The bounty of such casual company;
Nor left us till the bell said all was done,
And slowly we our watery way begun.

Europe can boast no richer, goodlier
scene,
Than that through which our pleasant
passage lay, [green,
By fertile fields and fruitful gardens
The journey of a short autumnal day;
Sleek well-fed steeds our steady vessel
drew,
The heavens were fair, and Mirth was
of our crew.

Along the smooth canal's unbending line,
Beguiling time with light discourse,
we went, 170
Nor wanting savoury food nor generous
wine.
Ashore too there was feast and
merriment;
The jovial peasants at some village fair
Were dancing, drinking, smoking,
gambling there.

Of these, or of the ancient towers of
Ghent [tell;
Renown'd, I must not tarry now to
Of picture, or of church, or monument;
Nor how we mounted to that pon-
derous bell,
The Belfroy's boast, which bears old
Roland's name,
Nor yields to Oxford Tom, or Tom of
Lincoln's fame. 180

Nor of that sisterhood, whom to their rule
Of holy life no hasty vows restrain,
Who, meek disciples of the Christian
school,
Watch by the bed of sickness and of
pain: [impart
Oh what a strength divine doth Faith
To inborn goodness in the female heart!

32
A gentle party from the shores of Kent
Thus far had been our comrades, as
befell;

Fortune had link'd us first, and now
Consent, . .

For why should Choice divide whom
Chance so well 190
Had join'd, and they to view the
famous ground,
Like us, were to the Field of Battle
bound.

33
Farther as yet they look'd not than that
quest, . .

The land was all before them where
to choose.
So we consorted here as seemed best ;
Who would such pleasant fellowship
refuse
Of ladies fair and gentle comrades
free ? . .
Certes we were a joyous company.

34
Yet lack'd we not discourse for graver
times,
Such as might suit sage auditors, I
ween ; 200

For some among us in far distant climes
The cities and the ways of men had
seen ; [well
No unobservant travellers they, but
Of what they there had learnt they knew
to tell.

35
The one of frozen Moscovy could speak,
And well his willing listeners entertain
With tales of that inclement region
bleak, [reign,
The pageantry and pomp of Catherine's
And that proud city, which with wise
intent

The mighty founder raised, his own
great monument. 210

36
And one had dwelt with Malabars and
Moors, [dispense
Where fertile earth and genial heaven
Profuse their bounty upon Indian shores;
Whate'er delights the eye, or charms
the sense,

The valleys with perpetual fruitage
blest,
The mountains with unfading foliage
drest.

37
He those barbaric palaces had seen,
The work of Eastern potentates of old ;
And in the Temples of the Rock had
been,
Awe-struck their dread recesses to
behold ; 220
A gifted hand was his, which by its skill
Could to the eye pourtraysuch wondrous
scenes at will.

38
A third, who from the Land of Lakes
with me
Went out upon this pleasant pilgrim-
age,
Had sojourn'd long beyond the Atlantic
sea ;
Adventurous was his spirit as his age,
For he in far Brazil, through wood and
waste,
Had travell'd many a day, and there
his heart was placed.

39
Wild region, . . happy if at night he
found
The shelter of some rude Tapuya's
shed ; 230
Else would he take his lodgement on
the ground,
Or from the tree suspend his hardy
bed ;
And sometimes, starting at the jaguar's
cries,
See through the murky night the
prowler's fiery eyes.

40
And sometimes over thirsty deserts
drear,
And sometimes over flooded plains
he went ; . .
A joy it was his fire-side tales to hear,
And he a comrade to my heart's con-
tent :
For he of what I most desired could tell,
And loved the Portugals because he
knew them well. 240

41

Here to the easy barge we bade adieu ;
 Land-travellers now along the well-
 paved way,
 Where road-side trees, still lengthening
 on the view,
 Before us and behind unvarying lay :
 Through lands well-labour'd to Alost we
 came,
 Where whilome treachery stain'd the
 English name.

42

Then saw we Affligem, by ruin rent,
 Whose venerable fragments strew the
 land ;
 Grown wise too late, the multitude
 lament
 The ravage of their own unhappy
 hand ;
 Its records in their frenzy torn and
 tost,
 Its precious stores of learning wreck'd
 and lost.

43

Whatever else we saw was cheerful all,
 The signs of steady labour well re-
 paid ;
 The grapes were ripe on every cottage
 wall,
 And merry peasants seated in the
 shade
 Of garner, or within the open door,
 From gather'd hop-vines pluck'd the
 plenteous store.

44

Through Assche for water and for cakes
 redown'd
 We pass'd, pursuing still our way,
 though late ;
 And when the shades of night were
 closing round,
 Brussels received us through her
 friendly gate, . .
 Proud city, fated many a change to
 see,
 And now the seat of new-made
 monarchy.

II. BRUSSELS

1

WHERE might a gayer spectacle be
 found
 Than Brussels offer'd on that festive
 night,
 Her squares and palaces irradiate round
 To welcome the imperial Muscovite,
 Who now, the wrongs of Europe twice
 redress'd,
 Came there a welcome and a glorious
 guest ?

2

Her mile-long avenue with lamps was
 hung,
 Innumerable, which diffused a light
 like day ;
 Where through the line of splendour, old
 and young
 Paraded all in festival array ;
 While fiery barges, plying to and fro,
 hurried as they moved the liquid gl
 below.

3

By day with hurrying crowds the streets
 were throng'd,
 To gain of this great Czar a passing
 sight ;
 And music, dance, and banquetings
 prolong'd
 The various work of pleasure through
 the night.
 You might have deem'd, to see that
 joyous town,
 That wretchedness and pain were there
 unknown.

4

Yet three short months had scarcely
 pass'd away,
 Since, shaken with the approaching
 battle's breath,
 Her inmost chambers trembled with
 dismay ;
 And now within her walls insatiate
 Death,
 Devourer whom no harvest e'er can fill,
 The gleanings of that field was gathering
 still.

Within those walls there linger'd at that
hour [pain,

Many a brave soldier on the bed of
Whom aid of human art should ne'er
restore [again ;

To see his country and his friends
And many a victim of that fell debate,
Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of
fate. 30

6

Some I beheld, for whom the doubtful
scale [length ;

Had to the side of life inclined at
Emaciate was their form, their features
pale, [strength ;

The limbs so vigorous late, bereft of
And, for their gay habiliments of yore,
The habit of the House of Pain they
wore.

7

Some in the courts of that great hospital,
That they might taste the sun and
open air,

Crawl'd out ; or sate beneath the
southern wall ;

Or, leaning in the gate, stood gazing
there 40

In listless guise upon the passers by,
Whiling away the hours of slow re-
covery.

8

Others in waggons borne abroad I saw,
Albeit recovering, still a mournful
sight :

Languid and helpless some were
stretch'd on straw,

Some more advanced sustain'd them-
selves upright,

And with bold eye and careless front,
methought,

Seem'd to set wounds and death again
at nought.

9

Well had it fared with these ; nor went
it ill

With those whom war had of a limb
bereft, 50

Leaving the life untouch'd, that they
had still [left ;

Enough for health as for existence

But some there were who lived to draw
the breath
Of pain through hopeless years of linger-
ing death.

10

Here might the hideous face of war be
seen,

Stript of all pomp, adornment, and
disguise ;

It was a dismal spectacle, I ween,
Such as might well to the beholders'
eyes [mind

Bring sudden tears, and make the pious
Grieve for the crimes and follies of man-
kind. 60

11

What had it been then in the recent
days

Of that great triumph, when the open
wound [ways

Was festering, and along the crowded
Hour after hour was heard the inces-
sant sound

Of wheels, which o'er the rough and
stony road

Convey'd their living agonizing load !

12

Hearts little to the melting mood in-
clined

Grew sick to see their sufferings ; and
the thought

Still comes with horror to the shuddering
mind

Of those sad days when Belgian ears
were taught 70

The British soldier's cry, half groan, half
prayer,

Breathed when his pain is more than he
can bear.

13

Brave spirits, nobly had their part been
done !

Brussels could show, where Senne's
slow waters glide,

The cannon which their matchless
valour won,

Proud trophies of the field, ranged
side by side,

Where as they stood in inoffensive row,
The solitary guard paced to and fro.

Unconscious instruments of human woe,
 Some for their mark the royal lilies
 bore, ⁸⁰
 Fix'd there when Britain was the
 Bourbon's foe ;
 And some emboss'd in brazen letters
 were
 The sign of that abhorr'd misrule, which
 broke
 The guilty nation for a Tyrant's yoke.

15

Others were stamp'd with that Usurper's
 name, . .
 Recorders thus of many a change
 were they,
 Their deadly work through every change
 the same ;
 Nor ever had they seen a bloodier day,
 Than when, as their late thunders roll'd
 around,
 Brabant in all her cities felt the sound.

16

Then ceased their occupation. From
 the field ⁹¹
 Of battle here in triumph were they
 brought ;
 Ribands and flowers and laurels half
 conceal'd
 Their brazen mouths, so late with ruin
 fraught ;
 Women beheld them pass with joyful
 eyes,
 And children clapt their hands and rent
 the air with cries.

17

Now idly on the banks of Senne they
 lay,
 Like toys with which a child is pleased
 no more :
 Only the British traveller bends his
 way
 To see them on that unfrequented
 shore, ¹⁰⁰
 And, as a mournful feeling blends with
 pride,
 Remembers those who fought, and those
 who died.

III. THE FIELD OF BATTLE

1

SOUTHWARD from Brussels lies the field
 of blood,
 Some three hours' journey for a well-
 girt man ;
 A horseman who in haste pursued his
 road
 Would reach it as the second hour
 began.
 The way is through a forest deep and
 wide,
 Extending many a mile on either side.

2

No cheerful woodland this of antic trees,
 With thickets varied and with sunny
 glade ;
 Look where he will, the weary traveller
 sees
 One gloomy, thick, impenetrable
 shade ¹⁰
 Of tall straight trunks, which move
 before his sight,
 With interchange of lines of long green
 light.

3

Here, where the woods receding from
 the road
 Have left on either hand an open
 space
 For fields and gardens and for man's
 abode,
 Stands Waterloo ; a little lowly place,
 Obscure till now, when it hath risen to
 fame,
 And given the victory its English name.

4

What time the second Carlos ruled in
 Spain,
 Last of the Austrian line by Fate
 decreed, ²⁰
 Here Castanaca reared a votive fane,
 Praying the Patron Saints to bless
 with seed
 His childless sovereign ; Heaven denied
 an heir,
 And Europe mourn'd in blood the frus-
 trate prayer.

That temple to our hearts was hallow'd
now :

For many a wounded Briton there
was laid, [allow
With such poor help as time might then
From the fresh carnage of the field
convey'd ;
And they whom human succours could
not save
Here in its precincts found a hasty
grave. 30

6

And here on marble tablets set on high,
In English lines by foreign workmen
traced,
Are names familiar to an English eye ;
Their brethren here the fit memorials
placed, [tell
Whose unadorned inscriptions briefly
Their gallant comrades' rank, and
where they fell.

The stateliest monument of public pride
Enrich'd with all magnificence of art,
To honour Chieftains who in victory
died,

Would wake no stronger feeling in
the heart 40
Than these plain tablets, by the soldier's
hand H
Raised to his comrades in a foreign land.

Not far removed you find the burial-
ground,
Yet so that skirts of woodland inter-
vene ;
A small enclosure, rudely fenced around ;
Three grave-stones only for the dead
are seen :

One bears the name of some rich villager,
The first for whom a stone was planted
there.

9

Beneath the second is a German laid,
Whom Bremen, shaking off the
Frenchman's yoke, 50
Sent with her sons the general cause to
aid ; [stroke,
He in the fight received his mortal

Yet for his country's aggravated woes
Lived to see vengeance on her hated
foes.

10

A son of Erin sleeps below the third ;
By friendly hands his body where it
lay
Upon the field of blood had been in-
terr'd,

And thence by those who mourn'd
him borne away
In pious reverence for departed worth,
Laid here with holy rites in consecrated
earth. 60

11

Repose in peace, brave soldiers, who
have found
In Waterloos and Soignys shade your
rest !
Ere this hath British valour made that
ground

Sacred to you, and for your foes un-
blest,
When Marlborough here, victorious in
his might
Surprized the French, and smote them
in their flight.

12

Those wars are as a tale of times gone
by,
For so doth perishable fame decay, . .
Here on the ground wherein the slaugh-
ter'd lie,

The memory of that fight is pass'd
away ; . . 70
And even our glorious Blenheim to the
field
Of Waterloo and Wellington must yield.

13

Soon shall we reach that scene of mighty
In one unbending line a short league
hence ;

Aright the forest from the road recedes,
With wide sweep trending south and
westward thence ;
Aleft along the line it keeps its place,
Some half hour's distance at a traveller's
pace.

710 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

14
The country here expands, a wide-
spread scene ;

No Flemish gardens fringed with
willows these, 80
Nor rich Brabantine pastures ever green,
With trenches lined and rows of aspin
trees ;

In tillage here the unwooded open land
Returns its increase to the farmer's hand.

15
Behold the scene where Slaughter had
full sway !

A mile before us lieth Mount St. John,
The hamlet which the Highlanders that
day

Preserved from spoil ; yet as much
farther on
The single farm is placed, now known
to fame,
Which from the sacred hedge derives
its name. 90

16
Straight onward yet for one like distance
more, [stands,
And there the house of Belle Alliance
So named, I guess, by some in days of
yore, [hands :

In friendship or in wedlock joining
Little did they who call'd it thus foresee
The place that name should hold in
history !

17
Beyond these points the fight extended
not . . .
Small theatre for such a tragedy !
Its breadth scarce more, from eastern
Papelot

To where the groves of Hougoumont
on high 100
Rear in the west their venerable head,
And cover with their shade the countless
dead.

18
But wouldst thou tread this celebrated
ground, [scene
And trace with understanding eyes a
Above all other fields of war renown'd,
From western Hougoumont thy way
begin ;

There was our strength on that side, and
there first,
In all its force, the storm of battle burst.

19
Strike eastward then across toward La
Haye,
The single farm : with dead the fields
between 110
Are lined, and thou wilt see upon the
way

Long wave-like dips and swells which
intervene,
Such as would breathe the war-horse,
and impede,
When that deep soil was wet, his martial
speed.

20
This is the ground whereon the young
Nassau,
Emulating that day his ancestor's
renown, [saw
Received his hurt ; admiring Belgium
The youth proved worthy of his
destined crown :
All tongues his prowess on that day
proclaim,
And children lisp his praise and bless
their Prince's name. 120

21
When thou hast reach'd La Haye, sur-
vey it well,
Here was the heat and centre of the
strife ;

This point must Britain hold whate'er
befell,
And here both armies were profuse of
life : [by
Once it was lost, . . and then a stander
Belike had trembled for the victory.

22
Not so the leader, on whose equal mind
Such interests hung in that momen-
tous day ;

Sowell had he his motley troops assign'd,
That where the vital points of action
lay, 130
There had he placed those soldiers whom
he knew
No fears could quail, no dangers could
subdue.

23

Small was his British force, nor had he here

The Portugals, in heart so near allied,
The worthy comrades of his late career,
Who fought so oft and conquer'd at
his side, [advance,
When, with the Red Cross join'd in brave
The glorious Quinas mock'd the air of
France.

24

Now of the troops with whom he took
the field

Some were of doubtful faith, and
others raw ; 140
He station'd these where they might
stand or yield ; [saw,

But where the stress of battle he fore-
There were his links (his own strong
words I speak)
And rivets which no human force could
break.

25

O my brave countrymen, ye answer'd
well

To that heroic trust ! Nor less did ye,
Whose worth your grateful country aye
shall tell,

True children of our sister Germany,
Who, while she groan'd beneath the
oppressor's chain,
Fought for her freedom in the fields of
Spain. 150

26

La Haye, bear witness ! sacred is it hight,
And sacred is it truly from that day ;
For never braver blood was spent in fight
Than Britain here hath mingled with
the clay.

Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce
can'st tread

Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead

27

Here was it that the Highlanders with-
stood [weight

The tide of hostile power, received its
With resolute strength, and stemm'd
and turn'd the flood ;

And fitly here, as in that Grecia
strait, 16

he funeral stone might say, Go,
traveller, tell
Scotland, that in our duty here we
fell.

28

Still eastward from this point thy way
pursue.

There grows a single hedge along the
lane, . .

No other is there far or near in view :
The raging enemy essay'd in vain
to pass that line, . . a braver foe with-
stood,
and this whole ground was moisten'd
with their blood.

29

Leading his gallant men as he was wont,
The hot assailants' onset to repel, 170
Advancing hat in hand, here in the
front

Of battle and of danger, Pieton fell ;
Lamented Chief ! than whom no braver
name
His country's annals shall consign to
fame.

30

Scheldt had not seen us, had his voice
been heard,

Return with shame from her disastrous
coast :

But Fortune soon to fairer fields pre-
ferr'd

His worth approved, which Cambria
long may boast :

France felt him then, and Portugal and
Spain

His honour'd memory will for aye retain.

31

Hence to the high-wall'd house of
Papelot, 181

The battle's boundary on the left,
incline ;

Here thou seest Frischermont not far
remote,

From whence, like ministers of wrath
divine,

The Prussians, issuing on the yielding
foe,

Consummated their great and tota
overthrow.

712 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

32

Deem not that I the martial skill should
boast
Where horse and foot were station'd
here to tell,
What points were occupied by either
host,
And how the battle raged, and what
befell, ¹⁹⁰
And how our great Commander's eagle
eye,
Which comprehended all, secured the
victory.

33

This were the historian's, not the poet's
part;
Such task would ill the gentle Muse
beseech,
Who to the thoughtful mind and pious
heart
Comes with her offering from this
awful theme;
Content if what she saw and gather'd
there
She may in unambitious song declare.

34

Look how upon the Ocean's treacherous
face
The breeze and summer sunshine
softly play, ²⁰⁰
And the green-heaving billows bear no
trace
Of all the wrath and wreck of yester-
day; . . .
So from the field which here we look'd
upon
The vestiges of dreadful war were gone.

35

Earth had received into her silent
womb
Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and
man they lay,
And friend and foe, within the general
tomb.
Equal had been their lot; one fatal
day
For all, . . . one labour, . . . and one place
of rest
They found within their common
parent's breast. ²¹⁰

36

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
The stamp of numerous hoofs im-
press'd by force
Of cavalry, whose path might still be
traced.
Yet Nature every where resumed her
course;
Low pansies to the sun their purple
gave,
And the soft poppy blossom'd on the
grave.

37

In parts the careful farmer had re-
new'd
His labours, late by battle frustrated;
And where the unconscious soil had been
imbued
With blood, profusely there like water
shed, ²²⁰
There had his plough-share turn'd the
guilty ground,
And the green corn was springing all
around.

38

The graves he left for natural thought
humane
Untouch'd; and here and there,
where in the strife
Contending feet had trampled down the
grain,
Some hardier roots were found,
which of their life
Tenacious, had put forth a second
head,
And sprung, and ear'd, and ripen'd on
the dead.

39

Some marks of wreck were scatter'd all
around,
As shoe, and belt, and broken bando-
leer, ²³⁰
And hats which bore the mark of mortal
wound;
Gun-flints and balls for those who
closelier peer;
And sometimes did the breeze upon its
breath
Bear from ill-cover'd graves a taint of
death.

40

More vestige of destructive man was
seen

Where man in works of peace had
labour'd more;

At Hougoumont the hottest strife had
been,

Where trees and walls the mournful
record bore

Of war's wild rage, trunks pierced with
many a wound,

And roofs and half-burnt rafters on the
ground. 240

41

A goodly mansion this, with gardens
fair,

And ancient groves and fruitful
orchard wide,

Its dove-cot and its decent house of
prayer,

Its ample stalls and garners well sup-
plied,

And spacious bartons clean, well-wall'd
around,

Where all the wealth of rural life was
found.

42

That goodly mansion on the ground
was laid,

Save here and there a blacken'd
broken wall;

The wounded who were borne beneath
its shade

Had there been crush'd and buried by
the fall; 250

And there they lie where they received
their doom, . .

Oh let no hand disturb that honourable
tomb!

43

Contiguous to this wreck the little
fane,

For worship hallow'd, still uninjured
stands,

Save that its Crucifix displays too
plain

The marks of outrage from irreverent
hands.

Alas, to think such irreligious deed
Of wrong from British soldiers should

proceed!

44

The dove-cot too remains; scared at
the fight

The birds sought shelter in the forest
shade; 260

But still they kept their native haunts
in sight,

And when few days their terror had
allay'd,

Forsook again the solitary wood,
For their old home and human neigh-

bourhood.

45

The gardener's dwelling was untouch'd;
his wife

Fled with her children to some near
retreat,

And there lay trembling for her hus-
band's life:

He stood the issue, saw the foe's
retreat,

And lives unhurt where thousands fell
around,

To tell the story of that famous ground.

46

His generous dog was well approved that
hour, 271

By courage as by love to man
allied;

He through the fiery storm and iron
shower

Kept the ground bravely by his
master's side:

And now when to the stranger's hand
he draws,

The noble beast seems conscious of
applause.

47

Toward the grove the wall with musket
holes

Is pierced; our soldiers here their
station held

Against the foe, and many were the
souls

Then from their fleshly tenements
expell'd. 280

Six hundred Frenchmen have been
burnt close by,

And underneath one mound their bones
and ashes lie.

714 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

48

One streak of blood upon the wall was traced,

In length a man's just stature from the head ;

There where it gushed you saw it unefaced ;

Of all the blood which on that day was shed

This mortal stain alone remain'd impress'd, . .

The all-devouring earth had drunk the rest.

49

Here from the heaps who strew'd the fatal plain

Was Howard's corse by faithful hands convey'd, ²⁹⁰

And, not to be confounded with the slain,

Here in a grave apart with reverence laid,

Till hence his honour'd relics o'er the seas

Were borne to England, there to rest in peace.

50

Another grave had yielded up its dead,
From whence to bear his son a father came,

That he might lay him where his own grey head

Ere long must needs be laid. That soldier's name

Was not remember'd there, yet may the verse

Present this reverent tribute to his herse. ³⁰⁰

51

Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,

Where armies had with recent fury fought,

To mark how gentle Nature still pursued

Her quiet course, as if she took no care

For what her noblest work had suffer'd there ?

52

The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall ;

Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread

The trees, though pierced and scarr'd with many a ball,

Had only in their natural season shed : ³¹⁰

Flowers were in seed whose buds to swell began

When such wild havoc here was made of man !

53

Throughout the garden, fruits and herbs and flowers

You saw in growth, or ripeness, or decay ;

The green and well-trimm'd dial mark'd the hours

With gliding shadow as they pass'd away ;

Who would have thought, to see this garden fair,

Such horrors had so late been acted there !

54

Now Hougoumont, farewell to thy domain !

Might I dispose of thee, no woodman's hand ³²⁰

Should e'er thy venerable groves profane ;

Untouch'd, and like a temple, should they stand,

And, consecrate by general feeling, wave

Their branches o'er the ground where sleep the brave.

55

Thy ruins as they fell should aye remain, . .

What monument so fit for those below ?

Thy garden through whole ages should retain

The form and fashion which it weareth now,

That future pilgrims here might all things see, ³²⁹

Such as they were at this great victory.

IV. THE SCENE OF WAR

No cloud the azure vault of heaven
 distain'd
 That day, when we the field of war
 survey'd ;
 The leaves were falling, but the groves
 retain'd
 Foliage enough for beauty and for
 shade ;
 Soft airs prevail'd, and through the
 sunny hours
 The bees were busy on the year's last
 flowers.

Well was the season with the scene com-
 bined.
 The autumnal sunshine suited well
 the mood
 Which here possess'd the meditative
 mind, . .
 A human sense upon the field of
 blood, 10
 A Christian thankfulness, a British
 pride,
 Temper'd by solemn thought, yet still
 to joy allied.

What British heart that would not feel
 a flow,
 Upon that ground, of elevating pride?
 What British cheek is there that would
 not glow
 To hear our country blest and magni-
 fied ? . .
 For Britain here was blest by old and
 young,
 Admired by every heart and praised by
 every tongue.

Not for brave bearing in the field
 alone
 Doth grateful Belgium bless the
 British name ; 20
 The order and the perfect honour shown
 In all things, have enhanced the
 soldier's fame :

For this we heard the admiring people
 raise
 One universal voice sincere of praise.

Yet with indignant feeling they enquired
 Wherefore we spared the author of
 this strife?
 Why had we not, as highest law re-
 quired,
 With ignominy closed the culprit's
 life ?
 For him alone had all this blood been
 shed, . .
 Why had not vengeance struck the
 guilty head ? 30

6

O God ! they said, it was a piteous
 thing
 To see the after-horrors of the fight,
 The lingering death, the hopeless
 suffering, . .
 What heart of flesh unmoved could
 bear the sight?
 One man was cause of all this world of
 woe, . .
 Ye had him, . . and ye did not strike the
 blow !

How will ye answer to all after time
 For that great lesson which ye fail'd
 to give?
 As if excess of guilt excused the crime,
 Black as he is with blood ye let him
 live ! 40
 Children of evil, take your course hence-
 forth,
 For what is Justice but a name on earth !

8

Vain had it been with these in glosing
 speech
 Of precedents to use the specious
 tongue :
 This might perplex the ear, but fail to
 reach
 The heart, from whence that honest
 feeling sprung :
 And, had I dared my inner sense belie,
 The voice of blood was there to join
 them in their cry.

716 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

9

We left the field of battle in such mood
 As human hearts from thence should
 bear away, 50
 And musing thus our purposed route
 pursued,
 Which still through scenes of recent
 bloodshed lay,
 Where Prussia late with strong and
 stern delight
 Hung on her hated foes to persecute
 their flight.

10

No hour for tarriance that, or for
 remorse !
 Vengeance, who long had hunger'd,
 took her fill,
 And Retribution held its righteous
 course :
 As when in elder time the Sun stood
 still
 On Gibeon, and the Moon above the
 vale
 Of Ajalon hung motionless and pale. 60

11

And what though no portentous day
 was given
 To render here the work of wrath
 complete,
 The Sun, I ween, seem'd standing still
 in heaven
 To those who hurried from that dire
 defeat ;
 And, when they pray'd for darkness in
 their flight,
 The Moon arose upon them broad and
 bright.

12

No covert might they find ; the open
 land,
 O'er which so late exultingly they
 pass'd,
 Lay all before them and on either
 hand ;
 Close on their flight the avengers
 follow'd fast, 70
 And when they reach'd Genappe and
 there drew breath,
 Short respite found they there from
 fear and death.

13

That fatal town betray'd them to more
 loss ;
 Through one long street the only
 And then the narrow bridge they needs
 must cross
 Where Dyle, a shallow streamlet,
 cross'd the way :
 For life they fled, . . no thought had they
 but fear,
 And their own baggage choak'd the
 outlet here.

14

He who had bridged the Danube's
 affluent stream,
 With all the unbroken Austrian power
 in sight, 80
 (So had his empire vanish'd like a dream)
 Was by this brook impeded in his
 flight ; . . [there . .
 And then what passions did he witness
 Rage, terror, execrations, and despair !

15

Ere through the wreck his passage could
 be made,
 Three miserable hours, which seem'd
 like years,
 Was he in that ignoble strait delay'd ;
 The dreadful Prussian's cry was in
 his ears, [hell
 Fear in his heart, and in his soul that
 Whose due rewards he merited so well.

16

Foremost again as he was wont to be
 In fight, though not the foremost in
 the strife, 92
 The Tyrant hurried on, of infamy
 Regardless, nor regarding ought but
 life ; . . [faith
 Oh wretch ! without the courage or the
 To die with those whom he had led to
 death !

17

Meantime his guilty followers in disgrace,
 Whose pride for ever now was beaten
 down, [place ;
 Some in the houses sought a hiding-
 While at the entrance of that fatal
 town 100

Others, who yet some show of heart
display'd,
A short vain effort of resistance made :

18

Feeble and ill-sustain'd ! The foe burst
through :

With unabating heat they search'd
around ;
The wretches from their lurking-holes
they drew, . .

Such mercy as the French had given
they found ;
Death had more victims there in that
one hour

Than fifty years might else have ren-
der'd to his power.

19

Here did we inn upon our pilgrimage,
After such day an unfit resting-place :
For who from ghastly thoughts could
disengage

The haunted mind, when every where
the trace
Of death was seen, . . the blood-stain on
the wall,

And musquet-marks in chamber and in
hall !

20

All talk too was of death. They shew'd
us here

The room where Brunswick's body
had been laid,

Where his brave followers, bending o'er
the bier,

In bitterness their vow of vengeance
made ;

Where Wellington beheld the slaughter'd
And for awhile gave way to manly grief.

21

Duhesme, whose crimes the Catalans
may tell,

Died here ; . . with sabre strokes the
posts are scored,

Hewn down upon the threshold where
he fell,

Himself then tasting of the ruthless
sword ;

A Brunswicker discharged the debt of
And where he dropt the stone preserves
the stain.

22

Too much of life hath on thy plains been
shed,

Brabant ! so oft the scene of war's
debate ;

But ne'er with blood were they so
largely fed

As in this rout and wreck ; when
righteous Fate

Brought on the French, in warning to
all times,

A vengeance wide and sweeping as their
crimes :

23

Vengeance for Egypt and for Syria's
wrong ;

For Portugal's unutterable woes ;
For Germany, who suffer'd all too
long

Beneath these lawless, faithless, god-
less foes ;

For blood which on the Lord so long
had cried,

For Earth oppress, and Heaven insulted
and defied.

24

We follow'd from Genappe their line of
flight

To the Cross Roads, where Britain's
sons sustain'd

Against such perilous force the desperate
fight :

Deserving for that field so well main-
tain'd,

Such fame as for a like devotion's
meed

The world hath to the Spartan band
decreed.

25

Upon this ground the noble Brunswick
died,

Led on too rashly by his ardent
heart ;

Long shall his grateful country tell with
pride

How manfully he chose the better
part :

When groaning Germany in chains was
bound,

He only of her Princes faithful found.

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26

And here right bravely did the German
band
Once more sustain their well-deserved
applause ;
As when, revenging there their native
land,
In Spain they labour'd for the general
cause.
In this most arduous strife none more
than they
Endured the heat and burthen of the
day.

27

Here too we heard the praise of British
worth,
Still best approved when most severely
tried ;
Here were broad patches of loose-lying
earth,
Sufficing scarce the mingled bones to
hide, . . . 160
And half-uncover'd graves, where one
The loathliest features of mortality.

28

Eastward from hence we struck, and
reach'd the field
Of Ligny, where the Prussian, on that
day
By far-outnumbering force constrain'd
to yield,
Fronted the foe, and held them still
at bay ;
And in that brave defeat acquired fresh
claim
To glory, and enhanced his country's
fame.

29

Here was a scene which fancy might
delight
To treasure up among her cherish'd
stores, 170
And bring again before the inward
sight
Often when she recalls the long-past
hours ; . .
Well-cultured hill and dale extending
wide,
Hamlets and village spires on every
side ;

30

The autumnal-tinted groves ; the up-
land mill
Which oft was won and lost amid the
fray :
Green pastures water'd by the silent rill ;
The lordly Castle yielding to decay,
With bridge and barbacan and moat and
tower,
A fairer sight perchance than when it
frown'd in power : 180

31

The avenue before its ruin'd gate,
Which when the Castle, suffering less
from time
Than havoc, hath foregone its strength
and state, [prime ;
Uninjured flourisheth in nature's
To us a grateful shade did it supply,
Glad of that shelter from the noontide
sky :

32

The quarries deep, where many a mas-
sive block
For some Parisian monument of pride
Hewn with long labour from the granite
rock,
Lay in the change of fortune cast
aside ; 190
But rightly with those stones should
Prussia build
Her monumental pile on Ligny's bloody
field !

33

The wealthy village bearing but too plain
The dismal marks of recent fire and
spoil ;
Its decent habitants, an active train,
And many a one at work with needful
toil
On roof or thatch, the ruin to repair, . .
May never War repeat such devastation
there !

34

Ill had we done if we had hurried by
A scene in faithful history to be
famed 200
Through long succeeding ages ; nor
may I
The hospitality let pass unnamed,

THE SCENE OF WAR

719

And courteous kindness on that distant
ground,
Which, strangers as we were, for Eng-
land's sake we found.

35

And dear to England should be Ligny's
name,
Prussia and England both were proved
that day,
Each generous nation to the other's
fame
Her ample tribute of applause will
pay;
Long as the memory of those labours
past,
Unbroken may their Fair Alliance last!

36

The tales which of that field I could
unfold
Better it is that silence should con-
ceal.
They who had seen them shudder'd
while they told
Of things so hideous: and they cried
with zeal,
One man hath caused all this, of men
the worst, . .
O wherefore have ye spared his head
accurst!

37

It fits not now to tell our farther way
Through many a scene by bounteous
nature blest,
Nor how we found, where'er our journey
lay,
An Englishman was still an honour'd
guest,
But still upon this point, where'er we
went,
The indignant voice was heard of discon-
tent

38

And hence there lay, too plainly might
we see.
An ominous feeling upon every heart:
What hope of lasting order could there
be,
They said, where Justice has not had
her part?

Wisdom doth rule with Justice by her
side;
Justice from Wisdom none may e'er
divide.

39

The shaken mind felt all things insecure:
Accustom'd long to see successful
crimes,
And helplessly the heavy yoke endure,
They now look'd back upon their
fathers' times,
Ere the wild rule of Anarchy began,
As to some happier world, or golden age
of man.

40

As they who in the vale of years ad-
vance,
And the dark eve is closing on their
way,
When on their mind the recollections
glimmer
Of early joy, and Hope's delightful
Behold, in brighter hues than those of
truth,
The light of morning on the fields of
youth.

41

Those who amid these troubles had
grown grey
Recurr'd with mournful feeling to the
past;
Blest had we known our blessings, they
would say,
We were not worthy that our bliss
should last!
Peaceful we were, and flourishing and
free,
But madly we required more liberty!

42

Remorseless France had long oppress'd
the land,
And for her frantic projects drain'd
its blood;
And now they felt the Prussian's heavy
hand.
He came to aid them; bravely had
he stood
In their defence; . . but oh! in peace
how ill
The soldier's deeds, how insolent his

720 THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

43

One general wish prevail'd, . . if they

The happy order of old times restored!
Give them their former laws and liberty,
This their desires and secret prayers
implored; . .
Forgetful, as the stream of time flows on,
That that which passes is for ever gone.

PART II

THE VISION

ΕΠΕΞΕ ΝΥΝ ΣΚΟΠΩ ΤΟΨΟΝ,
ΑΓΕ ΟΤΙΜΕ.—PINDAR.

I. THE TOWER

I THOUGHT upon these things in solitude,
And mused upon them in the silent
night;
The open graves, the recent scene of
blood,
Were present to the soul's creative
sight;
These mournful images my mind pos-
And mingled with the visions of my rest.

2

Methought that I was travelling o'er a
plain
Whose limits, far beyond all reach
of sense,
The aching anxious sight explored in
vain.
How I came there I could not tell, nor
whence;
Nor where my melancholy journey lay;
Only that soon the night would close
upon my way.

3

Behind me was a dolorous, dreary scene,
With huge and mouldering ruins
widely spread;
Wastes which had whilome fertile
regions been,
Tombs which had lost all record of
the dead;

And where the dim horizon seem'd to
close,
Far off the gloomy Pyramids arose.

Full fain would I have known what lay
before,
But lifted there in vain my mortal
eye;
That point with cloud and mist was
cover'd o'er,
As though the earth were mingled
with the sky.
Yet thither, as some power unseen
impell'd,
My blind involuntary way I held.

Across the plain innumerable crowds
Like me were on their destined journey
bent,
Toward the land of shadows and of
clouds:
One pace they travelled, to one point
they went; . .
A motley multitude of old and young,
Men of all climes and hues, and every
tongue.

6

Ere long I came upon a field of dead,
Where heaps of recent carnage fill'd
the way;
A ghastly sight, . . nor was there where
to tread,
So thickly slaughter'd, horse and man,
they lay.
Methought that in that place of death
I knew
Again the late-scen field of Waterloo.

Troubled I stood, and doubtful where to
go, . .
A cold damp shuddering ran through
all my frame;
Fain would I fly from that dread scene,
when lo!
A voice as from above pronounced
my name;
And, looking to the sound, by the way-
side
I saw a lofty structure edified.

8
Most like it seem'd to that aspiring
Tower
Which old Ambition rear'd on Babel's
plain, [power
As if he ween'd in his presumptuous
To scale high Heaven with daring
pride profane ;
Such was its giddy height : and round
and round
The spiral steps in long ascension wound.

9
Its frail foundations upon sand were
placed,
And round about it mouldering
rubbish lay ; 50
For easily by time and storms defaced
The loose materials crumbled in
decay :
Rising so high, and built so insecure,
Ill might such perishable work endure.

10
I not the less went up, and, as I drew
Toward the top, more firm the structure
seem'd, [view :
With nicer art composed, and fair to
Strong and well-built perchance I
might have deem'd
The pile, had I not seen and understood
Of what frail matter form'd, and on
what base it stood. 60

11
There on the summit a grave personage
Received and welcomed me in cour-
teous guise ;
On his grey temples were the marks of
age,
As one whom years methought should
render wise.
I saw that thou wert fill'd with doubt
and fear,
He said, and therefore have I call'd
thee here.

12
Hence from this eminence sublime I see
The wanderings of the erring crowd
below,
And, pitying thee in thy perplexity,
Will tell thee all that thou canst need
to know 70

To guide thy steps aright. I bent my
head
As if in thanks, . . And who art thou ? I
said.

13
He answer'd, I am Wisdom. Mother
Earth
Me, in her vigour self-conceiving,
bore ;
And, as from eldest time I date my birth,
Eternally with her shall I endure ;
Her noblest offspring I, to whom alone
The course of subinary things is known.

14
Master ! quoth I, regarding him, I
thought
That Wisdom was the child divine of
Heaven. 80
So, he replied, have fabling preachers
taught,
And the dull World a light belief hath
given.
But vainly would these fools my claim
decry, . .
Wisdom I am, and of the Earth am I.

15
Thus while he spake I scann'd his
features well :
Small but audacious was the Old
Man's eye ;
His countenance was hard, and seem'd
to tell
Of knowledge less than of effrontery.
Instruct me then, I said, for thou
should'st know,
From whence I came, and whither I
must go. 90

16
Art thou then one who would his mind
perplex
With knowledge bootless even if
attain'd ?
Fond man ! he answer'd ; . . wherefore
shouldst thou vex
Thy heart with seeking what may not
be gain'd !
Regard not what has been, nor what
may be,
O Child of Earth, this Now is all that
toucheth thee !

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17

He who performs the journey of to-day
Cares not if yesterday were shower or
sun:

To-morrow let the heavens be what
they may,
And what reck's he? . . his wayfare will
be done. 100
Heedless of what hereafter may befall,
Live whilst thou livest, for this life is all!

18

I kept my rising indignation down,
That I might hear what farther he
would teach;
Yet on his darken'd brow the instinc-
tive frown,
Gathering at that abominable speech,
Maintain'd its place: he mark'd it and
pursued,
Tuning his practised tongue to subtle
flattery's mood:

19

Do I not know thee, . . that from earliest
youth
Knowledge hath been thy only heart's-
desire? 110
Here seeing all things as they are in truth,
I show thee all to which thy thoughts
aspire: [sense,
No vapours here impede the exalted
Nor mists of earth attain this eminence.

20

Whither thy way, thou askest me, and
what [tend,
The region dark whereto thy footsteps
And where by one inevitable lot
The course of all yon multitude must
end.
Take thou this glass, whose perfect
power shall aid
Thy faulty vision, and therewith ex-
plore the shade. 120

21

Eager I look'd; but, seeing with sur-
prise
That the same darkness still the view
o'erspread,
Half angrily I turn'd away mine eyes
Complacent then the Old Man smiled
and said,

Darkness is all! what more wouldst
thou desery?
Rest now content, for farther none can
spy.

22

Now mark me, Child of Earth! he thus
pursued; [blind,
Let not the hypocrites thy reason
and to the quest of some unreal good
Divert with dogmas vain thine erring
mind: 130
Learn thou, whate'er the motive they
may call,
That Pleasure is the aim, and Self the
spring of all.

23

This is the root of knowledge. Wise
are they
Who to this guiding principle attend;
They, as they press along the world's
high-way, [end:
With single aim pursue their steady
No vain compunction checks their sure
career;
No idle dreams deceive; their heart is
here.

24

They from the nature and the fate of
man,
Thus clearly understood, derive their
strength; 140
Knowing that, as from nothing they
began,
To nothing they must needs return
at length;
This knowledge steels the heart and
clears the mind,
And they create on earth the Heaven
they find.

25

Such, I made answer, was the Tyrant's
creed
Who bruised the nations with his iron
rod, [meed
Till on yon field the wretch received his
From Britain, and the outstretch'd
arm of God! [view,
Behold him now, . . Death ever in his
The only change for him, . . and Judg-
ment to ensue! 150

26

Behold him when the unbidden thoughts
arise

Of his old passions and unbridled
power;
As the fierce tiger in confinement lies,
And dreams of blood that he must
taste no more, . .

Then, waking in that appetite of rage,
Frets to and fro within his narrow cage.

27

Hath he not chosen well ? the Old Man
replied ;

Bravely he aim'd at universal sway ;
And never earthly Chief was glorified

Like this Napoleon in his prosperous
day. 160

All-ruling Fate itself hath not the power
To alter what has been : and he has had
his hour !

28

Take him, I answer'd, at his fortune's
flood ;

Russia his friend, the Austrian wars
surceased,

When Kings, his creatures some, and
some subdued,

Like vassals waited at his marriage
feast ;

And Europe like a map before him lay,
Of which he gave at will, or took away.

29

Call then to mind Navarre's heroic chief,
Wandering by night and day through
wood and glen, 170

His country's sufferings like a private
grief [then

Wringing his heart : would Mina even
Those perils and that sorrow have fore-
gone

To be that Tyrant on his prosperous
throne ?

30

But wherefore name I him whose arm
was free ?

A living hope his noble heart sustain'd,
A faith which bade him through all
dangers see

The triumph his enduring country
gain'd.

See Hofer with no earthly hope to aid, . .
His country lost, himself to chains and
death betray'd ! 180

31

By those he served deserted in his need ;
Given to the unrelenting Tyrant's

power,
And by his mean revenge condemn'd to
bleed, . .

Would he have barter'd in that awful
hour

His heart, his conscience, and his sure
renown,

For the malignant murderer's crimes
and crown ?

32

Him too, I know, a worthy thought of
fame

In that dread trance upheld ; . . the
foresight sure

That in his own dear country his good
name

Long as the streams and mountains
should endure ; 190

The herdsmen on the hills should sing
his praise,

And children learn his deeds through
all succeeding days.

33

Turn we to those in whom no glorious
thought

Lent its strong succour to the passive
mind ;

Nor stirring enterprize within them
wrought ; . .

Who, to their lot of bitterness resign'd,
Endured their sorrows by the world

unknown,
And look'd for their reward to Death
alone :

34

Mothers within Gerona's leager'd wall,
Who saw their famish'd children pine
and die ; . . 200

Widows surviving Zaragoza's fall
To linger in abhor'd captivity ; . .

Yet would not have exchanged their
sacred woe

For all the empire of their miscreant
foe !

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35

Serene the Old Man replied, and smiled
with scorn, [wear

Behold the effect of error! thus to
The days of miserable life forlorn,
Struggling with evil and consum'd
with care; . .

Poor fools, whom vain and empty hopes
mislead! [meed.

They reap their sufferings for their only

36

O false one! I exclaim'd, whom canst
thou fool 211

With such gross sophisms, but the
wicked heart?

The pupils of thine own unhappy school
Are they who chuse the vain and
empty part;

How oft in age, in sickness, and in woe,
Have they complain'd that all was
vanity below!

37

Look at that mighty Gaznevide, Mah-
mood,

When, pining in his Palace of Delight,
He bade the gather'd spoils of realms
subdued [sight,

Be spread before him to regale his
Whate'er the Orient boasts of rich and
rare, . . 221

And then he wept to think what toys
they were!

38

Look at the Russian minion when he
play'd

With pearls and jewels which sur-
pass'd all price;

And now apart their various hues
array'd, [nice,

Blended their colours now in union
Then weary of the baubles, with a sigh,
Swept them aside, and thought that all
was vanity!

39

Wean'd by the fatal Messenger from
pride, 229

The Syrian through the streets ex-
posed his shroud; [wide

And one that ravaged kingdoms far and
Upon the bed of sickness cried aloud,

What boots my empire in this mortal
throe,

For the grave calls me now, and I must
go!

40

Thus felt these wretched men, because
decay

Had touch'd them in their vitals;
Death stood by;

And Reason when the props of flesh gave
way, [eye.

Purged as with euphrasy the mortal
Who seeks for worldly honours, wealth
or power,

Will find them vain indeed at that
dread hour! 240

41

These things are vain; but all things
are not so,

The virtues and the hopes of human
kind! . .

Yea, by the God who, ordering all
below, [mind,

In his own image made the immortal
Desires there are which draw from Him
their birth,

And bring forth lasting fruits for
Heaven and Earth.

42

Therefore, through evil and through
good content,

The righteous man performs his part
assign'd; [spent,

In bondage lingering, or with suffering
Therefore doth peace support the

heroic mind; 250

And from the dreadful sacrifice of all
Meek woman doth not shrink at Duty's
call.

43

Therefore the Martyr clasps the stake
in faith,

And sings thanksgiving while the
flames aspire;

Victorious over agony and death,
Sublime he stands and triumphs in
the fire,

As though to him Elijah's lot were given,
And that the Chariot and the steeds of
Heaven.

II. THE EVIL PROPHET

WITH that my passionate discourse I
 brake;
 Too fast the thought, too strong the
 feeling came.
 Composed the Old Man listen'd while
 I spake,
 Nor moved to wrath, nor capable of
 shame;
 And, when I ceased, unalter'd was his
 mien,
 His hard eye unabash'd, his front
 serene.
 Hard is it error from the mind to weed,
 He answer'd, where it strikes so deep
 a root.
 Let us to other argument proceed,
 And, if we may, discover what the
 fruit
 Of this long strife, . . . what harvest of
 great good
 The World shall reap for all this cost of
 blood!
 Assuming then a frown as thus he said,
 He stretch'd his hand from that
 commanding height,
 Behold, quoth he, where thrice ten
 thousand dead
 Are laid, the victims of a single fight!
 And thrice ten thousand more at Ligny
 lie,
 Slain for the prelude to this tragedy!

Such and so beautiful that Star's up-
 rise;
 But soon the glorious dawn was over-
 cast:
 A baleful track it held across the
 skies,
 Till now through all its fatal changes
 past,
 Its course fulfill'd, its aspects under-
 stood,
 On Waterloo it hath gone down in
 blood. 30

Where now the hopes with which thine
 ardent youth
 Rejoicingly to run its race began?
 Where now the reign of Liberty and
 Truth,
 The Rights Omnipotent of Equal
 Man,
 The principles should make all discord
 cease,
 And bid poor humankind repose at
 length in peace?
 Behold the Bourbon to that throne by
 force
 Restored, from whence by fury he
 was cast:
 Thus to the point where it began its
 course
 The melancholy cycle comes at last;
 And what are all the intermediate
 years? . . . 41
 What, but a bootless waste of blood and
 tears?

8

This but a page of the great book of
 war, . . .
 A drop amid the sea of human
 woes! . . . 20
 Thou canst remember when the morning
 Star
 Of Freedom on rejoicing France arose,
 Over her vine-clad hills and regions
 gay,
 Fair even as Phosphor who foreruns the
 day.

The peace which thus at Waterloo ye
 won,
 Shall it endure with this exasperate
 foe?
 In gratitude for all that ye have done
 Will France her ancient enmity fore-
 go?
 Her wounded spirit, her envenom'd
 will
 Ye know, . . . and ample means are left
 her still.

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9
What though the tresses of her strength
be shorn,
The roots remain untouch'd; and, as
of old 50
The bondsman Samson felt his power
return
To his knit sinews, so shall ye behold
France, like a giant fresh from sleep,
arise
And rush upon her slumbering enemies.

10
Woe then for Belgium! for this ill-
doom'd land,
The theatre of strife through every
50
Look from this eminence whereon we
stand, . . . [stage
What is the region round us but a
For the mad pastime of Ambition made,
Whereon War's dreadful drama may
be play'd? 60

11
Thus hath it been from history's earliest
light,
When yonder by the Sabis Cæsar
stood, [fight;
And saw his legions, raging from the
Root out the noble nation they sub-
dued; [there
Even at this day the peasant findeth
The relics of that ruthless massacre.

12
Need I recall the long religious strife?
Or William's hard-fought fields? or
Marlborough's fame
Here purchased at such lavish price of
life, . . .
Or Fontenoy, or Fleurus' later name?
Wherever here the foot of man may
tread, 71
The blood of man hath on that spot been
shed.

13
Shall then Futurity a happier train
Unfold, than this dark picture of the
past?
Dream'st thou again of some Saturnian
reign, [last?
Or that this ill-compacted realm should

Its wealth and weakness to the foe are
known,
And the first shock subverts its baseless
throne.

14
O wretched country, better should thy
soil
Be laid again beneath the invading
seas, 80
Thou goodliest masterpiece of human
toil,
If still thou must be doom'd to scenes
like these!
O Destiny inexorable and blind!
O miserable lot of poor mankind!

15
Saying thus, he fix'd on me a searching
eye
Of stern regard, as if my heart to
reach:
Yet gave he now no leisure to reply;
For, ere I might dispose my thoughts
for speech,
The Old Man, as one who felt and under-
stood
His strength, the theme of his discourse
pursued. 90

16
If we look farther, what shall we behold
But everywhere the swelling seeds of
ill,
Half-smother'd fires, and causes mani-
fold
Of strife to come; the powerful
watching still
For fresh occasion to enlarge his power,
The weak and injured waiting for their
hour!

17
Will the rude Cossack with his spoils
bear back
The love of peace and humanizing
art?
Think ye the mighty Moscovite shall lack
Some specious business for the
ambitious heart; 100
Or the black Eagle, when she moults her
plume,
The form and temper of the Dove
assume?

18

From the old Germanic chaos hath there
risen

A happier order of establish'd things?
And is the Italian Mind from papal
prison

Set free to soar upon its native wings?
Or look to Spain, and let her Despot tell
If there thy high-raised hopes are
answer'd well!

19

At that appeal my spirit breathed a
groan,

But he triumphantly pursued his
speech:

O Child of Earth, he cried with loftier
tone, [teach;

The present and the past one lesson
Look where thou wilt, the history of man
Is but a thorny maze, without a plan!

20

The winds which have in viewless
heaven their birth,

The waves which in their fury meet
the clouds, [earth,

The central storms which shake the solid
And from volcanoes burst in fiery
floods, [blind,

Are not more vague and purportless and
Than is the course of things among
mankind!

21

Rash hands unravel what the wise have
spun;

Realms which in story fill so large
a part,

Rear'd by the strong are by the weak
undone;

Barbarians overthrow the works of art,
And what force spares is sapp'd by sure
decay. . .

So earthly things are changed and pass
away.

22

And think not thou thy England hath
a spell, [elude;

That she this general fortune should
Easier to crush the foreign foe, than quell
The malice which misleads the multi-
tude,

130

And that dread malady of erring zeal,
Which like a cancer eats into the com-
monweal.

23

The fabric of her power is undermined;
The earthquake underneath it will
have way

And all that glorious structure, as the
wind [away:

Scatters a summer cloud, be swept
For Destiny on this terrestrial ball
Drives on her iron car, and crushes all.

24

Thus as he ended, his mysterious form
Enlarged, grew dim, and vanish'd
from my view. 140

At once on all sides rush'd the gather'd
storm,

The thunders roll'd around, the wild
winds blew,

And, as the tempest round the summit
beat,

The whole frail fabric shook beneath
my feet.

III. THE SACRED MOUNTAIN

BUT then methought I heard a voice
exclaim,

Hither, my Son, Oh, hither take thy
flight!

A heavenly voice which call'd me by
my name,

And bade me hasten from that
treacherous height:

The voice it was which I was wont to
hear,

Sweet as a Mother's to her infant's ear.

I hesitated not, but at the call
Sprung from the summit of that
tottering tower.

There is a motion known in dreamstoall,
When, buoyant by some self-sustain-
ing power, 10

Through air we seem to glide, as if set
free

From all encumbrance of mortality.

Thus borne aloft I reach'd the Sacred
Hill, [behind :
And left the scene of tempests far
But that old tempter's parting language
still [mind ;
Press'd like a painful burthen on my
The troubled soul had lost her inward
light, [Night.
And all within was black as Erebus and

4
The Thoughts which I had known in
youth return'd,
But, oh, how changed ! a sad and
spectral train : 20
And, while for all the miseries past I
mourn'd,
And for the lives which had been
given in vain,
In sorrow and in fear I turn'd mine eye
From the dark aspects of futurity.

5
I sought the thickest woodland's shade
profound,
As suited best my melancholy mood,
And cast myself upon the gloomy
ground ;
When lo ! a gradual radiance fill'd
the wood ;
A heavenly presence rose upon my view,
And in that form divine the awful Muse
I knew. --

6
Hath then that Spirit false perplex'd thy
heart,
O thou of little faith ! severe she cried
Bear with me, Goddess, heavenly as
thou art, [plied.
Bear with my earthly nature ! I re
And let me pour into thine ear my grief
Thou canst enlighten, thou canst giv
relief.

7
The ploughshare had gone deep, th
sower's hand
Had scatter'd in the open soil th
grain ; [land
The harrow too had well prepared th
I look'd to see the fruit of all this
pain !.

clas ! the thorns and old inveterate
weed
Have sprung again, and stifled the good
seed.

8
hoped that Italy should break her
chains,
Foreign and papal, with the world's
applause,
Knit in firm union her divided reigns,
And rear a well-built pile of equal
laws :
Then might the wrongs of Venice be
forgiven,
And joy should reach Petrarca's soul in
Heaven.

9
I hoped that that abhorr'd Idolatry
Had in the strife received its mortal
wound : 50
The Souls which from beneath the Altar
cry,
At length, I thought, had their just
vengeance found ; . .
In purple and in scarlet clad, behold
The Harlot sits, adorn'd with gems and
gold !

10
The golden cup she bears full to the brim
Of her abominations as of yore !
Her eyeballs with inebriate triumph
swim ;
Though drunk with righteous blood,
she thirsts for more,
Eager to reassert her influence fell,
And once again let loose the Dogs of
Hell. 60

11
Woe for that people too who by their
path
For these late triumphs first made
plain the way ;
Whom in the Valley of the Shade of
Death
No fears nor fiery sufferings could dis-
may :
Art could not tempt, nor violence en-
thrall
Their firm devotion, faithful found
through all.

12

Strange race of haughty heart and
stubborn will,
Slavery they love and chains with
pride they wear;
Inflexible alike in good or ill,
The inveterate stamp of servitude
they bear.
Oh fate perverse, to see all change with-
stood,
There only where all change must needs
be good!

13

But them no foe can force, nor friend
persuade;
Impassive souls in iron forms inclosed,
As though of human mould they were
not made,
But of some sterner elements com-
Against offending nations to be sent,
The ruthless ministers of punishment.

14

Where are those Minas after that career
Wherewith all Europe rang from side
to side?
In exile wandering! Where the Moun-
taineer, . .
Late, like Pelayo, the Asturian's pride?
Had Ferdinand no mercy for that life,
Exposed so long for him in daily, . .
hourly strife!

15

From her Athenian orator of old
Greece never listen'd to sublimer
strain
Than that with which, for truth and
freedom bold,
Quintana moved the inmost soul of
Spain.
What meed is his let Ferdinand declare . .
Chains, and the silent dungeon, and
despair!

16

For this hath England borne so brave
a part!
Spent with endurance, or in battle
Is it for this so many an English heart
Lies mingled with the insensate soil
of Spain!

Is this the issue, this the happy birth
In those long throes and that strong
agony brought forth!

17

And oh! if England's fatal hour draw
nigh, . .
If that most glorious edifice should fall
By the wild hands of bestial Anarchy, . .
Then might it seem that He who
ordereth all
Doth take for sublunary things no
care: . .
The burthen of that thought is more
than I can bear.

18

Even as a mother listens to her child,
My plaint the Muse divine benignant
heard,
Then answer'd in reproving accents
mild,
What if thou seest the fruit of hope
deferr'd,
Dost thou for this in faltering faith
repine?
A manlier, wiser virtue should be
thine!

19

Ere the good seed can give its fruit in
Spain,
The light must shine on that be-
darken'd land,
And Italy must break her papal chain,
Ere the soil answer to the sower's
hand;
For, till the sons their fathers' fault
repent,
The old error brings its direful punish-
ment.

20

Hath not experience bade the wise man
see
Poor hope from innovations prema-
ture?
All sudden change is ill; slow grows the
tree
Which in its strength through ages
shall endure.
In that ungrateful earth it long may lie
Dormant, but fear not that the seed
should die.

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21
Falsely that Tempter taught thee that
the past

Was but a blind inextricable maze ;
Falsely he taught that evil overcast
With gathering tempests these pro-
pitious days,
That he in subtle snares thy soul might
bind,
And rob thee of thy hopes for human-
kind.

22
He told thee the beginning and the end
Were indistinguishable all, and dark ;
And, when from his vain Tower he bade
thee bend

Thy curious eye, well knew he that
no spark 130
Of heavenly light would reach the
baffled sense,
The mists of earth lay round him all too
dense.

23
Must I, as thou hadst chosen the evil
part,

Tell thee that Man is free and God is
good ? [heart:
These primal truths are rooted in thy
But these, being rightly felt and under-
stood,

Should bring with them a hope, calm,
constant, sure,

Patient, and on the rock of faith secure.

24
The Monitress Divine, as thus she spake,
Induced me gently on, ascending still,
And thus emerging from that mournful
brake 141

We drew toward the summit of the
hill, [fair
And reach'd a green and sunny place, so
As well with long-lost Eden might com-
pare.

25
Broad cedars grew around that lovely
glade ;

Exempted from decay, and never sere,
Their wide-spread boughs diffused a
fragrant shade ;
The cypress incorruptible was here,

With fluted stem and head aspiring
high,
Nature's proud column, pointing to the
sky. 150

26
There too the vigorous olive in its pride,
As in its own Apulian soil uncheck'd,
Tower'd high, and spread its glaucous
foliage wide :

With liveliest hues the mead beneath
was deck'd,
Gift of that grateful tree that with its
root
Repays the earth from whence it feeds
its fruit.

27
There too the sacred bay of brighter
green
Exalted its rejoicing head on high ;
And there the martyr's holier palm was
seen

Waving its plumage as the breeze
went by. 160
All fruits which ripen under genial
skies
Grew there as in another Paradise.

28
And over all that lovely glade there
grew
All wholesome roots and plants of
healing power ;
The herb of grace, the medicinal rue,
The poppy rich in worth as gay in
flower ;

The hearts-ease that delighteth every
eye,
And sage divine and virtuous euphrasy.

29
Unwounded here Judæa's balm distill'd
Its precious juice ; the snowy jasmine
here 170
Spread its luxuriant tresses wide, and
fill'd

With fragrance the delicious atmo-
sphere !
More piercing still did orange-flowers
disperse
From golden groves the purest joy of
sense.

30

As low it lurk'd the tufted moss between,
 The violet there its modest perfume
 shed,
 Like humble virtue, rather felt than seen:
 And here the Rose of Sharon rear'd its
 head,
 The glory of all flowers, to sense and sight
 Yielding their full contentment of
 delight. 180

31

A gentle river wound its quiet way
 Through this sequester'd glade,
 meandering wide;
 Smooth as a mirror here the surface lay,
 Where the pure lotus, floating in its
 pride,
 Enjoy'd the breath of heaven, the sun's
 warm beam, [stream,
 And the cool freshness of its native

32

Here o'er green weeds, whose tresses
 waved outspread, [run;
 With silent lapse the glassy waters
 Here in fleet motion o'er a pebbly bed
 Gliding they glance and ripple to the
 sun; 190
 The stirring breeze that swept them in
 its flight
 Raised on the stream a shower of
 sparkling light.

33

And all sweet birds sung there their lays
 of love;
 The mellow thrush, the black-bird
 loud and shrill,
 The rapturous nightingale that shook
 the grove,
 Made the ears vibrate and the heart-
 strings thrill; [sky,
 The ambitious lark, that, soaring in the
 Pour'd forth her lyric strain of ecstasy.

34

Sometimes, when that wild chorus
 intermits,
 The linnet's song was heard amid the
 trees, 200
 A low sweet voice; and sweeter still,
 at fits, [breeze;
 The ring-dove's wooing came upon the

While with the wind which moved the
 leaves among,
 The murmuring waters join'd in under-
 song.

35

The hare disported here and fear'd no ill,
 For never evil thing that glade came
 nigh; [will,
 The sheep were free to wander at their
 As needing there no earthly shepherd's
 eye;
 The bird sought no concealment for her
 nest,
 So perfect was the peace wherewith
 those bowers were blest. 210

All blending thus with all in one delight,
 The soul was soothed and satisfied and
 fill'd:
 This mingled bliss of sense and sound
 and sight
 The flow of boisterous mirth might
 there have still'd,
 And, sinking in the gentle spirit deep,
 Have touch'd those strings of joy which
 make us weep.

37

Even thus in earthly gardens had it
 been,
 If earthly gardens might with these
 compare;
 But more than all such influences, I ween
 There was a heavenly virtue in the air,
 Which laid all vain perplexing thoughts
 to rest, 221
 And heal'd and calm'd and purified the
 breast.

38

Then said I to that guide divine, My
 soul
 When here we enter'd, was o'ercharged
 with grief,
 For evil doubts which I could not con-
 trol
 Beset my troubled spirit. This
 relief, . .
 This change, . . whence are they? Al-
 most it might seem
 I never lived till now; . . all else had
 been a dream.

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39
My heavenly Teacher answer'd, Say not
seem ; . .

In this place all things *are* what they
appear ; ²³⁰
And they who feel the past a feverish
dream

Wake to reality on entering here.
These waters are the Well of Life, and lo !
The Rock of Ages there, from whence
they flow.

40
Saying thus we came upon an inner glade,
The holiest place that human eyes
might see ;
For all that vale was like a temple made
By Nature's hand, and this the
sanctuary ;

Where in its bed of living rock, the Rood
Of Man's redemption, firmly planted,
stood. ²⁴⁰

41
And at its foot the never-failing Well
Of Life profusely flow'd that all might
drink.
Most blessed Water ! Neither tongue
can tell

The blessedness thereof, nor heart can
think,
Save only those to whom it hath been
given
To taste of that divinest gift of Heaven.

42
There grew a goodly Tree this Well
beside ; . . [here,
Behold a branch from Eden planted
Pluck'd from the Tree of Knowledge,
said my guide.

O Child of Adam, put away thy fear, . .
In thy first father's grave it hath its
root ; ²⁵¹
Taste thou the bitter, but the whole-
some fruit.

43
In awe I heard, and trembled, and
obey'd :
The bitterness was even as of death ;
I felt a cold and piercing thrill pervade
My loosen'd limbs, and, losing sight
and breath,

To earth I should have fallen in my
despair,
Had I not clasp'd the Cross and been
supported there.

44
My heart, I thought, was bursting with
the force
Of that most fatal fruit ; soul-sick
I felt, ²⁶⁰
And tears ran down in such continuous
course,
As if the very eyes themselves should
melt. [say,
But then I heard my heavenly Teacher
Drink, and this mortal stound will pass
away.

45
I stooped and drank of that divinest Well,
Fresh from the Rock of Ages where it
ran ;
It had a heavenly quality to quell
My pain : . . I rose a renovated man,
And would not now, when that relief was
known,
For worlds the needful suffering have
foregone. ²⁷⁰

46
Even as the Eagle, (ancient storyers say),
When faint with years she feels her
flagging wing,
Soars up toward the mid sun's piercing
ray,
Then fill'd with fire into some living
spring
Plunges, and, casting there her aged
plumes,
The vigorous strength of primal youth
resumes :

47
Such change in me that blessed Water
wrought ;
The bitterness, which from its fatal
root
The Tree derived with painful healing
fraught,
Pass'd clean away ; and in its place
the fruit ²⁸⁰
Produced by virtue of that wondrous
wave
The savour which in Paradise it gave.

48

Now, said the heavenly Muse, thou
 mayst advance,
 Fitly prepared toward the mountain's
 height.
 O Child of Man, this necessary trance
 Hath purified from flaw thy mortal
 sight,
 That with scope unconfined of vision
 free
 Thou the beginning and the end mayst
 see.

49

She took me by the hand and on we
 went,
 Hope urged me forward and my soul
 was strong ;
 With winged speed we scaled the steep
 ascent,
 Nor seem'd the labour difficult or
 long,
 Ere on the summit of the sacred hill
 Uprais'd I stood, where I might gaze
 my fill.

50

Below me lay, unfolded like a scroll,
 The boundless region where I wan-
 der'd late,
 Where I might see realms spread and
 oceans roll,
 And mountains from their cloud-
 surmounting state
 Dwarf'd like a map beneath the excu-
 sive sight,
 So ample was the range from that com-
 manding height.

51

Eastward with darkness round on every
 side
 An eye of light was in the farthest
 sky.
 Lo, the beginning ! . . said my heavenly
 Guide ;
 The steady ray, which there thou
 canst descry,
 Comes from lost Eden, from the primal
 land
 Of man 'waved over by the fiery
 brand'.

52

Look now toward the end ! no mists
 obscure,
 Nor clouds will there impede the
 strengthen'd sight ;
 Unblench'd thine eye the vision may
 endure.
 I look'd, . . surrounded with effulgent
 light
 More glorious than all glorious hues of
 even,
 The Angel Death stood there in the open
 Gate of Heaven.

IV. THE HOPES OF MAN

I

Now, said my heavenly Teacher, all is
 clear ! . .
 Bear the Beginning and the End in
 mind,
 The course of human things will then
 appear
 Beneath its proper laws ; and thou
 wilt find,
 Through all their seeming labyrinth, the
 plan
 Which 'vindicates the ways of God to
 Man'.
 Free choice doth Man possess of good
 or ill,
 All were but mockery else. From
 Wisdom's way
 Too oft perverted by the tainted will
 Is his rebellious nature drawn astray ;
 Therefore an inward monitor is given,
 A voice that answers to the law of
 Heaven.

Frail as he is, and as an infant weak,
 The knowledge of his weakness is his
 strength ;
 For succour is vouchsafed to those who
 seek
 In humble faith sincere ; and, when
 at length
 Death sets the disembodied spirit free,
 According to their deeds their lot shall
 be.

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Thus, should the chance of private fortune raise
 A transitory doubt, Death answers all.
 And in the scale of nations, if the ways
 Of Providence mysterious we may call,
 Yet, rightly view'd, all history doth impart
 Comfort and hope and strength to the believing heart.

For through the lapse of ages may the course
 Of moral good progressive still be seen,
 Though mournful dynasties of Fraud and Force,
 Dark Vice and purblind Ignorance intervene;
 Empires and Nations rise, decay and fall,
 But still the Good survives and perseveres thro' all.

Yea, even in those most lamentable times,
 When, every where to wars and woes a prey,
 Earth seem'd but one wide theatre of crimes,
 Good unperceived had work'd its silent way,
 And all those dread convulsions did but clear
 The obstructed path to give it free career.

But deem not thou some over-ruling Fate,
 Directing all things with benign decree,
 Through all the turmoil of this mortal state,
 Appoints that what is best shall therefore be;
 Even as from man his future doom proceeds,
 So nations rise or fall according to their deeds.

Light at the first was given to human kind,
 And Law was written in the human heart.
 If they forsake the Light, perverse of mind,
 And wilfully prefer the evil part,
 Then to their own devices are they left,
 By their own choice of Heaven's support bereft.

The individual culprit may sometimes
 Unpunish'd to his after reckoning go:
 Not thus collective man, . . for public crimes
 Draw on their proper punishment below;
 When Nations go astray, from age to age
 The effects remain, a fatal heritage.

Bear witness, Egypt, thy huge monuments
 Of priestly fraud and tyranny austere!
 Bear witness, thou whose only name presents
 All holy feelings to religion dear, . .
 In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem
 Of living light, . . O fallen Jerusalem !

See barbarous Africa, on every side
 To error, wretchedness, and crimes resign'd !
 Behold the vicious Orient, far and wide
 Enthrall'd in slavery ! As the human mind
 Corrupts and goes to wreck, Earth sickens there,
 And the contagion taints the ambient air.

They had the Light, and from the Light they turn'd ;
 What marvel if they grope in darkness lost ?
 They had the Law ; . . God's natural law they scorn'd,
 And, chusing error, thus they pay the cost !
 Wherever Falsehood and Oppression reign,
 There degradation follows in their train

13

What then in these late days had Europe
been, . .

This moral, intellectual heart of
earth, . . [sin
From which the nations who lie dead in
Should one day yet receive their
second birth, . .

To what had she been sunk, if brutal
Force
Had taken unrestrain'd its impious
course !

14

The Light had been extinguish'd, . . this
be sure

The first wise aim of conscious
Tyranny, so
Which knows it may not with the Light
endure :

But where Light is not, Freedom
cannot be ; [is ;
' Where Freedom is not, there no Virtue
Where Virtue is not, there no Happiness.

15

If among hateful Tyrants of all times
For endless execration handed down
One may be found surpassing all in
crimes,

One that for infamy should bear the
crown,
Napoleon is that man, in guilt the first,
Pre-eminently bad among the worst. 90

16

For not, like Scythian conquerors, did
he tread

From his youth up the common path
of blood ; [bred
Nor like some Eastern Tyrant was he
In sensual harems, ignorant of good ; .

Their vices from the circumstance have
grown,
His by deliberate purpose were his own.

17

Not led away by circumstance he err'd,
But from the wicked heart his error
came : [ferr'd,

By Fortune to the highest place pre-
He sought through evil means an evil
aim, 100

And all his ruthless measures were

To enslave, degrade, and brutalize man-
kind.

18

Some barbarous dream of empire to
fulfil,

Those iron ages he would have
restored,
When Law was but the ruffian soldier's
will,

Might govern'd all, the sceptre was
the sword,
And Peace, not elsewhere finding where
to dwell,
Sought a sad refuge in the convent-cell.

19

Too far had he succeeded ! In his mould
An evil generation had been framed,
By no religion temper'd or controul'd,
By foul examples of all crimes in-
flamed, 112

Of faith, of honour, of compassion
void ; . .

Such were the fitting agents he employ'd.

20

Believing as yon lying Spirit taught,
They to that vain philosophy held
fast,

And trusted that, as they began from
nought,

To nothing they should needs return
at last ;

Hence no restraint of conscience, no
remorse,

But every baleful passion took its
course. 120

21

And, had they triumph'd, Earth had
once again,

To Violence subdued, and impious
Pride,

Verged to such state of wickedness, as
when

The Giantry of old their God defied,
And Heaven, impatient of a world like
this,

Open'd its flood-gates, and broke up the
abyss.

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22
That danger is gone by. On Waterloo
The Tyrant's fortune in the scale was
weigh'd, . .
His fortune and the World's, . . and
England threw
Her sword into the balance . . down it
sway'd ; 130
And, when in battle first he met that foe,
There he received his mortal overthrow.

23
O my brave Countrymen, with that I
said,
For then my heart with transport
overflow'd,
O Men of England ! nobly have ye paid
The debt which to your ancestors ye
owed,
And gather'd for your children's
heritage
A glory that shall last from age to age !

24
And we did well, when on our Mountain's
height
For Waterloo we raised the festal
flame, 140
And in our triumph taught the startled
night [name,
To ring with Wellington's victorious
Making the far-off mariner admire
To see the crest of Skiddaw plumed with
fire.

25
The Moon, who had in silence visited
His lonely summit from the birth of
time,
That hour an unavailing splendour shed,
Lost in the effulgence of the flame
sublime, [stood,
In whose broad blaze rejoicingly we
And all below a depth of blackest
solitude, 150

26
Fit theatre for this great joy we chose ;
For never since above the abating
Flood
Emerging, first that pinnacle arose,
Had cause been given for deeper
gratitude,

For prouder joy to every English
heart,
When England had so well perform'd
her arduous part.

27
The Muse replied with gentle smile
benign, . .
Well mayst thou praise the land that
gave thee birth,
And bless the Fate which made that
country thine ;
For of all ages and all parts of earth
To chuse thy time and place did Fate
allow, 160
Wise choice would be this England and
this Now.

28
From bodily and mental bondage there
Hath Man his full emancipation
gain'd ;
The viewless and illimitable air
Is not more free than Thought ; all
unrestrain'd,
Nor pined in want, nor sunk in sensual
sloth,
There may the immortal Mind attain
its growth.

29
There under Freedom's tutelary wing,
Deliberate Courage fears no human
foe ; 170
There, undefiled as in their native spring,
The living waters of Religion flow ;
There like a beacon the transmitted
Light
Conspicuous to all nations burneth
bright.

30
The virtuous will she hath, which should
aspire
To spread the sphere of happiness
and light ;
She hath the power to answer her desire,
The wisdom to direct her power
aright ;
The will, the power, the wisdom thus
combined,
What glorious prospects open on man-
kind ! 180

31

Behold! she cried, and lifting up her
hand,
The shaping elements obey'd her
will; . . .

A vapour gather'd round our lofty stand,
Roll'd in thick volumes o'er the
Sacred Hill,
Descending then, its surges far and near
Fill'd all the wide subjacent atmosphere.

32

As I have seen from Skiddaw's stony
height
The fleecy clouds scud round me on
their way,
Condense beneath, and hide the vale
from sight,
Then opening, just disclose where
Derwent lay ¹⁹⁰
Burnish'd with sunshine like a silver
shield,
Or old Enchanter's glass, for magic
forms fit field;

33

So at her will, in that receding sheet
Of mist, wherewith the world was
overlaid,
A living picture moved beneath our feet.
A spacious City first was there dis-
play'd,
The seat where England from her
ancient reign
Doth rule the Ocean as her own domain.

34

Insplendour with those famous cities old,
Whose power it hath surpass'd, it now
might vie; ²⁰⁰
Through many a bridge the wealthy
river roll'd;
Aspiring columns rear'd their heads
on high, ^[gave]
Triumphal arches spann'd the roads, and
Due guerdon to the memory of the brave.

35

A landscape follow'd, such as might
compare ^[toil:]
With Flemish fields for well-requited
The wonder-working hand had every
where ^[soil:]
Subdued all circumstance of stubborn

In fen and moor reclaim'd rich gardens
smiled,
And populous hamlets rose amid the
wild. ²¹⁰

36

There the old seaman on his native shore
Enjoy'd the competence deserved so
well;
The soldier, his dread occupation o'er,
Of well-rewarded service loved to tell;
The grey-hair'd labourer there, whose
work was done,
In comfort saw the day of life go down.

37

Such was the lot of eld; for childhood
there
The duties which belong to life was
taught:
The good seed, early sown and nursed
with care,
This bounteous harvest in its season
brought; ²²⁰
Thus youth for manhood, manhood for
old age
Prepared, and found their weal in

38

Enough of knowledge unto all was given
In wisdom's way to guide their steps
on earth,
And make the immortal spirit fit for
heaven.
This needful learning was their right
of birth;
Further might each who chose it perse-
vere;
No mind was lost for lack of culture
here.

39

And that whole happy region swarm'd
with life, . . .
Village and town; . . . as busy bees in
spring ²³⁰
In sunny days when sweetest flowers
are rife,
Fill fields and gardens with their
murmuring.
Oh joy to see the State in perfect health!
Her numbers were her pride and power
and wealth.

40

Then saw I, as the magic picture moved,
Her shores enrich'd with many a port
and pier ;

No gift of liberal Nature unimproved.

The seas their never failing harvest
here [fed
Supplied, as bounteous as the air which
Israel, when manna fell from heaven for
bread. 240

41

Many a tall vessel in her harbours lay,
About to spread its canvass to the
breeze,
Bound upon happy errand to convey
The adventurous colonist beyond the
seas,

Toward those distant lands, where
Britain blest
With her redundant life the East and
West.

42

The landscape changed ; . . a region
next was seen,
Where sable swans on rivers yet un-
found [green ;
Glided through broad savannahs ever
Innumerable flocks and herds were
feeding round, 250
And scatter'd farms appear'd and
hamlets fair
And rising towns, which made another
Britain there.

43

Then, thick as stars which stud the
moonless sky, [seen ;
Green islands in a peaceful sea were
Darken'd no more with blind idolatry,
Nor curst with hideous usages obscene,
But heal'd of leprous crimes, from
butchering strife
Deliver'd, and reclaim'd to moral life.

44

Around the rude Morai, the temple now
Of truth, hosannahs to the Holiest
rung : 260
There from the Christian's equal mar-
riage-vow,
In natural growth the household
virtues sprung ;

Children were taught the paths of
heavenly peace,
And age in hope look'd on to its release.

45

The light those happy Islanders enjoy'd,
Good messengers from Britain had
convey'd ;
(Where might such bounty wiselier be
employ'd ?)

One people with their teachers were
they made,
Their arts, their language, and their
faith the same,
And blest in all, for all they blest the
British name. 270

46

Then rose a different land, where loftiest
trees
High o'er the grove their fan-like
foliage rear ;
Where spicy bowers upon the passing
breeze
Diffuse their precious fragrance far
and near ;
And, yet untaught to bend his massive
knee,
Wisest of brutes, the elephant roams free.

47

Ministrant there to health and public
good,
The busy axe was heard on every side,
Opening new channels, that the noxious
wood
With wind and sunshine might be
purified, 280
And that wise Government, the general
friend,
Might every where its eye and arm
extend.

48

The half-brutal Bedah came from his
retreat,
To human life by human kindness
won ;
The Cingalese beheld that work complete
Which Holland in her day had well
begun ; [reign,
The Candian, prospering under Britain's
Blest the redeeming hand which broke
his chain.

49

Colours and castes were heeded there no more ;
 Laws which depraved, degraded, and opprest,
 Were laid aside, for on that happy shore
 All men with equal liberty were blest ;
 And through the land the breeze upon its swells
 Bore the sweet music of the sabbath bells.

50

Again the picture changed ; those Isles
 I saw
 With every crime thro' three long centuries curst,
 While unrelenting Avarice gave the law ;
 Scene of the injured Indians' sufferings first,
 Then doom'd, for Europe's lasting shame, to see
 The wider-wasting guilt of Slavery. 300

51

That foulest blot had been at length effaced ;
 Slavery was gone, and all the power it gave,
 Whereby so long our nature was debased,
 Baleful alike to master and to slave.
 O lovely Isles ! ye were indeed a sight
 To fill the spirit with intense delight !

52

For willing industry and cheerful toil
 Perform'd their easy task, with Hope to aid ;
 And the free children of that happy soil
 Dwelt each in peace beneath his cocoa's shade ; . . . 310
 A race, who with the European mind,
 The adapted mould of Africa combined.

53

Anon, methought that in a spacious Square,
 Of some great town the goodly ornament,
 Three statues I beheld, of sculpture fair :
 These, said the Muse, are they whom one consent

Shall there deem worthy of the purest fame ; . .
 Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim ?

54

Clarkson, I answer'd, first ; whom to have seen
 And known in social hours may be my pride,
 Such friendship being praise ; and one, I ween,
 Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his
 Whose eloquent voice in that great cause was heard
 So oft and well. But who shall be the third ?

55

Time, said my Teacher, will reveal the name
 Of him who with these worthies shall enjoy
 The equal honour of enduring fame ; . .
 He who the root of evil shall destroy,
 And from our Laws shall blot the accursed word
 Of Slave, shall rightly stand with them
 prefer'd. 330

56

Enough ! the Goddess cried ; with that the cloud
 Obey'd, and closed upon the magic scene :
 Thus much, quoth she, is to thine hopes allow'd ;
 Ills may impede, delays may intervene,
 But scenes like these the coming age will bless,
 If England but pursue the course of righteousness.

57

On she must go progressively in good,
 In wisdom and in weal, . . or she must wane. [flood,
 Like Ocean, she may have her ebb and
 But stagnates not. And now her path is plain : 340
 Heaven's first command she may fulfil in peace,
 Replenishing the earth with her increase.

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58

Peace she hath won, . . with her victorious hand
Hath won through rightful war auspicious peace;
Nor this alone, but that in every land
The withering rule of violence may cease. [erown'd!
Was ever War with such blest victory
Did ever Victory with such fruits abound!

59

Rightly for this shall all good men rejoice,
They most who most abhor all deeds of blood;
Rightly for this with reverential voice
Exalt to Heaven their hymns of gratitude;
For ne'er till now did Heaven thy country bless
With such transcendent cause for joy and thankfulness.

60

If they in heart all tyranny abhor,
This was the fall of Freedom's direst foe;
If they detest the impious lust of war,
Here hath that passion had its overthrow; . .
As the best prospects of mankind are dear,
Their joy should be complete, their prayers of praise sincere. 360

61

And thou to whom in spirit at this hour
The vision of thy Country's bliss is given,
Who feellest that she holds her trusted power
To do the will and spread the word of Heaven, . .
Hold fast the faith which animates thy mind,
And in thy songs proclaim the hopes of humankind.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY HIS SON'S DEATH.¹

THY life was a day, and, sum it well,
life is but a week of such days,—with
how much storm, and cold, and darkness!
Thine was a sweet spring holiday,
—a vernal Sabbath, all sunshine, hope,
and promise.

and that name

In sacred silence buried, which was still
At morn and eve the never-wearying theme
Of dear discourse.

playful thoughts

Turn'd now to gall and esel.

He to whom Heaven in mercy hath assign'd
Life's wholesome wormwood, fears no bitterness when
From th' hand of Death he drinks the Amreeta cup.

Beauties of Nature,—the passion of my youth,
Nursed up and ripen'd to a settled love,
Whereto my heart is wedded.

¹ Letter to Mr. W. Taylor, March, 1817.
'I have begun a desultory poem in blank verse, pitched in a higher key than Cowper's, and in a wiser strain of philosophy than Young's; but as yet I have not recovered heart enough to proceed with it; nor is it likely that it will be published during my life.'

Feeling at Westminster, when summer evening sent a sadness to my heart, and I sate pining for green fields, and banks of flowers, and running streams,—or dreaming of Avon and her rocks and woods.

No more great attempts, only a few
autumnal flowers, like second prim-
roses, &c.

They who look for me in our Father's
kingdom
Will look for Him also ; inseparably
Shall we be so remember'd.

The Grave the house of Hope :
It is the haven whither we are bound
On the rough sea of life, and thence she
lands
In her own country, on the immortal
shore.

Come, then,
Pain and Infirmary—appointed guests,
My heart is ready.

My soul
Needed perhaps a longer discipline,
Or sorer penance, here.

A respite something like repose is gain'd
While I invoke them, and the troubled
tide
Of feeling, for a while allay'd, obeys
A tranquillising influence, that might
seem
By some benign intelligence dispensed,
Who lends an ear to man.

They are not, though,
Mere unrealities : rather, I ween,
The ancient Poets, in the graceful garb
Of fiction, have transmitted earliest
truths,
Ill understood ; adorning, as they
deem'd,
With mythic tales things erringly
received,
And mingling with primeval verities
Their own devices vain. For what to us
Scripture assures, by searching proof
confirm'd,
And inward certainty of sober Faith,
Tradition unto them deliver'd down
Changed and corrupted in the course of
time,
And haply also by delusive art
Of Evil Powers.——

IMAGINATION AND REALITY

THE hill was in the sunshine gay and
green,
The vale below could not be seen ;
A cloud hung over it,
A thin white cloud, that scarce was
seen to fly,
So slowly did it flit ;
Yet cloud methinks I err in calling it,
It spread so evenly along the sky.
It gave the hills beyond a hue
So beautiful and blue,
That I stood loitering for the view : so
Loitering and musing thoughtfully
stood I,
For well those hills I knew,
And many a time had travell'd them
all o'er ;
Yet now such change the hazy air had
wrought,

That I could well have thought
I never had beheld the scene before.
But while I gazed the cloud was
passing by ;
On the slow air it slowly travell'd on,
Eftsoon and that deceitful haze was
gone,
Which had beguiled me with its
mockery ;
And all things seem'd again the things
they were.
Alas ! but then they were not half so
fair
As I had shaped them in the hazy air !

ADDITIONAL FRAGMENT

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF HIS SON
DAUGHTERS of Jove and of Mnemosyne,
Pierian sisters, in whose sacred paths,
From my youth up these duteous feet
have trod ;
Ye who with your awakening influence
warm'd
My youthful heart, disdaining not to
accept
The first fruits of an offering immature,
And who into my riper strains have
breathed
Truth, knowledge, life, and immortality ;
An earthly heritage indefeasible 9

Assuring to me thus, with Bards of old,
 With the blind Grecian of the rocky isle,
 The Mantuan, and the Tuscan; and,
 more dear

To me than all of elder Rome and
 Greece,

My honour'd master, who on Mulla's
 side,

Mid the green alders, mused his heavenly
 lay;

Be with me, O ye Nymphs of Castaly
 Divine, be with me now; ye who so oft
 Have given me strength, and confidence,
 and joy,

O give me comfort now!—to you I look
 In sorrow, who in gladness heretofore,
 Yet never but with deepest faith devout,
 Have wooed your visitation. For no
 strain 22

Of querulous regret I ask your aid,
 Impatient of the chastening hand of
 Heaven;

But rather that your power may
 discipline

Thoughts that will rise—may teach me
 to control

The course of grief, and in discursive
 flight

Leading my spirit, sometimes through
 the past,

Sometimes with bold yet not irreverent
 reach

Into the region of futurity, 30
 Abstract her from the sense of present
 woe.

Short time hath pass'd since from my
 pilgrimage

To my rejoicing home restored I sung
 A true thanksgiving song of pure
 delight.

Never had man whom Heaven would
 heap with bliss

More happy day, more glad return than
 mine;

Yon mountains with their wintry robe
 were clothed

When, from a heart that overflow'd
 with joy,

I pour'd that happy strain. The snow
 not yet

Upon their mountain sides hath disap-
 pear'd 40

Beneath the breath of spring, and in the
 grave

Herbert is laid, the child who welcomed
 me

With deepest love upon that joyful
 day;

Herbert, my only and my studious
 boy,

The sweet companion of my daily
 walks,

Whose sports, whose studies, and whose
 thoughts I shared,

Yea in whose life I lived, in whom I saw
 My better part transmitted and im-
 proved,

Child of my heart and mind, the flower
 and crown 49

Of all my hopes and earthly happiness.

APPENDIX

A LIST OF POEMS NOT REPRINTED IN THE PRESENT EDITION

(a) Poems published in the collected edition of 1837-8.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE VISION OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

WAT TYLER.

POEMS CONCERNING THE SLAVE TRADE.

Six Sonnets.

To the Genius of Africa.

The Sailor who had served in the
Slave Trade.

BOTANY BAY ECOLOGUES:—

Elinor.

Humphrey and William.

John, Samuel, and Richard.

Frederick.

SONNETS:—

I. 'Go, Valentine, and tell that
lovely maid.'

II. 'Think, Valentine, as speeding
on thy way.'

III. 'Not to thee, Bedford, mournful
is the tale.'

MONODRAMAS:—

Sappho.

Ximalpoca.

The Wife of Fergus.

Lucretia.

La Caba.

THE AMATORY POEMS OF ABEL

SHUFFLEBOTTOM:—

Sonnets.

Love Elegies.

LYRIC POEMS.

To Horror.

To a Friend.

The Soldier's Wife.

The Chapel Bell.

To Hymen.

Written on the First of December.

Written on the First of January.

Written on Sunday Morning.

The Race of Banquo.

Written in Alentejo.

To Recovery.

Youth and Age.

The Oak of our Fathers.

The Battle of Pultowa.

Translation of a Greek Ode on
Astronomy.

Gooseberry Pie.

To a Bee.

The Destruction of Jerusalem.

The Death of Wallace.

The Spanish Armada.

St. Bartholomew's Day.

SONGS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS:—

The Huron's Address to the Dead.

The Peruvian's Dirge Over the Body
of his Father.

Song of the Araucans during a
Thunderstorm.

Song of the Chikkasah Widow.

The old Chikkasah to his Grandson.

OCCASIONAL PIECES:—

The Pauper's Funeral.

The Soldier's Funeral.

OCCASIONAL PIECES (*continued*)

On the Death of a Favourite Old
 Spaniel.
 Autumn.
 The Victory.

ENGLISH ECGUES:—

The Grandmother's Tale.
 The Sailor's Mother.
 The Witch.
 The Last of the Family.
 The Wedding.

NONDESCRIPTS:—

Written the Winter after the Installation at Oxford, 1793.

Snuff.

Cool Reflections during a Midsummer Walk.

The Pig.

The Dancing Bear.

The Filbert.

Robert the Rhymer's True and Particular Account of Himself.

ODES.

Written during the War with America.

CARMINA AULICA: WRITTEN IN 1814, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN ENGLAND.

Ode to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the United Kingdom.

ODES (*continued*)

Ode to His Imperial Alexander the First, Emperor of All the Russias.

Ode to His Majesty, Frederick William the Fourth, King of Prussia.

On the Battle of Algiers.

On the Death of Queen Charlotte.

Ode for St. George's Day.

Ode Written after the King's Visit to Ireland.

Ode Written after the King's Visit to Scotland.

The Warning Voice.

On the Portrait of Bishop Heber.

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES.

Old Christoval's Advice.

King Charlemain.

The King of the Crocodiles.

King Ramiro.

Gonzalo Hermiguez.

The Surgeon's Warning.

ALL FOR LOVE.

THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

CARMEN NUPTIALE—The Lay of the Laureate.

A VISION OF JUDGEMENT.

(b) Poems published in 'Oliver Newman: With Other Poetical Remains' (1845).

OLIVER NEWMAN

Short Passages of Scripture, Rhythmically Arranged or Paraphrased.

Madrigal, Translated from Luis Martin.

Mohammed; a Fragment Written in 1790.

(c) Poems published in 'Robin Hood . . . a Fragment. By the late Robert Southey and Caroline Southey. With Other Fragments and Poems by R. S. and C. S.' (1847).

Robin Hood, Part I.

The Three Spaniards.

March.

Apart from the poems mentioned in the foregoing list there were many early pieces which Southey did not see fit to republish in 1837-8. The curious in such matters may search for them over the signature 'Bion' in *Poems by Robert Lovell and Robert Southey*, 1795; in *The Annual Anthology* for 1799 and 1800;¹ and in *Letters from Spain and Portugal*, 1797. Three or four poems sent by Southey to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post*, are to be found printed in *Letters from the Lake Poets*, ed. E. H. Coleridge, 1889; and a few stray verses lie scattered among the volumes of his published correspondence. Southey's contribution to *The Fall of Robespierre* (1794) may be found printed in Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, ed. J. Dykes Campbell, pp. 216-225. Of that notable drama Coleridge was responsible for the first Act; the second and third were written by Southey in two days, 'as fast as newspapers could be put into blank verse.' A poetical address to Amos Cottle appeared in the latter's volume of *Icelandic Poetry*, 1797. There are probably other verses contributed by Southey to *The Morning Post*, *The Courier*, and other newspapers still lying unclaimed and uncollected in the columns in which they first saw the light. But the bulk of the pieces which he did not republish are to be found in the volumes mentioned above.

¹ In *The Annual Anthology* Southey's contributions are to be found sometimes over his own name, sometimes over the signatures R. S.,—R.,—R. S. Y.,—S.,—Erthusyo,—Theoderit,—Abel Shufflebottom,—or Byondo; and occasionally without any signature at all. Of the unsigned pieces a few were reprinted in the collected edition of his *Poetical Works*, in 1837-8. According to Alexander Dyce's MS. notes in the two volumes of *The Annual Anthology* formerly belonging to Southey (now in the Dyce collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum), Southey was also the author of the verses which appear without a signature in vol. i, pp. 22, 36, 52, 134, 137, 139, 145, 208.

NOTES

N.B. In the references in these Notes, *Life* = *The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey* (edited by his son, Cuthbert Southey, 6 vols., 1849, 1850); *Warter* = *Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey* (edited by J. W. Warter, 4 vols., 1856).

THALABA THE DESTROYER

Written July 1799–July 1800; published in two volumes, 12mo, by Longman and Rees, in 1801. A second edition was published by Longman in 1809. This edition is more heavily stopped than that of 1801, to the great improvement of the sense; and the variations from the 1801 text are numerous and important. The mottoes to the different books also appeared first in the 1809 edition, and the notes were much amplified and placed at the end of each book, instead of at the bottom of the page. A third edition appeared in 1814, differing from the last only in having the stanzas numbered, and in the lapidary arrangement of the lines. Southey introduced many minor corrections when he finally revised the poem for publication in 1837.

I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. E. H. Coleridge for permission to print the following extract from a letter from S. T. Coleridge to Daniel Stuart, editor of *The Morning Post*. The letter bears date, Sept. 19, 1801:—

‘Have you seen the *Thalaba*? It is not altogether a poem exactly to my taste; there are, however, three uncommonly fine passages in it. The first¹ in Volume 1st, beginning (page 130) at the words, “It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,” continued to the end of the 3rd line, page 134: then omitting the intermediate pages, pass on to page 147, and recommence with the words “Their father is their priest”, to the last line of page 166, concluding with the words “Of *Thalaba* went by”. This would be a really good extract, and I am sure none of the Reviews will have either feeling or taste to select . . .

‘The next extract² is in Volume 2, page 126, beginning at the words, “All waste, no sign of life,” &c., to page 131, ending with the words, “She clapped her hands for joy.”

‘The third passage³ is very short, and uncommonly lyrical; indeed, in versification and conception, superior to anything I have ever seen of Southey’s. It must begin at the third line of page 142, Volume 2nd, and be entitled “*Khawla*”, or “The Enchantress’s Incantation”. “Go out, ye lights, quoth *Khawla*,” &c.—and go on to the last words of page 143.—*Letters from the Lake Poets*, pp. 20–2.

PAGE 23. Book I, Stanza 1. As an illustration of the way in which Southey altered and improved his poems after their first publication, it is interesting

¹ See Book III, Stanzas 16–25.

² See Book VIII, Stanzas 22–30.

³ See Book IX, Stanza 6 to the end of Stanza 9, line 2.

to note the changes introduced into the opening stanza of *Thalaba*. In the first edition the stanza ran as follows:—

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory the majestic moon
Rolls thro' the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

The stanza first appeared in its present form in the second edition of the poem.

PAGE 27. Book I, l. 246. *The hunter Afri*. So edn. 1837-8. I have retained this reading with hesitation, suspecting it to be a misprint for 'The hunter African' of edd. 1801, 1809.

PAGE 33, ll. 656, 657. 'The angel of death', say the Rabbis, 'holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's head, having on the end thereof three drops of gall; the sick man, spying this deadly Angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then those drops fall in, of which one killeth him, the second maketh him pale, the third rotteth and purifieth.'—Purchas. (S.)

PAGE 35. Book II, ll. 165-70. 'These lines contain the various opinions of the Mahomedans respecting the intermediate state of the Blessed, till the Day of Judgement.' (S.)

Zemzem-well. According to Mahomedan tradition Ishmael, when a newborn babe, made a way for a spring to break forth by dancing with his little feet upon the ground. But the water came forth with such abundance and violence that Hagar could not drink of it. Abraham, coming to the place, stayed the force of the spring, and made Hagar and Ishmael drink. 'The said spring is to this day called Semsem, from Abraham making use of that word to stay it.'—Olearius. (S.)

PAGE 58. Book V, l. 72. *City of Peace*. Almanzor, the founder of Bagdad, named his new city Dar-al-Salam, the City of Peace. (S.)

l. 78. *Thy founder the Victorious*. 'Almanzor signifies the Victorious.' (S.)

PAGE 61, l. 282. 'The Mussulmauns use, like the Roman Catholics, a rosary of beads, called Tusbah, or implement of praise . . .'—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

PAGE 62, ll. 297-9. 'The Mahummedans believe that the decreed events of every man's life are impressed in divine characters on his forehead, though not to be seen by mortal eye.'—Note to the Bahar-Danush. (S.)

l. 307. 'Zohak was the fifth King of the Pischdadian dynasty, lineally descended from Shedad, who perished with the tribe of Ad. Zohak murdered his predecessor, and invented the punishments of the cross and of flaying alive. The Devil, who had long served him, requested at last, as a recompence, permission to kiss his shoulders; immediately two serpents grew there, who fed upon his flesh, and endeavoured to get at his brain. The Devil now suggested a remedy, which was to quiet them by giving them every day the brains of two men, killed for that purpose: this tyranny lasted long; till a blacksmith of Ispahan, whose children had been nearly all slain to feed the King's serpents, raised his leather apron as the standard of revolt, and deposed Zohak. Zohak, say the Persians, is still living in the cave of his punishment.'—D'Herbelot. Olearius. (S.)

PAGE 69. Book VI, ll. 287-96. 'In the Caherman Nameh, the Dives having taken in war some of the Peris, imprisoned them in iron cages which they hung from the highest trees they could find. There, from time to time, their companions visited them with the most precious odours. These odours were the usual food of the Peris, and procured them also another advantage, for they prevented the Dives from approaching or molesting them. The Dives could not bear the perfumes, which rendered them gloomy and melancholy whenever they drew near the cage in which a Peri was suspended.'—D'Herbelot. (S.)

PAGE 74. Book VII, l. 184. *Zaccoum's fruit accurst*. According to the Koran the Zaccoum is a tree which issues from the bottom of Hell. Its fruit is to be eaten by the damned. (S.)

l. 194. The Arabian women 'of the tribe of Himiar, or of the Homerites, are early exercised in riding the horse, and in using the bow, the lance, and the javelin.'—Marigny.

PAGE 75, l. 264. *The Paradise of Sin*. 'The story is told by many writers, but with such difference of time and place as wholly to invalidate its truth, even were the circumstances more probable.' (S.) Southey quotes, among others, a long account from Sir John Maundeville.

PAGE 85. Book VIII, Stanza 36. 'How came Mohareb to be Sultan of this island? Every one who has read *Don Quixote* knows that there are always islands to be had by adventurers. He killed the former Sultan, and reigned in his stead. What could not a Domdanielite perform? The narration would have interrupted the flow of the main story.' (S.)

PAGE 91. Book IX, ll. 413-16. 'A thicket of balm trees is said to have sprung up from the blood of the Moslem slain at Beder.' (S.) Southey in his note ad loc. quotes Pausanias and other writers as speaking of vipers which were rendered innocuous by feeding on the juice of the balsam-tree.

PAGE 92, l. 492. *That most holy night*. 'The night, Leileth-ul-cadr, is considered as being particularly consecrated to ineffable mysteries. There is a prevailing opinion, that a thousand secret and invisible prodigies are performed on this night; that all the inanimate beings then pay their adoration to God; that all the waters of the sea lose their saltness, and become fresh at these mysterious moments; that such, in fine, is its sanctity, that prayers said during this night are equal in value to all those which can be said in a thousand successive months. It has not, however, pleased God . . . to reveal it to the faithful . . .'—D'Ohsson. (S.)

PAGE 93. Stanzas 44 and 45. These stanzas, together with stanza 1 of Book X, replaced in 1809 a passage, unhappy alike in conception and in execution, which had appeared in the first edition. This cancelled passage consisted of 126 lines—109 in Book IX, and 17 in Book X. In it Mohareb and Khawla have learnt of Maimuna's treachery. To further their revenge they resolve to secure 'the deadliest poison that the Devils know', namely, the last foam on the lips of a red-haired Christian who has been beaten to death. Accordingly, on the following morning, Maimuna and Thalaba watch from the latter's prison the execution of the Christian victim. Khawla catches the poison in a bowl. The bowl bursts, and from the poison which falls upon the ground springs the Upas Tree of Death. Khawla and Mohareb flee away in a whirlwind. The prison walls fall with a crash: and Maimuna and Thalaba are borne in the Chariot of the Winds to the former's cave.

PAGE 102. Book XI, Stanza 11. "'Simorg Anka'", says my friend Mr. Fox, in a note to his *Achmed Ardebeili*, "is a bird or griffon of extraordinary strength and size (as its name imports, signifying as large as thirty eagles), which, according

to the Eastern writers, was sent by the Supreme Being to subdue and chastise the rebellious Dives. It was supposed to possess rational faculties, and the gift of speech." . . . ' (S.)

PAGE 106. Book XI, ll. 367-73. 'Some travellers may perhaps be glad to know that the spring from which this description was taken is near Bristol, about a mile from Stokes-Croft turnpike, and known by the name of the Boiling Well. Other and larger springs of the same kind, called the Lady Pools, are near Shobdon, in Herefordshire.' (S.)

PAGE 115. Book XII, l. 461. 'Araf is a place between the Paradise and the Hell of the Mahomedans; some deem it a veil of separation, some a strong wall. Others hold it to be a Purgatory, in which those believers will remain, whose good and evil works have been so equal, that they were neither virtuous enough to enter Paradise, nor guilty enough to be condemned to the fire of Hell . . . '—D'Herbelot. (S.)

THE CURSE OF KEHAMA

Written May 1801–Nov. 1809: published in one volume, 4to, by Longman in 1810. In the first edition the stanzas were unnumbered and differently divided. The variations in the text of the first and later editions are comparatively few and unimportant. A fourth edition was published in 1818.

There is a MS. of this poem in Southey's handwriting in the British Museum (No. 36,485). A note appended by Southey's brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., states that this MS. 'was written for me and sent sheet by sheet in letters, the greater part of which were received on board His Majesty's *Dreadnought*, off the coast of France in 1809'. The British Museum Catalogue says, 'the text in many passages differs from that of the poem as printed, agreeing generally with the original form as found in an autograph copy, begun May 28, 1806, now in possession of Miss Warter, the poet's granddaughter, the corrections made in which were embodied in the printed text.'

In the British Museum MS. there is no list of characters and no preface. The motto, 'Curses are like young chickens, &c. . . ' is attributed to 'Uncle William', and there is no Greek version of it. The motto in question was a saying of Southey's uncle William, a half-witted brother of Miss Tyler, with whom he lived. The Greek version and its mysterious reference are due to Coleridge. Southey has described William Tyler under the name of William Dove in *The Doctor*, &c., Chapter X, P. I. and passim.

There is another MS. of *The Curse of Kehama*, bound up with a MS. of *Roderick*, in the Victoria and Albert Museum (number 480 in the Catalogue of MSS., in the Forster Collection). These MSS. were sent by Southey to W. S. Landor in sections, as the composition of the two poems proceeded. The MS. of *The Curse of Kehama* contains no list of characters, preface, or mottoes. The whole of it from Section VII onwards is in Southey's handwriting. The first section is dated May 28, 1806, and thus represents the original draught as it stood some two years before Southey first met Landor. The ending of the poem is identical with that in the British Museum MS.;—see note on Section XXIV, below.

In an unpublished letter to Landor, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, written at the end of the MS. of the first section of *Roderick*, and dated Keswick, July 14, 1810, Southey speaks of *The Curse of Kehama* as follows:—

'The structure of the poem is its main merit—in this point it is far superior to *Thalaba*,—in most other respects I am afraid I myself do not like it quite so well, and am well assured that most persons will like it even less,—or in

plainer language will dislike it more. About this I am perfectly indifferent. It is a work sui generis, which like *Gebu* will find its own admirers, and I have always sincerely echoed your original preface upon that point.

See also *Landon's Works and Life*, by J. Forster (1876), vol. 1, p. 110.

PAGE 139. Section VII, l. 197. *The lute of Nared*. In Hindoo legend Nared, a divine son of Brahma, invented the Vina, or Indian lute. (S.)

PAGE 151. Section X, l. 262. *his Dragon foe*. Ra'hū, a dragon-like monster, according to Hindoo legend staves during eclipses to wreak vengeance on the Sun and Moon for having denounced a fraud which he had practised on the gods. (S.)

PAGE 162. Section XIII, l. 131. *Voomdavee*. The wife of Veeshmoo, the goddess of the earth and of patience. (S.)

PAGE 163, ll. 175-6. "The Hindoo poets frequently allude to the fragrant juice which oozes, at certain seasons, from small ducts, in the temples of the male elephant, and is useful in relieving him from the redundant moisture with which he is then oppressed; and they even describe the bees as allured by the scent, and mistaking it for that of the sweetest flowers." Wilford, *Asiatic Researches*. (S.)

PAGE 191. Section XXI, l. 84. *that strange Indian bird*. 'The Chatookce. They say it never drinks at the streams below, but, opening its bill when it rains, it catches the drops as they fall from the clouds.'—*Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Missionaries*, vol. II, p. 309. (S.)

l. 88. *the footless fowl of Heaven*. sc. the bird of Paradise, which travellers said was to be found in the Molucca Islands, born without legs. (S.)

PAGE 207. Section XXIV. In the British Museum MS. the poem ends as follows after Stanza 23 —

'Thus hath the will of destiny been done,'

Then said the Lord of Padalon.

'Thus are the secret ways of Heaven made known

And justified. Ye heirs of heavenly bliss,

Go to the Swerga Bowers,

And there recall the hours

Of endless happiness.

For thee, Ladurilad, there is yet in store

One glorious task. Return to Earth—restore

Justice and Peace, by Tyranny put down.

Then shalt thou have thine everlasting crown,

And join thy best-beloved for evermore.'

RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHs

Written, Dec 2, 1809—July 14, 1811: published in one volume, 4to, by Longman, in 1814. The text of 1838 differs only in a few unimportant particulars from that of the first edition. The mottoes from Tacitus and *The Excursion* first appeared in the second edition, published in 1815. The poem reached a fourth edition early in 1816.

There is in the Victoria and Albert Museum a MS. of the first eighteen sections of *Roderick*,—as they were sent successively by Southey to Landon,—bound up with the corresponding MS. of *The Curse of Kehama*—(No. 480 in the Catalogue

of MSS. in the Forster Collection). Every section save the first is in Southey's handwriting. At the end of Sections I, II, VI, VII, IX, X, XII, XIII, XIV, XVI, and XVII are letters or postscripts, all signed with Southey's initials, except the first, which is signed in full. The letter to Landor at the end of Section I is dated Keswick, July 14, 1810. The postmark on the last section (XVIII) bears date, Sept. 26, 1814.

In this MS. the poem is called 'Pelayo', for it was Southey's original intention that Pelayo should be its hero. As the work progressed, however, the character of Roderick assumed a more and more predominating importance. Accordingly, in sending Section VI to Landor, Southey writes to him (in an unpublished letter) as follows (Sept. 11, 1812):—

'The next book is nearly finished. I believe I must go back to the fifth, and interpolate a passage introductory of Egilona, whose death I think of bringing forward in Book 8, and in whose character I must seek for such a palliation of the rape of Florinda as may make Roderick's crime not so absolutely incompatible with his heroic qualities as it now appears. The truth is that in consequence of having begun the story with Roderick I have imperceptibly been led to make him the prominent personage of the poem, and have given him virtues which it will be very difficult to make consistent with his fall.'

The description of Egilona, Section V, ll. 124–44, was subsequently interpolated with the object described above.

Southey justly regarded *Roderick* as his highest achievement as a poet. H. Crabb Robinson writes in his Diary for Sept. 15, 1816, 'Of his own works he (Southey) thinks *Don Roderick* by far the best.' And this statement is corroborated by a letter from Southey to Dr. Gooch, dated Nov. 30, 1814, in which he says, 'You have in *Roderick* the best which I have done, and, probably, the best that I shall do, which is rather a melancholy feeling for the author' (*Life*, vol. iv, p. 90).

Southey gives the following lively description of his feelings on the completion of this poem in an unpublished letter to his brother, Captain Thomas Southey, R.N., dated Thursday, 14 July, 1814, now in the British Museum:—

'Monday came and I continued at my task, still writing like a Lion—it was like going up a mountain, the termination seemed to recede as I advanced. So I was still at it on Tuesday middleday, when in came a Laker to interrupt me. . . . This morning I went again to work, and just at dinner-time finished a poem which was begun 2 December 1809. The last book has extended to 580 lines, and the whole work to 7,000, some twenty more or less.—Hourra! your Serene Highness! O be joyful St. Helen's, Auckland, and Greta Hall! . . . I do not feel exactly as Gibbon did, who knew that it was impossible for him ever to execute another work of equal magnitude with his great history; for I neither want subjects nor inclination for fresh attempts. But this poem has been 4½ years on hand, and had been thought of as many years before it was begun: and it is impossible not to feel how very doubtful it is whether I may ever again complete one of equal extent, or of equal merit,—tho' never at any part of my life better disposed for it in will or in power than at the present time.'

It may be well to add here Charles Lamb's appreciation of the poem, as conveyed to Southey in a letter of May 6, 1815:—

'The story of the brave Maccabee', he wrote, 'was already, you may be sure, familiar to me in all its parts. I have, since the receipt of your present, read it quite through again, and with no diminished pleasure. . . . The parts I have been most pleased with, both on first and second readings, perhaps, are Florinda's palliation of Roderick's crime, confessed to him in his disguise—the retreat of the Palayos (sic) family first discovered—his being made king—"For acclamation

one form must serve *more solemn for the breach of old observances.*" Roderick's vow is extremely fine, and his blessing on the vow of Alphonso:

Towards the troops he spread his arms,
As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
And carried to all spirits *with the act*
Its effluent inspiration.

'It struck me forcibly that the feeling of these last lines might have been suggested to you by the Cartoon of Paul at Athens. Certain it is that a better motto or guide to that famous attitude can nowhere be found. I shall adopt it as explanatory of that violent but dignified motion.'

The Letters of C. Lamb, ed. Ainger, vol. i, pp. 290-2.

PAGE 210. Section I, l. 30. *the name of thy new conqueror.* 'Gibel-al-Tarif, the mountain of Tarif, is the received etymology of Gibraltar: Ben Hazel, a Granadan Moor, says expressly, that the mountain derived its name from this general.' (S.)

l. 69. 'Guadalete had been thus interpreted to Florez. (*España Sagrada*, t. ix, p. 53.)' (S.)

PAGE 221. Section III, ll. 99-105. 'The Roman Conimbrica stood about two leagues from the present Coimbra, on the site of Condeyxa Velha. Ataces, king of the Alanes, won it from the Sueves, and, in revenge for its obstinate resistance, dispeopled it, making all its inhabitants, without distinction of persons, work at the foundation of Coimbra, where it now stands . . . Ataces was an Arian, and therefore made the Catholic bishops and priests work at his new city, but his queen converted him.' (S.)

PAGE 223, l. 189. *Diogo's amorous lute.* 'Diogo Bernardes, one of the best of the Portuguese poets, was born on the banks of the Lima, and passionately fond of its scenery . . .' (S.)

PAGE 226, l. 326. The collected edition of 1838 and the one-volume edition reprinted from it read 'Yet' as the first word of this line,—clearly a misprint for the 'Yea' of 1814, which has been restored in the present edition.

PAGE 254. Section X. In sending this Section—perhaps the finest in the whole poem—to Landor, Southey thus writes (in an unpublished letter) of the difficulty which he had experienced in its composition: 'You have here a part of the poem so difficult to get over, even tolerably, that I verily believe, if I had at first thought of making Roderick anything more than a sincere penitent, this difficulty would have deterred me from attempting the subject. There will probably be much to amend in it hereafter,—but I think it is in the right strain, and that the passion is properly made diffuse.' (March 3, 1813.)

It may be added that the changes eventually made in the original draught of this section as it had been sent to Landor were comparatively few and unimportant.

PAGE 277. Section XV. In a letter to G. C. Bedford, of August 8, 1815 (*Warton*, ii, 420), Southey thus anticipates an obvious criticism upon this and other portions of the poem:—

'The strongest objection which has or can be urged against the poem is, that Roderick should not be recognized; but the fact is strictly possible. A friend of mine (poor Charles Danvers), after a fortnight's absence, during which he had been very exposed to weather, sleeping out of doors, and in an open boat, and had endured the greatest anxiety (in assisting a man to escape to America, who would have been hanged for high treason, if he had been taken), was so

altered as literally not to be recognized at the end of that time by an old servant of the family. Think, also, what a difference grey hairs will make; and how soon grief will produce this change has often been seen. When the Queen of France was murdered, her hair was perfectly white. This I have carefully marked in Roderick; I have also made his mother recognize him upon the first hint, and Swerian also. As for Julian, it is nowhere implied that he had ever seen Roderick; on the contrary, Africa was his home.'

PAGE 294. Section XVIII, l. 107. *orary*:—‘a scarf or tippet to be worn upon the shoulders . . .’ (S.)

l. 109. ‘*Precious or auriphyrgiate*. “Mitrae . . . triplex est species: una quae pretiosa dicitur, quia gemmis et lapidibus pretiosis, vel laminis aureis, vel argenteis contexta esse solet; altera auriphyrgiata sine gemmis, et sine laminis aureis vel argenteis; sed vel aliquibus parvis margaritis composita, vel ex serico albo auro intermisto, vel ex tela aurea simplicis sine laminis et margaritis; tertia, quae simplex vocatur sine auro, . . .”—*Caeremoniale Episcoporum*, l. 1, c. 17.” (S.)

PAGE 315. Section XXI, ll. 424-34. ‘The image of the clouds and the moon I saw from my chamber window at Cintra when going to bed, and noted it down with its application next morning. I have it at this moment distinctly before my eyes with all its accompanying earth-scenery.’

Letter from R. S. to C. W. W. Wynn, March 9, 1815. *Life*, iv, p. 107.

PAGE 321. Section XXIII, l. 31. ‘The humma is a fabulous bird: the head over which its shadow once passes will assuredly be encircled with a crown.’—Wilkes, *S. of India*, v. i, p. 423. (S.)

SELECTED MINOR POEMS

PAGE 344. *The Dead Friend*. This poem was written in memory of Edmund Seward, of Balliol College, Oxford, who died in June, 1795. Seward had been one of the little band who originally entered upon the scheme of Pantisocracy, but he had soon realized that the plan was visionary and impracticable, and had ceased to support it. Southey writes as follows to G. C. Bedford, on June 15, 1795: ‘Bedford,—he is dead; my dear Edmund Seward! after six weeks suffering. These, Grosvenor, are the losses that gradually wean us from life. May that man want consolation in his last hour, who would rob the survivor of the belief, that he shall again behold his friend! You know not, Grosvenor, how I loved poor Edmund: he taught me all that I have of good.’ (*Life*, i, p. 240.) And in a letter to J. Rickman of Oct. 5, 1807, he describes Seward as having been his ‘nearest and dearest friend’ (*Warton*, ii, 20). There is another allusion to the sorrow of this loss in the ‘Hymn to the Penates’, lines 198-221.

PAGE 345. *Funeral Song for the Princess Charlotte of Wales*. The Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV (then Prince Regent), and heir-presumptive to the throne, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg in 1816, and died in childbirth, Nov. 5, 1817.

PAGE 346, ll. 110-24. During the building of a mausoleum under St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, an accidental opening was made by the workmen into the Henry VIII vault. Three coffins were visible in the vault,—two of them those of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour; and, as there was some doubt as to the burial-place of King Charles I, owing to a passage in Lord Clarendon’s *History of the Rebellion* (iii, Part I, p. 393 [Oxford, 1807]), which states that unsuccessful search was made for the body shortly after the Restoration, the Prince Regent

ordered that the third coffin in the vault should be examined and the doubtful point set at rest.

The examination was made on April 1, 1813, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, Count Münster, the Dean of Windsor, Benjamin Charles Stevenson, Esq., and Sir Henry Hallford, the King's physician. The coffin was covered by a black velvet pall, and, when this was removed, was seen to bear the inscription, 'Charles I, 1648.' When the wrappings of the body were removed and the face exposed, the pointed beard and lower half of the countenance were found to be perfect, and one eye was visible at the first moment, though it disappeared immediately; the nose, however, was defaced. The loose head was taken out and held up to view: the hair at the back was thick and of a dark-brown colour, while the beard was of a more reddish brown. The muscles at the back of the neck showed the traces of a heavy blow from a sharp instrument.

The head was then replaced, and the coffin closed; and, after a cursory examination of the coffins of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, the vault was closed.

The above particulars are drawn from a pamphlet in the Royal Library at Windsor, by Sir Henry Hallford, entitled, 'An Account of what appeared on Opening the Coffin of King Charles the First in the Vault of King Henry the Eighth in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, on the First of April 1813.' I am indebted for this information to the kindness of the Honourable John Fortescue, Librarian of the Royal Library, Windsor.

PAGE 347. *My days among the Dead are past.* Cuthbert Southey, in quoting these lines in his Life of his father, adds the following interesting note:—

'I have an additional pleasure in quoting these lines here, because Mr. Wordsworth . . . once remarked that they possessed a peculiar interest as a most true and touching representation of my father's character. He also wished three alterations to be made in them, in order to reduce the language to correctness and simplicity. In the third line, because the phrase "casual eyes" is too unusual, he proposed—

"Where'er I chance these eyes to cast."

In the sixth line, instead of "converse", "commune", because, as it stands, the accent is wrong.

'In the second stanza, he thought—

"While I understand and feel, . . .

My cheeks have often been bedewed"

was a vicious construction grammatically, and proposed instead,—

"My pensive cheeks are oft bedewed."

These suggestions were made too late for my father to profit by them.—*Life*, v, 110, n.

PAGE 348. *The Cataract of Lodore.* The origin of this poem is thus described in a letter from Southey to his brother Thomas, dated October 18, 1800 (*Warton*, ii, 168):—

'I hope . . . you will approve of a description of the water at Lodore, made originally for Edith, and greatly admired by Herbert. In my mind it surpasses any that the tourists have yet printed. Thus it runs—"Tell the people how the water comes down at Lodore? Why it comes thundering, and floundering, and thumping, and flumping, and bumping, and jumping, and hissing, and whizzing, and dripping, and skipping, and grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling, and falling, and brawling, and dashing, and clashing, and splashing, and pouring, and roaring, and whirling, and curling, and leaping, and creeping, and sounding,

and bounding, and clattering, and chattering, with a dreadful uproar,—and that way the water comes down at *Lodore*.”

The doggerel thus first composed by Southey for the amusement of his eldest daughter was developed into the poem as we now know it for the benefit of his youngest child, Cuthbert, more than twelve years later, in 1822 (*Warter*, iii, 315).

There is a MS. of this poem in the British Museum (Ea. 1966), and another in the museum at Keswick. The latter is an early draught. The former is dated 1822, and begins with the line ‘Here it lies darkling’. It includes seventy-one lines instead of seventy-nine, as in the corresponding portion of the poem as printed, and there are a few unimportant variants. The following lines—in addition to the first forty-two—are wanting in the MS.—47-50, 60, 61, 71, and 93; and in some cases the order of the lines is slightly different.

PAGE 350. *Inscription II. Epitaph.* The Emma of this epitaph was the first wife of Southey’s friend, General Peachey, who lived on Vicar’s Island in Derwent-water. She had been a Miss Charter, of Bishop’s Lydeard, near Taunton. She died in 1809 (*Life*, ii, 304; *Warter*, ii, 155).

PAGE 351. *Inscription III. At Barrosa.* Lieut.-General Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) defeated the French army under Victor at Barrosa on March 5, 1811.

PAGE 352. *Inscription V. Epitaph.* This epitaph very probably may refer to the death of Southey’s eldest son, Herbert, who died on April 17, 1816, in the tenth year of his age. See Notes on ‘The Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo’ and on the ‘Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son’s Death’, pp. 762, 763.

PAGE 353. *Dedication of the Author’s Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society.* The Rev. H. Hill was Southey’s maternal uncle. Southey had indeed found him, as he says, ‘more than father.’ Mr. Hill had paid the expenses of his education at Westminster and at Oxford, and took him to Lisbon with him in 1795. He encouraged Southey—on the occasion of the latter’s second visit to Portugal in 1800—to undertake the writing of a History of Portugal, and, until he himself returned to England in 1807, continued to furnish his nephew with Spanish and Portuguese materials for that work. From that time onwards until his death he constantly corresponded with Southey with reference to the latter’s literary employments. On his return to England, Mr. Hill married, and held successively the livings of Staunton-on-Wye and Streatham. One of his sons, Herbert, married Bertha Southey in 1839, and edited Southey’s *Oliver Newman*: *With other Poetical Remains*, in 1845.

PAGE 357. *Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte, in January, 1814.* The greater part of this ode was originally included in the *Carmen Triumpnale*. In deference to the advice of J. W. Croker and Rickman Southey struck out from the *Carmen* five stanzas which were thought too vigorous for an official poem by the Poet Laureate: to these he added three other stanzas, and sent the whole as a separate ode to *The Courier*.

There is a MS. of this ode in the possession of the Rev. Canon Rawnsley. This MS. ends, as did the version first printed in *The Courier*, with the two following lines, subsequently cancelled,—

Pluck from the Upstart’s head thy sullied crown,
Down with the Tyrant! With the murderer down!

Professor Dowden has well characterized this ode as ‘perhaps the loftiest chaunt of political invective, inspired by moral indignation, which our literature possesses.’ And he observes further: ‘Southey stood erect in the presence of power which he believed to be immoral, defied it and execrated it. That he did not perceive

how, in driving the ploughshare of Revolution across Europe of the old régime, Napoleon was terribly accomplishing an inevitable and a beneficent work, may have been an error; but it was an error to which no blame attaches, and in his fierce indictment he states, with ample support of facts, one entire side of the case. The ode is indeed more than a poem; it is a historical document expressing the passion which filled many of the highest minds in England, and which at a later date was the justification of Saint Helena.' (*Poems by Robert Southey*, 'Golden Treasury' Series, Introd., pp. xxiv, xxv.)

PAGE 360. *The March to Moscow*. This doggerel march is included here among the Selected Minor Poems, both as being eminently characteristic of the writer and as in some ways complementary to the 'Ode written during the Negotiations with Buonaparte'. Southey wrote it to amuse his children. When it was originally published in *The Courier* the present fourth stanza was suppressed, and the fifth stanza was added later.

Stanza 4, l. 2. *He frightened Mr. Roscoe*. William Roscoe (1753-1831), historian, banker, and Whig M.P. for Liverpool 1806-7, was a strong advocate of peace with France, and published several pamphlets between 1793 and 1810 in support of such a policy.

PAGE 366. *The Old Woman of Berkeley*. There is a MS. of this ballad in the British Museum. It is in Mrs. Southey's handwriting, dated Martin Hall, Oct. 5 (1798), and was enclosed in a letter to Thomas Southey, in which Southey says of it, 'I like the ballad much.'

PAGE 378. *Inscription for a Coffee-Pot*. These lines, written in 1830, or early in 1831, explain themselves. They were, of course, never published by Southey, but were printed in a note, *Warter*, iv, pp. 203, 204. It turned out, when the coffee-pot had been chosen, that there was not room on it for the proposed inscription.

PAGE 385. *The Widow*. These lines are here printed as having given rise to one of the most famous parodies in the language. 'The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder' was written by Canning and Frere, and appeared in No. 11 of *The Anti-Jacobin* on Nov. 27, 1797.

The Old Man's Comforts. These lines are chiefly notable as the original of Lewis Carroll's brilliant parody in *Alice in Wonderland*.

PAGE 386. *To a Spider*. Charles Lamb's criticism of this poem is of interest. Writing to Southey on March 20, 1799, he says:—

'I am hugely pleased with your "Spider", "your old freemason," as you call him. The first three stanzas are delicious; they seem to me a compound of Burns and Old Quarles, the kind of home-strokes where more is felt than strikes the ear; a terseness, a jocular pathos, which makes one feel in laughter. The measure, too, is novel and pleasing. I could almost wonder Robert Burns in his lifetime never stumbled upon it. The fourth stanza is less striking, as being less original. The fifth falls off. It has no felicity of phrase, no old-fashioned phrase or feeling.

Young hopes, and love's delightful dreams
savour neither of Burns nor Quarles; they seem more like shreds of many a modern sentimental sonnet. The last stanza hath nothing striking in it, if I except the two concluding lines, which are Burns all over.'

The Letters of Charles Lamb, ed. Ainger, i, 104, 105.

PAGE 394. *To Margaret Hill*. Margaret Hill, to whom this poem is addressed, was Southey's favourite cousin. He appears to have himself defrayed the expenses of her illness, which lasted for more than a year (*Warter*, i, 164). She died of consumption not long after Southey's return from Portugal in 1801.

PAGE 396. *Written immediately after reading the Speech of Robert Emmet.* Robert Emmet (1778-1803), a member of the United Irishmen, planned a rising against the English Government in Ireland, intending to seize Dublin Castle and to hold the Viceroy as a hostage. The rising took place on July 23, 1803, but was easily suppressed; not, however, before the rioters had murdered Lord Kilwarden and Colonel Brown, whom they met on their march. Emmet had fled in horror at the violence of his followers, but was arrested a month later, tried for high treason on Sept. 19, sentenced to death, and executed on the following day.

PAGE 402. *To Charles Lamb.* These lines were not included in the collected edition of 1837-8, but are printed in the present edition because of their interest as a link in the relations between Southey and Charles Lamb. They were written in reply to a contemptuous review of Lamb's *Album Verses and Other Poems*, which appeared on July 10, 1830, in the *Literary Gazette*, of which paper William Jordan was editor. The review in question contained the following passage: 'If anything could prevent our laughing at the present collection of absurdities, it would be a lamentable conviction of the blinding and engrossing nature of vanity. We could forgive the folly of the original composition, but cannot but marvel at the egotism which has preserved, and the conceit which has published.' Southey's lines were published in *The Times* on Aug. 6, 1830. They were his first public utterance concerning Lamb since the misunderstanding between them which had arisen out of Southey's allusion to the *Essays of Elia* in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1823—Lamb's famous open letter to him of the following October—and their speedy reconciliation, so honourable to both the friends. Lamb was much touched, and wrote to Bernard Barton on Aug. 30, 1830: 'How noble in Robert Southey to come forward for an old friend, who had treated him so unworthily!' (See E. V. Lucas, *Life of Charles Lamb*, one-vol. ed. (1907), pp. 508-14, 625 and 626.)

PAGE 403. *The Retrospect.* Corston (called Alston in the poem as originally published) is 'a small village about three miles from Bath, a little to the left of the Bristol road'. Southey passed a year there (1781-2) at a school kept by one Thomas Flower. His reminiscences of the time spent there are to be found in his *Life and Correspondence*, i, 46-58. He says of it, 'Here one year of my life was spent with little profit, and with a good deal of suffering. There could not be a worse school in all respects.'

PAGE 405, ll. 141 sqq. These lines describe a visit which Southey paid to Corston in 1793, after the house had ceased to be used as a school.

PAGE 409. *Hymn to the Penates*, l. 146. *Apega's sculptured form.* 'One of the ways and means of the tyrant Nabis. If one of his subjects refused to lend him money, he commanded him to embrace his Apega; the statue of a beautiful woman so formed as to clasp the victim to her breast, in which a pointed dagger was concealed.' (S.)

ll. 173-5. *When that false Florimel . . . Dissolved away.* See Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, Book V, Canto iii, Stanza 24.

l. 203. Edmund Seward died in June, 1795. See Notes to 'The Dead Friend'.

PAGE 410, ll. 236, 237. *The solemn festival whose happiest rites Emblem'd equality.* The Saturnalia (S.).

PAGE 420. *The Devil's Walk.* The genesis of these lines, originally known as 'The Devil's Thoughts', is told by Southey himself in stanzas 37-9. Coleridge, in a note in the 1829 edition of his poems, states that stanzas 1, 2, 3, and 15 were dictated by Southey. The remaining stanzas of the original version were presumably written in collaboration. The verses originally appeared in the *Morning*

Post of Sept. 6, 1799. The text, as then published, is printed in J. Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, pp. 621, 622. This first version included, sometimes in a modified form, stanzas 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 57, of the poem as finally printed by Southey in 1838.

The squib had a great circulation. In 1812 Shelley published his imitation, 'The Devil's Walk,' and in 1813 Byron published his 'The Devil's Drive.' In 1826 Caroline Bowles urged Southey, in view of the confident assertions that Porson was the author, to publish the verses as his own, and so to set all doubts at rest. Southey was thus unfortunately moved to expand the lines until they reached their present form. Further particulars may be found in Dykes Campbell's edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*, loc. cit.

PAGE 422, ll. 65, 66. Richard Brothers, a crazy enthusiast, published *A Revealed Knowledge of the Prophecies and Times* (1794), and other similar works. He died in 1824.

l. 96. *That new Scotch performer*. Edward Irving, subsequently founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, began to preach in London in 1822.

PAGE 423. Stanza 30. Richard Lalor Sheil (1791-1851), dramatist and politician; Daniel O'Connell (1775-1847); Sidney Smith (1771-1845); Joseph Hume (1777-1855), a prominent Radical M.P. from 1818 to 1855; Lord Brougham (1778-1868); Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832); Peter, seventh Baron King of Ockham (1776-1833); and James Warren Doyle (1786-1834), Roman Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, are here grouped together chiefly as having been prominent advocates of Catholic Emancipation.

PAGE 425. Stanza 57. 'If any one should ask who General — meant, the Author begs leave to inform him that he did once see a red-faced person in a dream whom by the dress he took for a General; but he might have been mistaken, and most certainly he did not hear any names mentioned. In simple verity, the author never meant any one, or indeed any thing but to put a concluding stanza to his doggerel' (Coleridge's note in 1829).

INSCRIPTIONS

PAGE 429, xi. Juan of Padilla, a nobleman of Toledo, commanded the forces of the Comuneros, who rebelled against the government of Charles V in 1520. He was captured at Villalar on April 23, 1521, and was put to death on the following day (see *The Cambridge Modern History*, i, 372-5).

PAGE 432, xvii. Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under de Laborde at Rolissa on Aug. 17, 1808, in his first battle in the Peninsula.

xviii. On Aug. 21, 1808, Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under Junot at Vimeiro.

PAGE 433, xix. The battle of Coruña was fought on Jan. 16, 1809.

PAGE 434, xxi. Paul Burrard was a cousin of Caroline Bowles, who furnished Southey with some particulars about him. In a letter to Mrs. Hughes of Dec. 31, 1827, Southey says, writing of Caroline Bowles, 'The late Sir Harry Burrard was her uncle, and I suspect, was to have stood in another degree of relationship to her, if the battle of Corunna had not put an end to all her dreams of life. She has never expressly told me this, but that it was so I have no doubt' (*Warton*, iv, 82).

PAGE 435, xxii. Sir Arthur Wellesley effected the passage of the Douro in the face of Soult's army on May 12, 1809.

PAGE 436, xxiii. On July 27 and 28, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley defeated the French under Victor at Talavera.

xxiv. Massena attacked Wellington's position on the heights of Busaco on Sept. 27, 1810, and was repulsed with a loss of over 4,600 killed, wounded, and missing. At the loftiest summit of the mountain ridge was a convent of Carmelites, where Wellington had fixed his headquarters.

PAGE 438, xxvi. Massena evacuated Santarem on March 5, 1811.

xxvii. Wellington defeated Massena at Fuentes D'Onoro on May 5, 1811.

xxviii. The Battle of Albuhera was fought on May 16, 1811.

PAGE 440, xxx. Wellington stormed Ciudad Rodrigo on Jan. 19, 1812. Major-General Craufurd (1764-1812) had won a great reputation as leader of the light division in the Peninsula. He was shot through the body at the very beginning of the assault on Ciudad Rodrigo, and died on Jan. 24. He was buried in the breach itself.

PAGE 441, xxxii. General (afterwards Sir Rowland and finally Lord) Hill, commanding a force of British and Spanish troops, surprised the French under General Girard at Arroyo Molinos in the early morning of Oct. 28, 1811, and drove them from the village with the loss of considerably more than half their number in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

PAGE 442, xxxiii. Barré Charles Roberts (1789-1810), second son of Edward Roberts, clerk of the pells in the exchequer, graduated B.A. at Christ Church in 1808. He was a keen antiquarian, and made a fine collection of English coins, now in the possession of the trustees of the British Museum. In Feb., 1809, he contributed to the first number of the *Quarterly Review* a review of Pinkerton's *Essay on Medals*. He was seized with consumption in 1807, and died on Jan. 1, 1810. In 1814 there appeared *Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Barré Charles Roberts, with a Memoir of his Life*, by a friend; and the volume was noticed by Southey in the *Quarterly Review* for Jan., 1815.

PAGE 443, xxxv-xxxvii. The Caledonian Canal was completed on Oct. 30, 1822.

PAGE 453. *Epistle to Allan Cunningham*. This poem was written expressly for *The Anniversary*, of which annual Allan Cunningham was editor.

ll. 32-36. Michael Angelo Taylor (1757-1834), M.P. 1800-1802, and continuously from 1806 to 1834, introduced in 1821 a Bill (subsequently passed) 'for giving greater facility to the Prosecution and Abatement of Nuisances arising from Furnaces used in the working of Steam Engines'. He is now chiefly remembered in connexion with 'The Metropolitan Paving Act, 1817', commonly known as 'Michael Angelo Taylor's Act'.

l. 138. In the summer of 1825 Southey was laid up for three weeks under the surgeon's care at Leyden. The Bilderdijks took him into their house and showed him the greatest kindness. Southey revisited them in the following summer, and continued to correspond with them afterwards. Bilderdijk's wife had translated *Roderick* into Dutch verse (see Southey's Preface to the ninth volume of the 1837-8 ed. of his Poems, *supra*, p. 19).

In 1838 Southey printed at the end of this epistle the poem by Bilderdijk which had suggested it to him. It has not been thought worth while to reprint the Dutch original in the present edition.

ll. 252 sqq. The following extract from a letter from Southey to Caroline Bowles, dated Jan. 1, 1829, gives some explanation of the portraits referred to:—
'To assist you in the collection of portraits I must tell you what are attainable and what not. The first was engraved in the *European Magazine*, and is from

a picture by Edridge. The Landlord exists only as a miniature here by poor Miss Betham. The Evangelical is in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the French and German copies are of course not attainable in this country. Sir Smug is poor Nash's miniature. Sir Smouch belongs to the *Percy Anecdotes*. Smouch the Coiner is published for one shilling by a fellow named Lombard in the Strand. And the Minion is the mezzotinto from the villainous picture by Phillips.' (*The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles*, p. 151.)

The picture by Edridge here referred to is presumably the pencil drawing made in 1804, formerly in the possession of G. C. Bedford, and now in the National Portrait Gallery.

MADOC

Begun 1794 (autumn): finally revised in the autumn of 1804: published in one vol., 4to, by Longman in 1805. A second edition appeared in 1807 and a fourth in 1815.

A MS. of 'Madoc in Wales' in Southey's writing, dated Oct. 29, 1804, is in the possession of Canon Rawnsley: the second volume of this MS., containing 'Madoc in Aztlan', is in the Keswick Museum.

PAGE 461. Part I, Section I, l. 43. *Aberfraw*. 'The palace of Gwynedd, or North Wales. Rhodri Mawr, about the year 873, fixed the seat of government here.' . . . (S.)

PAGE 467. Section III, l. 19. *Dinevaur*. 'Dinas Vawr, the Great Palace, the residence of the Princes of Deheubarth, or South Wales. This also was erected by Rhodri Mawr.' (S.)

l. 24. 'I have taken some liberties here with the history. Hoel kept possession of the throne nearly two years; he then went to Ireland to claim the property of his mother, Pyvog, the daughter of an Irish chieftain; in the meantime David seized the government. Hoel raised all the force he could to recover the crown, but after a severe conflict was wounded and defeated. He returned to Ireland with the remains of his army, which probably consisted chiefly of Irishmen, and there died of his wounds.—(*Cambrian Biography*).' (S.)

PAGE 475. Section IV, l. 184. *Gwenhidwy*. A mermaid. (S.)

PAGE 481. Section VI, l. 131. 'Islets of this kind, with dwelling huts upon them, were common upon the Lake of Mexico.'—*Clavigero*. (S.)

PAGE 496. Section XI, l. 13-17. 'By the principles of the Order a bard was never to bear arms, nor in any other manner to become a party in any dispute, either political or religious. . . .—Owen's *Llywarc Hen*.' (S.)

PAGE 537. Part II, Section VI, l. 192. 'Snake-worship was common in America.'—Bernal Dias, p. 3. 7. 125. . . .

'It can scarcely be necessary to say that I have attributed to the Hoamen such manners and superstitions as, really existing among the savage tribes of America, were best suited to the plan of the poem.' (S.)

PAGE 545. Section IX, l. 16. *Elmur and Aronan*. Bards who had borne arms. Aronan was one of three known as 'the three Bards of the Ruddy Spear.' (S.)

PAGE 547, ll. 99-106. 'Tezcalipoca was believed to arrive first, because he was the youngest of the Gods, and never waxed old. . . .' (S.)

l. 107. *Mexitli, woman-born*. 'The history of Mexitli's birth is related in the poem, Part II, Section XXI.' (S.)

l. 111. *Quetzalcoatl*. 'God of the Winds.' (S.)

PAGE 548, l. 161. 'The Gods of the conquered nations were kept fastened and caged in the Mexican temples.' (S.)

PAGE 550. Section X, l. 66. *Coatlantona*. "'The mother of Mexitli, who, being a mortal woman, was made immortal for her son's sake, and appointed Goddess of all herbs, flowers, and trees.'"—Clavigero. (S.)

PAGE 556. Section XII, l. 85. *Tlalocan*. 'The Paradise of Tlaloc.' (S.)

PAGE 567. Section XV, l. 94. "'An old priest of the Tlatelucas, when they were at war with the Mexicans, advised them to drink the holy beverage before they went to battle; this was made by washing the Stone of Sacrifice; the king drank first, and then all his chiefs and soldiers in order; it made them eager and impatient for the fight.'"—*Torquemada*, l. ii, c. 58.' (S.)

PAGE 602. Section XXVII, ll. 35-48. 'My excuse for this insignificant agency, as I fear it will be thought, must be that the fact itself is historically true; by means of this omen the Aztecas were induced to quit their country, after a series of calamities. The leader who had address enough to influence them was Huitziton, a name which I have altered to Yuhidthiton for the sake of euphony; the note of the bird is expressed in Spanish and Italian thus, *tihui*; the cry of the peewhit cannot be better expressed.' (S.)

BALLADS AND METRICAL TALES

PAGE 636. *St. Gualberto*. George Burnett (1776 ?-1811) was a friend of Southey at Balliol, and one of those who joined in the scheme of 'pantisocracy'. His erratic disposition made his life 'a series of unsuccessful attempts in many professions'. He published in 1807 a *View of the Present State of Poland*, and also edited *Specimens of English Prose Writers* (1807) and a selection from Milton's *Prose Works* (1809). For the last two years of his life his friends and relations saw and heard nothing of him, and he died in the Marylebone Infirmary in Feb., 1811.

PAGE 644. *Roprecht the Robber*. There is a MS. of this ballad (undated) in the British Museum, and another in the possession of Canon Rawnsley.

A TALE OF PARAGUAY

This poem was begun in 1814, laid aside for long intervals, and only finished on Feb. 24, 1825. It was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1825.

PAGE 657. Dedication, ll. 6-14. Southey first made the acquaintance of John May at Lisbon in 1795-6, and thus began a lifelong friendship.

l. 18. Southey's eldest child, Margaret, died in August 1803, being then not quite a year old.

PAGE 672. Canto II, l. 249. *And Father was his name*. 'Tupa. It is the Tupi and Guarani name for Father, for Thunder, and for the Supreme Being.' (S.)

PAGE 681. Canto III, ll. 168-71. In 1822 Sara Coleridge, who, with her mother, was still living at Greta Hall, had published (doubtless at Southey's suggestion) a translation in three volumes of Dobrizhoffer's *Account of the*

THE POET'S PILGRIMAGE TO WATERLOO

This poem was published by Longman in one volume, 12mo, in 1816. Southey had toured in Holland and Belgium in Sept.-Oct., 1815, with Mrs. Southey, their eldest daughter Edith, Edward Nash, the artist, and one or two other friends. The Southseys reached Greta Hall on their return on Dec. 6, 1815; and a melancholy interest attaches to the Proem to 'The Poet's Pilgrimage', in which that joyous homecoming is so feelingly described. Herbert, Southey's only boy, the very light of his eyes, was taken ill in the following March, and died on April 17, 1816. He was in the tenth year of his age. Southey never recovered from this blow. 'The head and flower of his earthly happiness' had been, as he said, 'cut off.' And a fresh bitterness must, if possible, have been added to his sorrow by the fact that he was obliged at the time to occupy himself in correcting the proofs of this poem, which had been written in such joy and thankfulness of heart.

Cp. the 'Fragmentary Thoughts occasioned by his Son's Death', and the 'Additional Fragment,' pp. 740-2.

PAGE 699. Proem, l. 51. *Her twin-like comrade.* Sara Coleridge, who was born in 1802, and had been brought up at Greta Hall.

PAGE 700, l. 109. *The aged friend serene.* Mrs. Wilson. She had been housekeeper to Mr. Jackson, the former owner of Greta Hall, and continued to live there until her death in 1820.

l. 112. *The aunts.* Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Lovell.

PAGE 701. Part I, i, l. 13. Charles Martel defeated the Saracens at Tours on Oct. 10, 732.

PAGE 702, l. 38. *Ourique's consecrated field.* Alfonso, count or duke of Portugal, is said to have completely defeated the Moors at Ourique on July 25, 1139, and then to have been hailed the first king.

l. 55. *that old siege.* Ostend was besieged by the Spaniards from July, 1601, to Sept., 1604, when it honourably capitulated.

PAGE 704, l. 181. *That sisterhood.* The Beguines. (S.)

PAGE 705, l. 211. *And one had dwelt with Malabars and Moors.* Edward Nash, the artist. Southey made his acquaintance in Belgium in 1815, and they were on terms of close intimacy until Nash's death in Jan., 1821. Nash drew the Portrait of the Author and the Sketch of the Bust published in the one-volume edition of *The Doctor, &c.*, the picture of Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey prefixed to vol. v of Southey's *Life and Correspondence*, and seven of the illustrations in the first edition of *The Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo*.

l. 223. *A third who from the Land of Lakes with me Went out. . .* Henry Koster, author of *Travels in Brazil*. Southey had become acquainted with him at Lisbon in 1800.

PAGE 706, l. 246. In 1583 the English garrison of Alost delivered up the town to the Spaniards in consideration of receiving from them their pay, which had been withheld by the States. It is fair to add that the Dutch had not only refused to give them their pay, but had also threatened 'to force them out, or else to famish them' (Grimestone, *Hist. of the Netherlands*, 833, quoted by Southey in his note ad loc.).

l. 247. *Aflighem, by ruin rent.* 'This magnificent Abbey was destroyed during the Revolution, . . . an act of popular madness which the people in its

vicinity now spoke of with unavailing regret. The library was at one time the richest in Brabant.' (S.)

PAGE 707, ll. 70-2. 'One of our coachmen, who had been employed (like all his fraternity) in removing the wounded, asked us what was the meaning of the English word *O Lord!* for thus, he said, the wounded were continually crying out.' (S.)

PAGE 708, ll. 19-24. Charles II of Spain married as his first wife Marie Louise, niece of Louis XIV. His death in 1700 without issue led to the War of the Spanish Succession.

PAGE 709, ll. 65-6. *When Marlborough here, victorious in his might, Surprised the French.* . . . 'A detachment of the French was entrenched at Waterloo Chapel, August 1705, when the Duke of Marlborough advanced to attack the French army at Over Ysche, and this detachment was destroyed with great slaughter (*Bechard's Gazetteer*). . . . Marlborough was prevented by the Deputies of the States from pursuing his advantage, and attacking the enemy, at a time when he made sure of victory.—*Hist. de l'Empereur Charles VI.* t. ii, p. 90.' (S.)

PAGE 710, l. 115. *The young Nassau.* The Prince of Orange.

PAGE 714, l. 290. *Howard's corse.* See *Childe Harold*, Canto iii, Stanzas 29 and 30. The Hon. Frederick Howard (1785-1815), third son of the fifth Earl of Carlisle, was killed at Waterloo late in the evening in a final charge of the left square of the French Guard.

PAGE 719, l. 249. *The Prussian's heavy hand.* 'Wherever we went we heard one cry of complaint against the Prussians, except at Ligny, where the people had witnessed only their courage and their sufferings. This is the effect of making the military spirit predominate in a nation. The conduct of our men was universally extolled; but it required years of exertion and of severity before Lord Wellington brought the British army to its present state of discipline. . . .

'What I have said of the Prussians relates solely to their conduct in an allied country; and I must also say that the Prussian officers with whom I had the good fortune to associate, were men who in every respect did honour to their profession and to their country. But that the general conduct of their troops in Belgium had excited a strong feeling of disgust and indignation we had abundant and indisputable testimony. In France they had old wrongs to revenge; and forgiveness of injuries is not among the virtues which are taught in camps.' (S.)

PAGE 723, l. 169. *Navarre's heroic chief.* Mina, a celebrated guerrilla chief, who harassed the French troops in Navarre during the Peninsular War.

PAGE 726, l. 70. *Fleurus' later name.* The French under Jourdan defeated the Austrians at Fleurus on June 25, 1794.

MISCELLANEOUS POETICAL REMAINS

PAGE 740. *Fragmentary Thoughts, occasioned by his Son's Death.* These fragments and the two following poems were published by Herbert Hill, Southey's cousin and son-in-law, in 1845, together with other verses, in a volume under the title of *Oliver Newman: A New-England Tale: With other Poetical Remains*. In the preface to that volume Herbert Hill thus speaks of the occasion and the purpose of these memorials of the greatest sorrow of Southey's life: 'His son Herbert—of whom he wrote thus in the *Colloquies*, "I called to mind my hopeful

H. too, so often the sweet companion of my morning walks to this very spot, in whom I had fondly thought my better part should have survived me,

With whom it seem'd my very life
Went half away"—

died 17th April, 1816, being about ten years old, a boy of remarkable genius and sweetness of disposition. These Fragments bear a date at their commencement, 3rd May, 1816, but do not seem all written at the same time. The Author at one time contemplated founding upon them a considerable work, of a meditative and deeply serious cast. But, although he, like Schiller, after the vanishing of his ideals, always found "Employment, the never-tiring", one of his truest friends,—yet this particular form of employment, which seemed at first attractive to him, had not, when tried, the soothing effect upon his feelings which was needful; and in March, 1817, he writes that he "had not recovered heart enough to proceed with it".

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